

CLICK GO THE SHEARS

traditional (tune: Ring The Bell Watchman)

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The first staff is labeled 'Verse' and contains five measures with chords C, F, C, G, and C above it. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains six measures with chords F, G, C F C, G, C F C, and F above it. The third staff contains six measures with chords C, G, C, F, G, and C F C above it. Measure numbers 6 and 12 are indicated at the start of the second and third staves respectively.

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

Chorus : G C F C
 Click go the shears boys, click, click, click
 F C G
 Wide is his blow and his hands are moving quick
 C F
 The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow
 G C F C
 And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "joe"

Verse 2: In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair
 Sits the boss of the board, with his eyes everywhere
 He notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
 Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean

Verse 3: The colonial-experience man he's there, of course
 With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse
 Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur
 Brilliantine and scented soap and smelling like a "whore"

Verse 4: 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
 Here's what he's waiting for "Tar here Jack!"

Verse 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!"

Verse 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

verse 7: There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands
Whilst 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

