

## McAlpine's Fusiliers

As down the glen came McAlpine's men with their shovels slung behind them  
It was 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 stripped to the skin with the Darky Finn way down upon the Isle of Grain  
With the Horseface Toole I knew the rule, no money if you stop for rain  
When McAlpine's god was a well filled hod with your shoulders cut to bits  
and seared  
And woe to he who 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 gangers fist across me ears  
If you pride your life, don't join, by Christ, with McAlpine's Fusiliers