

Songs

The Rabbit Shearing

Collected by Ron Edwards from Sybella Lowe of Yeoval NSW. The words were in a book of newspaper cuttings from the Mudgee area c1918; here set to 'Bill Edwards' Schottische' by Dave Johnson 2018

There was dust and an - i - ma - tion at the bus - y Bun - neigh sta - tion,
And full of noise and tur - moil was the spac - ious shear - ing shed.
For now the end was near - ing of the sta - tion's big - gest shear - ing,
And Bun - neigh was world fam - ous for the rab - bits that it bred.

The shearers shored with vigour, with their tallies growing bigger;
They had put through more than forty thousand bunnies since the morn.
The rabbit-dogs were yelping loud, and every hand was helping,
To get the fur of twenty million, long - wool rabbits shorn.

A shearer paused in wonder, and he spat and said, "By thunder,
What sort of mongrel rabbit is this bloke I've got to shear?
I know all breeds of rabbit, but I don't know where to grab it.
In all my life I never saw a rabbit look so queer!"

His mate, a very old man, remarked, "Why, I've been told, man,
That mobs of these here animals this station used to keep;
They say they used to rear them, and then blokes would come and shear them;
My father said they used to call the silly beggars 'sheep!'"