

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Loss of the Ramillies

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It happened to be on the first of May
While the Ramillies to her anchor lay
At twelve o'clock a gale came on
And she from her anchor cut and run

The storm increas-ed more and more
The billows was rollong on the shore
Our close-reefed tops'ls we quickly spread
In hopes to weather the old Ram Head.

The rain poured down in a dreadful shock
While the sea beat over our fore-top
She would neither stay nor wear
Nor yet gather way enough to steer

The bosun on the deck did stand
He bowed his call and gave command
"Launch out the boats, your lives to save
Or the sea this night will be your grave"

Some in one place, some in another
Five hundred men they all got smothered
There was only four saved to tell the tale
How the Ramillies behav-ed in the gale.

When the news to Plymouth came
That the Ramillies was lost and all her men
All Plymouth town was flowing in tears
To hear the dreadful sad affair

Come, all you pretty fair maids, weep with me,
Who lost your loves on the Ramillies
There was only four saved to tell the tale
How she behav-ed in the gale.

DT #554

Laws K1

from MacKenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia
collected from Richard Hines, Pictou County, Nova Scotia
Wrecked off Devon February 15, 1760

tune (similar words, but with added chorus) from Shantymen and
Shantyboys, Doerflinger)

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oct96