

Spencil hill

Michael Considine Traditional Irish.

Intro: **[Am!]** (Start to sing on first Am chord of the verse). Strum: - Dudu. Dudu.

Last **[Am]** night as I lay **[G]** dreaming, of pleasant **[Em]** days gone **[Am]** by.
Me mind being bent on rambling, to **[C]** Ireland I did **[G]** fly.
I **[Am]** stepped aboard a vision, and **[C]** followed with a **[G]** will.
Till **[Am]** next I came to **[G]** anchor, at the cross on Spencil **[Am]** Hill.

T'was **[Am]** on the twenty-**[G]** third of June, the day be-**[Em]**-fore the **[Am]** fair.
When Irelands' sons and **[C]** daughters, in crowds assembled **[G]** there.
The **[Am]** young and the old, the brave and the **[C]** bold, came their joy
to **[G]** fulfil.
To **[Am]** join in conver-**[G]**-sations at the cross of Spencil **[Am]** Hill.

I **[Am]** went to see me **[G]** neighbours, to hear what **[Em]** they might **[Am]** say.
The old ones were all dead and **[C]** gone, the young ones turning **[G]** grey.
I **[Am]** met with the tailor Quigley he's as **[C]** bald as ever **[G]** still.
He **[Am]** used to make me **[G]** britches when I lived at Spencil **[Am]** Hill.

I **[Am]** paid a flying **[G]** visit to my first and **[Em]** only **[Am]** love.
She's fair as any lily and as **[C]** gentle as a **[G]** dove.
She **[Am]** threw her arms around me, saying **[C]** "Johnny, I love you **[G]** still".
She's **[Am]** Nell the farmer's **[G]** daughter and the **[G! nc]** flower of Spencil
[Am] Hill.

I **[Am]** dreamt I hugged and **[G]** kissed her, as in the **[Em]** days of **[Am]** yore.
She said Johnny you're only **[C]** joking like many's the times be-**[G]**-fore.
The **[Am]** cock he crew in the **[C]** morning, he crew both loud and **[G]** shrill.
And I a-**[Am]** woke in Cali-**[G]**-fornia, many miles from Spencil **[Am]** Hill.
And I a-**[Am]** woke in Cali-**[G]**-fornia, many miles from Spencil **[Am]** Hill.
(-----Slowing down-----)

[Am!] [Am!] [Am!]