

**Mcalpines Fusiliers**  
**The High Kings**

[Intro]

**D**

[Verse 1]

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
Oh it s down the glen came McAlpine's men with their shovels slung behind  
them.

**G** **D** **G**  
Twas in the pub they drank the sub and up in the spike you ll find them .

**D** **G** **D** **G**  
They sweated blood and they washed down mud with pints and quarts of beer.

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
And now we re on the road again with McAlpine s Fusiliers.

[Verse 2]

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
I stripped to the skin with Darkie Flynn down in the Isle of Grain.

**D** **G** **D** **G**  
With Horse Face O Toole, sure I knew the rule, no money if you stopped for rain.

**D** **G** **D** **G**  
McAlpine s God was a well-filled hod, your shoulders cut to bits and seared,

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
And woe to he whâ€™went look for tea with McAlpine s Fusiliers.

[Pre-interlude]

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

[Verse 3]

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
I remember that day when the Bear O Shea fell into a concrete stairs.

**G** **D**  
**G**  
What the Horse Face said when he found him dead well it wasn t what the rich  
called prayers.

**D** **G** **D** **G**  
â€œI m a navy shortâ€• was the one retort that reached unto my ears.

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
And when the goinâ€™ gets rough well you must be tough with McAlpine s Fusiliers

[Pre-interlude]

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

**Bm**

Oh way oh oooh

[Interlude]

**D G D A D**

**D G D A D**

[Verse 4]

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
I ve worked til the sweat well it had me bet, with Russians, Czechs and Poles.  
**G** **D** **G**  
On shuddering jams in the hydro dams or underneath the Thames in a hole.  
**D** **G** **D** **G**  
I grafted hard and I got me cards and many a ganger s fist across me ears.  
**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
If you value your life well donâ€™t join by Christ, with McAlpine s Fusiliers.  
**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
And if you value your life well donâ€™t join by Christ, with McAlpine s  
Fusiliers.