

## ***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!