**Spancil Hill**

Last night as I lay dreaming, of pleasant days gone by,
Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly.
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind,
'Til next I came to anchor at the Cross of Spancil hill.

It being on the twenty third of June, the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters, and friends assembled there.
The young, the old, the brave and the bold, came their duty to fill,
At the parish church in Clooney, just a mile from Spancil hill.

I paid a flying visit, to my first and only love,
She's as white as any lily, as gentle as a dove.
And she threw her arms around me, saying Johnny I love you still,
As she's now the farmer's daughter, and the Pride of Spancil hill.

I dreamt I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore,
Ah Johnny you're only jokin', as many the time before,
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil hill.

**Molly Malone**

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

**Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"**

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh

**Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh**

**Instrumental**

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh

**Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh (x2**

**Hail, glorious St. Patrick**

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, dear Saint of our Isle,
On us your poor children bestow a sweet smile;
And now that you’re high in your mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down with your love.

**On Erin's green valleys, on Erin's green valleys,
On Erin's green valleys look down with your love.**

Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when you were on earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn, so wherever we roam,
For God and St. Patrick, and our native home.

**For God and St. Patrick, for God and St. Patrick,
For God and St. Patrick, and our native home.**

**For God and St. Patrick, for God and St. Patrick,
For God and St. Patrick, and our native home**.

Stop at 2.14