

Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill

Traditional



Am

Every morning at seven o'clock

E7

There were twenty tarriers a-workin' at the rock

Am

The boss comes around and he says, "Keep still

E7

And come down heavy on your cast iron drill

Am E7 Am

And drill, ye tarriers, drill"

[CHORUS]

Am E7 Am

Drill, ye tarriers, drill

Well it's work all day for the sugar in your tay

E7

Down behind the railway

Am E7 Am

And drill, ye tarriers, drill

And blast, and fire

Now our new foreman was Jim McCann

By God, he was a blame mean man

Last week a premature blast went off

And a mile in the sky went big Jim Goff

And drill, ye tarriers, drill

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Next time payday comes around

Jim Goff was a dollar short he found

When asked "What for?," his reply:

"You're docked for the time you was up in the sky."

And drill, ye tarriers, drill

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Drill, ye tarriers, drill!