

# Heather Alexander, High Barbary

Look ahead, look astern, look the weather and the lee,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we  
I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee  
A-sailin' down along the coast of High Barbary

"Are you a privateer, or a man-of-war cried we?"  
"I am a lusty pirate ship come lookin' for my fee!"

For broadside, for broadside, we fought along the main,  
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away

With cutlass and gun, O, we fought for hours three;  
The ship is was their coffin and their grave it was the sea

"For quarter, for quarter", the saucy pirates cried  
But the quarter that we showed them was to sink them in the tide

But O! 'Twas a cruel sight, and grieved us, full sore,  
To see them all a drownin' as they tried to swim to shore