

# Limejuice Tub

Tune and words adapted by D Johnson 2005 from material collected John Meredith from Cyril Ticehurst and Bill Hughes.

G

G D7 G

G Am D7 G

When shearing comes lay down your drums  
Step to the boards you brand new chums  
Since you have crossed the briny deep,  
You fancy you can shear the sheep.

### *Chorus*

With a roo-da-ma-ra, rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
Drive me back to the limejuice tub.

There's fourteen shearers shearing in a row  
The whistle toots and away they go,  
With belly-wools and second-cuts ,  
Half the buggers are sewing up guts.

Shearerman like toast and butter,  
Wolseley comb and Lister cutter;  
Rouseabout like plenty joke,  
Plenty rain, and engine broke.

With a little bit of sugar and a little bit of tea,  
A little bit of flour you can hardly see,  
Without any meat, between you and me,  
It's a bugger of a life, by Gee!

It's home, it's home I'd like to be,  
Not humping the drum in this country,  
Sixteen thousand miles I've come,  
To march along with a blanket drum.