

Click Go the Shears traditional Australian

C F
 Out on the boards the old shearer stands
C Dm(½) G7(½)
 Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands
C F
 Fixed is his eyes on a blue bellied Joe
Dm(½) G7(½) C(½) F(½) C(½)
 Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go



G C
 Click go the Shears boys, click, click, click
F C(½) G(½)
 Wide is his blow and his hands move quick The
C F
 ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow and
Dm(½) G(½) C(½) F(½) C(½)
 curses the old swagger with the blue-bellied Joe

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

The colonial experience man, he is there, of course,
 With his shiny leggin's, just got off his horse,
 Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur,
 Whistling the old tune, "I'm the Perfect Lure."

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

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
 Roll up your swag for 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 honey hands;
 Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg,
 Glory he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg.

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