

# 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 candlelightFirst 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 soulWhack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady  
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye ayeAs 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 daylightFirst 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 roamWhack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady  
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye ayeAs 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 netFirst 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 ladyWhack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady  
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye ayeI'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' houseAuld 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 soulWhack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady  
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye ayeWhack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady  
Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye

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