

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

McAlpine's Fusiliers
Dominic Behan

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 Flynn 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 near 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