

The Shearer's Dream

Words by Henry Lawson with this tune from the sung version of Charles Ayger, Glebe NSW collected by John Meredith.

I dreamt I shore in a shear-ing shed a-nd it was a dream of joy - .
 For eve-ry one of the rouse-a - bouts was a gi-rl dressed up as a boy - .
 Dressed up like a page in a pant-o - mime the pret-ti - est e - ver seen - .
 They had flax - - en hair they had coal black
 hair a - nd e - ver - y shade be - - tween.

The shed was cooled by electric fans that was over every chute.
 The pens was of polished mahogany and everything else to suit.
 The huts had springs to the mattresses and the tucker was simply grand
 And every night by the billabong we danced to a German band.

Our pay was the wool on the jumbucks' backs so we shore till all was blue.
 The sheep was washed afore they was shore and the rams were scented too
 And we all of us cried when the shed cut out in spite of the long hot days
 For every hour them girls waltzed in with whisky and beer on trays.

There was three of them girls to every chap and as jealous as they could be
 There was three of them girls to every chap and six of them picked on me.
 We was drafting them out for the homeward track and sharing them round like steam
 When I woke with my head in the blazing sun to find it a shearer's dream.