

Henry Martin

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH

for **Guitar**

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Henry Martin

Words and Music by
Traditional Scottish

Brisk (♩ = 144)

Am

3 3 4 3 3

1. There were three broth - ers in mer - ry Scot - land, In

2.-9. See additional lyrics

TAB

G C C/B

4 1 3 3 2 2

mer - ry Scot - land there were three, And

TAB

Am Em Am

4 2 1 3 3 3

they did cast lots which of them should go, should

TAB

G Em Am C.5 C

4 1 4 3 3 3

go, should go, And turn rob - ber all

TAB

1.-8. 9.

G Am Am

on the salt sea. drowned.

T 3 0 0 2 2 2 .

A 0 0 2 2 2 2 .

B 3 0 3 2 0 3 2 0

Additional Lyrics

- Verse 2. The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all of the three;
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.
- Verse 3. 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 a-bibbing down on him straightway.
- Verse 4. "Hullo! Hullo!" cried Henry Martin,
"What makes you sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London Town, London Town, London Town,
Will you please for to let me pass by?"
- Verse 5. "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 two brothers and me."
- Verse 6. "Come lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or I will give to you a full flowing ball, flowing ball, flowing ball,
And your dear bodies drown in the salt sea."
- Verse 7. "Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail,
Nor bow 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."
- Verse 8. 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,
And straight to the bottom went she.
- Verse 9. 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.

