

Spanish ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you, to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
But we hope very soon we shall see you again

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly it's thirty-five leagues**

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys
We hove our ship to, our soundings to see
We rounded and sounded, got forty five fathoms
Then we squared our main yard and up channel steered we

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The next land we made t'was called the Deadman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portland the Wight
Then we sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness
'Til we came abreast of the South Foreland light

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Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor
All in the Downs that night for to lie
Then it's stand by your stoppers, steer clear your shank-painters
Haul up your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

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So let every man toss off a full bumper
And let every man drink up a full glass
We'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy
Singing here's a good health to each true-hearted lass!

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