

Henry Martin**Child Ballad 250**

Dm
A7
Dm
 There were three brothers in merry Scotland,
G
Dm
 In Scotland there lived brothers three.
A7
Dm
G
 And they did cast lots which of them should go,
G
Dm
 should go should go
Bb
F
C
Dm
 For to turn robber all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell upon Henry Martin
 The youngest of all the three,
 That he should turn robber all on the salt sea,
 salt sea, 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 espi-ed a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship,
 Come a-bibing down on him straightway.

"Hello, hello" cried Henry Martin,
 "What makes you sail so high?"
 "I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London Town,
 London Town, London Town,
 Will 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,
 salt sea, salt sea,
 For to maintain my two brothers and me."

"So lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen,
 Bow yourselves under my lee,
 Or I shall give you a fast flowing ball,
 flowing ball, flowing ball,
 And your dear bodies down in the salt sea."

With broadside and broadside and at it they went
 For fully two hours or three,
 Till Henry Martin gave to her the death shot,
 the death shot, 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 sea,
 salt sea, salt sea,
 For to maintain his two brothers and he.

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