Click Go the Shears

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cho: Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,
The ringer looks around as he's beaten by a blow
And curses the old swagger with the blue-bellied Joe.

Out on the boards the old shearer stands,
Clasping his shears in his thin bony hands,
Fixed is his eyes on a blue-bellied Joe
Glory, if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

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

<stuff forgotten> up on his chair,
Is the boss of the joint, with his eyes everywhere
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
Pays strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The Colonial Experienced Man, he's there of course
With his shiny leggings like he's just off his horse
Casting 'round his eyes, just like a coinnosier,
Whistling the old tying tune, "I'm a perfect lure."

Well, the shearing is over, we've all got our checks
Pack up your swags, boys, we're off on the tracks
The first pub we come to, it's there we'll have a spree
With everybody shouting out, "Come and drink with me!."

Note: ringer: fastest shearer on the team
swagger: lucky fella
blue-bellied Joe: sheep with completely-shaved belly
tar: antiseptic ointment for cuts. Looks and smells like

its name.
Colonial Experienced Man: A sort-of Humane-Society

inspector.
LN