

Spanish Lady

Christy Moore

As I went out through Dublin City at the hour of twelve at night
Who would I see but the Spanish Lady
Washing her feet by candle light
First she washed them then she dried them
O'er a fire of amber coals
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the soul

Whack fol de turalura ladie
Whack fol de turalureley
Whack fol de turalura ladie
Whack fol de turalureley

As I came back through Dublin City at the time of half past eight
Who would I see but the Spanish Lady
Brushing her hair so trim and neat
First she teased it then she brushed 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

As I went round old Dublin City when the sun began to set
Who would I spy but the Spanish Lady
Catching a moth in a golden net
When she saw me quick she fled me
Lifting her petticoats over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady

I stopped to look but the watchman passed says he "young fella now the night is late
Along with you now or I will wrestle you
Straight way through the Bride-well Gate"
I blew a kiss to the Spanish Lady
Hot as a fire of my angry coals
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the soul

As I went out through Dublin City as the hour of dawn was over
Who should I see but the Spanish Lady
I was lonely and footsore
First she coaxed me then she chid me
Then she laughed at my sad plight
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as on that night

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 fire of ashey coals
But were is the lovely Spanish Lady, neat and sweet about the soul