

# Coast Of High Barbary

Joseph Arthur

There were two lofty ships  
From old England came  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
One was the Prince of Luther  
And the other Prince of Wales  
Cruisin' down the coast of High Barbary

"Aloft there, aloft "  
Our jolly bosun cried  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
"Look ahead, look astern  
Look the weather look a-lee"  
Look down the coast of High Barbary

"There's naught upon the stern  
There's naught upon our lee  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard  
An' she's sailin' fast and free"  
Down along the coast of High Barbary

"Oh hail her, oh hail her"  
Our gallant captain cried  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
"Are you a man-o-war  
A privateer, a merchant ship?" cried he  
Cruisin' down the coast of High Barbary

"I am not a man-o-war  
A privateer," said he  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
"But I am a salt sea pirate  
A-looking for me fee"  
Down along the coast of High Barbary

For Broadside, for broadside  
A long time we lay  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
Until the Prince of Luther  
Shot the pirate's mast away  
Down along the coast of High Barbary

"For quarter, for quarter"  
The pirates they did cry  
Blow high, blow low  
And so sail we  
But the answer that we gave them  
We sunk them in the sea  
Cruisin' down the coast of High Barbary

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