

The Corrs - Spancil Hill

Tom: C

(intro 2x) Am C G Am Em Am

Am G Am Em

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

G Em C

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

Am C

G I stepped on board a vision, and followed with a wind,

Am G Am

Em Am Till the next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill,

Em Am G Am

Em T'was on the twenty third of June, the day before the fair,

C Em

C When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends assembled there,

Am C

G The young, the old, the brave, the bold came their duty to fill,

Am G Am

Em Am

At the parish Church at Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

Am G Am Em

Am I went to see me neighbours to hear what they might say,

Em

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

G

Am C

G I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,

Am G

Am Em Am

Am Sure he used to mend my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

Am G Am Em Am

Am I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,

Em C G

Am She's fair as any lilly as gentle as a dove,

C

G

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

Am G Am

Em Am

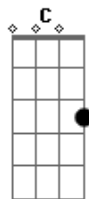
Am She was Meg the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill.

G Am

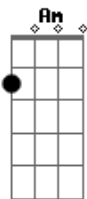
Em Am

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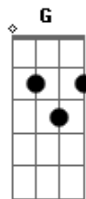
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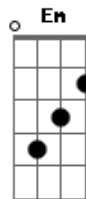
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