

# Spanish Lady

## Donal Lunny

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 soul  
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  
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 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  
Whack for the toora loora laddy  
Whack for the toora loora lay  
Whack for the toora loora laddy  
Whack for the toora loora lay  
Whack for the toora loora laddy  
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