

High Barbaree

1. There were two lofty ships from old
England came

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

One was the Prince of Luther, the other
Prince of Wales,

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

2. "Aloft there, aloft" our jolly boatswain cries
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

"Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and
a-lee,"

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

3. "There's nought upon our stern, there's
nought upon our lee,"

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we

"There's a lofty ship to windward and she's
sailing fast and free."

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

4. "O hail her, O hail her," our gallant captain
cried,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

"Are you a man o' war or a privateer?" said he

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

5. " O, I am not a man o' war nor privateer"
said he,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

Notes:

A **capstan** shanty and a **Forebitter** (sea song)

Names: Coast of High Barbaree, High Barbaree, High Barbary, Salcombe Seaman

Stan Hugill, *Shanties from the Seven Seas*, 1994

This shanty takes us to the once savage Rif coast of North Africa, lair of the corsairs, with the romantic name of High Barbaree. Apart from myself, Sampson alone gives it as a shanty. Whall gives it, but only as a forebitter. It had several tunes. The liveliest one was used for the shanty, the solos [are] related to those of the first version given [by Hugill] of Lowlands Low and was sung solely at the **capstan**.

"But we are salt-sea pirates a-looking for our
fee."

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

6. O, broadside to broadside, a long time we
lay,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's
masts away.

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

7. With cutlass and gun, they fought for hours
three,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

But their ship it was their coffin, and their
grave it was the sea.

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

8. "O quarter, O quarter!" those vanquished
pirates cried,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

But the quarter that we gave them - we sank
them in the tide,

**Sailing down along the coast of the High
Barbaree.**

We'll sing this version along with **The Shanty Crew** from their CD: *Stand to yer Ground*,

High Barbaree - romantic name for the Rif Coast of North Africa. It was the home of the Barbary pirates or Barbary corsairs who preyed on European shipping to capture Christian slaves from the 16th century to 1830.



Pirate Flag, by [wesd440](#), via [Openclipart.org](#)