

# 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

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

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!

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

## Acordes

