

McAlpine's Fusiliers

D

G

D

A

D

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

D

Hm

G

Hm

G

'Twas in the pub they drank the sub And up in the spike you'll find them

D

Hm

G

Hm

G

They sweated blood and they washed down mud With pints and quarts 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 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

If you pride your life, don't join by Christ With McAlpine's fusiliers