

## Click go the Shears



Board – the shearing floor

Yoe – a heritage English word alternative to 'Ewe'

Ringer – gun shearer – best shearer in the shed

Blow – one long cutting sweep with the shears

Snagger – old timer with a few teeth missing

1: Out on the board the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands,  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "Yoe,"  
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the "ringer" go.

**Chorus:** Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,  
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,  
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,  
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Yoe."

2: 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.

3: 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!"

Optional verses:

<p>4: 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."</p>	<p>5: 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!"</p>
<p>6: Down by the bar the old shearer stands, Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands; Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg, Glory he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg.</p>	<p>7: There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands, While 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!</p>