Battle of Alma (Heights of Alma 2)

Battle of Alma (Heights of Alma 2)

On September last the eighteenth day
We landed safe at big Crimea,
In spite of all the splashing spray
To cheer our hearts for Alma.

cho: Then Britain's sons may long remember
The glorious twentieth of September,
We caused the Russians to surrender
Up on the heights of Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,
No tent nor sbelter to be found,
And with the rain was almost drowned
Upon the heights of Alma.

Next morning a scorching sun did rise
Beneath the eastern cloudy skies,
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cries,
"Prepare to march for Alma."

Oh, when the heights we hove in view
The stoutest heart it could subdue
To see tue Russian warlike crew
Upon the heights of Alma.

Their city was well fortified
With batteries on every side,
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cried,
" We'll get hot work at Alma."

Their shot it flew like winter rain
When we their batteries strove to gain,
Fifteen hundred Frenchmen lie slain
In the bloody gore at Alma.

Our Scottish lads with sword in hose
Were not the last you may suppose,
But daring faced their daring foes
And gained the heights of Alma.

To Sebastopol the Russians fled,

They left their wounded and the dead,
The rivers there that they run red
From the blood was spilled at Alma.

There was fifteen hundred Frenchman I heard say
Had fell upon that fatal day,
And eighteen hundred Russians lay
In the bloody gore at Alma.

Now France and England hand in hand,
What ne'er a foe could them withstand!
So let it run throughout the land,
The victory won at Alma.

From Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia, Creighton
oct96

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.