

# The Corrs - Spencil Hill

Tom: C

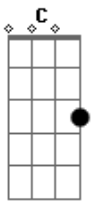
(intro 2x) Am C G Am Em Am

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

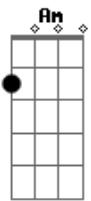
At the parish Church at Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill.

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.

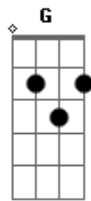
## Acordes



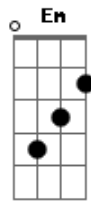
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