

Henry Martin

Joan Baez

There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they did cast lots which of them should go
Should go, should go
And 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
Salt sea, the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he
They had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day
When he espied a stout lofty ship
Lofty ship, lofty ship
Come bibbing 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 it never could be
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea
Salt sea, the salt sea.
For to maintain my two brothers and me
Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizz'n
And bring your ship under my lee
Or I will give you a full cannon ball
Cannon ball, cannon ball
And all your dear 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
Then broadside and broadside and at it they went
For fully two hours or three
Till Henry Martin gave to them deathshot
The deathshot, the deathshot
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

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