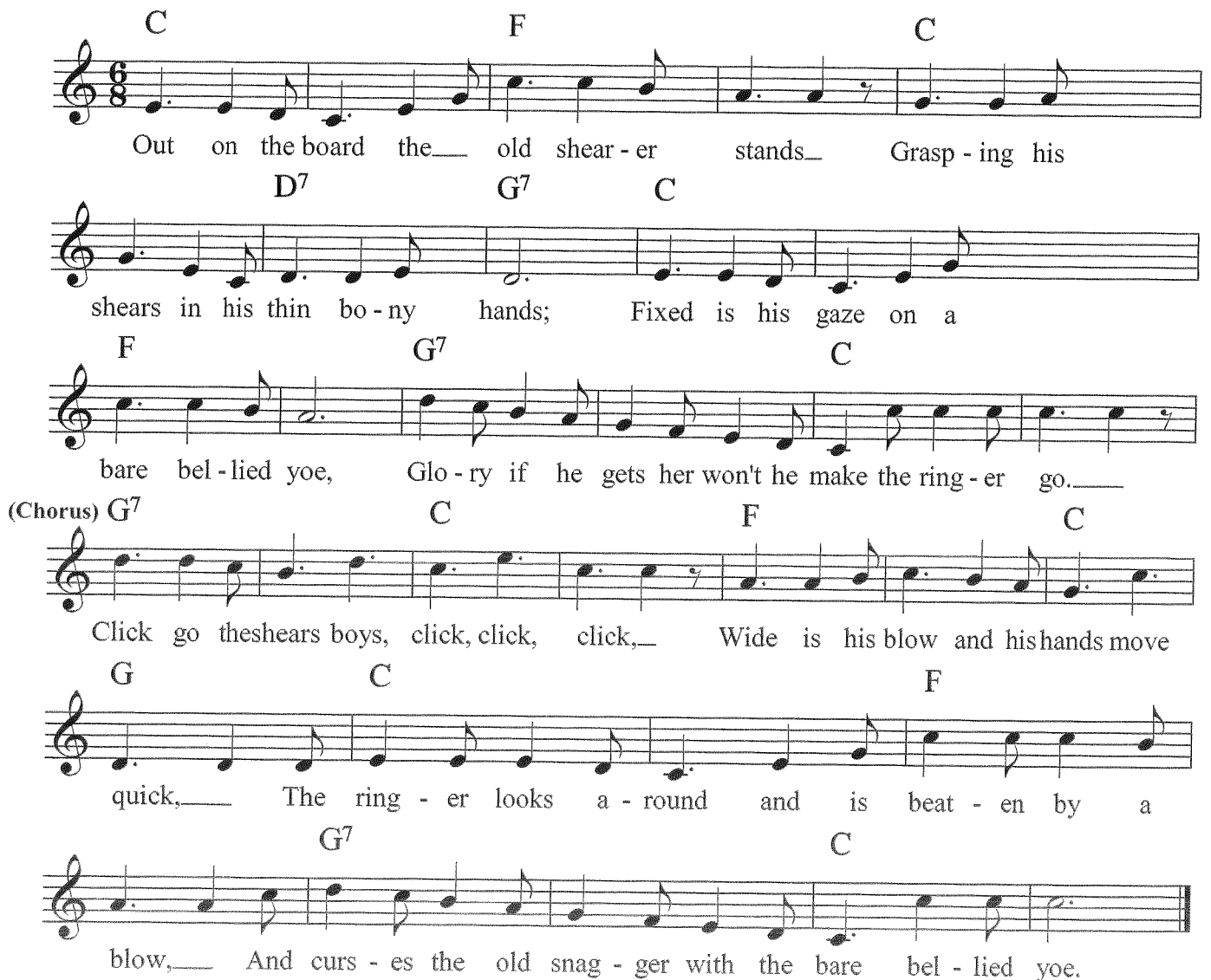


Click Go The Shears



C F C

Out on the board the old shear-er stands Grasp-ing his

D⁷ G⁷ C

shears in his thin bo-ny hands; Fixed is his gaze on a

F G⁷ C

bare bel-ied yoe, Glo-ry if he gets her won't he make the ring-er go.

(Chorus) G⁷ C F C

Click go theshears boys, click, click, click, Wide is his blow and his hands move

G C F

quick, The ring-er looks a-round and is beat-en by a

G⁷ C

blow, And curs-es the old snag-ger with the bare bel-ied 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 of 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 his back,
Here's what he's waiting for it's 'Tar here Jack!'

Now the shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques,
So roll up your swags and it's off down the track,
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along it's have a drink with me.