Henry Martin

anon. (USA)

♩=124

Dm | **Dm** | **Dm** | **A7** | **Dm**

There were three broth - ers in Mer - ry Scot - land, In

Dm | **Gm** | **A** | **A**

Mer - ry Scot - land there were three, And

Dm | **F** | **Dm** | **Dm**

they did cast lots which of them should go, should

A | **A** | **Dm** | **F** | **C** | **Dm** | **Dm** | **Dm**

go, And turn rob - ber 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, the salt sea, the salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not been sailing for but a long winter's night, And part of the short winter's day,
When he espied a stout lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship,
Come and bearing down on him straight way.

"Hello, hello," cried Henry Martin, "What makes you sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town, London town, London town,
Would you please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh no, oh no," cried Henry Martin, "This thing could never be,
for I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me."

"Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizzen, Bring your ship under my lee
Or I will give you a full cannon ball, cannon ball, cannon ball,
And all you dead bodies drown in the salt sea."

"Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail, Nor bring our ship under your lee
And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods, merchant goods, merchant goods,
Nor point our bold guns to the sea."

And broadside and broadside and at it they went For fully two hours or three,
Till Henry Martin gave to them the death shot, death shot, death shot,
And straight to the bottom went she."

Bad news, bad news to old England came, Bad news to fair London town,
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
And all of her merry men drowned.