

The Heights of Alma

5

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

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Heights of Alma'. It consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. A small number '5' is placed above the first note of the second staff. The lyrics are: 'Come all good peo - ple, — far and near, Who nev - ver 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 sea’s 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 Raglan, 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 Raglan to his company cried,
“We’ll have 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 Raglan, 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-Ballagh" loud arouse
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 Sebastopol 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.