The Spanish Lady

As I went down to Dublin city at the hour of twelve at night,
Whom should I see but a Spanish lady, washing her feet by the 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 sole.

Whack fol the too-ra, loo-ra, laddy, Whack fol the too-ra loo-ra lay. (Repeat)

As I came back from Dublin city at the hour of half past eight,
Whom 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 was a silver comb;
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I did roam.

Chorus

As I went back through Dublin city as the sun began to set
Whom 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 knee;
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

Chorus

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 had 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.

Chorus