Title:	Alabama
Name(s):	Rosier, F. W. King, E.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	Music associated with the Confederate side
Subject(s):	United States--History--Songs and music Alabama (Screw sloop)--Songs and music Songs with piano Choruses, Secular (Men's voices, 4 parts) with piano Semmes, Raphael, 1809-1877--Songs and music
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.natlib.ihas.200002464

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Minnie E. Mordy

Nautical Song,

WITH PIANO FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE ALABAMA.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE GALLANT **Captain Semmes** HIS OFFICERS.

AND CREW,

AND TO THE OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE C.S. NAVY.

BY **E. KING,**

AUTHOR OF THE **NAVAL SONGS** OF THE SOUTH.

F. W. Rosier

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Case

THE ALABAMA.

Poetry by E. KING

Music by F. W. ROSIER.

Pomposo.

f. *cres.*

The wind blows off yon rock....y shore, Boys! set your sails all free; And

soon our boom....ing can....non's roar Shall ring out mer....ri....ly.

Run up your bunt....ing taught a....peak, And swear, lads, to de.... fend her; 'Gainst

ev..... ry foe, 'where..... 'er we go, Our mot.... to "No Sur..... ren..... der!"

TENOR I. *ff*

Then sling the bowl, drink ev..... 'ry soul, A toast to the A.... la

TENOR II. *ff*

Then sling the bowl, drink ev..... 'ry soul, A toast to the A.... la

BASS. *ff*

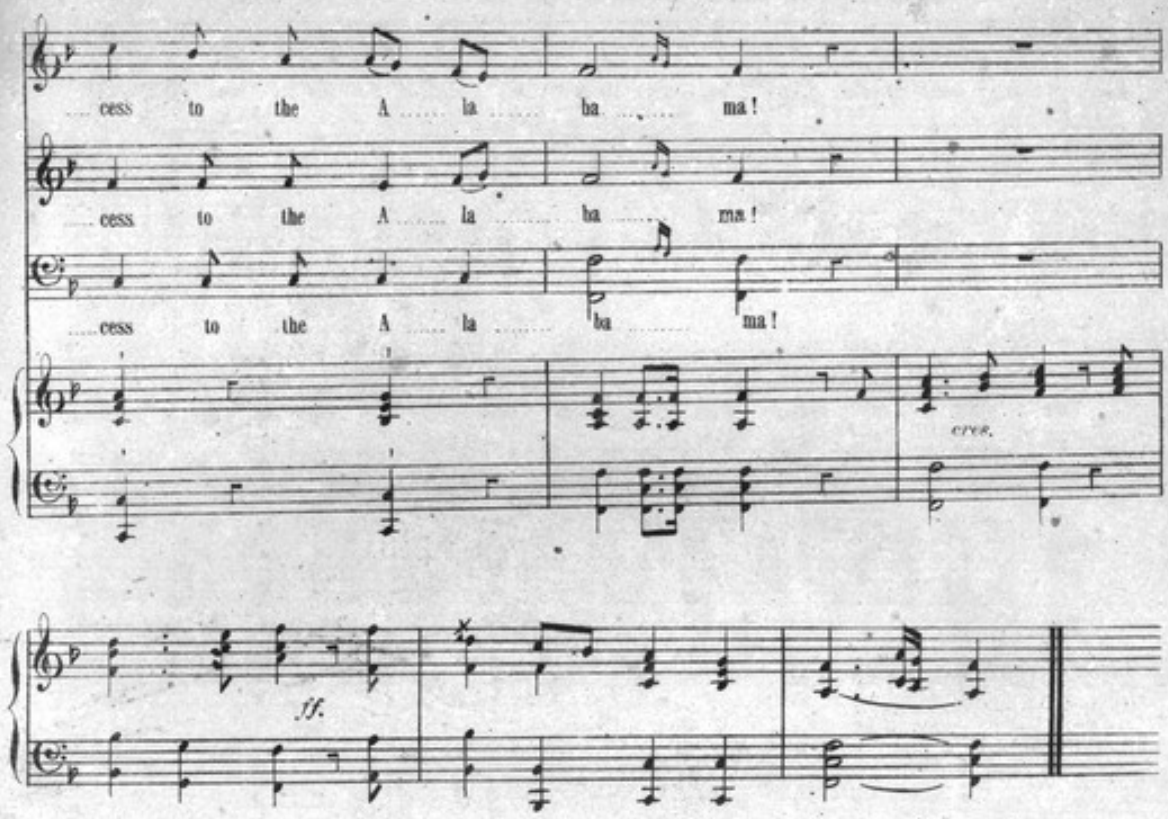
Then sling the bowl, drink ev..... 'ry soul, A toast to the A.... la

CHORUS. *ff*

... ba ..... ma; What ... e'er our lot, through storm or shot, Here's suc..

... ba ..... ma; What ... e'er our lot, through storm or shot, Here's suc..

... ba ..... ma; What ... e'er our lot, through storm or shot, Here's suc..



Our country calls all hands to arms,
We hear but to obey;
Nor shall home's most endearing charms
Steal one weak thought away.
Our saucy craft shall roam the deep,
We've sworn, lads, to defend her;
Trim, taught and tight, we'll brave the fight,
Our motto "No Surrender!"
Then sling the bowl, &c.

Our home is on the mountain wave,
Our flag floats proudly free;
No boasting despot, tyrant, knave,
Shall crush fair Liberty.
Firmly we'll aid her glorious cause,
We'll die, boys, to defend her;
We'll brave the foe, where'er we go,
Our motto "No Surrender!"
Then sling the bowl, &c.

Boys! if perchance it may befall,
When storm of battle raves,
By shot or shell our noble hull
Shall sink beneath the waves,
Yet while a plank to us is left
To death we will defend her;
Facing the foe, down, down we'll go,
But still cry "No Surrender!"
Then sling the bowl, &c.