

**MacAlpine's Fusiliers**

Dominic Behan†

C / F /  
As down the glen came McAlpine's men

C G C /  
With their shovels slung behind them

↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ - ↓ -  
X I I I X - X -

C / F /  
'Twas in the pub they drank the sub

F C F /  
And up in the spike you'll find them

C / F /  
They sweated blood and they washed down mud

F C F /  
With pints and quarts of beer

C / F /  
And now we're on the road again

C G C /  
With McAlpine's fusiliers

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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

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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

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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 ganger's fist across me ears  
If you pride your life, don't join by Christ  
With McAlpine's fusiliers