

Barn Dance – words

Click Go the Shears

Out on the board the old shearer stands,
Grasping his shears in his long, honey hands,
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "Joe,"
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 curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "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
Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean.

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

Waltzing Matilda

Oh, there once was a swagmen camped in a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree,
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water-hole.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker-bag,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Old Bullock Dray

Now the shearing is all over, and the wool is coming
down

I mean to get a wife, my boys, when I go down to town
For everything has got a mate that brings itself to view
From the little paddy-melon to the big kangaroo

Chorus - So roll up your blankets and let us make a push
I'll take you up the country and show you the bush
I'll be bound such a chance you won't get another day
So roll up and take possession of the old bullock dray

I'll teach you the whip and the bullocks how to flog
You'll be my off-sider when we're fast in the bog
Hitting out both left and right and every other way
Making skin and blood and hair fly round the old bullock
dray

Chorus - So roll up your blankets and let us make a push
I'll take you up the country and show you the bush
I'll be bound such a chance you won't get another day
So roll up and take possession of the old bullock dray

Drovers Dream

One night when travelling sheep, my companions lay
asleep

There was not a star to illuminate the sky
I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly
closed

When a very strange procession passed me by
First there came a kangaroo, with his swag of blankets
blue

A dingo ran beside him for a mate
They were travelling mighty fast, and they shouted as
they passed

"We'll have to jog along, it's getting late"

The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the
plain

To amuse the company with a Highland Fling
The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute
And the native bears sat round them in a ring
The drongo and the crow sang us songs of long ago
While the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile
And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear
Said, "Funniest thing I've heard for quite a while"