

The Western Creeks Are Calling

Collected from Jim Creed by Queensland folklorist, Bob Michell and based on a Will Ogilvie poem 'Northwards to the Sheds'

Verse

There's a whis - per from the reg - ions out be - yond the Bar - won Banks,
A - gath - 'ring of the leg - ions and a - form - ing of the ranks.
There's a whis - per com - ing near - er with a sound that nev - er fails,
It's time for ev - er - y shear - er to be out - up - on the rails.

Chorus

For the west - ern creeks are call - ing, the id - le days are done,
The snow - y fleece is fall - ing and the Queens - land shed's be - gun.

On the green plains of the Murray they'll run their horses in,
There's hustle and there's bustle when the Queensland shed's begun,
There'll be tightening of the bridle and shortening of the girth,
Stirring of the idle that are keen to show their worth.

North along the Lachlan and the sun dried Castlereagh,
On to the Never Never ride the ringers on their way,
They'll be saddling on the Bogan and bridling on the Bland,
Shearers by the hundreds heading north to lend a hand.

They'll be camped below the station where they'll cut both peg and pole,
Raising tents for occupation while they're waiting for their role.
They'll be past the pen doors picking light wool weaners one-by-one,
You'll hear the blades a-clipping and you'll know the shed's begun.

They will leave the girls behind them, their empty glasses too.
There's plenty left behind them when they reach the famed Barcoo.
There'll be kissing there'll be sorrow such as only sweethearts know,
But by the noon tomorrow they'll be singing as they go.