

Orthodox Celts

Spanish Lady

As I went down through Dublin City at the hour of twelve at night.
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her feet by candle light.
First she washed them, then she dried them o'er the fire of ashy coal.
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the sole.
Whack fol the turra lura laddie, whack fol the turra lura lay.

As I went down through Dublin City at the hour of half past eight.
Who should I see but the Spanish lady brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
First she tossed it then she brushed it, on her lap was a silver comb.
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet since I did roam.

As I went down through Dublin City as the sun began to set.
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady catchin' a moth in a golden net.
When she saw me, then she fled me, lifting her petticoat over knee.
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish lady.

I've wandered north, I've wandered south, through Stonybatter and Patrick's close.
Up and around by the Glouster Diamond, back by Napper Tandy's house.
Old age has laid her hand on me cold as a fire of ashy coal.
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet since I did roam.