

Gaelic Storm

"The Spanish Lady"

Visit "[The Spanish Lady](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Chorus

Run for me Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,
Run for me Too Rye Ooh Rye Laye
Run for me Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,
Run for me Too Rye Ooh Rye Laye, Hey HEy

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 by the garden gate
First she tossed it, then she brushed 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 went back to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but the 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 sweet as that
Lady

Chorus

Hey hey hey...

I've wandered North, and I have wondered South
Through Stoney Barter and Patricks 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...
And all my life, I ne'er did see, a maid so sweet as that
lady

Chorus x 2
Hey hey hey...
Chorus to fade

Visit [Gaelic Storm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.