

The Spanish Lady

Irish Folk Song

As I went down to Dub - lin Ci - ty, at the hour of
As I came back through Dub - lin Ci - ty, at the hour of
As I went back through Dub - lin Ci - ty, as the sun be -

twelve at night, Who should I see, but a Span - ish la - dy, wash - ing her feet by
half past eight Who should I spy but the Span - ish la - dy, brush - ing her hair in the
gan to set Who should I spy but the Span - ish la - dy, catch - ing a moth in a

can - dle - light. First she washed them, then she dried them ov - er a fire of
broad day - light. First she tossed it, then she brushed it, on her lap was a
gold - en net. When she saw me then she fled me lifting her petticoat

am - ber coal, In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a -
sil - ver comb. In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since
over her knee. In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the

bout the sole! Whack fol the too - ra, too - ra lad - dy, Whack fol the too - ra
I did roam.
Spanish la - dy.

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