

Click Go The Shears

A C F C G7 $\text{♩} = 116$

Out on the board the— old shear-er stands, Grasping his shears in his thin bon-y hand,

C F G7 C F C

Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bel-ied yeo - Glor-y if he gets her won't he make the ring-er go.

B G7 C G7 C F C G7

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

C F G7 C F C

ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow, And curses the old snagger with the bare - bel-ied yeo.

1. Out on the board the old shearer stands,
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hand,
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied yeo -
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,
And curses the old snagger with the bare-bellied yeo.

2. In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere;
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.
3. The tar boy is there and awaiting in demand,
With his blackened tar pot in his tarry hand,
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back;
Here is what he's waiting for - it's "Tar here Jack"
4. The Colonial Experience man, he is there of course,
With his shiny leggings on, just off his horse.
He gazes all around like a real connoisseur,
Scented soap and brilliantine, smelling most peculiar.
5. Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
Roll up your swags, 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!"