

1 HENRY MARTIN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato *p*

VOICE

1. There were three broth-ers in mer-ry Scot-land, in
lo!— Hul-lo!— cried Hen-ry Mar-tin, What
not we won't low-er our left-ty top-sail, Nor

PIANO

mer-ry Scot-land there were three, — And they did cast lots which of
makes you sail so nigh? — I'm a rich mer-chant ship bound for
bow our-selves un-der your lee, — And you shan't take from us our

mf

them— should go, — should go, — should go, — And turn rob-ber all
fair Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Will you please for to
rich mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, Ner point our bold

cresc. *f*

mf

on the salt sea. — 2. The lot it fell first up-on Hen-ry Mar-
let me pass by? — 5. Oh no! — Oh no! — cried Hen-ry Mar-
guns to the sea. — 8. With broad-side and broad-side and at it they