

Click! Go the Shears

Burl Ives

Out on the board the old shearer stands
Grasping his shears in his thin boney hands
Fixed is his gaze on a blue-bellied "Joe"
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the "ringer" go

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 curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Joe"

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

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 curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Joe"

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

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

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick
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And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Joe"

The shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques
Roll up your swag oh 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!"

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 curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Joe"

Down by the bar the old shearer stands
Grasping his glass in his thin boney hands
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg
Glory he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg

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 curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "Joe"

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!

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