

The Heights of Alma

Donovan

September last on the 18th day
We landed safe in the big Crimea
In spite of all the foaming spray
To cheer our hearts for Alma.

That night we slept on the cold cold ground
No tent or shelter to be found
And with the rain we's almost drowned
Beneath the Heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
All on the Heights of Alma.

Next morning the scorching sun did rise
Beneath the East on the cloudy sky
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cried:
'Prepare the barge for Alma'.

Oh, when the Heights we hove in view
The stoutest-hearted did subdue
To see the Russian war-like crew
All upon the Heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
All on the Heights of Alma.

Our Scottish lads with the sword in hose
They're not the last as you may suppose
So daringly they faced their foes
And gained the Heights of Alma.

To Sebastopol the Russian fled
He left the wounded and the dead
And the rivers there they all ran red
From the blood that spilled on Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
All on the Heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
All on the Heights of Alma.