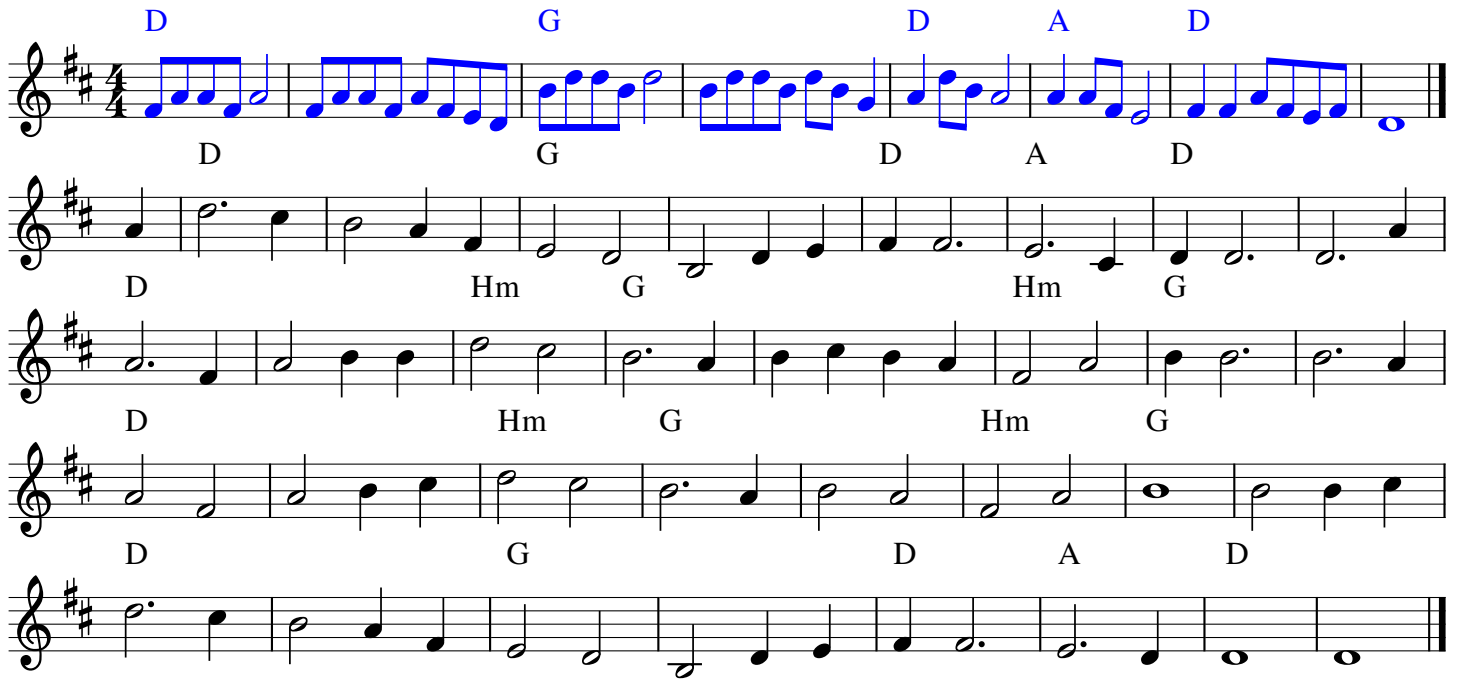


McAlpine's Fusiliers



As down the glen came McAlpine's men, With their shovels slung behind them
 'Twas 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 Darky Finn 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

Bridge Hm Uh Uh Uh ... 2x

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

Bridge Hm Uh Uh Uh ... 2x
 Instr. D | G | D A | D 2x

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

Instr. 4x