Spanish Lady

Mary O'Hara

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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Whack for the toora loora laddy
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