1. The weather has been sultry for a fortnight now or more
   And the shearers have been driving might and main
   For some have got the century who ne'er got it before
   But now we all are waiting for the rain
   Chorus: For the boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in
   His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain
   And the second man I fear will make it hot for him
   Unless we have another fall of rain

2. Now some had taken quarters and were keeping well in bunk
   When we shore the six-tooth wethers from the plain
   And if the sheep get harder then a few more men will flunk
   Unless we have another fall of rain

3. Some cockies come here shearing they would fill a little book
   About this sad dry weather for the grain
   But here is lunch a-coming make way for Dick the cook
   Old Dick is nigh as welcome as the rain

4. But the sky is clouding over and the thunder's muttering loud
   And the clouds are sweeping westward o'er the plain
   And I see the lightning flashing round the edge of yon black cloud
   And I hear the gentle patter of the rain

5. So, lads, put up your stoppers and let us to the hut
   Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game
   While some are playing music and some play ante up
   And some are gazing outwards at the rain.

6. But now the rain is over let the pressers spin the screw
   Let the teamsters back their wagons in again
   We'll block the classer's table by the way we push them through
   For everything goes merry since the rain

7. So its "Boss bring out the bottle" and we'll wet the final flock
   For the shearers here may never meet again
   Well some may meet next season and some not even then
   And some they will just vanish like the rain
   Final Chorus: And the boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they all are shore
   And the ringer's wrist won't ache much with the pain
   Of pocketing his cheque for a hundred quid or more
   And the second man will press him hard again