

The Rumjacks

"McAlpines Fusiliers"

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As down the glen came McAlpines men with their
shovels slung behind them
'Twas in the pub that 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 Darkie Flynn way down upon
the Isle of Grain
Wi' that horsed Face O'Toole, sure we knew the rule,
no money if you stopped for rain.
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 Bear O'Shea fell into a
concrete stairs.
What Horse Face said when he saw him dead,
it wasn't what the rich called prayers.
"I'm a navy short" was the one retort that reached
unto my ears,
When the going's rough, sure you must be tough with
McAlpine's Fusiliers

I've worked 'til 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've grabbed it 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.

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