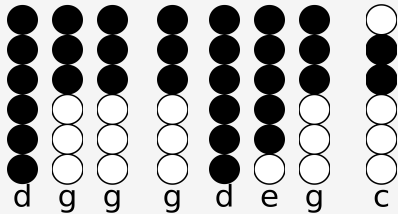
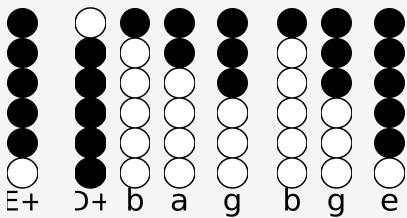


Tin whistle tabs for: Rose of Alabama

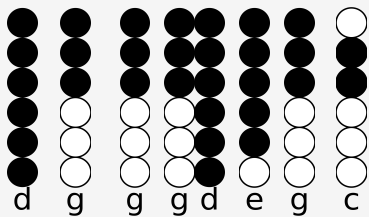
Categories: Folk



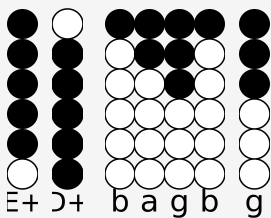
A-way from Miss-is-sip-pi's vale



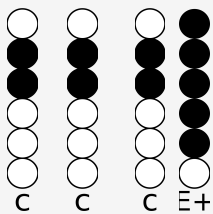
With my old hat there for a sail



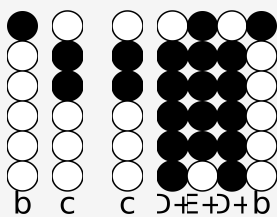
I cross'd up-on a cot-ton bale



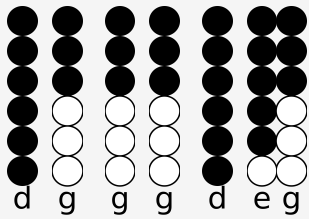
To Rose of Al-a-bam-a



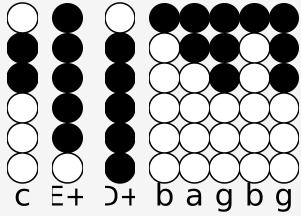
Oh, brown Rosey,



The Rose of Al-a-bam-a,



A sweet to-bac-co posey



Is the Rose of Al-a-bam-a

The river rolled, the crickets sing,
 The lightnin' bug he flash'd his wing,
 And like a rope my arms I fling
 Round Rose of Alabama.

I ask her set down where she please,
 So cross my legs she took her ease,
 "It's good to go upon the knees,"
 Says Rose of Alabama.

I hug so long I cannot tell,
 For Rosey seemed to like it well,
 My banjo in the river fell,
 Oh, Rose of Alabama.