

# A Beechworth Shearer's Song

*signed simply O.D.H., 22/8/1901 From the Ovens and Murray Advertiser, Beechworth NSW;  
set to the suggested Welsh tune 'Sweet Jenny Jones' or 'Cader Idris'*

**D** **Em** **A7**  
 Come list - en, my boys, and I'll sing you a dit - ty  
**D** **G** **A7** **D**  
 A few simp - le words I have put in - - to song - -  
**D** **Em** **A7**  
 And if you don't find it in - - struc - tive or wit - ty,  
**D** **G** **A7** **D**  
 At least you will own it is not ver - - y long.  
**D** **A7** **G** **A7**  
 Yet tho' it is now grow - ing late in the sea - son,  
**D** **A7** **G** **A7**  
 And shear - ing on all the large sta - tions near, done,  
**D** **Em** **A7**  
 Still I think we can say, with a good show of rea - son,  
**D** **G** **A7** **D**  
 "Hur \_\_\_\_ rah, boys! Hur - - rah, boys Our shear - ing's be - - gun."

The sheep are all mustered and drafted for washing,  
 That they may be cleaned from all spurious grease—  
 What with dogging and shouting, and pushing and splashing,  
 They ought, I am sure, to yield very white fleece.  
 Clip, clip, go the shears, while the soft wool is falling,  
 And me for the fleeces so quickly must run;  
 While some "Wool away here" so loudly are calling,  
 And still boys, and still boys, the shearing goes on.

Now "Tar" is called for by one in the corner,  
 Another one says, "Oh, a cobbler I've got;  
 Here's a nasty old brute, but I soon shall have shorn her."  
 While another one says, "Here's a precious old nut."  
 Yet still on the post see the tallies increasing,  
 As each one chalks on it the number he's done,  
 And the shepherd, with joy, sees his flock is decreasing,  
 While still boys, while still boys, the shearing goes on.

Now the last pen is folded, let's go in a "docket"—  
 We soon shall be finished, my friends, I declare—  
 Wire in then, my boys, while there's shot in the locker,  
 And then we'll decamp for another long year.  
 Our horses we'll catch, then, and quickly will saddle,  
 And then for our cheques with what pleasure we'll run,  
 And so, with good wishes to all we skedaddle,  
 For Hurrah, boys! Hurrah, boys! The shearing is done.