

The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 1 (C)

The Spanish Lady by The Dubliners

C **Am**
As I came down through Dublin City

Dm **G7**
At the hour of twelve at night

C **Am**
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady

Dm **G7**
Washing her feet by the candlelight

C **Am**
First she washed them, then she dried them

C **G**
Over a fire of amber coal

C **Am**
In all me life I ne'er did see

Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddie

Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddie

Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

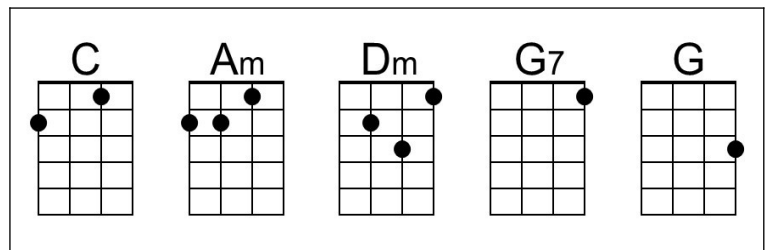
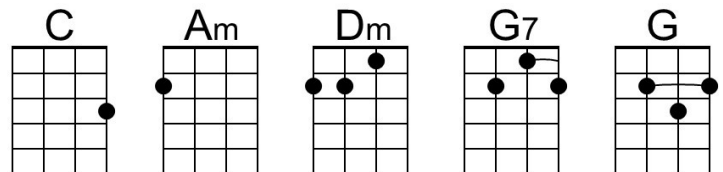
As I came back through Dublin City
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam (Chorus)

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

I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Says he, "Young fella, now the night is late"
Along with ye now or I will wrestle ya
Straight way through the Bridewell Gate
I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of angry coal
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul. **Chorus**

As I went out through Dublin City
As the hour of dawn was 'oer
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
I was lonely and footsore
First she coaxed me, then she chid me
Then she laughed at my sad plight
In all me time I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as on that night. **Chorus**

I've wandered north and I have wandered south
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But there is the love of me Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soul. **Chorus (2x)**



The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 1 (G)

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G **Em**
As I came down through Dublin City

Am **D7**
At the hour of twelve at night

G **Em**
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady

Am **D7**
Washing her feet by the candlelight

G **Em**
First she washed them, then she dried them

G **D**
Over a fire of amber coal

G **Em**
In all me life I ne'er did see

Am **D7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddie

Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddie

Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

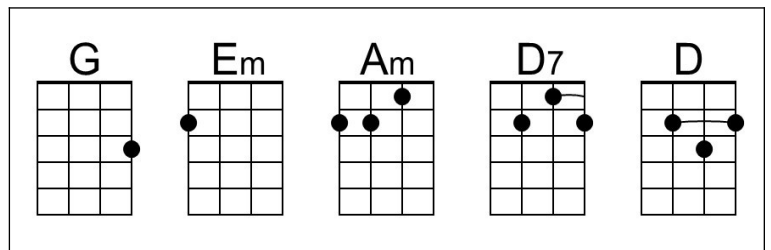
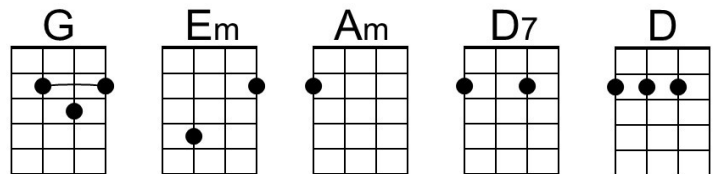
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At the hour of half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam (Chorus)

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

I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
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Along with ye now or I will wrestle ya
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Hot as a fire of angry coal
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul. **Chorus**

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As the hour of dawn was 'oer
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
I was lonely and footsore
First she coaxed me, then she chid me
Then she laughed at my sad plight
In all me time I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as on that night. **Chorus**

I've wandered north and I have wandered south
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But there is the love of me Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soul. **Chorus (2x)**



The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 2 (C)

The Spanish Lady by The Dubliners

C **Am**
As I came down thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
At the hour of twelve at night
C **Am**
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady,
Dm **G7**
Washing her feet by candlelight
C **Am**
First she washed them, then she dried them
C **G**
Over a fire of amber coals
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus:

C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay
C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

C **Am**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
At the hour of half past eight
C **Am**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Dm **G7**
Brushing her hair outside the gate
C **Am**
First she tossed it, then she combed it,
C **G**
On her lap was a silver comb
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so fair since I did roam. **Chorus**

C **Am**
I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Dm **G7**
He said "Young fellah, now the night is late
C **Am**
Along with ye home or I will wrestle you
Dm **G7**
Straight back through the Bridewell gate"
C **Am**
I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
C **G**
Hot as a fire of angry coal
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

C **Am**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
As the sun began to set
C **Am**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Dm **G7**
Catching a moth in a golden net
C **Am**
When she saw me, then she fled me
C **G**
Lifting her petticoat over her knee
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. **Chorus**

C **Am**
I've wandered north and south through
Dm **G7**
Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
C **Am**
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Dm **G7**
And back by Napper Tandy's house
C **Am**
Old age has laid her hand on me
C **G**
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady. **Chorus 2x**

The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 2 (G)

The Spanish Lady by The Dubliners

G **Em**
As I came down thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
At the hour of twelve at night
G **Em**
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady,
Am **D7**
Washing her feet by candlelight
G **Em**
First she washed them, then she dried them
G **D**
Over a fire of amber coals
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay
G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

G **Em**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
At the hour of half past eight
G **Em**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Am **D7**
Brushing her hair outside the gate
G **Em**
First she tossed it, then she combed it,
G **D**
On her lap was a silver comb
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
A maid so fair since I did roam. **Chorus**

G **Em**
I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Am **D7**
He said "Young fellah, now the night is late
G **Em**
Along with ye home or I will wrestle you
Am **D7**
Straight back through the Bridewell gate"
G **Em**
I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
G **D**
Hot as a fire of angry coal
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

G **Em**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
As the sun began to set
G **Em**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Am **D7**
Catching a moth in a golden net
G **Em**
When she saw me, then she fled me
G **D**
Lifting her petticoat over her knee
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. **Chorus**

G **Em**
I've wandered north and south through
Am **D7**
Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
G **Em**
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Am **D7**
And back by Napper Tandy's house
G **Em**
Old age has laid her hand on me
G **D**
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady. **Chorus 2x**