

McAlpine's Fusiliers

D **G** **D** **A** **D**
As down the glen came McAlpine's men with their shovels slung behind them
 G **A** **G** **D** **G**
'Twas in a pub that they drank their sub and down in the spike you'll find them
D **G** **A** **G** **D** **G**
They sweated blood and they washed down mud with quarts and pints of beer
D **G** **D** **A** **D**
And now we're on the road again with McAlpine's Fusiliers

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
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And woe to he went to look for tea
With McAlpine's Fusiliers

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 navy short was the one retort
That reached onto my ears
When the going gets rough then you must be tough
With McAlpine's Fusiliers

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 McAlpine's Fusiliers