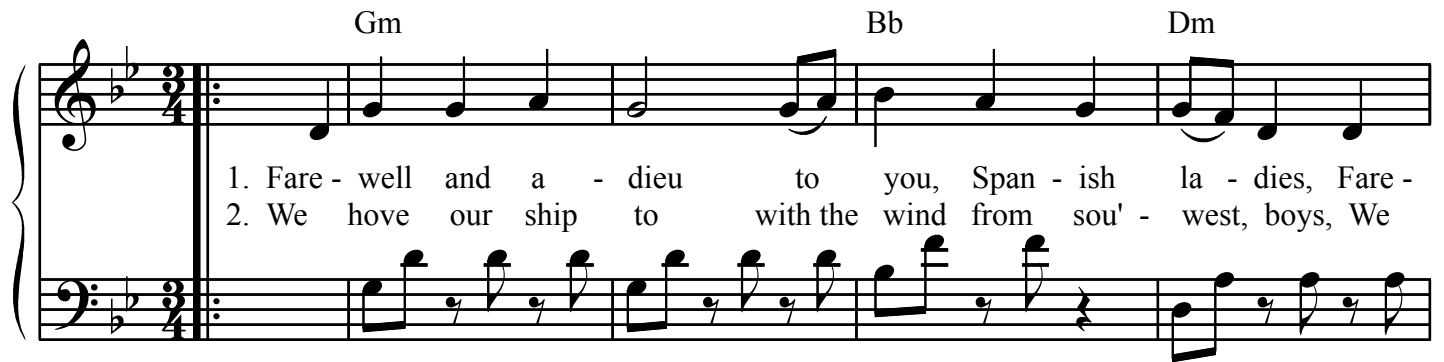


Spanish Ladies

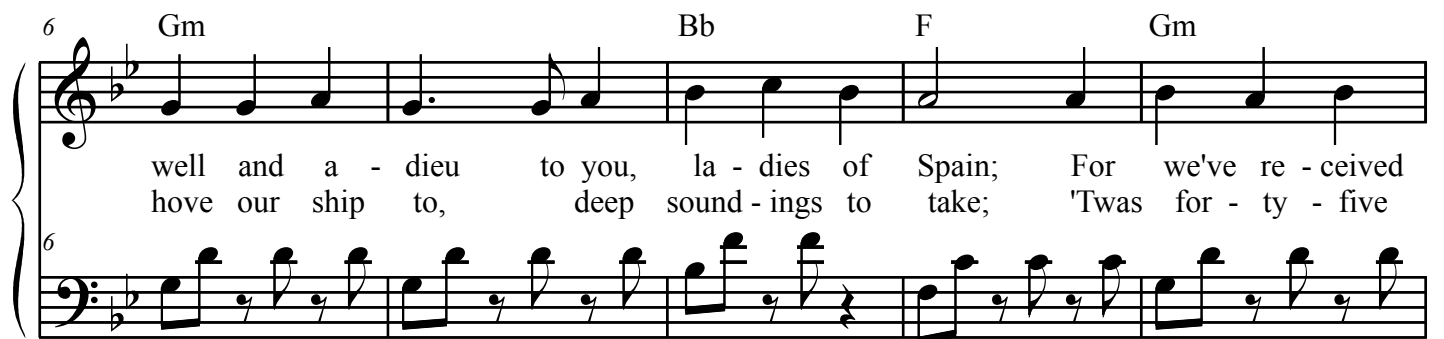
British Traditional

Gm Bb Dm



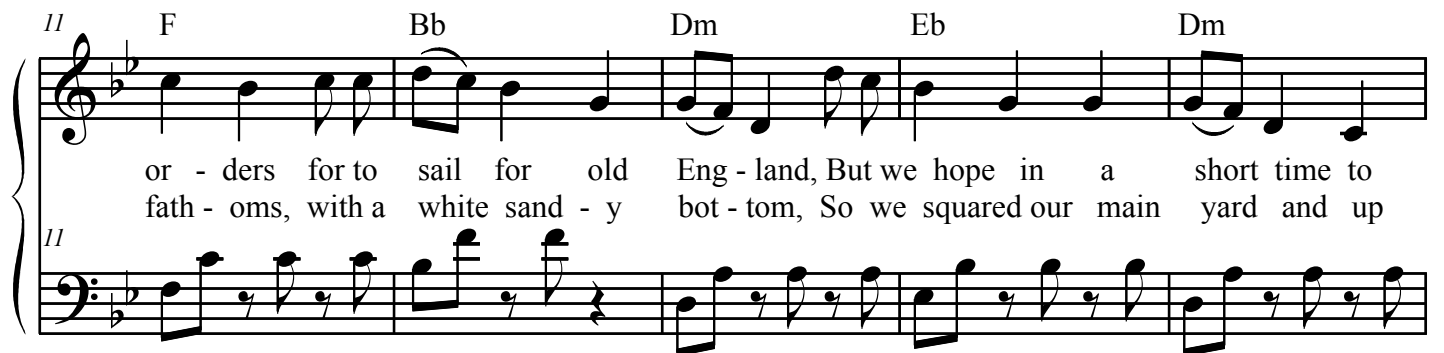
1. Fare - well and a - dieu to you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare -
2. We hove our ship to with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We

6 Gm Bb F Gm



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

11 F Bb Dm Eb Dm



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

16 Cm Dm Gm Chorus Bb



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

Spanish Ladies

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, and the vocal line is in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C).

System 1 (Measures 21-25): Chords: Dm, Gm, Bb, F. Lyrics: sail - ors, we'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas, Un -

System 2 (Measures 26-30): Chords: Bb, F, Bb, Dm, Eb. Lyrics: til we strike sound - ings in the chan - nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to

System 3 (Measures 31-35): Chords: F, Cm, Dm, Gm. Lyrics: Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

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.