

## 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 where is the lovely Spanish Lady, neat and sweet about the soul