

Ye gentlemen of England who live home
The Bay of Biscay, Oh!

Ye gentlemen of England
Who live home at your ease,
It's little do you think
Of the dangers of the seas;
When we receive our orders
We are obliged to go
On the Main to proud Spain
Where the stormy winds do blow.

2. Was on the fourth of August
From Spithead we set sail
With Ramely and Company
Blest with a pleasant gale;
We sailed along together
In the Bay of Biscay, Oh,
Where a dreadful storm it did arise
And the stormy wind did blow.

3. The Ramely she left us,
She could no longer stay
And by distress of weather
From us she bore away;
When she arrived at Gibralter
They told the people so
How they thought we were all lost
At the Bay of Biscay, Oh.

4. Kind heaven did protect her,
It was not quite so bad,
First we lost our foremast,
And then we lost our flag.
And then we lost our mainmast,
One of our guns also
And the men, we lost ten
On the Bay of Biscay, Oh.

5. When the mainmast started,
It gave a dreadful stroke,
In our starboard quarter,
A large hole did it broke.
Then the seas came battering in,
Our guns soon overflow
So boldly she plowed it
On the Bay of Biscay Oh.

6. The night being dark and dreary,
At twelve o'clock that night
Our captain in the forecastle
He was killed then outright.
The ring upon his finger
In pieces burst in two
There he laid until next day
When we overboard him threw.

7. The storm it being abated,
We rigged up jury mast
And steered it for Gibralter,
Where we arrived at last
They said it was a dismal sight
As ever they did know
We forced to drink wine
And drowned all our woe.