

Spanish Lady

G *Em* *C* *G* *D*
As I came down through Dublin City, At the hour of twelve at night
G *Em* *C* *G* *D*
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady, Washing her feet by the candlelight
G *D7* *G* *D7*
First she washed them, then she dried them, Over a fire of amber coals
G *Em* *C* *G* *D*
In all me life I ne'er did see, A maid so sweet about the soul

G *Em* *C* *G* *D*
||: 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