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Spanish Ladies

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HARRY BLUFF

SPANISH LADIES.



London :—H. P. SUCH, Printer, and Song
Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'



FAREWELL and adieu to you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,
Since we've received orders to sail for old England,
In hopes in a short time to see you again.

We will rant and we will roar like true British heroes,
We will rant and we'll roar like true hearts of oak,
Since we struck soundings in the channel of old
England,

From Ushant to Scilly was thirty-five leagues.

O we hove the ship too, with the wind at sou'west my
boys,

We hove our ship too, and soundings got we,
At thirty-five fathom with a white sandy bottom,
We squared our main yards, and up channel steered
we.

O the first light we made it was called the Deadman,
The Ramhead, Plymouth, Star, Portland, & Wight,
We sailed past Beachy, by Farley and Dungeness,
Until we arrived off the South Foreland light.

O the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs that night for to lay,
It is stand by your stoppers, let go your shank painter,
Haul up your clue-garnets, let fly tacks and sheets.

Let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off a full bowl,
For we'll drink and be merry, and drown melancholy,
So here's a good health to all true hearty souls.

HARRY BLUFF.

HARRY BLUFF when a boy left his friends and
his home,
His dear native land on the ocean to roam,
Like a sapling he sprung he was fair to the view,
He was true British oak the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was given he was first up aloft,
The veterans all said that he'd one day lead the van,
And tho' rated a boy he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When by manhood promoted and burning for fame,
In peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love and in battle so brave,
May the myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
In battle he fell when by Victory crown'd,
The flag shot away fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck when he cried out, avast!
And the colours of old England he nailed to the mast,
And he died like a true British sailor.



COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.
For the breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of a sun she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

Come into the garden, &c.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden gate I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall,
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen Lily and rose in one,
Shine out little head, swiming over with curls,
To the flowers and be their sun,

Come into the garden, &c.

There has fallen a splendid tear,
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming my dove, my dear,
She is coming my life, my fate,
The red rose cries, she is near, she is near,
And the white rose weeps, she is late!
The larkspur listens, I hear, I hear,
And the lily whispers, I wait.
She is coming my love, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthly bed,
My bust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead
'Twould start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Come into the garden, &c.