There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In Scotland there lived brothers three
And they did cast lots which of them should go, should go, should go
For to turn robber all on the salt sea

The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin
The youngest of all the three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he

He had not been sailing but a long winter’s night
And part of a short winter’s day
When he espied a rich lofty ship
Come a bibing down him straight away

Hello, hello, cried Henry Martin
What makes you sail so high
I’m a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town
Won’t you please for to let me pass by

O no, o no, cried Henry Martin
That thing it never can be
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea
For to maintain my two brothers and me

So lower your topsail and bail up your mizzen
Bring yourself under my lee
Or I shall give you a fast flowing ball
And your dear bodies drown in the salt sea

Then broadside and broadside and at it they went
For fully two hours or three
Til Henry Martin gave to her the death shot
Heavily listing to starboard went she

The rich merchant vessel was wounded full sore
Straight to the bottom went she
And Henry Martin sailed away
... on the salt sea

Sad news, sad news to old England came
Sad news to fair London town
There was a rich vessel and she’s cast away
And all of her merry men drowned