

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Andrew Barton

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As itt beffell in midsummer-time,  
When burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,  
Ouer the river of Thames past hee.

Hee was no sooner ouer the riuer,  
Downe in a forrest to take the ayre,  
But Eighty merchants of London cittye  
Came kneeling before King Henery there.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
Good saylers, welcome unto me!"  
They swore by the rood they were saylers good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee.

"To france nor flanders dare we nott passe,  
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not fare,  
And all for a false robber that lyes on the seas,  
And robbs us of our merchants ware.

"King Henery was stout, and he turned him about,  
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,  
"I thought he had not beene in the world throughout  
That durst haue wrought England such unright.

"But ever they sighed, and said, "alas!"  
Unto King Harry this answeare againe:  
"He is a proud Scott that will robb us all  
If wee were twenty shipps and hee but one.

"The king looket ouer his left shoulder,  
Amongst his lords and barrons soe free:  
"Have I never lord in all my realme  
Will feitch yond traitor unto mee?"

"Yes, that dare I!" sayes my lord Charles Haward,  
Neere to the king wheras hee did stand;  
"If that Your Grace will give me leave,

My selfe will be the only man."

"Thou shalt have six hundred men" saith our king,  
"And chuse them out of my realme soe free;  
Beside mariners and boyes  
To guide the great shipp on the sea "

"He goe speake with Sir Andrew," saith Charles, my lord Haward;  
"Upon the sea, if he be there  
I will bring him and his shipp to shore  
Or before my prince I will never come neer.

"The first of all my lord did call  
A noble gunner hee was one;  
This man was three score yeeres and ten,  
Anr Peeter Simon was his name.

"Peeter," saith hee, "I must sayle the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed  
Before all others I have chosen thee;  
Of a hundred gunners thoust be my head."

"My lord," saith hee, "if you have chosen mee  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,  
Hange me att your maine-mast tree  
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.

"The next of all my lord he did call,  
A noble bowman hee was one;  
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,  
And William Horsley was his name.

"Horsley," sayes hee, "I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede  
Before all others I have chosen thee;  
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head."

"My lord," saith he, "if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
Hang me att your mainemast-tree  
If I misse my marke past twelve pence bread.

"With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold  
This noble Haward is gone to the sea,  
On the day before midsummer-even,  
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

They had not sayled dayes three  
Upon their journey they tooke in hand,

But there they mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me thy name," sais Charles, my lord Haward,  
"Or who thou art, or from whence thou came,  
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
To whom and where thy shipp does belong."

"My name," says hee, "is Henery Hunt,  
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;  
I and my shipp they doe belong  
Unto the New-castle that stands vpon Tine"

"Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,  
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?  
Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, Knight.

But ever he sighed, and sayd, "Alas!  
full well, my lord, I know that wight;  
He robd me of my merchants ware,  
And I was his prisoner but yesternight."

"As I was sayling upon the sea,  
And a Burdeaux voyage as I did fare,  
He clasped me to his archborde,  
And robd me of all my merchantsware."

"And I am a man both poore and bare,  
And every man will have his owne of me,  
And I am bound towards London to fare,  
To complaine to my prince Henerye."

"That shall not need," sais my lord Haward;  
"If thou canst lett me this robber see,  
for euery peny he hath taken thee froe,  
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling." quoth hee.

"Now God forefend" sais Henery Hunt  
"My lord, you shold worke soe farr amisse!  
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
For you wott full litle what a man hee is.

"Hee is brasse within, and steele without,  
And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge;  
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
Besids, my lord, hee is verry well mand.

"He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,

Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;  
His pinnacle beares nine score men and more,  
Besids fifteen cannons on euery side.

"If you wwere twenty shippes, and he but one,  
Either in archboard or in hall,  
He would overcome you everye one,  
And if his beames they doe downe fall"

"This is cold comfort" sais my Lord Haward,  
"To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
I'll bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or else into Scotland hee shall carrye mee"

"Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,  
That can sett well with his eye,  
And sinke his pinnacle into the sea,  
And soone then overcome will hee bee.

