

# The Coasts of High Barbary

Source:

C.H. Farnsworth and Cecil Sharp

*Folk Songs, Chanteys, and Singing Games*

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Lively

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song. The second staff contains the second line. The third staff contains the third line. The fourth staff contains the fourth line and ends with a double bar line.

Look a - head, look a - stern, look the wea - ther and the lee,  
Blow high! \_\_\_\_\_ Blow low! \_\_\_\_\_ and so \_\_\_\_\_ sail - ed we. \_\_\_\_\_  
I see a wreck to wind - ward and \_\_\_\_\_ a lof - ty ship to lee.  
A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - bar - y.

2. Then hail her, our captain, he call-ed o'er the side;  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
O are you a pirate or a man-o'-war? he cried,  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.
3. O are you a pirate or man-o'-war? cried we,  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
O no! I'm not a pirate, but a man-o'-war, cried he,  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.
4. Then back up your topsails, and heave your vessel to,  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of the High Barbary.
5. We'll back up our topsails, and heave our vessel to;  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
But only in some harbour and along the side of you.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.
6. 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 all on the coasts of High Barbary.
7. For quarters! for quarters! the saucy pirate cried,  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.
8. With cutlass and gun, O 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.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.
9. But O it was a cruel sight, and griev-ed us full sore,  
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.  
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim to shore.  
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.