

McAlpines Fusiliers

The High Kings

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
Down upon the Isle of Grain
With the Horseface Toole, sure I knew the rules
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
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
I remember the day when the Bear O'Shea
Fell into a concrete stairs
What the Horseface said, when he found 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
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
Hoo-wheey-ho
Hooo-ho
I've worked till the sweat when it had me bet
With Russians, Czechs and Poles
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 value your life, well don't join by Christ
With McAlpine's fusiliers
If you value your life, well don't join by Christ
With McAlpine's fusiliers

