

Brian Burns

"Ballad Of The Alamo"

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In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San Antone,
There's a fortress all in ruin that the weeds have overgrown.
You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one,
But sometime between the setting and the rising of the sun
You can hear a ghostly bugle as the men go marching by;
You can hear them as they answer to that roll call in the sky:
Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett and a hundred eighty more;
Captain Dickenson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for.

Back in 1836, Houston said to Travis,
"Get some volunteers and go - fortify the Alamo."
Well, the men came from Texas and from old Tennessee,
And they joined up with Travis just to fight for the right to be free.

Indian scouts with squirrel guns, men with muzzle loaders
Stood together heel and toe to defend the Alamo.
"You may never see your loved ones," Travis told them that day,
"those that want to can leave now, those who'll fight to the death, let 'em Stay."

In the sand he drew a line with his army saber,
And out of a hundred eighty five, not a soldier crossed the line.
With his banners a-dancin' in the dawn's golden light,
Santa Anna came prancin' on a horse that was black as the night.

He sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender.
Travis answered with a shell and a rousin' rebel yell.

Santa Anna turned scarlet; "Play Degu"ello," he roared,
"I will show them no quarter, everyone will be put to the
sword."

One hundred and eighty five holdin' back five
thousand,
Five days, six days, eight days, ten; Travis held and
held again,
Then he sent for replacements for his wounded and
lame,
But the troops that were comin' - never came.

Twice he charged, then blew recall, and on the fatal
third time,
Santa Anna breached the wall and he killed them one
and all.
Now the bugles are silent and there's rust on each
sword,
And the small band of soldiers lie asleep in the arms of
The Lord.

In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San
Antone,
Like a statue on his Pinto rides a cowboy all alone,
And he sees the cattle grazin' where a century before
Santa Anna's guns were blazin' and the cannons used
to roar,
And his eyes turn sort of misty, and his heart begins to
glow,
And he takes his hat off slowly to the men of Alamo...
To the thirteen days of glory at the seige of Alamo.

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