

# Hot Asphalt

Ireland (tune: Napoleon Crossing the Rhine)

earliest date: 1952 (Ballad Index)

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1. Ah, it's like - ly gone six months a - go since I came to Dub - lin town, where I  
joined a gang o' la - b'ring men who laid the as - phalt down. Sure, \_\_\_\_\_  
now I wear a Guern - sey and a - round me waist a belt, I'm the  
gaf - fer of the boys that make the hot as - phalt. So you may  
talk a - bout your sol - diers, your sai - lors and the rest, your \_\_\_\_\_  
tai - lors and your shoe - ma - kers to please the la - dies best; but the  
di - vil a one of them has got the grai - sy hearts to melt like the  
boys a - round the boi - ler ma - kin' the hot as - phalt.

2. 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 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 devil 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.

3. 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 ashpelt.