

# Henry Martin

Informant/Performer:  
Lucy White  
Hambridge, England, 1905

Source:  
Farnsworth, C.H. and Cecil Sharp  
*Folk-Songs, Chanteys, and Singing Games*  
New York: The H.W. Gray Co., 1916

There were \_\_\_\_\_ three bro - thers in mer - ry Scot - land,

In Scot - land there liv'd bro - thers three; \_\_\_\_\_

And lots they did cast which should rob on the sea, \_\_ salt sea, \_\_ salt sea.

"For to main - tain my two bro - thers and me." \_\_\_\_\_

2. The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,  
The youngest of all the three,  
All for to turn robber upon the salt sea...  
"For to maintain my two brothers and me."
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 lofty stout ship...  
Come a-bibbing down on him straight way.
4. How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin;  
O where are you bound for? cried he.  
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England...  
Therefore I will you to let me pass free.
5. O no! O no! cried Henry Martin,  
That thing it never could be;  
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea...  
For to maintain my two brothers and me.
6. Come lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen,  
And bring your ship under my lee,  
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail...  
All your dead bodies drown in the salt sea.
7. With broadside and broadside and at it they went,  
For fully two hours or three,  
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot...  
Heavily listing to starboard went she.
8. The rich merchant ship she was wounded full sore;  
Right down to the bottom went she.  
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea.  
"For to maintain my two brothers and me."
9. Bad news! Bad news! unto fair London town,  
Bad news I will tell unto thee:  
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away...  
All the bold sailors drowned in the salt sea.

## Background Information

Based on the true story of Andrew Barton's three sons (1476).

Burl Ives Songbook