

McAlpine's Fusiliers

Dominic Behan 1960

As down the glen came McAlpine's men
 With their shovels slung behind them
 'Twas in the pub they drank the sub
 And up in the spike you'll find them
 They sweated blood and they washed down mud
 With pints and quarts of beer
 And now we're on the road again
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

I -	I -	IV -	IV -
I -	V -	I -	I -
I -	I -	IV V	IV -
IV-	I -	IV -	IV -
I -	I -	IV V	IV -
IV-	I -	IV -	IV -
I -	I -	IV -	IV -
I -	V -	I -	I -

I stripped to the skin with Darky Flynn
 Way down upon the Isle of Grain
 With the Horseface Toole then I knew the rule
 No money if you stop for rain
 McAlpine's God was a well filled hod
 Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
 And woe to he who to looks for tea
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea
 Fell into a concrete stairs
 What the Horseface said, when he saw him dead
 Well, it wasn't what the rich call prayers
 I'm a navvy short was the one retort
 That reached unto my ears
 When the going is rough, well you must be tough
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

I've worked till the sweat has had me bet
 With Russian, Czech and Pole
 On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams
 Or underneath the Thames in a hole
 I grafted hard and I've got me cards
 And many a ganger's fist across me ears
 If you pride your life, don't join by Christ
 With McAlpine's fusiliers