

THE LACHLAN TIGERS

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 lips compressed the tigers all fell to Hark to the clicking of the shears as
 thru the wool they glide You see our gun already turned & on the whipping side

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 With eyebrows fixed and lips compressed the tigers all fell to.
 Hark to the clicking of the shears as through the wool they glide,
 You see our gun already turned and on the whipping side.

CHORUS: A lot of Lachlan tigers, it's plain to see we are,
 Hark to our burley ringer as he loudly calls for tar;
 "Tar here, calls one, and quick the tar-boy flies;
 "Sweep those locks away!" another loudly cries.

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired,
 There's never been a better board since Jacky Howe expired.
 Along the board the gaffer walks with his face all in a frown,
 And passing by the ringer, says, "You watch, my lad, keep down.

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

I have a pair of Ward and Paine's that are both bright and new,
 I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do,
 For I've shore on the Riverine, where they shear them by the score,
 But such a mob as this to clip I never saw before.

Popularized in Melbourne by Joy Durst, from A. L. Lloyd's version.

