

Spanish Lady, The

artist:The Dubliners , writer:Traditional

Thanks to Martyn Cooper

As I went down through Dublin City
at the hour of twelve at night
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her
feet by candle-light
First she washed them, then she dried them
over a fire of amber coal
In all my life I ne'er did see
a maid so sweet about the soles

Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay

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 day-light,
First she tossed it, then she brushed it
on her lap was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see,
a maid so fair since I did roam.

Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay

As I went back through Dublin City
as the sun be-gan to set
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady
catching a moth in a golden net
When she saw me, then she fled me
lifting her petticoat over her knees
In all my life I ne'er did see
a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay

I've wandered north and I've wandered south through
Stony-batter and Patrick's close
D] Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond, and back by
Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hand upon 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.

Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay
Whack for the toora-loora-laddy,
whack for the tooraloo -ra -lay