

Celtic Woman, Spanish Lady

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

Chorus:
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Whack for the toora loora lay
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Whack for the toora loora lay

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 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 fair since I did roam

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus...)>