

Hot Asphalt

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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 toppled 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 tthe dire effects of the hot ashpelt.

Note: In a poorly-remembered version, the policeman mouthed
off at McGuire, and was pushed in the boiler. RG

tune: Napoleon Crossing the Rhine