

The Alamo

By: Jane Bowers

A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die
By a line that he drew with his sword when the battle was nigh.
"The man who cross over the line was for glory
but he who would live better fly,"
And over the line stepped a hundred and seventy-nine.

Hi! Up! Santa Ana, they're killing your soldiers below,
so the rest of Texas will know
and remember the Alamo!

Jim Bowie lay dyin', his powder was ready and dry.
From flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in reply,
And young Davy Crockett was smilin' and laughin'.
with gallantry fierce in his eye.
For Texas and freedom, a man more than willin' to die.

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A courier came to the battlements, bloody and loud
But he found only skulls and bones where he once left a crowd.
"Grieve not, little darlin', my dyin' if Texas is sovereign and free.
We'll never surrender and ever will liberty be!"

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