

## **Andreas Scholl**

### **"Henry Martin"**

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Henry Martin

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

The lot it fell on Henry Martin  
The youngest of all the three,  
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt  
sea, the 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 espied a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout  
ship,  
Coming a-sailing along that way.

'Hello, Hello, ' said 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?'

'Oh no, Oh no! cried Henry Martin,  
'That thing it never can be,  
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt  
sea, the salt sea,  
For to maintain my two brothers and me.'

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, the salt sea,  
the 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.

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