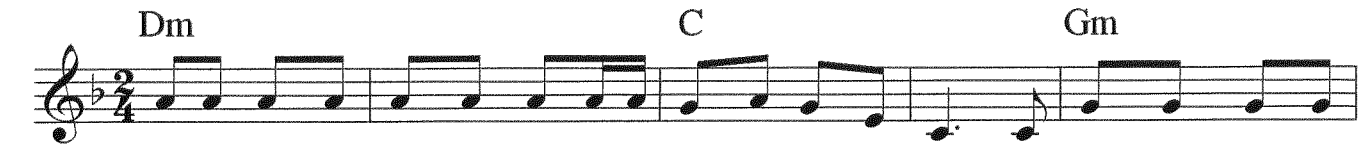


Lachlan Tigers



At his gate each shear - er stood as the whist - le loud - ly blew, With eye - brows fixed and
 Chorus A lot of Lach - lan Tig - ers it's plain to see we are, Hark to our bur - ley



lips com - pressed the tig - ers all fell too, Hark to the click - ing of the shears as
 ring - er as he loud - ly calls for tar Tar here calls one and



through the wool they glide, You see our guns al - read - y turned and on the whip - ping side.
 quick the tar boy flies Sweep those locks aw - ay an - oth - er loud - ly cries.

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired,
 There hasn't been a better board since Jacky Howe expired;
 Along the board our gaffer walks his face all in a frown,
 And passing by the ringer says, 'You watch my lad, keep down.'

For I must have them bellies off, and topknots too likewise,
 My eye is quick so none of your tricks or from me you will fly,
 Oh, curses on our gaffer, he's never on our side,
 To shear a decent tally boys, in vain I've often tried.

I have a pair of Ward and Paine's that are both bright and new,
 I'll rig them up and I'll let you see what I can really do!
 I've shorn on the Riverine where they shear them by the score,
 But such a terror as this to clip I never shore before.