The Backblocks Shearer

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1. I'm only a backblocks shearer, boys, as can be plainly seen,
I've shore in almost every shed on the plains of the Riverine,
I've shore 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.

cho: Hurrah, me boys, my shears are set, I feel both fit and well
Tomorrow will find me at my pen when the gaffer rings the bell
With Haydon's patent thumbguards fixed and both my blades pulled back
Tomorrow I go with a sliding blow for a century or the sack

2. I've opened up the windpipe straight, I've opened behind the ear
I've practiced 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 never succeeded in plastering up those three little figures yet

3. As the boss walked down this morning, boys, I saw him stare at me
For I'd mastered Morgan's shoulder-cut, as he could plainly see
But I've another surprise for him that'll give his nerves a shock
Tomorrow he'll find I've mastered Pierce's rang-tang block!

4. If I succeed as I hope to, then I intend to shear
At Wagga demonstration that they have there every year,
Then down the colours will come, my boys, the colours of Mitchell & Co.
Instead of Deeming, you will hear of Widgegoweera Joe!

Note: written by W. Tully at Nimidgee, NSW: in most Australian collections JB
JB