

Click Go The Shears

First references to this song are in 1890, but its popularity dates from its revival in the 1950s.

Verse

G **C**

Out on the board the _____ old shear - - er stands

G **D7**

Grasp - - ing his shears in his thin bon - - y hands

G **C**

Fixed is his gaze on a bare - - bell - - ied "joe";

D7 **G** **C** **G**

Glor - y if he gets her, won't he make the ring - - er go.

Chorus

D **G**

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click

C **G** **D7**

Wide is his blow and his hands move quick.

G **C**

The ring - - er looks a - round and is beat - en by a blow

D7 **G** **C** **G**

And he curs - es the old snag - ger with the bare - - bell - ied "joe".

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair
Is the boss of the board, with eyes everywhere
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
"By the living Harry can't you take'm off clean?"

The colonial-experience man he is there, of course
With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse.
Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur
Whistling the old tune "I'm the Perfect Lure".

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

Now the shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques
Roll up your swag for we're off along 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!"

Extra verses

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 before he stirs a peg!

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.

You take off the belly-wool clean out the crutch.
Go up the neck for the rules they are such.
You clean round the horns first shoulder go down
Long blow down the side and then turn around.

Click, click, click, that's how the blade shears go.
Click, clickety click Oh my boys it isn't slow.
You finish off a sheep down the chute give him a kick
And still you hear the shears a-going click, click, click.

In come the dollars and in come the cents
Out go the pounds and the shillings and the pence.
Be prepared folks when the coins begin to mix
On the fourteenth of February nineteen sixty-six.