

Donovan Leitch

"The Heights of Alma"

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September last on the eighteenth 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 was almost drowned
Beneath the heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious twentieth of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
Along the heights of Alma.

Next morning the scorching sun did rise
Beneath the eastern cloudy sky;
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cried,
"Prepare to march for Alma."

Oh, when the heights we hove in view,
The stoutest heart it did subdue
To see the Russian warlike crew
All upon the heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious twentieth of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
Along the heights of Alma.

Our Scottish lads with a sword and 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,
They left their 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 twentieth of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
Along the heights of Alma.

Let Britain's sons long remember
The glorious twentieth of September
We caused the Russian to surrender
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