

Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill - song lyrics

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DRILL. YE TARRIERS, DRILL.
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By Thomas Casey.

Oh, every morn at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers on the rock;
The boss comes along and says, "Be still.
And put all your power in the cast-steel drill."

Spoken-Stand out there with the flag, Sullivan. Stand back there! Blast!
Fire! All over!

Chorus.
Then drill, ye turners, drill; drill, ye tarriers, drill.
Oh, it's work all day without sugar in your tay,
When ye work beyant on the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

The boss was a fine man all around,
But he married a great, big, fat Far-down;
She baked good bread, and baked it well,
And baked it hard as the hobs of h---

Spoken-Stand out forninst the fence with the flag, McCarthy, Stand back,
&c- Chorus.

The new foreman is Dan McCann;
I'll tell you, sure, he's a blame mean man;
Last week a premature blast went off.
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

Spoken-Where's the fuse, McGinty? What! he lit his pipe with it? Stop the
Belt car coming down. Stand back, &c- Chorus.

When pay day next came around,
Poor Jim's pay a dollar short he found.
"What for?" says he, then came this reply:
"You are docked for the time you were up in the sky."
Spoken-More oatmeal in the bucket, McCue. What's that you're reading,
Duffy, the Staats-Zeitung? Get out there with the flag, &c- Chorus.