

Jacky Howe

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith 1955, tune adapted by David Johnson 2009

Verse

When you meet with a mob of old - - tim - ers
In wool - sheds, in pubs and in town,
You'll hear of a might - y fast shear - er,
Jack - y Howe, the man from the 'Downs'.
He was the great - est blade - shear - er that e - ver Aus - tra - li - a has known,
There was nev - er a man that could catch him,
For Jack's in a class of his own.

Chorus

They were good for a rush or a ral - ly, But they had - n't the pow - er to stay;
When Jack went out for a tal - ly He'd shear his three hun - dred a day.

You might mention the name of Joe Davis,
McDermott, Whalebone or Bill Horne,
But they were not in the same class
As Jacky, the best shearer born.
And even the best of the big guns,
Sullivan, Tom Power and Jim Vance;
Fast cutters were, but not one of them
With Jacky had ever a chance.

There were many who thought they could beat him
But Jack, his blades running full,
Just cut them all down in a manner
That left them all blinded with wool.
'Twas at Alice Downs that he put up
The best score that's ever been done,
When he wiped out the other gun shearers
With his tally of three twenty one.