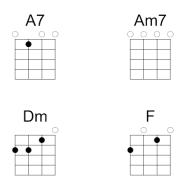
## **Drill, Ye Tarriers**Thomas Casey and Charles Connoly

Early in the morning at seven o'clock There are twenty tarriers workin' at the rock The boss come along and he says, Keep still Come down heavy on your cast iron drill And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Drill, ye tarriers, drill Dm Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay Down behind the railway

Dm. Am7 Dm. And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Dm Am7 Dm And blast, and fire 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 hard as the hobs of hell **A7** And drill, ye tarriers, drill Dm. Am7 Dm. Drill, ye tarriers, drill Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay Down behind the railway Am7 And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Dm Am7 Dm And blast, and fire Now our new foreman was Dan McCann By god he was a blamed mean man Dm Last week a premature blast went off And a mile in the sky went big Jim Goff And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Drill, ye tarriers, drill Dm Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay Down behind the railway Dm Am7 Dm And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Dm Am7 Dm And blast, and fire

When asked what for came this reply You were docked for the time you was up in the sky **A7** Dm And drill, ye tarriers, drill Dm Am7 Dm Drill, ye tarriers, drill **A7** Dm Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay Down behind the railway Dm Am7 And drill, ye tarriers, drill Am7 Dm Am7 Dm And blast, and fire Am7 And drill, ye tarriers, drill

Dm



And when next payday came around A7
Jim Goff a dollar short was found