Kearsarge And Alabama - song lyrics

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KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

It was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four.
The "Alabama "she steam'd out along the Frenchman's shore;
Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway.
But now beneath the Frenchman's shore she lies off Cherbourg Bay.

Chorus.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave;
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America-the home of the brave.

The Yankee cruiser hove in view, the "Kearsarge "was her name,
It ought to be engraved in full upon the scroll of fame;
Her timbers made of Yankee oak, and her crew of Yankee tars,
And o'er her mizzen peak she floats the glorious stripes and stars.-Chorus.

A challenge unto Captain Semmes, bold Winslow he did send:
Bring on your "Alabama "and to her we will attend,
For we think your boasting privateer is not so hard to whip;
And we'll show you that the "Kearsarge "is not a merchant ship.-Chorus.

It was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four.
The "Alabama "she stood out and cannons loud did roar;
The "Kenrsarge "stood undaunted, and quickly she replied.
And let a Yankee 'leven-inch shell go tearing through her side.-Chorus.

The "Kearsarge "then she wore around and broadside on did bear,
With shot And shell, and right good will, her timbers she did tear;
When they found that they were sinking, down came the stars and bars.
For the rebel gunners could not stand the glorious stripes and stars.-Chorus.

The "Alabama" she is gone, she'll cruise the seas no more,
She met the fate the well deserved along the Frenchman's shore;
Then here is luck to the "Kearsarge, " we know what she can do,
Likewise to Captain Winslow and his brave and gallant crew.-Chorus.