

Goorianawa

Sung by Duke Tritton at the Bush Music Club and published in Singabout 1956. Duke learnt it from his uncle in 1895.

Verse

I've been man - y years a shear - er, and fanc - ied I could shear,
I shore for Rouse of Gun - taw - ang and al - ways missed the spear.
I shore for Nich - ol - as Bay - ley, and I dec - lare to you
That on his pure mer - in - os I could al - ways strug - gle through.

Chorus

But, oh! my, I nev - er saw be - fore,
The way we had to knuck - le down at Goor - i - an - a - wa.

I've been shearing down the Bogan, as far as Dandaloo;
For good old Reid of Tabretong, I've often cut a few.
Haddon Rig and Quambone, and even Wingadee,
I could close my shears at six o'clock with a quiet century.

I've been shearing on the Goulburn side and down at Douglas Park,
Where every day was 'Wool Away! and Toby did his work.
I've shore for General Stewart, whose tomb is on The Mount,
And the sprees I've had with Scrammy Jack are more than I can count.

I've shore for John McMaster down at Rockedgial Creek,
And I could always dish him up with thirty score a week.
I've shore at Terramungamine and on the Talbragar
And I ran McDermott for the cobbler when we shore at Buckingbar.

I've been shearing at Eugowra, I'll never forget the name,
Where Gardiner robbed the escort that from the Lachlan came.
I've shore for Bob Fitzgerald down at the Dabee Rocks,
McPhillamy of Charlton and Mister Henry Cox.

That was in the good old days – you might have heard them say,
How Skellycorn from Bathurst rode to Sydney in a day.
But now I'm broken-mouthed and my shearing's at an end,
And though they called me Whalebone, I was never known to bend.

Last chorus: But spare me flamin' days, I never saw before,
The way we had to knuckle down at Goorianawa.