

August 2019

The Fatal Ramilies

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Fatal Ramilies" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 798.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/798

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



THE
Fatal Ramilies.

—:9-8:—
YOU soldiers and seamen draw near and attend,
 Unto these lines that have lately been penn'd;
 I'll tell you the dangers of the salt seas,
 Of the fatal destruction of the Ramilies.
 Oh, the fatal Ramilies!

Seventeen hundred and seventy brave men had we,
 With ninety good guns to bear her company;
 But as we were sailing, to our great surprise,
 A most terrible storm began for to rise.

The sea looked like fire and rolled mountains high,
 Whilst our seamen did weep, and our captain did cry,
 Boys, mind all your business, do all that you can,
 For if this storm lasts we are lost every man.

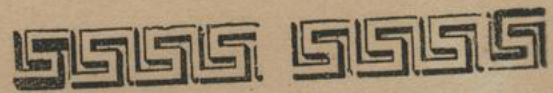
We all went to work our lives for to save,
 Whilst all our rigging did beat the salt wave;
 Bear away, says our captain, your skill do not spare,
 So long as we've sea-room the less we've to fear.

In a few moments after with a most dreadful shock,
 The fatal Ramilies she dashed 'gainst a rock;
 Both Jews, Turks, and Christians, might sorely lament,
 To hear the cries when first down she went

All you that are willing to do a good deed,
 In relieving the widows in their time of need,
 Bear a hand to assist them and God will you bless,
 With happiness greater than I can express.



**AULD
 LANGSYNE.**



London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer and
 Publisher 177, Union Street, Borough, S.E.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' langsyne?
 For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wandered mony a wearie nt,
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paid't in the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae ro-c-d.
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

Noo there's a hand my trusty frien,
 An' gie's a hand o' thine,
 An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 We'll tak' a right gude, willie waught,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.