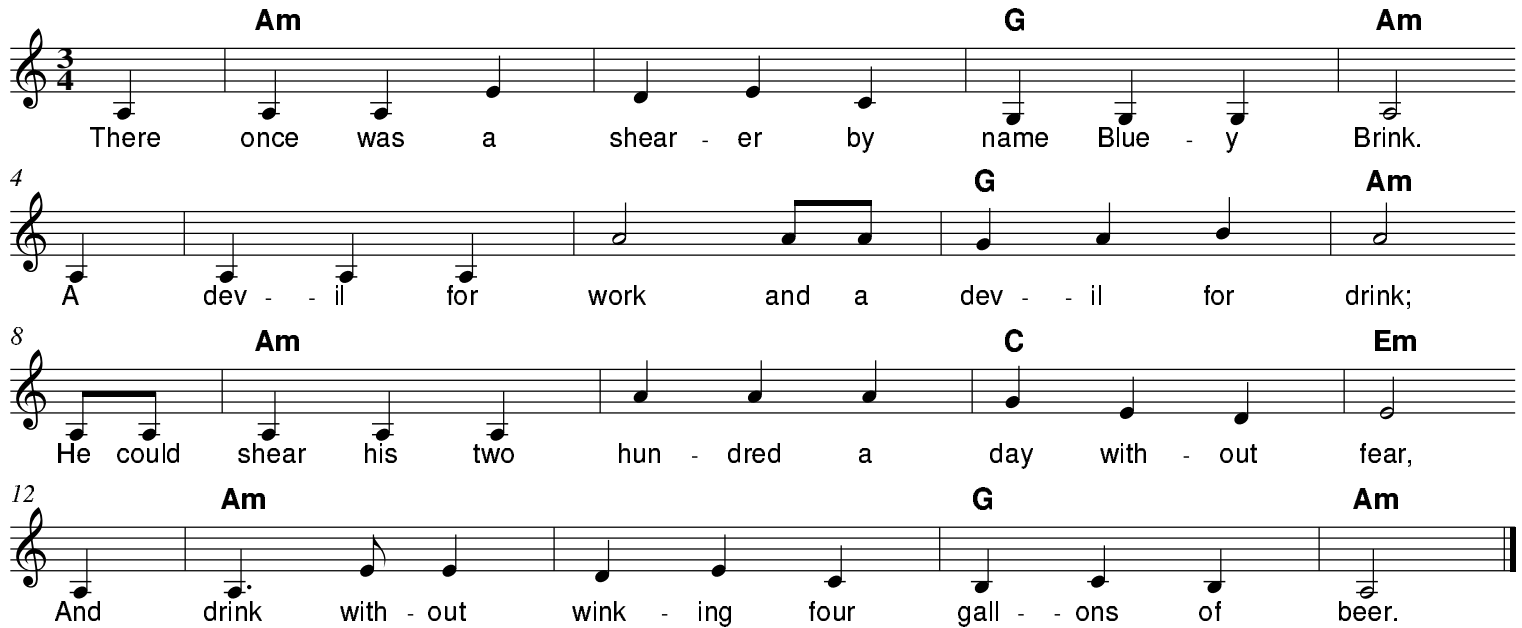


Bluey Brink

Collected from "Old Dad" Adams of Cowra by AL Lloyd but with possible American and Tex Morton antecedents.
It reminds me of the time that me and Billy Jenkins was workin' out at Coonabarabran in 1972.....



There once was a shear - er by name Blue - y Brink.
A dev - - il for work and a dev - - il for drink;
He could shear his two hun - dred a day with - out fear,
And drink with - out wink - ing four gall - - ons of beer.

Now Jimmy the barman who served out the drink,
He hated the sight of this here Bluey Brink,
Who stayed much too late, and who come much too soon,
At morning, at evening, at night and at noon.

One morning as Jimmy was cleaning the bar,
With sulphuric acid he kept in a jar,
Old Bluey come yelling and bawling with thirst:
"Whatever you've got, Jim, just hand me the first."

Now it ain't in the histories, it ain't put in print,
But Bluey drunk acid with never a wink,
Saying, "That's the stuff, Jimmy, well, strike me stone dead,
This'll make me the ringer of Stevenson's shed."

Now all that day long as he served out the beer,
Poor Jimmy was sick with his trouble and fear;
Too worried to argue, too anxious to fight,
Seeing the shearer a corpse in his fright.

Now early next morning, he opened the door,
And along come the shearer, asking for more,
With his eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged,
And holes in his hide like a dog with the mange.

Says Jimmy, "And how did you find that new stuff?"
Says Bluey, "It's fine, but I've not had enough.
It gives me great courage to shear and to fight,
But why does that stuff set my whiskers alight?"

"I thought I knew drink, but I must have been wrong,
For what you just give me was proper and strong;
It set me to coughing, and you know I'm no liar,
And every cough set my whiskers on fire."