

# The Heights of Alma



Come all good peo - ple far and near Who nev - er did a ty - rant fear At -  
ten - tion pay — and you — shall hear a song on blood - y Al - ma.

'Twas on September, the fourteenth day,  
We landed safe on the Crimea  
In spite of the salt seas dashing spray  
All on the route to Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,  
No tent nor shelter to be found,  
And with the rain we nearly drowned  
To cheer us for the Alma.

Next day a burning sun did rise  
Beneath the cloudless eastern skies.  
Our gallant chief, Lord Raglin, cries,  
“Prepare to march for Alma.”

And when the Alma came in view,  
It would the stoutest heart subdue  
To see the mighty Russian crew  
Upon the heights of Alma.

So strongly were they fortified  
With batteries on every side,  
Lord Raglin to his company cired,  
“There’ll be hot work on Alma.”

The balls did fly as thick as rain  
When we the batteries tried to gain,  
And many a hero there was slain  
All on the heights of Alma.

Lord Raglin, bravest of the brave,  
Soft lie the turf upon his grave,  
He dashed his horse into the wave  
And scaled the heights of Alma.

## The Heights of Alma

Our Highland lads in kilt and hose  
 Were not the last you may suppose,  
 While "Faugh a Gallagher" loud arose  
 From our Irish lads at Alma.

And when the heights we did command  
 We fought the Russians hand to hand  
 But the Russian force could not withstand  
 The British might at Alma.

But though the victory we have got  
 And gallantly our heroes fought,  
 Yet dearly was that victory bought,  
 For thousands fell at Alma.

To Sebastapol the Russians fled,  
 Leaving their dying and their dead.  
 That day the river it ran red  
 With the blood was spilled at Alma.

Between the wounded and the slain  
 The Russians lost eight thousand men  
 And had three thousand prisoners ta'en  
 Upon the heights of Alma.

Two thousand British, I heard say,  
 Did fall upon that fatal day,  
 While fifteen hundred Frenchmen lay  
 In bloody graves on Alma.

Now France and England hand in hand  
 What enemy could them withstand?  
 So, sound the news throughout the land,  
 The victory won at Alma.

Note: My father knew another song about the battle of the Alma,  
 of which I remember only two verses.

### Battle of the Alma

So sure they were of victory  
 They brought their ladies there to see  
 The Russian might and chivalry  
 All on the heights of Alma.

Chorus

Then it's tanter-an-nairen all the day  
It's tanter-an-nairen all the day  
It's tanter-an-nairen all the day  
All on the heights of Alma.

But those Russian dames so fair and bright  
Beheld a far and different sight  
They saw the ignominious flight  
Of those they loved on Alma.

(Chorus)