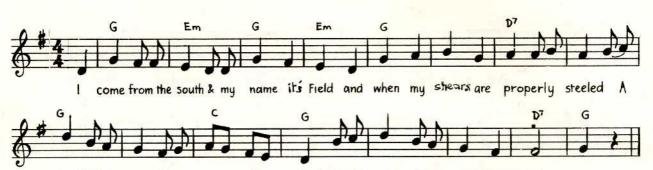
## THE RYEBUCK SHEARER



hundred & more I have very often peeled & of course I'm a rye-buck shear-er.

 I come from the south and my name it's Field, And when my shears are properly steeled, A hundred and more I have very often peeled, And of course I'm a ryebuck shearer.

## CHORUS

If I don't shear a tally before I go, My shears and stone in the river I'll throw, I'll never open Sawbees to take another blow, And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.

- 2. There's a bloke on the board and he's got a yellow skin, A very long nose and he shaves on the chin, And a voice like a billy-goat dancing on a tin, And of course he's a ryebuck shearer.
- 3. There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say That I couldn't shear a hundred sheep in a day, But some fine day I'll show him the way, And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.
- 4. Oh, I'll make a splash, but I won't say when, I'll hop off me tail and I'll into the pen, While the ringer's shearing five, I'll shear ten, And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer.
- 5. There's a bloke up North, or so I've heard, With a face like a dried up buffalo turd, And if you think that's bad, well you ought to see his bird, And of course he's a ryebuck shearer.

