

## Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish Ladies  
farewell and adieu you ladies of Spain  
For we've received orders to sail for old 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 off these rocky islands  
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 deep soundings to take  
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom  
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make  
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 off these rocky islands  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues

The first land we sighted was called the Bishop  
Next Round Rock, the Gunner, our chart was our rule  
We sailed by Agnes and the ledge of Bartholemew  
Bearing up for the safety of St. Mary's pool  
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 off these rocky islands  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues

The signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor  
And all in the roads that night for to lie  
Let go your shank painter let go your cat stopper  
Haul up your clewgarnets let tacks and sheets fly  
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 off these rocky islands  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues

Now let every man drink off his full bumper  
And let every 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  
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 off these rocky islands  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues