

The Spanish Lady

G **Em** **C** **D**

As I went down to Dublin city at the hour of twelve at night,
Whom should I see but a Spanish lady, washing her feet by the candle light.

G **D** **G** **D**

First she washed them, then she dried them, over a fire of amber coal;

G **Em** **C** **D**

In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the sole.

G **Em** **C** **D**

||: *Whack fol me too-ra, loo-ra, laddy, Whack fol me too-ra loo-ra lay. :||*

G **Em** **C** **D**

As I came back from Dublin city at the hour of half past eight,
Whom should I spy but the Spanish Lady, brushing her hair in the broad daylight.

G **D** **G** **D**

First she tossed it, then she brushed it, on her lap was a silver comb;

G **Em** **C** **D**

In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I did roam. *(Chorus)*

G **Em** **C** **D**

As I went back through Dublin city as the sun began to set
Whom should I spy but the Spanish Lady, catching a moth in a golden net;

G **D** **G** **D**

When she saw me then she fled me, lifting her petticoat over knee;

G **Em** **C** **D**

In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. *(Chorus)*

G **Em** **C** **D**

I've wandered north and I've wandered south, through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close,
Up and around the Gloster Diamond and back by Napper Tandy's house;

G **D** **G** **D**

Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals;

G **Em** **C** **D**

In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady. *(Chorus)*

G **Em** **C** **D**

||: *Whack fol me too-ra, loo-ra, laddy, Whack fol me too-ra loo-ra lay. :||*