

Ryebuck Shearer (Bushwackers)

C F Dm C F Dm C F

Well I come from the south and my name is Field And when my shears are

4 G7 C7 F F7 Bb C7

prop-er - ly steeled It's a hun - dred or more I have ve - ry of - ten peeled And of

7 F C F ^{CHORUS} C F Dm F Dm

course I'm a rye - buck shear - er. If I don't shear a tal - ly be - fore I go My

11 F G7 C7 F

shears and stones in the riv - er I'll throw And I'll nev - er o - pen Saw - bees or

15 Bb C7 F C7 F C

take an - o - ther blow Till I prove I'm a rye - buck shear - er. There's a

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say
That I couldn't shear a hundred sheep a day,
But one fine day mate, I'll show him the way
I'll prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.

You ought to see our ringer, he's nothing but a farce
When the cobbler's coming up, he's always first to pass,
As for the shearing, he's more arse than class
And he'll never be a ryebuck shearer.

There's a swaggie down the creek his name is Jack,
He rolled into town with a swag on his back;
He asked us for a job, said he needed a few bob
And he swears he's a ryebuck shearer.

Yes, I'll make a splash, and I won't say when,
I'll up off me arse and I'll into the pen
While the ringer's shearing eight, mate, I'll be shearing ten
And I'll prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.