

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Wheel of Fortune or Dublin City

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As I was a-walking through Dublin City
About the hour of twelve at night
It was there I saw a fair, pretty maiden
Washing her feet by candle light

First she washed them and then she dried them
And around her shoulder she pegged the towel
And in all my life I ne'er did see
Such a fine lass in all the world

She had twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen
Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen
Eleven, nine, seven, five, three, and one

Round and round the wheel of fortune
Where it stops wearies me
Fair maids they are so deceiving
Sad experience teaches me

Oh, but tides do be running the whole world over
Why, tis only last June month, I mind that we
Were thinking the call in the breast of the lover
So everlasting as the sea

But there's the same little fishes that swims and spin
And the same old moon on the cold wet sand
And I no more to she, nor she to me
Than the cool wind passing over my hand

this chorus sometimes used with VANDYVAN and VANDY3

sung by Gordon Bok

SOF