

Click Go the Shears

Out on the board the old shearer stands
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied yoe
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go.

Chorus

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow
Curses the old snagger with the bare bellied yoe.

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

The colonial experience man, he is there of course
With his shiny leggings, just got off his horse
Looking round the shed like a real connoisseur
With brilliantine and scented soap and smelling like a ----
 who said that?

The tar-boy is there, awaiting in demand
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back
This is what he's waiting for, it's 'Tar here Jack!'

Now shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques
Roll up your swag boys we're off on the tracks
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree
And everyone that 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 before he stirs a leg.

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands
Whilst all around him every 'shouter' stands
His eyes are on the cask which now is lowering fast
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last!