

## ***The HOT "ASHFELT"***

GOOD EVENING ALL MY JOLLY LADS, I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU WELL,  
IF YOU WILL KINDLY PAY ATTENTION NOW A STORY I WILL TELL,  
FOR I'VE GOT A SITUATION AND BEGORRA AND BEGOB,  
I CAN WHISPER I'VE A WEEKLY WAGE OF NINETEEN BOB!  
IT'S TWELVE MONTHS COME OCTOBER SINCE I LEFT MY NATIVE HOME  
AFTER HELPING THE KILLARNEY BOYS TO PULL THE HARVEST DOWN,  
BUT NOW I WEAR A GANSEY AND AROUND MY WAIST A BELT,  
I'M THE GAFFER OF THE SQUAD THAT MAKES THE HOT ASHFELT!

*WELL WE LAID IT IN THE HOLLOWES AND WE LAID IT ON THE FLAT,  
AND IF IT DOESN'T LAST FOREVER SURE I SWEAR I'LL EAT MY HAT,  
I HAVE WANDERED UP AND DOWN THE WORLD BUT I HAVE NEVER FELT,  
ANY SURFACE THAT WAS EQUAL TO THE HOT ASHFELT.*

WELL THE OTHER NIGHT A COPPER COMES AND HE SAYS TO ME "MAGUIRE,  
WILL YOU KINDLY LET ME LIGHT MY PIPE DOWN AT YOUR BOILER FIRE?"  
WELL HE PLANTS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF ME  
WITH HIS HOBNAILES ON THE PLATE  
"HERE," SAYS I, "MY DECENT MAN - YOU BETTER GO AND MIND YOUR BEAT!"  
HE UPS AND YELLS "I'M ON TO YOU, I'M UP TO ALL YOUR PRANKS,  
DON'T I KNOW YOU FOR A TRAITOR FROM THE TIPPERARY RANKS?"  
WELL, I HIT STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER  
AND I GAVE HIM SUCH A BELT  
THAT I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE BOILER FULL OF HOT ASHFELT.

WELL WE QUICKLY PULLED HIM OUT AGAIN AND WE THREW HIM IN THE TUB  
AND WITH SOAP AND WARM WATER WE BEGAN TO RUB AND SCRUB,  
BUT THE DEVIL A THING HAD HARDENED AND IT TURNED HIM HARD AS STONE  
AND WITH EVERY OTHER RUB NOW YOU COULD HEAR THE COPPER MOAN.  
"I'M THINKING," SAYS O'REILLY, "THAT HE'S LOOKING LIKE OLD NICK,  
AND BURN ME IF I'M NOT INCLINED TO CLEAVE HIM WITH MY PICK!"  
"AH," SAID I, "IT WOULD BE EASIER TO LEAVE HIM TILL HE MELTS,  
SO WE'LL STIR HIM NICE AND EASY IN THE HOT ASHFELT!"

YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR SOLDIERS AND YOUR SAILORS AND THE REST,  
YOUR SHOEMAKERS AND YOUR TAILORS BUT WE PLEASE THE LADIES BEST,  
FOR THE ONLY ONES WHO REALLY KNOW HOW  
THEIR FLINTY HEARTS TO MELT  
ARE THE BOYS AROUND THE BOILER MAKING THE HOT ASHFELT.  
BUT WITH RUBBING AND WITH SCRUBBING  
SURE I CAUGHT MY DEATH OF COLD  
AND FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES MY BODY IT WAS SOLD,  
IN THE KELVINGROVE MUSEUM, MY BOYS, I'M HANGING IN MY PELT,  
AS A MONUMENT TO THE IRISH MAKING THE HOT ASHFELT!