

Spanish Lady

Irish Folk

G Em C D
As I came down through Dub - lin Ci - ty at the hour of twelve at night,
G Em C D
Who should I see but a Span - ish la - dy wash - ing her feet by can - dle - light.
G D G D
First she washed them, then she dried them, ov - er a fire of am - ber coals, In
G Em C D
all me life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a - bout the soul.
G Em C D
Whack fol the too - ra — loo - ra lad - dy, whack fol the too - ra loo - 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 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.

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.

I've wandered North, and I have wonder South, through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond, and back by Napper Tandy's 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.