

# 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.

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