I sing the doom and dark career
Of the Rebel Pirate, made to steer
And plunder our ships, both far and near
The terrible "Alabama!"

She was built by "neutral Johnny Bull,"
Who threatened Yankee ears to pull,
Because they dealt in nigger wool;
Tho' cotton filled his pockets full.
But when Rebellion showed its face
Brave Mr. Bull soon "changed his bas,"
And on the sly, to his disgrace,
Built the Rebels Alabama's!

CHORUS: Launch and arm upon the sly,
Hit Uncle Sam, but do it sly,
But you couldn't shut up his eye,
For he sunk your Alabama!

She roved the Ocean fierce and free,
And changed her flag in every sea,
Upon our un-armed ships to prey,
This valiant Alabama!

Our cruisers sought her round and round,
She dodged them like a daftard bound
Until her name was quite renowned,
As a witch-craft never to be found.
But the bold Kearsarge got in her wake,
And kept her track without mistake,
Till in Cherbourg port, colled like a snake
She found the Alabama!

CHORUS: Rob and plunder night and day
Beast or burn then skulk away
But you've a reckoning yet to pay,
My valiant Alabama!

Famed Captain Semmes was in a plight,
He found there was no chance for flight,
So he must either yield or flight,
With his terrible Alabama!
So he piped up his pirate crew
Of French and English, fierce and true,
Says he "we'll put the Kearsarge through"

And sink her with all France to view,
But Win s-o-w, famed for won-ning fast,
Stern-nailed our Stars unto the mast
While his brave crew shouted, like a blast,
Death or the Alabama!

CHORUS: Load away, fire away shot and shell,
That's the tune brave tars to tell,
Stand by—and let her rip, pell mell,
Death or the Alabama!

Now larboard and starboard seven rounds
With our 32's and 100 pounds,
We shook the French who lined the ground
To cheer the Alabama!
We struck her 'neath the water line,
And through her hull let in the brine,
Till through the smoke we saw a sigh
That we hai crippled her in the spine.
A shout resounded from our crew,
A cock upon our smoke stack flew,
And in his "cock-a-doodle-do—
Cried how are you Alabama."

CHORUS: Load away, fire away shot and shell, &c

Another broad-side made her "cave,"
She stood for France her wreck to save
When down s-e sunk into the wave,
The used up Alabama.
We lowered boats to save the crew,
And could have nabbed the captain too,
But her tender "deer-bounding hove in view
And stole our prisoners not a few,
But there's a reckoning yet to come,
We'll make these sympathizers hum,
Give them what Paddy gave the drum,
As we did the "Alabama!"

CHORUS: Here's glory to our Navy true
To Winslow and brave Tue mot too
And three cheers for the Kearsarge crew
That sunk the Alabama!