

The Spanish Lady

Irish Folk Song

Intro
C

Begin
Primo

F C

As I went down to Dub - lin Ci - ty, at the hour of

6 G C F C

twelve at night, Who should I see, but a Span- ish la - dy, wash- ing her feet by

10 G C G C

can - dle - light. First she washed them, then she dried them ov-er a fire of

14 G C G C F C

am-ber coal, In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a -

The Spanish Lady

18 G C F C

18 bout the sole! Whack fol the too - ra, too - ra lad - dy, Whack fol the too - ra

22 G C F C G

22 loo - ra lay. Whack fol the too - ra too - ra lad - dy, Whack fol the too - ra loo - ra - 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.

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.