

# Building Up and Tearing England Down

**Sol**  
I have won the hero's name  
**Do**            **Re**  
With McAlpine and Costain  
**Sol**                            **Re**    **Sol**  
FitzMurphy Ash and Wimpey's gangs  
**Sol**  
I've been often on the road  
**Do**                            **Re**  
On me way to draw the dole  
**Sol**                            **Re**            **Sol**  
There's nothing left to do for Johnny Laing  
**Do**  
I used to think that God  
**Si7**  
Made the mixer pick and hod  
**Mi-**                            **Si7**                            **Mi-**  
So that Paddy might know hell above the ground  
**Sol**  
I've had gangers big and tough  
**Do**                            **Re**  
Tell me tales old and rough \*  
**Sol**                            **Re**                            **Sol**  
When you're building up and tearing England down.

In the tunnel underground  
A young Limerick man was found  
He was built into the New Victoria Line  
When the bonus gang had past  
Sticking from the concrete cast  
Was the face of little Charlie Joe Devine  
A ganger named McGirck  
Made Paddy hate the work  
When a gas-main burst he flew off the ground  
Oh they swore he said gone slack  
I won't be here untill I'm back  
Keep on building up and tearing England down

I remember Jack McCann  
That poor old stuttering man  
Felt the better for his stammer in a week  
And that poor old stuttering man  
He fell from a shuttering jam  
And was never ever more  
Inclined to speak.  
No more like Robin Hood will he roam down Cricklewood  
Or dance around the pubs of Camden Town  
Oh let no man complain  
Sure no Pat can die in vain  
When you're building up and tearing England down.

I remember Carrier Jack  
With his hod upon his back  
He swore he'd one day set the world on fire  
But his face they'd never seen  
Filth! his shovel it cut clean  
Through the middle of a big high tension wire  
I saw the big McCall  
From a big flyover fall  
Into a concrete mixer spinning round  
O it was not his intent  
He got a fine head of cement  
While building up and tearing England down.

So come all you navies bold  
Who may think that English gold  
Is just waiting to be taken from each sod  
Or the likes of you and me  
Would ever get an O.B.E.  
Or a knighthood for good service to the hod  
There's a concrete master race  
To keep you in your place  
And a ganger man to knock you to the ground  
If you ever try to take  
Part of what the bosses make  
When you're building up and tearing England down.  
When you're building up and tearing England down.