

## High Barbary

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

"Aloft there, aloft there"  
Our jolly bosun cried  
"Look ahead, look astern,  
Look to weather an' a-lee"

"There's naught upon the stern, sir  
There's naught upon our lee  
But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard  
An' she's sailin' fast and free"

"Oh hail her, oh hail her"  
Our gallant captain cried  
"Are you a man-o-war  
Or a privateer?" cried he

"Oh, I'm not a man-o-war  
Nor privateer," said he  
"But I am salt sea pirate  
All a-looking for me fee"

For Broadside, for broadside  
A long time we lay  
'Til at last the Prince of Luther  
Shot the pirate's mast away

"Oh quarter, oh quarter"  
Those pirates they did cry  
But the quarter that we gave them  
Was we sank 'em in the sea