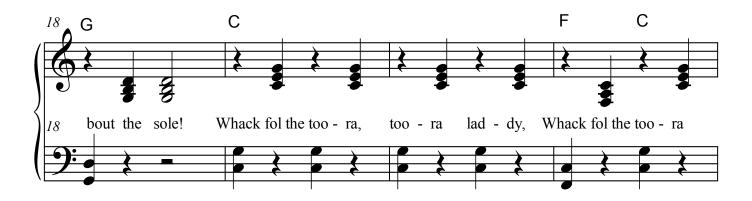
The Spanish Lady



The Spanish Lady





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.

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.