



# Flash Jack From Gundagai

D Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> D




I've shore at Bur - ra - bo - gie, and I've shore at to - gan main, I've  
 Chorus All am - ong the wool boys all a - mong the wool,

D Em A<sup>7</sup>




shore at big Wil - lan - dra and on the old Cole raine. But be -  
 keep you blades blades full boys keep you blades full I can

D Bm G Bm



fore the shear - in was o - ver I've wished my - self back a - gain.  
 do a res - spect - ab - le tally my - self when - ev - er I liketo try And they

D Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> D



Shear - in for old Tom Pat - ter - son, on the One Tree Plain.  
 know me round the backblocks as Flash Jack from Gund - a - gai.

I've shore at big Willandra and I've shore at Tilberoo,  
 And once I drew my blades, my boys, upon the famed Barcoo,  
 At Cowan Downs and Trida, as far as Moulamein,  
 But I always was glad to get back again on the One Tree Plain.

I've pinked 'em in the Wolseleys and I've ruched with B'bows too,  
 And shaved 'em in the grease, my boys, with the grass seed showing through.  
 But I never slummed my pen, my lads, what ever it might contain,  
 While shearing for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.

I've been whalin up the Lachlan, and I've dossed on Cooper's Creek,  
 And once I rung Cudjingie shed, and blued it in a week,  
 But when Gabriel blows his trumpet, lads, I'll catch the morning train,  
 And I'll push for old Tom Patterson's, on the One Tree Plain.