

Henry Martyn

Devon, England

1. In mer - ry Scot-land, in mer - ry Scot - land, There lived bro - thers

6
three, bro - thers three, ——— They all did cast lots which of them — should

12
go, — should go, — should go, ——— A - rob-bing up - on the salt sea. ———

2. The lot it fell upon Henry Martyn,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,
the salt, salt sea,
To maintain his brothers and he.

3. He had not a-sailed a long winter's night,
Nor yet a short winter's day,
Before he espied a ~~gay~~ merchant ship,
gallant ~~gay~~ merchant ship,
Come sailing along that way.

4. How far, how far, cried Henry Martyn,
How far are you going? said he
For I am a robber upon the salt seas,
upon the salt seas,
To maintain my brothers and me.

5. Stand off, stand off! the captain he cried,
The lifeguards they are aboard.
My cannons are loaden with powder and shot,
with powder and shot;
And every man hath a sword.

6. For three long hours they merrily fought,
For hours they fought full three.
And many a blow it dealt many a wound,
dealt many a wound,
As they fought on the salt, salt sea.

7. 'Twas broadside against a broadside then,
And at it, the which should win,
A shot in the gallant ship bored a hole,
it bored a hole,
And then did the water rush in.

8. Bad news! bad news, for old England
Bad news has come to the town,
The king his vessel is wrecked and lost,
is wrecked and lost,
And all his brave soldiers drown.

9. Bad news! bad news through the London street!
Bad news has come to the king,
The lives of his guard they be all a lost,
be all a lost,
O the tidings be sad that I bring.

A bold song, best sung in a steady three-in-a-bar. Watch the tuning of the chromatic line at bb. 9–10; in each verse this is a key line in the text. In verses 2–9 you will have to adjust the rhythm and slurring slightly in places, to make the words fit the melody.