Spanish Ladies

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,
we hope in a short time to see you again.

[Chorus]

We hove our ship to with the wind from the sou' west boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
It's forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,
we squared off our main yard and up channel did steer.

[Chorus]

The first land we sighted it is called the Dodman,
Next Ram's Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland then Wight;
We sailed on by Beachy, by Fairley and Dungeness,
And we hove our ship to off the South Foreland light.

[Chorus]

Then the signal was given for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, likewise your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

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.