

Spanish Ladies

Trad.

Soprano



9

S We'll

17

S rant an' we'll roar, like - true British sailors, We'll rant and we'll rave a - cross the salt seas, 'Til -

A rant an' we'll roar, like true British sailors, We'll rant and we'll rave a cross the salt seas, 'Til

B

25

S we strike soundings in the channel of old Eng -land. From Ush-ant to Scil-ly is thirty four leagues.

A we strike soundings in the channel of old Eng land. From Ushant to Scil ly is thirty four leagues.

B

Farewell an' adieu to you fair Spanish ladies, Farewell an' adieu to you ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders for to sail for old England, An' hope very shortly to see you again.

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 maintops'l, up Channel did steer.

The first land we made was a point called the Deadman, Next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight.
We sailed then by Beachie, by Fairlee and Dungeyness, 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 and sheets.
We stood by our stoppers, we 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 an' true-hearted soul.