

McAlpines Fusiliers
The Dubliners
Written by Dominic Behan

It was in the year of 39 when the sky was full of lead
When Hitler was heading for Poland and Paddy for Hollyhead
Come all you pincher laddies and you long distant men
Dont ever work for McAlpine for Whimpy or John Lang
For you'll stand behind a mixer till your skin is turned to tan
And they'll say good on you Paddy with your boat fare in your hand
The craic was good in Cricklewood we wouldn't leave the Crown
With bottles flying and Biddies crying sure Paddy was on the town
Oh mother dear I'm over here and I'm never coming back
What keeps me here is the rake of beer the women and the craic.

As[A] down the glen came Mc[D]Alpines men
With their[A] shovels[E] slung be[A]hind them
'Twas[A] in a pub that they[D] drank[E] their[D] sub
And out in the[A] spike you'll[D] find them
They[A] sweeted blood and they[D] washed[E] down [D]mud
With pints and[A] quarts of[D] beer
And[A] now we're on the[D] road again
With Mc[D]Alpines[E] Fusi[A]llers

I stripped to the skin with the darkie Finn
Way down upon the Isle Of Grain
With horse face Toole we knew the rule
No money if you stop for rain
McAlpines God was a well filled hod
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And woe to he went to look for tea
With McAlpines Fusilers

I remember the day when the Bear O' Shea
Fell into a concrete stairs
What horse face said when he saw him dead
It wasn't what the rich called prayers
I'm a navvy short was the one retort
That reached onto my ears
When the going gets rough then you must be tough
With McAlpines Fusilers

I've worked till the sweat nearly 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 got me cards
And many a gangers fist across me ears
If you pride your life dont join by cripes
With McAlpines Fusilers