

## Burl Ives

# "Henry Martin"

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Artist: Burl Ives  
Title: Henry Martin  
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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 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 a part of a short winter's day  
Before he espied a stout lofty ship  
lofty ship, lofty ship  
Come abiding down on him straight way

Hullo! Hullo! cried Henry Martin  
What makes you sail so nigh  
I'm a rich merchant bound for fair London town  
London Town London Town  
Will you please for to let me pass by

Oh no! Oh no! cried Henry Martin  
That thing it never could be  
For I am turned robber all on the salt sea  
Salt sea, salt sea  
For to maintain my brothers and me

Come lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen  
And bring your ship under my lee  
Or I will give you a full flowing ball  
flowing ball flowing ball  
And your dear bodies drown in the salt sea

Oh no! we won't lower our lofty topsail

Nor bow ourselves 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

With broadside and broadside and at it they went  
For fully two hours or three  
Till Henry Martin gave to her the 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 the merry men drowned

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