Henry Martin (de ultieme versie!)

arrangement: Quinta Holthuis

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

Doem doem doem Hen-ry Mar - tin

Doem doem doem Hen - ry Mar - tin doem

mer-ry Scot - land there were three. And they did cast lots which of

doem doem Hen-ry Mar - tin doem doem

doem Hen - ry Mar - tin doem doem Hen - ry Mar-

them should go, should go, should go. And turn rob-ber all

Hen - ry Mar - tin doem doem Hen-ry Mar - tin

- tin doem doem Hen-ry Mar - tin doem

on the salt sea

Hen-ry Mar-tin!

Hen-ry Mar-tin!

36-Henry Martin

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 up on Henry Martin
The youngest of all the 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 a bibbing down ón him straight-way

Hullo, hullo cried Henry Martin
What makes you sail so nigh?
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair LondonTown, LondonTown,
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 turn'd robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea
For to maintain my two brothers and me

With broad-side and broad-side and át 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

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 drown'd