

Spanish Lady

The Dubliners

As I came down through Dublin City
At the hour of twelve at night
Who should I spy but a 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
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye
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 brushed it, then she tossed 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
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye
As I returned to Dublin City
As the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a 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 fair as the Spanish lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye
I've wandered north and I have wonder south
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's 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
But there is the love of me Spanish lady
A maid so sweet about the soul
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye

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