

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Widgeoweera Joe

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Twas in the old shed at Coorong where I first flashed a blade
Now many's the year that has vanished, along with the cheques I made
I travelled the country, North and South, alone and with my mates
I slept in hundreds of lousy beds, and closed a thousand gates

cho: Hurrah, my boys, my shears are set, I feel both fit and well
Tomorrow you'll find me at my pen when the gaffer rings the bell
With Hayden's patent thumb-guards fixed, and both my blades pulled back
Tomorrow I'll go with my sardine blow for a-century or the sack

I'm only a back-blocks shearer, as easily can be seen
I've shorn in almost every shed on the plains of the Riverine
I've shorn in most of the famous sheds, I've seen big tallies done
But somehow or other, I don't know why, I never became a gun

I've opened down the windpipe straight, I've opened behind the ear
I've shorn in every possible style in which a man can shear
I've studied all the cuts and drives of the famous men I've met
But I've never succeeded in plastering up those three little figures yet

When the Boss walked past this morning, he stopped and he stared at me
For I'd mastered Moran's Great Shoulder Cut, as he could plainly see
But I've another surprise for him, that'll give his nerves a shock
Tomorrow I'll show him I have mastered Pierce's Rang-tang Block

And if I succeed, as I hope to do, next year I intend to shear
At the Wagga Demonstration, that's held there every year
And there I'll lower the colours, the colours of Mitchell and Co
Instead of Deeming, you will hear of Widgeoweera Joe

Notes

Introductory verse completed by Geoff Upson, Victorian Folk Music Club.
Ron Edwards in his Big Book of Australian Folk Song writes "There is a station called Widgeegoara in west Queensland, 110 miles west of Dirranbandi and about 17 miles north of the NSW border

MG
APR99