

Drill Ye Terriers

Words & Music:
Thomas F. Casey (1888)

Am
Every mornin' 'bout seven o'clock,
E
There were twenty terriers a-workin' on the rock.
Am
The boss comes along and he says, "Keep still!
E
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill!"

CHORUS::

Am E Am
And drill ye terriers, drill,
Am G Am
Drill ye terriers, drill.
Am E
For it's work all day for the sugar in your tay,
E
Down behind the railway.
Am E Am
And drill ye terriers, drill.
E Am E Am
And blast, and fire.

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

CHORUS:

Our new foreman was Jim McCann.
By God, he was a damn mean man.
Last week a premature blast went off.
A mile in the sky went big Jim Goff.

CHORUS:

The next time payday came around,
A dollar short Jim Goff was found.
When he asked what for came this reply,
"You're docked for the time you was up in the sky."

CHORUS: