

# The Wild Barbaree

Two — lof - ty ships of Eng - land set — sail. Blow  
high, Blow — low. and — so sail - ed we. And —  
one was Prince of Lu - ther and the oth - er Prince of Wales, Cruis - ing  
down a - round the coast of the Wild Bar - ba - ree.

Look ahead, look astern, look to wind'ard and to lee,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.  
There's a lofty ship astern and for us she does make way,  
Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

“Oh, hail her! Oh, hail her!” our gallant captain cries,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.  
“Are you a man-o-war or a privateer?” said he,  
“Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.”

“I am neither man-o-war nor a privateer,” said he,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,  
“But I am a saucy pirate a-seeking for my fee  
Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.”

Then broadside for broadside these two ships did go,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,  
Till at length the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away,  
Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

For quarter, for quarter the pirate captain cried,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.  
But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea,  
Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.

We fought them for better than three hours as you see,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,  
But their ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the sea,  
Cruising down round the coast of the Wild Barbaree.