

Roll Alabama Roll

When the Alabama's keel was laid,

Roll Alabama roll.

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird;

It was laid in the town of Birkenhead.

Down the Mersey ways she rolled then;

To be Liverpool fitted her with guns and men.

From the Western Isles she sallied forth,

To attack the commerce of the North.

To fight the North she did employ

Ev'ry method to kill and destroy.

Into Cherbourg harbour she sailed one day

To take her count of the prize money.

Then every sailor he saw his doom

As the Kearsarge she hove into view.

Then a ball from the forward pivot that day,

Shot the Alabama's stern away.

It was in the summer of sixty-four,

That the Alabama was seen no more.