

Dublin City

Spanish Lady

Irish trad.
G

As I went out through Dub - lin ci - ty At the hour of twelve o' clock of the night,
Who should I see but a Span - ish la - dy Washing her feet by can - dle light.
First she wased them and then she dried them, O - ver a fore of am - b'ry coals. In
all my life I ne-ver did see a maid so sweet a - bout the soles.
Chorus
Whack fol the toor - a - loor - a la - dy, Whack fol the toor - a - loor - a lay;
Whack fol the toor - a - loor - a - lad - dy, Whack fol the toor - a - loor - a lay

As I went out through Dublin City
At the hour of twelve o'clock at night
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candle light
First she washed them and then she dried them
Over a fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did see
A maid so sweet about the soles
Whack fol the toor a loor a laddy
Whack fol the toor a loor a lay
Whack fol the toor a loor a laddy
Whack fol the toor a loor a lay

I stopped to look but the watchman passed
Says he, "Young fellow, the night is late
Along with you home or I will wrestle you
Straight away through the Bridewell gate"
I threw a look to the Spanish lady
Hot as the fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did see
A maid so sweet about the soles

As I walked back through Dublin City
As the dawn of day was o'er
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
When I was weary and footsore
She had a heart so filled with loving
And her love she longed to share
In all my life I never did see
A maid who had so much to spare

Now she's no mot for a puddle swaddy
With her ivory comb and her mantle so fine
But she'd make a wife for the Provost Marshall
Drunk on brandy and claret wine
I got a look from the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did meet
A maid so sweet about the soles

I've wandered north and I've wandered south
By Stoney Batter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hands upon me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But where is the lonely Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soles?

As I was leaving Dublin City
On that morning sad of heart
Lonely was I for the Spanish lady
Now that forever we must part
But still I always will remember
All the hours we did enjoy
But then she left me sad at parting
Gone forever was my joy