

93. The Spanish Lady

As I went down to - Dub - lin ci - ty, at the hour of twelve at night,
 who should I see but a Spa - nish la - - dy,
 wash - ing her feet by cand - - le light.
 First she washed them, then she dried them,
 o - ver a fire of am - - ber coal, in
 all my life I ne'er did see a - - maid so sweet a - - bout the sole.
 Whack fol the too - - ra, loo - - ra, lad - - dy,
 whack fol the too - - ra loo - - ra - - lay!

- 2) As I came back through Dublin city at the hour of half past eight,
 Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
 First she tossed it, then she brushed it, on her lap a silver comb.
 In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I did roam.
- 3) As I went back through Dublin city, as the sun began to set,
 who should I spy but the Spanish Lady catching a moth in a golden net.
 When she saw me, she then fled me, lifting her petticoat over her knee.
 In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.
- 4) I've wandered North and I've wandered South, through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close.
 Up and around the Gloster Diamond and back by Napper Tandy's house.
 Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals.
 In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.