

## McAlpine's Fusiliers

## The Dubliners

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 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  
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  
... navy short was the one retort  
That reached unto my ears  
When the going is rough, well you must be tough  
With McAlpine's fusiliers  
I've worked till the sweat ... 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