

1. *It was eighteen-hundred and sixty-one,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

This ship her building was begun,

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

2. *When the Alabama's keel was laid,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

She was built in the Yard of Jonathan Laird

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

3. And *down the Mersey she rolled one day,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

Across the ocean she ploughed her way,

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

4. With *British guns, oh she was stocked,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

Sailes from Fayal, in Cherbourg she docked,

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

5. *From the Western Isles she sailed forth,*

Roll. Alabama, roll!

To destroy the commerce of the North

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

6. But *off Cherbourg the Keysarge lay tight,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

Awaiting was Winslow to start a good fight,

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

7. Outside *the three-mile limit they fought,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

And Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht,

Oh roll, Alabama, roll!

8. *But the Keysarge won, Alabama so brave,*

Roll, Alabama, roll!

Sank to the bottom to the watery grave,

[tenoren alleen laatste regel bovenstem] **Oh roll, Alabama, roll!**