

roll, Alabama, roll

That was eighteen-hundred, and sixty-one,
 Roll Alabama roll,
 this ship her building was just be gone.
 Oh roll Alabama roll.

When the Alabama's keel was laid,
 t' was in the yard of Jonathan Laird.

tussenspel

And down the Mersey she rolled one day,
 across the ocean she ploughed her way.

With British guns, oh she was stocked,
 sailed o Fayal, in Cherbourg she docked.

tussenspel

To fight the North, Semmes did employ,
 any method to kill, and to destroy.

Butt off Cherbourg, the "Keasarge" lay tight,
 awaiting was Winslow to start a good fight

tussenspel

Outside the three mile, limit they fought,
 and Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht.

The "Keasarge" won, Alabama so brave,
 goes to the bottom to a watery grave.