

"Counting Song"

[a.k.a. "The Spanish Lady" or "Wheel Of Fortune" or "Dublin City"
or "Twenty Eighteen"]

Words & Music:
Traditional

This is traditionally sung acappella.

VERSION 1: as sung by Natalie Merchant & Michael Stipe

[He] On yonder hill, there lives a lassie and her name I do not know.
[He] One fine day, I'm going to find her, whether she be rich or poor.

CHORUS:

[She] 'Round and 'round on the wheel of fortune;
[Both] 'Round and 'round on the wheel in me
[Both] Young women's hearts are so uncertain,
[Both] Sad experience teaches me.

[He] 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, 9, 7, and a 5, 3, 1
[She] 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2, none.

[He] Lassie, I've got gold & silver; lassie, I've got geoses & land.
[He] Lassies, I've got ships on the ocean all to sail at your command.

CHORUS:

[Both] 'Round and 'round on the wheel of fortune;
[Both] 'Round and 'round turnthe wheel for me
[She] Young women's hearts are so uncertain,
[Both] Sad experience teaches me.

[She] 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, 9, 7, and a 5, 3, 1
[He] 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2, none.

CHORUS:

[Both] 'Round and 'round on the wheel of fortune;
[Both] 'Round and 'round turn the wheel on me
[Both] Young women's hearts are so uncertain,
[Both] Sad experience teaches me.

[She] I don't want your gold or silver, I don't want your geoses or land.
[She] I don't want your ships on the ocean, all I want's a good young man.

[He] 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, 9, 7, and a 5, 3, 1
[She] 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2, none.

CHORUS:

[Both] 'Round and 'round on the wheel of fortune;
[Both] 'Round and 'round 'turn the wheel on me
[Both] Young women's hearts are so uncertain,
[Both] Sad experience teaches me.

**VERSION 2: From Idir An Dá Sholas - Between The Two Lights
Titled "The Spanish Lady"**

As I was walking through Dublin City
About the hour of twelve at night
It was there I saw a fair pretty female
Washing her feet by candlelight
First she washed them, then she dried them
Over a fire of ambery coals
And in all my life I never did see
A maid so neat about the soles

CHORUS:

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

I stopped to look but the watchman passed
Says he, "Young fellow, now the night is late
And along with you home or I will wrestle you
Straight away to the Bridewell gate
I got a look from the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of ambery coals
And in all my life I never did see
A maid so neat about the soles

CHORUS:

As I walked back through Dublin City
As the dawn of day was o'er
Oh whom should I spy but the Spanish lady
When I was weary and footsore
She had a heart so filled with loving
And her love she longed to share
And in all my life I never did meet
A maid who had so much to spare

CHORUS:

I have wandered north and I've wandered south
By Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
And up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hand upon me
Cold as a fire of ashey coals
And gone is the lovely Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soles

'Round and around goes the wheel of fortune
Where it rests now wearies me
Oh fair young maids are so deceiving
Sad experience teaches me

CHORUS:

VERSION 3: as sung by Gordon Bok
Titled: "WHEEL OF FORTUNE" or "DUBLIN CITY"

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

VERSION 4: Titled: "Twenty, Eighteen"

Source: Broadwood, L, 1893, English County Songs, London, Leadenhall Press

"Ho! yonder stands a charming creature,
Who she is I do not know,
I'll go court her for her beauty,
Until she do say yes or no."
Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,
Twelve, ten, eight, six four, two, nought;
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,
Eleven, nine and seven, five, three and one.

"Ho! Madam, I am come to court you,
If your favour I may gain;
And if you will entertain me
Perhaps I may come this way again."

"Ho! Madam I have rings and jewels,
Madam I have house and land,
Madam, I have wealth and treasures,
All shall be at your command."

"Ho! what care I for your rings and jewels?
What care I for your house and land?
What care I for your wealth and treasures?
All I want is a handsome man."

"Ho! first come cowslips and then come daisies,
First comes night and then comes day;
First comes the new love, and then comes the old one,
And so we pass our time away."

"Ho! the ripest apple is the soonest rotten,
The hottest love is the soonest cold;
Lover's vows are soon forgotten,
So I pray, young man, be not so bold."