

44 Loss of the Ramillies - Mr Crisp

Oh it hap - pened - on a - cer - tain - day the - Ra - mil - lies to her
 an - chor she - lay. The - ve - ry same night a - gale - came - on, and a -
 way from her an - chor the good - ship - sprung. The - ve - ry same night a -
 gale - came - on, and a - way from her an - chor the good - ship - sprung.

1
 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