

McALPINE'S FUSILIERS

AS DOWN THE GLEN CAME MCALPINE'S MEN
WITH THEIR SHOVELS SLUNG BESIDE 'EM
IT WAS IN THE PUBS THAT THEY DRANK THEIR SUBS
OR OUT ON THE SPIKE YOU WILL 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 DARKIE FINN
WAY DOWN UPON THE ISLE OF GRAIN
WITH HORSE-FACE O'TOOLE, WE KNEW THE RULE
NO MONEY IF YOU STOPPED FOR RAIN
FOR MCALPINE'S GOD WAS A WELL-FILLED HOD
YOUR SHOULDERS CUT TO BITS AND SEARED
AND WOE TO HE WHO LOOKED FOR TEA
WITH MCALPINE'S FUSILIERS!

I REMEMBER THE DAY THAT THE BEAR O'SHEA
FELL INTO A CONCRETE STAIRS
WHAT HORSE-FACE 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 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 THE HYDRO DAMS
OR UNDERNEATH THE THAMES IN A HOLE
I GRAFTED HARD AND I'VE GOT ME CARD
AND MANY A GANGER'S FIST ACROSS ME EARS
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, YOU WON'T JOIN, BY CRIPES,
WITH MCALPINE'S FUSILIERS!