

Sarah Blasko - Spanish Ladies

Tom: **D**

(forma dos acordes no tom de **C**)
Capostrate na 2ª casa

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England
But we hope in a short time to see you again

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea
Until we take soundings in the Channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

We hove our ship to with the wind from the sou' west boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom
So we squared off our main yard and up channel did make

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea
Until we take soundings in the Channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

Now let every man drink off his full bumper
And let every 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'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea

Until we take soundings in the Channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland then Wight
We sailed on by Beachy, by Fairley and Dover
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light

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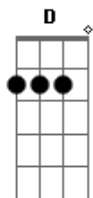
Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor
And all in the Downs that night for to lie
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

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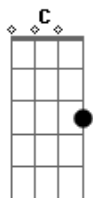
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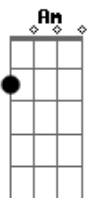
Acordes



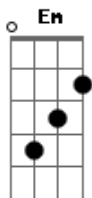
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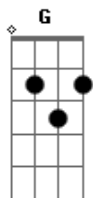
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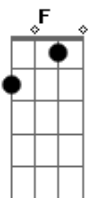
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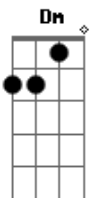
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