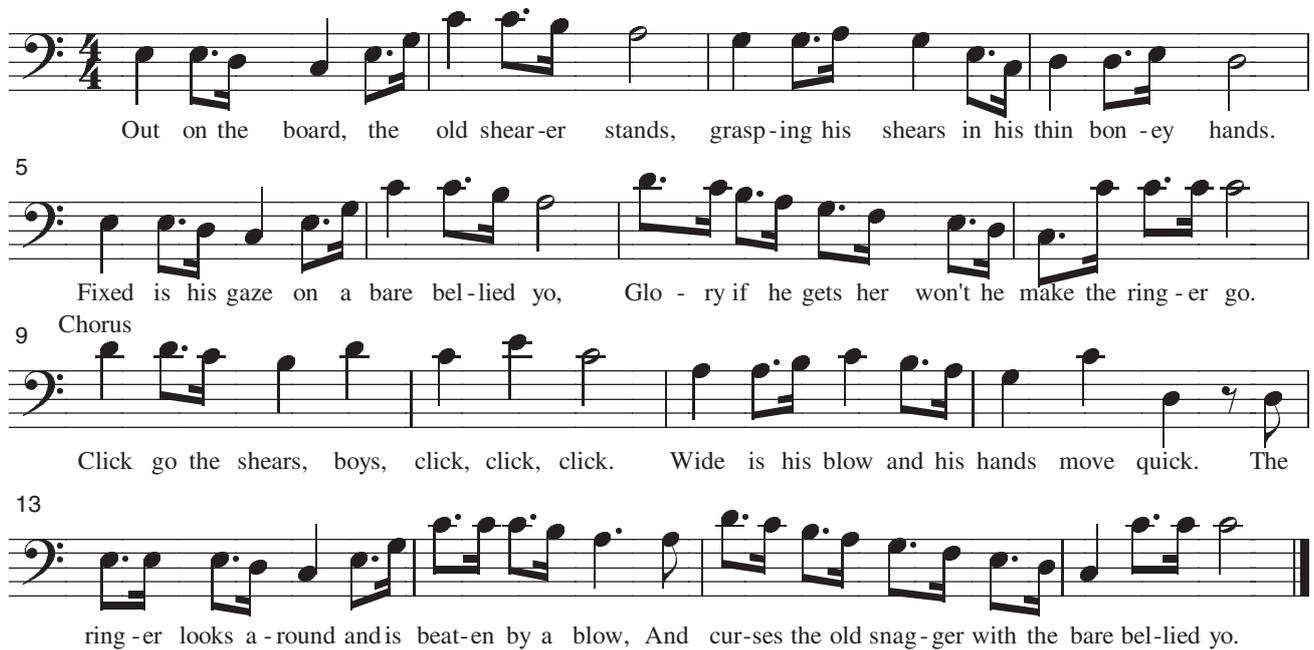


# Click go the Shears

Trad. Australian



Out on the board, the old shear-er stands, grasp-ing his shears in his thin bon -ey hands.

5  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare bel-ied yo, Glo - ry if he gets her won't he make the ring -er go.

9 Chorus  
Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click. Wide is his blow and his hands move quick. The

13  
ring -er looks a -round and is beat-en by a blow, And cur-ses the old snag -ger with the bare bel-ied yo.

In the middle of the floor in his cane bottom chair,  
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,  
Notes well each 'fleece as it comes to the screen,  
Paying string attention that it's taken off clean.

The tar boy is there, waiting in demand,  
With his blacken'd tar pot and his tarry hands,  
See one old sheep with a cut upon its back,  
Here's what he's been waiting for, it's "Tar, here, Jack!"

The Colonial Experience man he is there of course,  
With his shiny leggings, just off his horse,  
Looks round the shed like a real connoisseur,  
Brillianteen and scented soap and smelling like a whore.

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,  
So it's roll up your swags boys, we're off on the track,  
The first pub we come to we'll all have a spree,  
And everyone who comes along, it's come and drink with me.

Down by the bar the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands,  
Fixed is his gaze on a green painted keg,  
Glory, he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a leg.

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands,  
While all around him every bludger stands,  
His eyes are on the keg which now is lowering fast,  
He drinks hard, he works hard, and goes to Hell at last.