

Spanish Ladies

British Traditional

Bm D F#m

1. Fare - well and a - dieu to you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare -
2. We hove our ship to with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line on the lower staff. Chords Bm, D, and F#m are indicated above the first three measures. The lyrics are provided for two verses.

6 Bm D A Bm

well and a - dieu to you, la - dies of Spain; For we've re - ceived
hove our ship to, deep sound - ings to take; 'Twas for - ty - five

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. Chords Bm, D, A, and Bm are indicated above the measures. The lyrics continue for both verses.

11 A D F#m G F#m

or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a short time to
fath - oms, with a white sand - y bot - tom, So we squared our main yard and up

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line. Chords A, D, F#m, G, and F#m are indicated above the measures. The lyrics continue for both verses.

16 Bm F#m Bm Chorus D

see you a - gain. We will rant and we'll roar like true Brit - ish
chan - nel did make.

Detailed description: This block contains the fourth system of the musical score, which is the chorus. It starts at measure 16. Chords Bm, F#m, Bm, and D are indicated above the measures. The lyrics are provided for the chorus.

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21 F#m Bm D A

sail - ors, we'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas, Un -

21

26 D A D F#m G

til we strike sound-ings in the chan-nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to

26

31 A Bm Em F#m Bm

Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

31

3. 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:

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.

4. 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!

5. 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.