

Spanish Ladies

#19

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England,
But we hope in a short time to 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 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 from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared up our main yard and up channel did make.

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next; Rame Head off Plymouth, then Portland and the Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dungeness,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clew-garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.