

# Garrawilla

Collected from Jack Wright of Coogee, by John Meredith and published in Singabout. Jack learnt it from his father who was shearing at Garrawilla, in northern NSW when it was written by one of the shed hands and given out as hand written copies to his mates.

**Verse**

**C** **G7** **Dm** **G7**

I sing of Gar - ra - - wil - la, a sta - tion of the glen.

**C** **Am** **Dm** **G7**

Like a gem a - mong the mount - ains, the home of gal - lant men.

**C** **G7** **Dm** **G7**

I mean the jol - ly shear - ers, who there re - side in peace,

**C** **Dm** **G7** **C**

And send to dear old Eng - land, Aus - - tra - lia's gold - en fleece.

**Chorus**

**C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**

Oh boys, a shear-er's life is jol - ly. Oh boys, a shear-er's life is free.

**C** **G7** **C**

Oh boys, a shear-er's life's a jol - ly life. And a shear-er's life for me.

Now a shearer's life is not all joy, for weary days they pass,  
Thinking of their horses and looking out for grass.  
The boss he makes them knuckle down, and if his sheep they scar  
Lord help the man that does it if he calls not for tar.

If he would keep his tally up, a shearer cannot slack.  
For sheep condemned as badly shorn have raddle down the back;  
And wool, it must come cleanly off as all good shearers know.  
And if you nick a pizzle, then hump your drum and go.

And when the sheds have all cut out and shearing time is o'er,  
The shearer rolls his bluey up and moves along once more.  
Some travel to their wives and homes, while others go to town.  
And over wine and women, they knock their money down.

And thus it is from year to year, a shearer's life goes round.  
Until the iron hand of death, it lays him in the ground.  
But if up there in heaven, they have a shearer's pen.  
You'll find that heaven's sheep are shorn by Garrawilla men.