

Ryebuck Shearer



I come from the south and my name is Field
And when my shears are properly steeled
It's a hundred and odd I have very often peeled
And of course I'm a ryebuck shearer

CHORUS:

If I don't shear a tally before I go
My shears and stone in the river I'll throw
And I'll never open Sawbees or take another blow
And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say
I couldn't shear a hundred sheep in a day
But some fine day I'll show him the way
And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

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

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 pissing in a tin
And of course he's a ryebuck shearer