Henry Martin



There were three brothers in merry Scotland, In merry Scotland lived these, And they did cast lots, one with the other, other, To know who should rob the sait seas.

The lot it fell on Henry Martin,
The youngest of the three,
To go a Scotch-robbing all on the salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not sailed three cold winter's nights, Nor scarcely cold winter's nights three, Before they espied a lofty tall ship, tall ship, Come sailing all on the salt sea.

"Where are you going?" said Henry Martin,
"How dare you sail so nigh?"
I'm a rich merchant's ship to fair England bound, England bound,
So I pray you to let me pass {free!'}

"Oh, no! oh, no!"cried Henry Martin
"Such a thing as that never can be,
For I'm a Scotch robber, all on the salt sea, salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me!"

So broadside to broadside in battle they went,
They fought full two hours or three,
Till Henry Martin gave her her death wound, death wound,
And down to the bottom sank she.

Bad news, bad news, my brave Englishmen,
Bad news I now bring to town:
The rich merchants ship she is now cast away, cast away,
And the most of her merry men did drown.

[Sung by M? H. Burston, 1893.]