Spanish Lady (2)

Spanish Lady (2)

As I went down to Dublin city,
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady,
Washing her feet by candlelight.
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 soul

CHORUS:
Whack fol the toora, toora laddy
Whack fol the foora loora 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 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
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 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 Gloucester 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.

CHORUS

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