

Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill

Thomas F. Casey

Am

Early in the morning at seven o'clock

E7

There are twenty tarriers a drilling at the rock,

Am

And the boss comes around and he says "Keep still!

E7

And come down heavy on your cast iron drill."

Chorus:

Am

E7

Am

And drill ye tarriers, drill.

G

Am

Drill ye tarriers drill.

Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay

Down behind the railway

Am

E7

Am

And drill ye tarriers drill,

And blast and fire.

Now our new foreman was Jim McGann,
By golly, he was, a blame mean man
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the sky went Big Jim Goff.

Now when next payday comes around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found,
When asked the reason, came this reply,
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

Now the boss was a fine man down to the ground,
And he married a lady, six feet round,
She baked good bread, and she baked it well,
But she baked it as hard as the holes in hell.