

# The Tomahawker

This is clearly a parody on 'The Knickerbocker Line', which originates from the horse-drawn omnibus era, circa 1840-1860 in New York. A blackface minstrel version inspired many parodies published in songsters in the 1860s in America and Australia.

Verse

Oh, my love he is a shear-er, a shear-er lad by trade,  
And man-y's the tid-y tal-ly, my love for me has made.  
While walk-ing through a shed one day, in the Spring-time of the year  
He thought he'd make, a pile at it, so he start-ed in to shear.  
He quick-ly put a doz-en a-way, though he near-ly half-killed nine,  
He's the reg-u-lar topp-er slash-er, in the tom-a-hawk-ing line.

Chorus

Watch him, pipe him, twig him, how he shears.  
He leaves the wool on the bell-y and legs, and round the horns and ears,  
He's a reg-u-lar terr-or to cobb-lers and dut-y bound to shine,  
With his o-il rags and his doub-le cut, in the tom-a-hawk-ing line.

He always says he'll stay at home, but he's such a changeful mind.  
He's packed his traps again this year, and left me here behind.  
He's travelling through the country, with his tongs and turkey stone,  
On a hungry ghost of a crocodile, a heap of skin and bone.  
He's looking out for a shed, where he can average ninety-nine,  
For he's death upon rosellas, in the tomahawking line.

Oh, my love he is a shearer, and he's the man for me,  
He's the man you, often read about, but very seldom see  
And though he is a dab, sir, a regular don to shear,  
He can double his highest tally when he gets upon the beer.  
He can manage brandy, rum or gin, at a pinch champagne or wine,  
But his boss performance is with the tongs, in the tomahawking line.