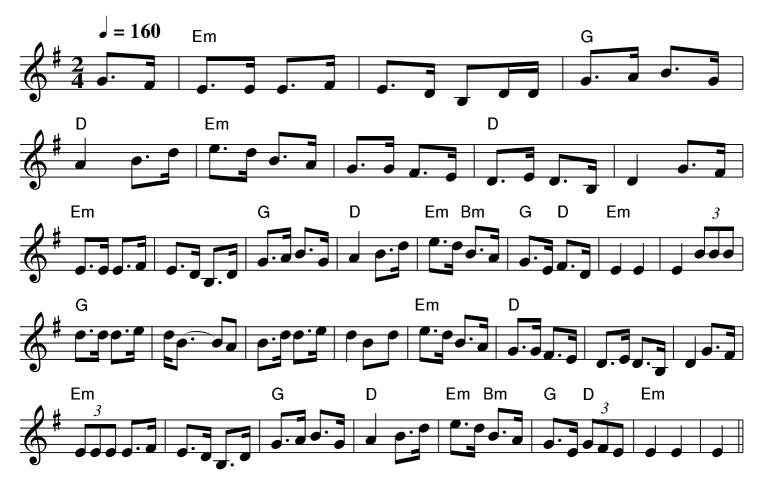
Hot Ashphalt



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 ashpalt down;
Sure, now I wear a guernsey
And around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the boys that
Make the hot ashpalt.

Chorus:

Well we laid it in the hollow and we laid it on the flat And if it doesn't last forever Well, I'll shurely eat me hat Ah, but now I wear a guernsey And around me waist a belt I'm the gaffer of the lads That lay the hot asphalt Well one 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 the boiler, And upon the edge he knelt, And he toppled right into the boiler Full of hot ashpalt.

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 the dire effects Of the hot ashpalt.