

# Spanish Lady



As I came down through Dublin City, At the hour of twelve at night  
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady, Washing her feet by the candlelight  
First she washed them, then she dried them, Over a fire of amber coals  
In all me life I ne'er did see, A maid so sweet about the soul

||: Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady, Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye :||

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 brushed it, then she tossed it, On her lap was a silver comb  
In all me life I ne'er did see, A maid so fair since I did roam

Chorus

As I returned to Dublin City, As the sun began to set  
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady, Catching a moth, in a golden net  
First she saw me, then she fled me, Lifted her petticoats o'er her knee  
In all me life I ne'er did see. A maid so fair as the Spanish lady

Chorus

I've wandered north and I have wonder south  
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's close  
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond, And back by Napper Tandys' house  
Auld age has laid her hands on me, Cold as a fire of ashy coals  
But there is the love of me Spanish lady, A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus 2x