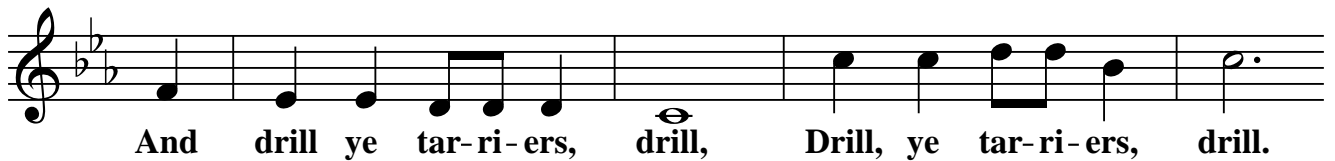
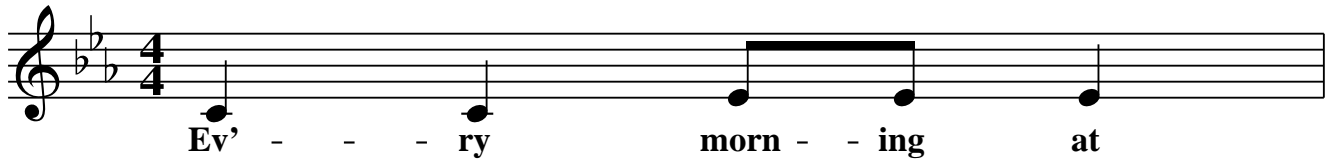


# Drill Drill ye Tarriers



Ev'ry morning at seven o'clock  
There's twenty tarriers a-working at the rock,  
And the boss comes along and he says "Keep still,  
And come down heavy with the cast iron drill."

(Chorus)

And drill ye tarriers, drill,

Drill, ye tarriers, drill.

And you work all day for the sugar in your tea,

Down behind the railway.

And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

And blast and fire!

Our new foreman's name was John McCann,

I'll tell you sure he was a blame mean man,

Last week a premature blast went off

And a mile in air the went big Jim Goff.

When the next pay-day came around,

Jim Goff a dollar short was found.

When he asked what for, he got this reply,

"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."