

Heights Of Alma, The
by Donovan

September last on the 18th day
We landed safe in the big Crimea
In spite of all the bombing 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 was almost drowned
Beneath the heights of Alma

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

Next morning the scorching sun did rise
Beneath the east and the cloudy sky
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cried
"Prepare the barge for Alma"
Oh, in the heights we hove and view
The stoutest heart it did subdue
To see the Russian war-like crew
All upon the heights of Alma

Let Britain's songs long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russians to surrender
All on the heights of Alma

Our Scottish lads with the sword and hose
They're not the last as you may've supposed
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 run red
From the blood that spilled on Alma

Let Britain's songs long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russians to surrender
All along the heights of Alma
Let Britain's songs long remember
The glorious 20th of September
We caused the Russians to surrender
All on the heights of Alma