

The Spanish Lady

Rapalje

As I came down to Dublin city
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in brought daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see
So fair a maid since I did roam

Chorus:

Whack fol the toorah loorah laddie
Whack fol the toorah loorah lay
Whack fol the toorah loorah laddie
Whack fol the toorah loorah lay

As I came back to Dublin City
At the hour of twelve in the night
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candlelight
When she spied me, quick she fled me
Lifting her petticoats over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair as the Spanish lady

Chorus

I stopped to look but the watchman passed
Says he: "young fella the night is late
Along with you now or I will wrestle you
Straightway through the Bridewell Gate"
I blew a kiss to the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of angry coals
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

I've wandered north and I've wandered south
Through Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Round by Napper Tandy's house
Old age had laid her hand on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But where is the lovely Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soul

Chorus