

# Henry Martin

scotland

$\text{♩} = 100$

9

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