

## McAlpine's Fusiliers

A D  
As down the glen came McAlpine's men,  
A E A  
with their shovels slung behind them.

D  
It was in the pub that they drank their sub,  
A D  
and up in the spike you'll find them.

A D  
They sweated blood and they washed down mud,  
A D  
with pints and quarts of beer.

A D  
But now we're on the road again,  
A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers.

A D  
I stripped to the skin with Darky Finn,  
A E A  
way down upon the Isle of Grain.

D  
With Horse-face Toole, then I knew the rule,  
A D  
no money if you stop for rain.

A D  
For McAlpine's God is a well-filled hod,  
A D  
with your shoulders cut to bits and seared.

A D  
And woe to he who looks for tea,  
A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers.

A D AEA  
A D  
A D  
A D AEA

A D  
I remember the day that Bear O'Shea,  
A E A  
fell into a concrete stairs.

D  
What Horse-face said, when he saw him dead,  
A D  
well it wasn't what the rich call prayers.

A D  
I'm a navy short, was the one retort,  
A D  
that reached unto my ears.

A D  
When the going is rough, well you must be tough,  
A E A  
With McAlpine's Fusiliers.

A D  
I've worked till the sweat near had me beat,  
A E A  
with Russian, Czech and Pole.

D  
On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams,  
A D  
or underneath the Thames in a hole.

A D  
I grabbed it hard and I got me cards,  
A D  
and many a ganger's fist on me ears.

A D  
If you pride your life, don't join by Christ,  
A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers.

A D  
If you pride your life, don't join by Christ,  
A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers.

A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers  
A E A  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers