

## Christmas Songs

### "Christ Was Born In A Shearing Shed"

Visit "[Christ Was Born In A Shearing Shed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The shearers were shearing at Bethlehem,  
The men were all at the shed,  
When a swagman asked for shelter of them,  
For his wife on an ass he led.  
The rep. looked him over, his head on one side,  
Like an emu out in the scrub,  
When the stranger said his wife was denied  
Accommodation at the pub.

The girl was pregnant. Ah, what was the use,  
Us blokes we could read the signs:  
They'd kicked her out when she couldn't produce  
Respectable marriage lines.  
Well, that was all right. Why, every tramp,  
White, or yellow, or black,  
Was welcome to meals and a place to camp  
In the shearing sheds outback.

The presser he dragged out a butt of wool  
To the cosiest nook in the shed;  
"Here, grab 'youseselves' a pack a piece  
"And make 'youseselves' a bed".  
That night we awoke to a racket and ramp  
And wondered what could it be?  
It sounded like an Aborigines' camp  
The night of corroboree.

You've heard the music the Beatles played?  
Well, toss in a harp, and a horn,  
And you've got the racket those angels made  
The night that Christ was born.  
While the angels raved on about "Peace on Earth"  
Us shearers went back to bed  
For stranger things than a saviour's birth  
Have happened in shearing sheds.

There were shepherds, of course, allaround the place.  
Now these blokes, they don't see much of life,  
So they gathered around and they lent a hand  
To help out the stranger's wife.  
Three Afghan camel men came from afar.

They were wise, so said the boss,  
They had travelled a course 'neath a shining star  
Just East of the Southern Cross.

They were generous coves, too, I'll be bound.  
They gave him some toys, and a bell,

Visit [Christmas Songs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.