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The Springtime It Brings on the Shearing

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Oh, the springtime it brings on the shearing,
And it's then that you'll see them in droves,
To the west country stations all steering,
A-seeking a job off the coves.

cho: With my ragged old swag on my shoulder
And a billy quart-pot in my hand,
I tell you we'll astonish the new chums
To see how we travel the land.

You may talk of your mighty exploring,
Of Landsborough, McKinley, and King;
But I feel it should only be boring
On such frivolous subjects to sing.

For discovering mountains and rivers
There's one for a gallon I'd back,
Who'll beat all your Stuarts to shivers:
It's the man on the wallaby track.

From Billabone, Murray, and Loddon
To far Tatiara and back
The hills and the plains are well trodden
By the men on the wallaby track.

Oh, and after the shearing is over
And the wool season's all at an end,
It is then that you'll see those flash shearers
Making johnny-cakes round in the bend.

A popularised version of E.J. Overbury's poem "On the Wallaby Track" (1865). This approximates the version collected by Dr. Percy Jones. The song is also well known in New Zealand. RW

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