

The Spanish lady

1. As I went down through Dublin city,
At the hour of twelve at night
Who should I spy but a 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 laddie

Whack for the toora loora lay

Whack fo rthe toora loora laddie

Whack for the toora loora lay

2. 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 my life I ne'er did see,
A maid so fair as the spanish lady

Whack for the toora loora laddie ...

$\frac{4}{4}$ [Verse] | G - E_m - | A_m - D - | G - E_m - | A_m - D - |
| G - C - | G - C - | G - E_m - | A_m - D - ||

[Chorus] | G - E_m - | A_m - D - | G - E_m - | A_m - D - | D - - - ||

3. 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 o'er her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see,
A maid so fair as the Spanish lady

Whack for the toora loora laddie ...

- - Solo verse - -

Whack for the toora loora laddie ...

4. I've wandered north and I've wandered south,
through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close.
Up and around the Gloster Diamond,
and back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hand on me,
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
In all my life I ne'er did see,
A maid so fair as the Spanish lady.

Whack for the toora loora laddie ...