

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
We've just received orders to sail for old England;
We'll bid you goodbye 'til we see you again.

Chorus

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all across the salt sea,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.*

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

The first land we made was the point called the Deadman,
Next Rameshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
We sailed then by Beachy, by Fairleigh and Dungeness,
Then bore straight away for the South Foreland Light.

Now the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
We clewed up our tops'ls, stuck out tacks an' sheets;
We stood by our stoppers, and brailed in our spankers,
And anchored ahead of the noblest of fleets.

Let every man here drink up his full bumper,
Let every man here drink up his full bowl;
And let us be jolly and drown melancholy,
Drink a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.