

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## HOT ASPHALT

Ah, it's likely gone six months ago  
I came to Dublin town,  
Where I joined a gang of lab'ring men  
Who laid the ashpelt down;  
Sure, now I wear a Guernsey and around me waist a belt  
I'm the gaffer of the boys that make the hot ashpelt.

Well onc day a copper comes up to me  
And he says to me, "McGuire,  
Will you kindly let me warm myself,  
Around your boilin' fire?"  
Then he turned around to thc boiler,  
And upon the edge he knelt,  
And he toppcd right into the boiler full of hot ashpelt.

Well we quickly pulled him out of it  
And we put him in a tub,  
And with soap and lots of heated water  
We did rub and scrub.  
But the divil a bit of tar came off,  
It was stuck on just like stone,  
And every time we gave a rub  
You could hear the poor man groan.

With the boilin' and the wettin',  
He caught a bloomin' cold,  
And for scientific purposes  
His body has been sold.  
Inside the National Museum now  
He's a-hanging by the belt,  
As an example of tlhe dire effects of the hot ashpelt.

tune: Napoleon Crossing the Rhine