

## Joan Baez "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 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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