

The Spanish Lady

G **e**
 As I roved out thro' Dublin city
C **D7**
 At the hour of twelve o' the night,
G **e**
 Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady
C **D7**
 Washing her feet by candlelight.
G **D7**
 First she washed them, then she dried them
G **D7**
 Over a fire of amber coal.
G **e**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
C **D7**
 A maid so neat about the sole.

Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-lee
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy
What for the too-ra loo-ra-lee.

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 broad daylight.
 First she toss'd 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 down thro' Dublin City
 When the sun began to set.
 Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady,
 Catching a moth in a golden net.
 When she saw me, then she fled me,
 Lifting her petticoat over the knee,
 In all my life I ne'er did spy
 A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.