

31 Click Go The Shears

Collected by John Meredith, arranged by Alfred Hill

Moderately

C VERSE

1. Out on the board the old shear - er stands, Grasp - ing his
 shears in his thin bon - y hands. Fixed is his gaze on a bare bel - lied
 yoe, Glor - y if he gets her, Won't he make the ring - er go. —

G CHORUS

Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click, Wide is his blow and his
 hands move quick. — The ring - er looks a - round and is beat - en by a
 blow, — And curs - es the old snag - ger with the bare bel - lied yoe.

2. In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair,
 Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere.
 Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,
 Paying strict attention that it's coming off clean.

CHORUS

3. The tar boy is there and a-waiting in demand,
 With his blackened tar pot in his tarry hand,
 Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back,
 Here is what he's waiting for it's, "Tar here, Jack!"

CHORUS

4. Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques,
 Roll up your swag, boys, 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!"

CHORUS

