

When Shearing Comes

Tune and words adapted by David Johnson 2005 from material collected by John Meredith from Cyril Tycehurst and Bill Hughes.
The recording demonstrated a lilting droning style which is maintained in the verses.

Verse

When shear-ing comes lay down your drums Step to the boards you brand new chums.

Since you have crossed the brin -y deep, You fanc-y you can shear the sheep

Chorus

With a roo-da - ma - ra, rub-a-dub-a-dub, Drive me back to the lime-juice tub.

There's fourteen shearers shearing in a row
The whistle toots and away they go,
With belly-wools and second-cuts,
Half the buggers are sewing up guts.

Shearerman like toast and butter,
Wolseley comb and Lister cutter;
Rouseabout like plenty joke,
Plenty rain, and engine broke.

Here we are in New South Wales,
Shearing sheep as big as whales,
With leather necks and daggy tails,
And fleece as tough as rusty nails.

With a little bit of sugar and a little bit of tea,
A little bit of flour you can hardly see,
Without any meat, between you and me,
It's a bugger of a life, by Jesus!

There's brand-new chums and cockies' sons,
They fancy that they are great guns,
They fancy they can shear the wool,
But the beggars can only tear and pull.

It's home, it's home I'd like to be,
Not humping the drum in this country,
Sixteen thousand miles I've come,
To march along with a blanket drum.