

The Corrs - Spencil Hill

Tom: C

(intro 2x) Am C G Am Em Am

Am G Am Em
 Last night as I lay dreaming, of pleasant days gone by
 G Em C
 My mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly,
 G Am C
 I stepped on board a vision, and followed with a wind,
 Em Am G Am
 Till the next I came to anchor at the cross near Spencil Hill,
 Am G Am
 T'was on the twenty third of June, the day before the fair,
 C G Am C
 When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends assembled there,
 G Am G Am
 The young, the old, the brave, the bold came their duty to fill,
 Em Am G Am

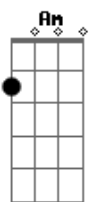
At the parish Church at Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill.

Am G Am Em
 I went to see me neighbours to hear what they might say,
 C G Em
 The old one's were all dead and gone, the young one's turning grey,
 Am C
 I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
 Am Em Am G
 Sure he used to mend my britches when I lived in Spencil Hill.
 Am G Am Em Am
 I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
 Em C G
 She's fair as any lilly as gentle as a dove,
 G Am C Am
 She threw her arms around me saying "Johnny I love you still"
 Em Am G Am
 She was Meg the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill.
 Em Am G Am
 She was Meg the farmer's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill.

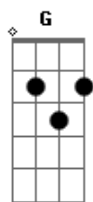
Acordes



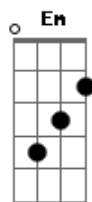
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