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## Spencil Hill

Michael Considine 1850-1873

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I went into my old home, as every stone can tell,  
The old boren was just the same, and the apple tree over the well,  
I miss my sister Ellen, my brothers Pat and Bill,  
Sure I only met my strange faces at my home in Spencilhill.

I called to see my neighbors, to hear what they might say,  
The old were getting feeble, and the young ones turning grey.  
I met with tailor Quigley, he's as brave as ever still,  
Sure he always made my breeches when I lived in Spencilhill.

I paid a flying visit, to my first and only love,  
She's as pure as any lilly, and as gentle as a dove.  
She threw her arms around me, saying Mike I love you still,  
She is Mack the Ranger's daughter, the Pride of Spencilhill.

I thought I stooped to kiss her, as I did in days of yore,  
Says she Mike you're only joking, as you often were before,  
The cock crew on the roost again, he crew both loud and shrill,  
And I awoke in California, far far from Spencilhill.

But when my vision faded, the tears came in my eyes,  
In hope to see that dear old spot, some day before I die.  
May the Joyous King of Angels, His Choicest Blessings spill,  
On that Glorious spot of Nature, the Cross of Spencilhill.