

## The Spanish Lady

### The Dubliners

As I came down through Dublin City, at the hour of twelve at night,  
Who should I spy, but a Spanish Lady  
Washing her feet by the candlelight  
First she washed them, then she dried them  
Over a fire of amber coals  
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet about the soul

Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,  
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

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  
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Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,  
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

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

Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,  
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

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 Tandys' 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

Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,  
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye  
Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,  
whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye