**CLICK GO THE SHEARS**

**Out on the board the old shearer stands,**

**Grasping his shears in is 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 yells at the old snagger with the bare-bellied yoe.**

**In the middle of the floor, in his cane-bottomed chair, sits the**

**Boss of the boards, with his eyes everywhere.**

**Notices ev’ry fleece as it comes to the screen,**

**Paying strict attention that it’s taken off clean.**

**CHORUS**

**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**

**Shearing is all over and we’ve all got our checks,**

**Roll up our swag for we’re off on the tracks.**

**The first place we come to, it’s there we’ll have a spree,**

**And ev’ryone that comes along, it’s “Come and eat with me!”**

**CHORUS**