

# Wilderun, The Coasts of High Barbaree

Look ahead, look a stern  
Look the weather in the lee  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we  
I see a wreck to the windward  
And a lofty ship to lee  
A sailing down along  
The coasts of High Barbaree

Oh, are you a pirate  
Or a man-o-war? cried we  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we  
Oh no! I'm not a pirate  
But a man-o-war, cried he  
A sailing down along  
The coasts of High Barbaree

So back up your topsails  
And heave your vessel to  
For we have got some letters  
To be carried home by you

We'll back up your topsails  
And heave your vessel to  
But only in some harbor  
And along the side of you

For broadside, for broadside  
They fought all on the main  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we  
Until at last the frigate  
Shot the pirate's mast away  
A sailing down along  
the coasts of High Barbaree

For quarters! For quarters!  
The saucy pirates cried  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we  
The quarters that we showed them  
Was to sink them in the tide

Oh, it was a cruel sight  
And it grieved us full sore  
To see them all drownin'  
As they tried to swim to shore

With cutlass and gun  
Oh we fought for hours three  
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we  
The ship it was their coffin  
And their grave it was the sea

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we!