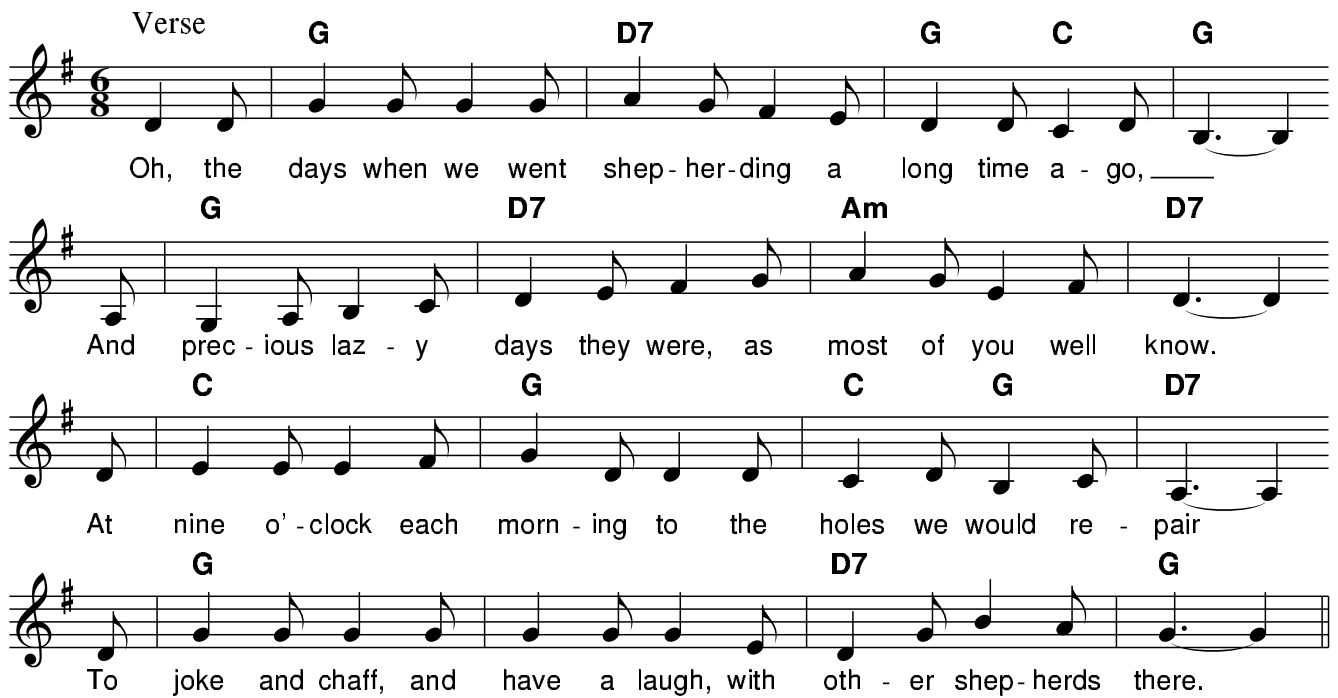


Shepherding

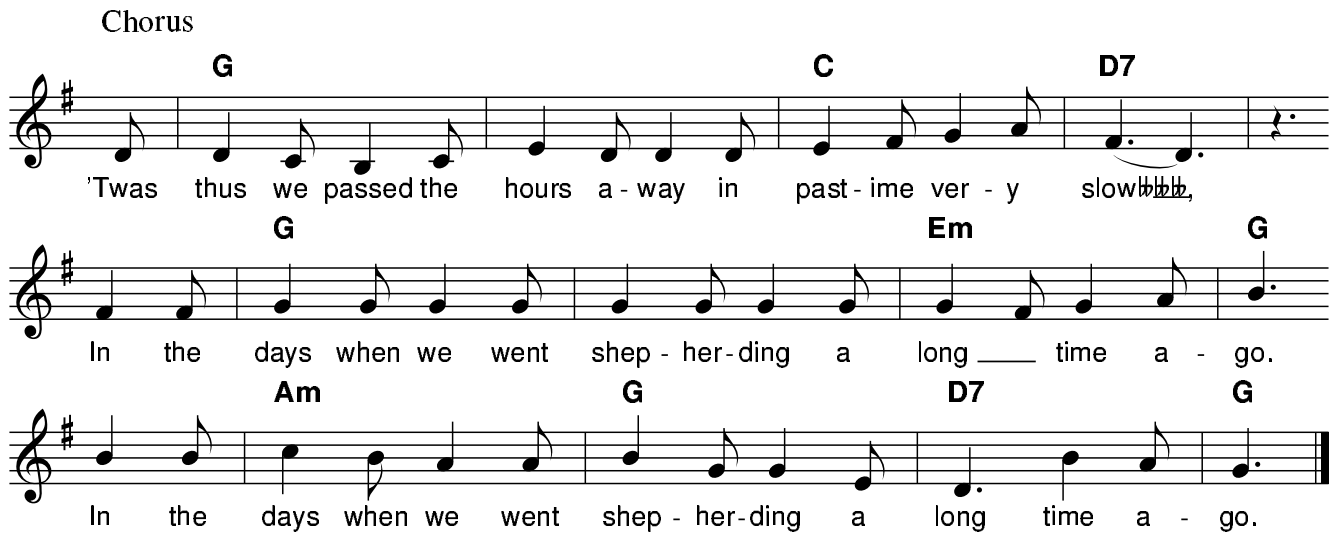
Written by goldfields bard Charles Thatcher c1856, a parody on 'The Days When We Went Gypsying'.

Verse



Oh, the days when we went shep-her-ding a long time a-go,
And pre-cious laz-y days they were, as most of you well know.
At nine o'-clock each morn-ing to the holes we would re-pair
To joke and chaff, and have a laugh, with oth-er shep-herds there.

Chorus



'Twas thus we passed the hours a-way in past-ime ver-y slow-ly,
In the days when we went shep-her-ding a long time a-go.
In the days when we went shep-her-ding a long time a-go.

We'll endeavour to describe to you in this our humble rhyme
The way we jolly shepherds used to pass away the time:
The first thing we'd pitch put about four shovelsful of soil,
Then all knock off and have a spell from this laborious toil.

To a grog-shop then we would repair, and drink with other chaps;
And if they were out for licenses we'd stand and joe the traps;
And when we'd had our nobbler, to the holes away we'd cut
With a pack of cards to have a game of cribbage, whist, or put.

And when the game was over we'd come back one by one,
And four o'clock would come and see our daily labour done:
But often after shepherding for many and many a day,
We'd find the blessed line had slewed, and gone the other way.