And when that you haue done this,  
If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
And I will giue you a glasse, my lord."

"And then you need to feare no Scott,  
Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
And to-morrow, by seven of the clocke,  
You shall meete with Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.

"I was his prisoner but yesternight,  
And he hath taken mee sworne," quoth hee;  
"I trust my Lord God will me forgive  
And if that oath then broken bee."

"You must lend me sixe peeces, my lord;" quoth hee  
"Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,  
And tomorrow, by nine of the clocke,  
Your Honour againe then will I see.

"And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay  
Is hached with gold deerlye dight:  
"Now by my faith;" sais Charles, my lord Haward  
"Then yonder Scott is a worthy wight!"

"Take in your ancyents and your standards,  
Yea that no man shall them see,  
And put me forth a white willow wand,  
As merchants use to sayle the sea.

"But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
But Sir Andrew they passed by:  
"Whatt English are yonder," said Sir Andrew  
"That can so litle curtesye?"

"I have beene admirall over the sea  
More then these yeeres three;  
There is never an English dog, nor Portingall  
Can passe this way without leave of me."

"But now yonder pedlers, they are past  
Which is no litle greffe to me;  
feich them backe;" sayes Sir Andrew Barton  
"They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.

With that the pinnace itt shott of  
That my Lord Haward might it well ken  
Itt stroke downe my lords foremast  
And killed fourteen of my lord his men.

"Come hither, Simon!" sayes my lord Haward  
"Looke that thy words be true thou sayed;  
I'll hang thee att my main-mast tree  
If thou misse thy marke past twelve pence bread.

Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;  
Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt full lowe  
He put in chaine yards nine,  
Besids other great shott lesse and more.

With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,  
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

When hee saw his pinnace sunke,  
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
"Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
I'le goe feich yond pedlers backe my selfe!

"When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,  
Lord! in his hart that hee was faine:  
"Strike on your drummes! spread out your ancyents  
Sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!"

"fight on, my men!" sais Sir Andrew Bartton;  
Weate, howsoever this geere will sway,  
Itt is my lord Admirall of England  
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.

"Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn-  
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken-  
He shott itt in att a priuye place,  
And killed sixty more of Sir Andrews men.

Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
He drove downe his formast-tree,  
And killed eighty more of Sir Andrews men.

"I have done a good turne," sayes Harry Hunt;  
"Sir Andrew is not our kings friend;  
He hoped to haue undone me yesternight,  
But I hope I have quitt him well in the end."

"Ever alas!" sayd Sir Andrew Barton  
"What shold a man either thinke or say?  
Yonder false theeffe is my strongest enemye  
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,  
And be thou readye att my call,  
And I will give thee three hundred pound  
If thou wilt lett my beames down fall"

With that hee swarved the maine-mast tree,  
Soe did he itt with might and maine;  
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,  
Stroke the Gourden through the braine.

And he fell into the haches againe,  
And sore of this wound that he did bleed;  
There word went through Sir Andrews men,  
That the Gourden hee was dead.

"Comie hither to me, James Hambliton,  
Thou are my sisters sonne, I have no more;  
I will give thee six hundred pound  
If thou will lett my beames downe fall.

"With that hee swarved the maine-mast tree,  
Soe did hee itt with might and maine:  
Horseley, with another broad arrow,  
Strike the yeaman through the braine.

That hee fell downe to the haches againe;  
Sore of his wound that hee did bleed;  
Covetousness getts no gaine,

Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.

But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,  
Lord! in his heart hee was not well:  
"Goe feitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
For I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

"Goe feitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
For it is guilded with gold soe cleare;  
God be with my brother, John of Bartton!  
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.

