

# Jimmy Shearer

From the Brisbane Newspaper the Worker 16 December 1899 attributed to Flinders River. S.L. The tune is a version of 'Bow Wow Wow'  
The original song appeared c1760 and showed in doggerel, how every class of humanity might be likened to the canine race.

I'll sing of what oc - curred out West in eight - een seven - ty - nine, Sirs,  
 When Jim - my Shear - er was one day a lit - tle touched by wine, Sirs,  
 That is, it was - n't quite cham - pagne which made poor Jim - my queer, Sirs,  
 He was - n't o - ver flush those days, 'twould only run to beer, Sirs.

Chorus

Oh dear me, Jim - my Shear - er's woes and troub - les, Oh dear me!

The heat upon that Christmas day  
 Brought out the perspiration ;  
 And so he thought he'd seek the shade  
 Down near the railway station.  
 That is, he would have gone down there,  
 For Jimmy was no young 'un,  
 But the railway hadn't come that far,  
 It stopped at Bogantungan.

So when he could not find some shade,  
 Some bad words he did utter,  
 And cut a fill of baccy up  
 With a Wolseley's patent cutter.  
 That is, he would have used this means,  
 But solely was prevented,  
 'Cos shearing by machinery,  
 It hadn't been invented.

So Jimmy camped there all the night  
 Till he regained his senses,  
 And as his purse was empty, he  
 Saved all hotel expenses.  
 He dreamed he'd won the Melbourne Cup,  
 Owned Merriwee and Dewey,  
 And when he woke he took the track  
 And went off humping bluey.