

## **The Woods Band**

### **"The Spanish Lady"**

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As I roved out thro' Dublin city  
At the hour of twelve o' the night,  
Who should I spy but a 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 neat about the sole.

Chorus:

Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-lee  
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
What for the too-ra loo-ra-lee.

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 broad daylight.  
First she toss'd it, then she brushed it,  
On her lap was a silver comb.  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
So fair a maid since I did roam.

Chorus:

Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-lee  
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
What for the too-ra loo-ra-lee.

As I went down thro' Dublin City  
When the sun began to set.  
Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady,  
Catching a moth in a golden net.  
When she saw me, then she fled me,  
Lifting her petticoat over the knee,  
In all my life I ne'er did spy  
A maid so blithe as the Spanish Lady.

Chorus:

Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-lee

Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy  
What for the too-ra loo-ra-lee.

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