

# Chad Mitchell Trio, The Tarriers Song

Every morning at seven o'clock  
There were twenty tarriers a-drilling in 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  
Well 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 six feet 'round  
She baked good bread and she baked it well  
But she baked it harder than the hobs in Hell

The new foreman was Jim McCann  
By God he was a blamed mean man  
Last week a premature blast went off  
A mile in the air went big Jim Goff

When next payday came around  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found  
When he asked, "What for?" came this reply  
"You've been docked for the time you was up in the sky"