New South Wales

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cho: Here we are in New South Wales
Shearing sheep as big as whales, with
Leather necks and jaggy tails
And hides as tough as rusty nails.

When shearing comes, lay down your drums
Step to the boards you brand-new chums
With the rattum-rattum-rub-a-dub-dub
We'll send you back on the lime juice tub.

The brand new chums and cappy sons
Fancy they're the greatest guns.
Fancy they can shear the wool
But the beggars can only tear and pull.

Though you live beyond your means
Your daughters wear no crinolines;
Nor are they bothered by boots or shoes
But live wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

Oh it's home I'd like to be
Far from the bush and back country
Sixteen thousand miles I've come
To spend my life as a shearing bum.

Recorded by A.L. Lloyd, Clancys