

Spanish Ladies – sea shanty

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
But we hope in a short time to see you again
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
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, 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 will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues
The first land we sighted was calléd the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues
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 clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues
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
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues