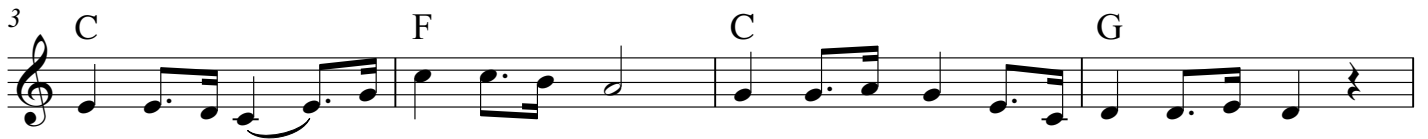


Click go the shears

Trad.

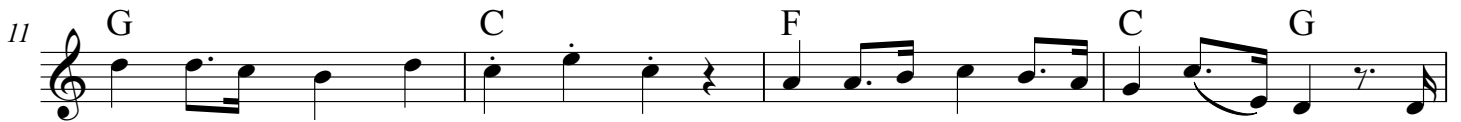


Out on the board the old shear-er stands. Grasp-ing his shears in his thin bo - ny hands.



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

Chorus



Click goes the shears, boys, click, click, click. Wide is his blow & his hands move_ quick. The



ring-er looks a-round & is beat-en by a blow. And cur-ses the old snag-ger with the bare bel lied yoe.

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.

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

Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques
Roll up your swag, we're all off on the tracks,
The first pub we come to, it's there we'll have a spree
Everyone who comes along it's "Come and drink with me."