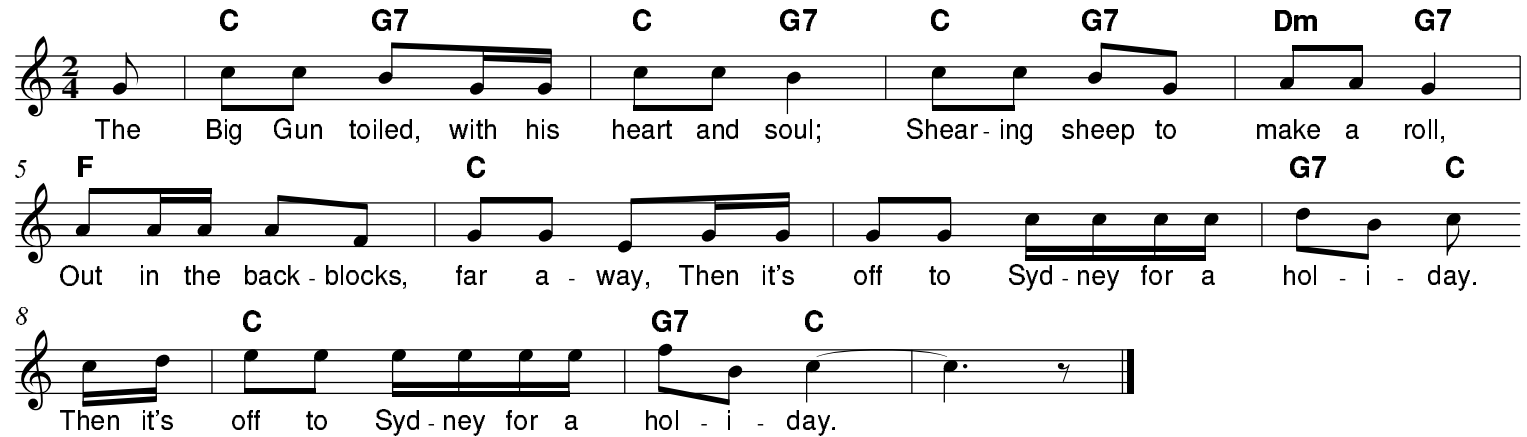


The Big Gun Shearer

Words from a Bill Bowyang reciter with added last verse by Bill Scott. Tune is as sung by Jacko Kevans. Bill Bowyang was a pen name of Alexander Vindex Vennard (1884–1947). Born at Vindex station, near Winton, Queensland, he enlisted as Frank Reid and served at Gallipoli. Post war he moved to Queensland where he collected yarns, ballads and anecdotes and published them as Bill Bowyang.



The Big Gun toiled, with his heart and soul; Shear-ing sheep to make a roll,
 Out in the back - blocks, far a - way, Then it's off to Syd - ney for a hol - i - day.
 Then it's off to Syd - ney for a hol - i - day.

Down in the city he's a terrible swell,
 Takes a taxi to the Kent Hotel.
 The barmaid says, "Why you do look ill,
 Must have been rough tucker, Bill."

In the city he looks a goat,
 With his Oxford bags and Seymour coat,
 He spends his money like a fool, of course,
 That he worked for like a bloomin' horse.

He shouts for everyone round the place
 And goes to Randwick for the big horse race,
 He dopes himself with backache pills
 And talks of high tallies and tucker bills.

And when it's spent he's sick and sore,
 The barmaid's looks are kind no more,
 His erstwhile friends don't care a hoot,
 He goes to the bush per what? – per boot.

Back in Bourke where the flies are bad
 He tells of the wonderful times he's had,
 He tells of the winners he shouldn't have missed,
 And skites of the dozens of girls he's kissed.

He stands at the corner cadging fags,
 His shirt tail showing through his Oxford bags,
 He's pawned his beautiful Seymour coat,
 He's got no money. Oh, what a goat!

He's got no tucker and can't get a booze,
 The soles have gone from his snake-skin shoes.
 He camps on the Bend, in the wind and the rain,
 And waits for shearing to start again.

All you blokes with a cheque to spend,
 Don't go to the city where you've got no friends.
 Head for the nearest wayside shack,
 It's not so far when you've gotta walk back.