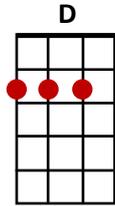


The Spanish Lady

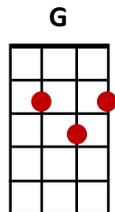


D **G** **A**
As I came down through Dublin City, at the hour of twelve at night,
D **G** **A**
Who should I spy, but a Spanish Lady Washing her feet by candle light
D **A** **D** **A**
First she washed them, then she dried them Over a fire of amber coals
D **Bm7** **G** **A**
In all my life I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet about the soul

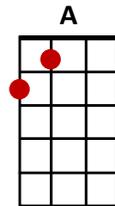


CHORUS:

D **G** **A**
Whack for the Too ra loo rye ady, Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye
D **G** **A**
Whack for the Too ra loo rye ady, Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

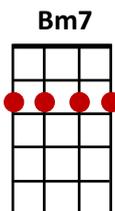


D **G** **A**
As I came back through Dublin City at the hour of Half past Eight,
D **G** **A**
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady, Brushing her hair in broad daylight
D **A** **D** **A**
First she brushed it, then she tossed it On her lap was a silver comb
D **Bm7** **G** **A**
In all my life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.



CHORUS

D **G** **A**
As I returned to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
D **G** **A**
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady Catching a moth, in a golden net.
D **A** **D** **A**
First she saw me, then she fled me Lifted her petticoats over her knee
D **Bm7** **G** **A**
In all my life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady



CHORUS

D
I've wandered North, and I've wandered South
G **A**
Through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
D **G** **A**
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond and back by Napper Tandys' house
D↓ **A**↓ **D**↓ **A**↓
Auld age has laid her hands on me Cold as a fire of ashy coals.
D↓ **Bm7**↓ **G** **A**
But, where oh where Spanish Lady, a maid so sweet about the soul? **Chorus**

Bm7: 2 2 2 2 or play A