

Celtic Underground "Spanish Ladies"

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Farewell and adieu, to ye fair Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu, ye ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders to sail for ol' England,
But we hope that it's short-lived, to see you again.

[Chorus]:

We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll rave across 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 at sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, for it takes soundings clear;
At fifty-five fathoms, with a fine sandy bottom,
We filled our main topsail up channel did steer.

[Chorus]

The the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
We put up our topsail and struck tacks and sheets;
We stood by our stoppers and bridled and spankered,
And anchored ahead of the noblest fleet.

[Chorus]

Let every man here drink up his full bumper,
Let every man here drink up his full bow;
And we will be jolly and drown melancholy,
Drink a health to each jovial of each true-hearted
Soul.

[Chorus]

Extra verses:

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

[Chorus]

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!

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