

Unknown Artist, Andrew Marteen

ANDREW MARTEEN

In bon-ey Scotland three brothers did dwell,
Three brothers did dwell, the three
And all did cast lots to see which of them
Would go robbing down on the salt sea.
And all did cast lots to see which of them
Would go robbing down on the salt sea.
The lots they fell on Andrew, fourteen,
The youngest of those brothers three,
That he should go robbing down on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

(repeat last 2 lines of each verse)

As he was a-sailing one fine summer's morning
Just as the day did appear,
He spied a large vessel a-sailing far off
And at last she came sailing quite near.
"Art thou, art thou?" cried Andrew Marteen,
"Art thou, a-sailing so high?"
"A rich merchant-ship from Old England's shores
And please will you let me pass by?"
"O no, O no," cried Andrew Marteen,
"It's a thing that can't very well be;
Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
And you body feed to the salt sea."
The news it went back to Old England's shore.
King Henry he wore the crown.
His ship and his cargo were all cast away
And his mariners they were all drowned.
"Come build me a boat," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"And build it both safe and secure,
And if I don't bring in that Andrew Marteen,
My life I will never endure."
As he was a-sailing one fine summer's morning,
Just as the day did appear,
He spied a large vessel a-sailing far off,
And at length it came sailing quite near.
"Art thou, art thou?" cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Art thou a-sailing so high?"
"A Scotch bone-y robber from Old Scotland's shore,
And it's please will you let me pass by?"
"O no, O no," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"It's a thing that can't very well be;
Your ship and your cargo I will take away,
And your body feed to the salt sea."
"Fire on, fire on !" cried Andrew Marteen,
"Your talk I don't value one pin.
Your brass at your side makes a very fine show
But I'm pure steel within."
Broadside to broadside those two came together;
Their cannons like thunder did roar.
When Captain Charles Stewart took Andrew, fourteen,
And they hung him on Old England's shore.

From Ballads Migrant in New England, Harkness
Collected from Hanford Hayes, Staceyville, ME 1940

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