

Spancillhill

Christy Moore

Cm Bb Cm

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by

Cm Eb Bb

My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly

Cm Eb Bb

I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind

Cm Bb Cm

And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd of June the day before the fair

When Ireland's sons and daughters all assembled there

The young and the old, the brave and the bold their journey to fulfill

But the little church in Cloony a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to see what they would say

The old ones were all dead and gone and the young one's turning grey

I met with tailor Quigley, he's as bould as ever still

Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in

Spancil Hill

I paid the fly and visit to my first and only love

She's as fair as any lily and as gentle as a dove

She threw her arms around me saying "Johnny I love you still

" Oh she's Ned the rangers daughter and the flower of Spancil Hill

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore

She said, "Johnny you're only joking as many's the time before"

The cock crew in the morning he crew both loud and shrill

And I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

Note:

Depending on your vocal range, the chords above can be transposed easily:

Cm Bb Eb

= Am G C

= Dm C F

= Em D G

= F#m E A