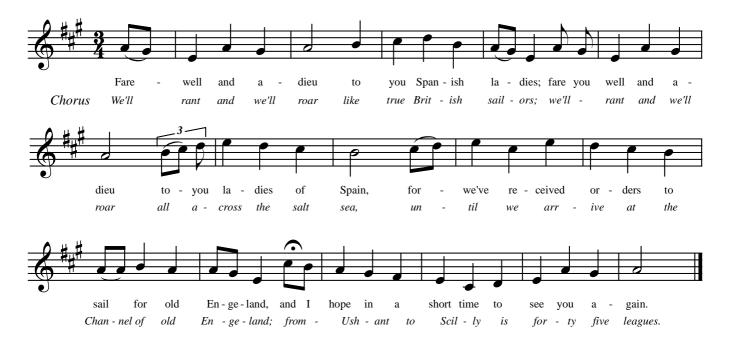
61c Spanish Ladies - Mr Crisp



Fare well and adieu to you Spanish ladies; fare well and adieu to you ladies of Spain, for we've received orders to sail for old Eng-e-land, and I hope in a short time to see you again.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors; we'll rant and we'll roar all across the salt sea, until we arrive at the Channel of old Eng-e-land; from Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, all for to get sounded; we hove our ship to and soundings took we.
We had forty fathoms and a bright sandy bottom, and we squared our main yard and up Channel steered we.

The first land we made was a point called the Deadman, next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight. We passed by Beachy, by Dungeness and Fairley, till at length we arrived at the North Foreland Light.

4
Let every man here drink up his full bumper;
let every man here drink up his full bowl,
and let us be jolly and drown melancholy;
drink a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.