

Roll, Alabama, Roll

When the Alabama's keel was laid

Roll, Alabama, roll!

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

Roll, Alabama, roll!

It was laid in the town of Birkenhead.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

Across the Mersey river she sailed then

Roll, Alabama, roll!

And Liverpool fitted her with guns and men.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

From the Western Isles she sailed forth

Roll, Alabama, roll!

To destroy all commerce of the North.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

Down to Cherbourg came she straight one day

Roll, Alabama, roll!

For to take her toll in prize money.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

There many a sailor lad met his doom

Roll, Alabama, roll!

When the ship Kearsarge hove in view.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

And a shot from the forward pivot that day

Roll, Alabama, roll!

It shot the Alabama's stern away.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!

In the three-mile limit, in sixty-four

Roll, Alabama, roll!

She sank to the bottom of the ocean floor.

Oh, roll, roll Alabama, roll!