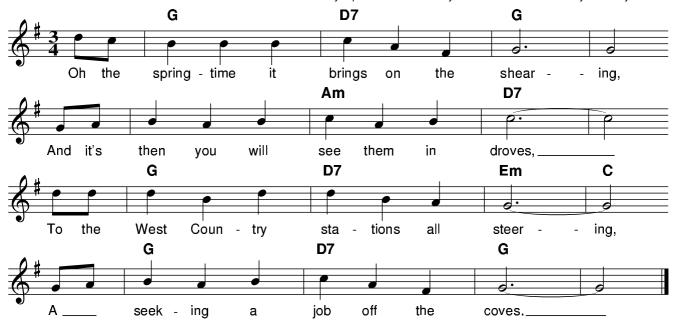
The Springtime It Brings On The Shearing

This is an abbreviated collected version of EJ Overbury's poem "The Wallaby Track. Tune collected by D Percy Jones.



Chorus
With a ragged old swag on my shoulder,
And a billy quart-pot in my hand,
I tell you we'll 'stonish the new-chum,
To see how we travel the land.

You may talk of your mighty exploring Of Landsborough, McKinley and King, But I feel I should only be boring On such frivolous subjects to sing.

For discovering mountains and rivers There's one for a gallon I'd back, Who'd beat all your Stuart's to shivers It's the men on the Wallaby Track.

From the Billabong, Murray and Loddon, To the far Tatiara and back, The hills and the plains are well trodden, By the men on the Wallaby Track.

Oh, and after the shearing is over, And the wool season's all at an end, It is then you will see those flash shearers Making johnny-cakes camped in the bend.