

# Spanish Ladies - Sea Shanty



Intro:

Fare **[Dm]** well and adieu to **[F]** you Spanish **[Am]** Ladies,  
Fare **[Dm]** well and adieu to **[F]** you ladies of **[C]** Spain;  
For **[Dm]** we've received **[C]** orders to **[Dm]** sail for old **[Am]** England,  
And **[Dm]** perhaps we shall **[C]** never more **[Dm]** see you **[Am]** a **[Dm]** gain.

## CHORUS

We'll **[Dm]** rant and we'll roar like **[F]** true British **[Am]** sailors,  
We'll **[Dm]** rant and we'll roar all **[F]** over the salt **[Am]** seas;  
**[F]** Until we strike **[C]** soundings in the **[F]** Channel of old **[Am]** England,  
From **[Dm]** Ushant to **[C]** Scilly t'is **[Dm]** thirty **[Am]** five **[Dm]** leagues.

Then we **[Dm]** hove our ship to, with the **[F]** wind to our sou'**[Am]** -west, my boys,  
Then we **[Dm]** hove our ship to, for to **[F]** strike soundings **[C]** clear;  
Then we **[Dm]** filled the main **[C]** topsail and **[Dm]** bore right a **[Am]** way, my boys,  
And **[Dm]** straight up the **[C]** Channel of old **[Dm]** England **[Am]** did **[Dm]** steer.

## CHORUS

So the **[Dm]** first land we made, it is **[F]** called the **[Am]** Deadman,  
**[Dm]** Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, **[F]** Portland and the **[C]** Wight;  
We **[Dm]** sailed by **[C]** Beachy, by **[Dm]** Fairly and **[Am]** Dungeness,  
And **[Dm]** then bore away **[C]** for the **[Dm]** South Fore **[Am]** land **[Dm]** Light.

## CHORUS

Now the **[Dm]** signal it was made for **[F]** the Grand Fleet to **[Am]** anchor,  
**[Dm]** All on the **[F]** Downs that night for to **[C]** meet;  
Then **[Dm]** stand by your **[C]** stoppers, see **[Dm]** clear your shank-**[Am]** painters,  
Haul **[Dm]** all your Clew-**[C]** garnets, stick **[Dm]** out tacks **[Am]** and **[Dm]** sheets.

## CHORUS

Now **[Dm]** let every man drink **[F]** up his full **[Am]** bottle,  
**[Dm]** Let every man drink **[F]** up his full **[C]** bowl;  
For **[Dm]** we will be **[C]** jolly and **[Dm]** drown melan **[Am]** choly,  
With a **[Dm]** health to each **[C]** jovial and **[Dm]** true -heart **[Am]** ed **[Dm]** soul.

We'll **[Dm]** rant and we'll roar like **[F]** true British **[Am]** sailors,  
We'll **[Dm]** rant and we'll roar all **[F]** over the salt **[Am]** seas;  
**[F]** Until we strike **[C]** soundings in the **[F]** Channel of old **[Am]** England,  
From **[Dm]** Ushant to **[C]** Scilly t'is **[Dm]** thirty **[Am]** five **[Dm]** leagues.

