

Ryebuck Shearer



I came from the south and my name it's Field and when my shears are pro-per-ly
 Chorus If I don't shear a tally be-fore I go my shears and stone in riv-er I'll



steeled It's a hund-red and more I have ve-ry of-ten
 through I'll nev-er op-en saw bees to take a-noth-er



peeled and of course I'm a rye-buck shear-er.
 blow and prove I'm a rye-buck shear-er.

There's a bloke on the board and he's got a yellow skin,
 A very long nose and he shaves on the chin,
 And a voice like a billy goat dancing on a tin,
 And of course he's a ryebuck shearer.

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say,
 That I couldn't shear a hundred sheep a day,
 Well one fine day, I'll show him the way,
 And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.

There's a bloke up north, or so I've heard,
 With a face like a dried up buffalo turd,
 And if you think that's bad, you ort to see his bird,
 And of course she's a ryebuck shearer.

Oh, I'll make a splash, but I won't say when,
 I'll hop off me tail and I'll into the pen,
 While the ringers shearing five, I'll be shearing ten,
 And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.