

Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill
By: Thomas F. Casey

Every morning at seven o'clock,
There were twenty tarriers a-working at the rock,
And the boss comes along, and he says, "Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill!"

And drill, ye tarriers, drill! Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Oh, it's work all day for the sugar in your tay,
Down behind the railway.
And drill, ye tarriers, drill! And blast! And fire!

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

And drill, ye tarriers, drill! Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Oh, it's work all day for the sugar in your tay,
Down behind the railway.
And drill, ye tarriers, drill! And blast! And fire!

Now, the new foreman was Jean McCann;
By God, he was a blamed mean man!
Last week, a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff!

And drill, ye tarriers, drill! Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Oh, it's work all day for the sugar in your tay,
Down behind the railway.
And drill, ye tarriers, drill! And blast! And fire!

The next time pay day came around
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
When he asked what for came this reply:
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

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