

The Lachlan Tigers

Collected by AL Lloyd and set by him to the same tune as 'The Station Cook' which is related to traditional Scot tune 'Musselburgh Fair'.
An American version 'The Cruise of the Bugler' has been dated as 1875 and possibly derived from the nigger minstrel shows.

capo 2
Am Bm **G A**

Now at his gate each shear-er stood as the whist-le loud-ly blew,

G A **Am Bm**

With eye-brows fixed and lips com-pressed the tig-ers all fell to

Am Bm **G A**

You could hear the click-ing of the shears as through the wool they glide,

Am Bm **G A** **Am Bm** **G A** **Am Bm**

You see our gun al-read-y turned, he's on the whip-ping side.

Chorus

A mob of lachlan tigers, it's plain to see we are.
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar (Tar)
"Tar here!" calls one and quick the tarboy flies.
"Sweep those locks away!" , another loudly cries.

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired.
There hasn't been a better board since Jackie Howe expired.
Along the board the contractor walks, his face all in a frown
And passing by the ringer he says "Watch me lad keep down."

I must have those bellies off, the top knots too likewise
My eye is quick so none of your tricks, or you'll go off like flies"
My curses on that gaffer he's never on our side
To shear a decent tally boys in vain I've often tried.

I have a pair of Ward & Paynes that are both bright and new
I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do.
I've shorn on the Riverina where they shear them by the score
But such a mob as this me boys I never saw before.