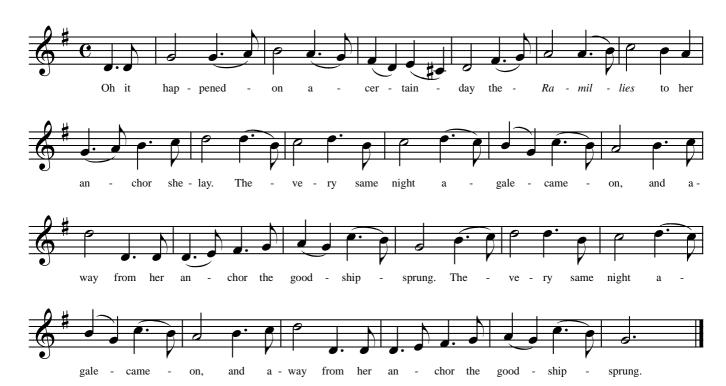
## 44 Loss of the Ramillies - Mr Crisp



Oh it happened on a certain day, the *Ramillies* to her anchor she lay. The very same night a gale came on and away from her anchor the good ship sprung. The very same night a gale came on and away from her anchor the good ship sprung.

2
The rain it came down in a dreadful shock, the seas they flew over our foretop.
With close-reefed topsails so neatly spread we were thinking to weather the old Rame Head.

3 Our Bosun cried, 'My brave fellows all, come list to me a while for I can't find my call. Now launch your boats your lives for to save for the seas this night will surely be your grave.' 4

The boats they were manned and overboard were tossed; some they got in them but they were all lost.

And some went one way and some went another, but the watch below they all got smothered.

5

When the news unto pretty Plymouth came that the *Ramillies* was lost with most of her men, pretty Plymouth's streets were flowing in tears for the hearing of these sad, sad affairs.

6

Now all you pretty maidens whoever you may be, that lost your true loves in the bold *Ramillies*, there was only two that was left to tell the tale; how the *Ramillies* went down in that January gale.

v3 'call' = Bosun's pipe