

**Waiting For The Rain**  
**Gordon Bok**

[Intro]

**C F C G/B Am G**  
**C F C G C**

[Verse]

Well, the weather had been sultry for a fortnight s time or more  
The shearers had been battling might and main  
And some had got the century as never did before  
And now all hands are waiting for the rain

[Verse]

The boss is getting rusty and the ringer s caving in  
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain  
And every second man, I fear, is going to make it hot for him  
Unless we get another fall of rain

[Instrumental]

**C Bb F C G/B Am G**  
**C F C G C**

[Verse]

Well, the sky is clouding over and the thunder s muttering loud  
The clouds are driving eastward o er the plain  
And I see the lightning flashing followed by an awful crash  
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain

[Verse]

So, lads put on your stoppers and let us to the hut  
We ll gather round and have a friendly game  
And some are playing music and some play ante-up  
And some are gazing outward at the rain

[Instrumental]

**C** **Bb** **F** **C** **G/B** **Am** **G**  
**C** **F** **C** **G** **C**

[Verse]

**F** **C**  
Well, now the rain is over, let the pressers spin their screws  
**Am** **G**  
Let the teamsters drive their wagons in again  
**C** **F** **C**  
And we ll block the classer s table by the way we push them through  
**G** **C** **Bb**  
Since now all hands are merry since the rain

[Verse]

**F** **C**  
And the boss won t be so rusty when the sheep have all been shorn  
**Am** **G**  
And the ringer s wrist won t ache so with the pain  
**C** **C7** **F** **C**  
Of pocketing a season s check for fifty pounds or more  
**G** **C** **Bb**  
And the second man will drive him hard again

[Verse]

**F** **C**  
So boss, bring out the bottle and we ll wet the final flock  
**Am** **G**  
For the shearers here may never meet again  
**C** **C7** **F** **C**  
And some may meet next season and some not even then  
**G** **C**  
And some they will just vanish like the rain