Spancil Hill

Last night, as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,

My mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly—

I stepped on board a vision, and I followed with my will,

O till next I came to anchor at the cross on Spancil Hill.

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted by the scene,
Where, in my early boyhood, so often I had been,
I thought I heard a murmur, and I think I hear it still:
It’s the little stream that flows down the side of Spancil Hill.

It being on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair,
All Ireland’s sons and daughters in crowds assembled there:
The young and the old, the brave and the bold came their duties to fulfill
At the little church near Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbors to hear what they might say—
The old ones were all dead and gone; the young ones turned to grey.
I met with the tailor Quigley—he's as bold as ever still.
O he used to make me britches when I lived on Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love:
She’s as white as any lily—as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me, saying, “Johnny, I love you still!”.
O she’s yet the farmer’s daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill.

I dreamt I knelt and kissed her, as in the days of yore….
O Johnny, you’re only joking, as many’s the time before!
When the cock, he crew in the morning, o he crew both loud and shrill,
And I woke in Californ-i-a, many miles from Spancil Hill.