

The Shearing Shed

As the sun begins to rise,
Shearers and rouseabouts open their eyes.
Cook has breaky on the plate,
Rouseabouts rushing, 'Don't be late!'

Shearers grinding combs and cutters,
First day nerves begin to flutter.
Bell rings loudly, men rush in,
Grab their sheep, the race begins.

Soft, white wool rolls off the sheep,
Rousy grabs the fleecy heap.
'Bellies away, sweep the board,'
"Sheepoh!" the ringer roared.

Dogs bark, sheep are penned,
More sheep, the dog we'll send.
Hoof taps on the wooden battens,
Light gleams in, making patterns.

Silky fleece flies through the air,
Like a blanket lying there.
Skirt the wool, in the bin,
Make the fleece, white and trim.

Bell rings again, time to stop,
Tally up, who's on top?
Cook brings smoko to the shed,
Keen to eat, to the tucker-box they sped.

Time's up, back in gear,
Rams come in, shearers fear.
Change a comb, have a drink,
Tighten the sling, take out a link.

Sweat drips down the shearers' face,
With a struggle, but there's no trace.
As the day is finally done,
Shearers watch the fading sun.

Play some cards, have a drink,
Exhausted men, too tired to think.
Go to bed, get some sleep,
Dreaming of young, easy sheep.