

# Celtic Woman, Spanish Lady

As I came down through Dublin City  
At the hour of twelve at night  
Who should I see but the 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 sole

Chorus:  
Whack for the toora loora laddy  
Whack for the toora loora lay  
Whack for the toora loora laddy  
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 tossed it, then she brushed it  
On her lap was a silver comb  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so fair since I did roam

(Chorus)

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 over her knee  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so shy as the Spanish lady

(Chorus...)&gt;