"But when hee had his armour of prooffe,  
And on his body hee had itt on,  
Every man that looked att him  
Sayd, "Gunn nor arrow he neade feare none"

"Come hither, Horsley!" sayes my lord Haward,  
"And looke your shaft that itt goe right;  
Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,  
And for thy shooting thoust be made a knight!"

"I'le doe my best," sayes Horsley then,  
"Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;  
If I shold be hanged att your mainemast,  
I have in my shipp but arrowes tow.

"But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
Hee mede sure to hitt his marke;  
Vnder the spole of his right arme  
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite through the hart.

Yett from the tree hee wold not start,  
But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;  
Vnder the coller then of his jacke,  
Hee stroke Sir Andrew thorow the braine

."fight on my men," sayes Sir Andrew Barton,  
"I arm hurt, but I am not slaine;  
I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,  
And then I'le rise and fight againe.

fight on my men," sayes Sir Andrew Bartton  
"These English doggs they bite soe lowe;  
fight on for Scotland and Saint Andew  
Till you heare my whistle blowe!

"But when they cold not heare his whistle blow,  
Sayes Harry Hunt, "I'le lay my head

You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord,  
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.

"With that they borded this noble shipp,  
Soe did they itt with might and maine;  
The found eighteen score Scotts alive,  
Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

My Lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand,  
And smote off Sir Andrews head;  
The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,  
But never a word durst speake or say.

He caused his body to be taken downe,  
And ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea,  
And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
"Whersoever thou lands, it will bury thee.

"With his head they sayled into England againe,  
With right good will, and force and main,  
And the day beffore Newyeeres even  
Into Thames mouth they came againe.

My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace,  
With all the newes hee cold him bring:  
"Such a Newyeeres giff I have brought to your Grace  
As neuer did subject to any king.

"for merchandyes and manhood,  
The like is nott to be found;  
The sight of these wold doe you good,  
for you haue not the like in your English ground.

"But when hee heard tell that they were come,  
Full royally hee welcomed them home;  
Sir Andrew's shipp was the kings Newyeeres guiff;  
A braver shipp you never saw none.

Now hath our king Sir Andrews shipp,  
Besett with pearles and precyous stones;  
Now hath England two shipps of warr,  
Two shipps of warr, before but one.

"Who holpe to this?" sayes King Henerye,  
"That I may reward him for his paine:"  
"Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,  
William Horseleay, and I the same."

"Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and chain



And all his jewells, whatsoever they be  
And other rich giffts that I will not name  
For his good service he hath done."

"Horslay, right thoust be a knight,  
Lands and livings thou shalt have store  
Haward shall be erle of Nottingham  
And soe was never Haward before.

"Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
Thou shalt have five hundred pound all in gold  
for the good service that thou hast done.

"Then King Henerye shifted his roome  
In came the Queene and ladyes bright;  
Other arrands they had none  
But to see Sir Andrew Bartton, Knight.

But when they see his deadly face,  
His eyes were hollow in his head;  
"I wold give a hundred pound," sais King Henry  
"The man were alive as hee is dead!

"Yett for the manfull part that hee hath playd  
Both heere and beyond the sea,  
His men shall have halfe a crowne a day  
To bring them to my brother,

King Jamye!"Child #167

Child 250

From The Penguin Book of Folk Ballads, Friedman

Note: Child separates the two ballads Andrew Barton and Henry Martin, I can't see why. The intriguing (to me) feature of this older text is the secret weapon at the mast-top: probably incendiary devices that are hurled or catapulted onto an attacker.RG

Further note: DE suggests that the device was a gadgeet called a "dolphin":  
...a simple weight on a stubby spar. (like a wrecking ball?) The beams mentioned might have been actual beams, bundled together into a crushing mass. The thing was used by swinging the spar over the enemy ("swarving" it, maybe?) and dropping the weight. If it hit it would fatally hole any normal vessel. (Notice Sir Andrew's mystery devoce is used by letting it fall.)