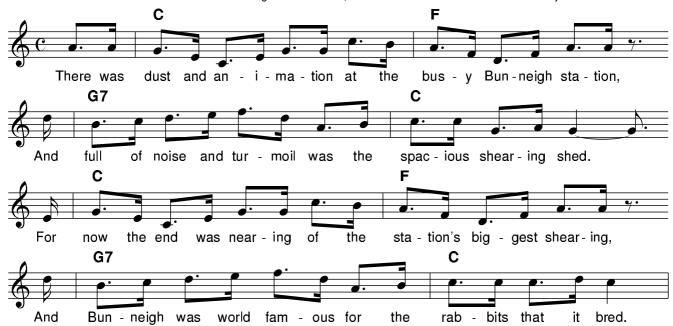
## The Rabbit Shearing

Collected by Ron Edwards from Sybella Lowe of Yeoval NSW. The words were in a book of newspaper cuttings from the Mudgee area c1918; here set to 'Bill Edwards' Schottische' by Dave Johnson 2018



The shearers shore with vigour, with their tallies growing bigger; They had put through more than forty thousand bunnies since the morn. The rabbit–dogs were yelping loud. and every hand was helping, To get the fur of twenty million, long – wool rabbits shorn.

A shearer paused in wonder, and he spat and said, "By thunder, What sort of mongrel rabbit is this bloke I've got to shear? I know all breeds of rabbit, but I don't know where to grab it. In all my life I never saw a rabbit look so queer!"

His mate, a very old man, remarked, "Why, I've been told, man, That mobs of these here animals this station used to keep; They say they used to rear them, and then blokes would come and shear them; My father said they used to call the silly beggars 'sheep!'"