

Gaelic Storm, Spanish Lady

Hey, hey hey hey.....

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

Chorus

Whack fol de toora, loora laddie
Whack fol de toora, loora lay
Whack fol de toora, loora laddie
Whack fol de toora, loora lay, Hey HEy

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 by the garden gate
First she tossed it , then she brushed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.

Chorus

As I went back to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Catching a moth, in a golden net.
First she saw me, then she fled me
Lifted her petticoats o'er her knee
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet as that Lady

Chorus

hey hey hey....

Ive wandered North, and I have wondered South
Through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandys' house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals....
And all my life, I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet as that lady

Chorus x 2

hey hey hey....

Chorus to fade