

Another Fall of Rain

Words by John Neilsen and the tune is the well-known "Little Old Log Cabin in the Dell" by American songwriter Will S Hays.

The weath - er had been sul - try for a fort - night's time or more.

The shear - ers had been batt - ling might and main,

And some had got the cent - ur - - y as ne - ver did be - fore

but now all hands were wait - ing for the rain.

For the Boss is get - ting rust - y and the ring - er's cav - ing in

His band - aged wrist is ach - ing with the pain,

And the sec - ond man I fear will make it hot for him

Un - - less we have a - - noth - er fall of rain.

The weather had been sultry for a fortnight's time or more
The shearers had been battling might and main,
And some had got the century as never did before
But now all hands were waiting for the rain
For the Boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain
And the second man I fear will make it hot for him
Unless we have another fall of rain.

Now some had taken quarters and were curled up on their bunks
When we shored the six tooth wethers from the plain.
But if the sheep get harder a few more men will funk
Unless we have another fall of rain.
For the Boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain
And the second man I fear will make it hot for him
Unless we have another fall of rain.

But the sky is clouding over and the thunder's muttering loud
The clouds are moving eastwards o'er the plain
And I see the lightning flashing from the edge of yon dark cloud
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain
So it's lads put on the stoppers and let us to the huts
Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game.
While some are playing music and some play ante-up
And others just sit gazing at the rain.

Well now the rain is over let the presser spin the screws
Let the teamsters back their wagons in again
And we'll block the classer's table by the way we push them through
For everything is merry since the rain.
And the Boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they are all shorn
And the ringer's wrist won't ache much with the pain
Of pocketing his season's cheque for fifty quid or more
And the second main won't drive him hard again.

Instrumental
So it's lads pull out the stoppers, and we'll take a final drop
For the shearers here may never meet again
For some may meet next season and some not even then
And others will just vanish like the rain.