

## Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;  
For we've received orders to sail to old England,  
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

cho: We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas;  
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England:  
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, my boys,  
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;  
In fifty five fathoms with a fine sandy bottom,  
We filled our main tops'l, up channel did steer

So the first land we made is a point called the Dodman,  
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;  
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness,  
And then bore away for the South Foreland light.

Now the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,  
All on the Downs that night for to meet;  
Stand by your cat stopper, see clear your shank-painter,  
Haul up your clewgarnets, let out tacks and sheets.

Now let every man take off his full bumper,  
Let every man take off his full bowl;  
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy,  
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.