

Drill Ye Terriers traditional

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

Am E Am Am
And drill ye terriers, drill,
Am G Am Am
Drill ye terriers, drill.
Am E E E
For it's work all day for the sugar in your tay, Down behind the railway.
Am(½) E(½) Am (E) Am (E) Am
And drill ye terriers, drill, 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.

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.

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."