


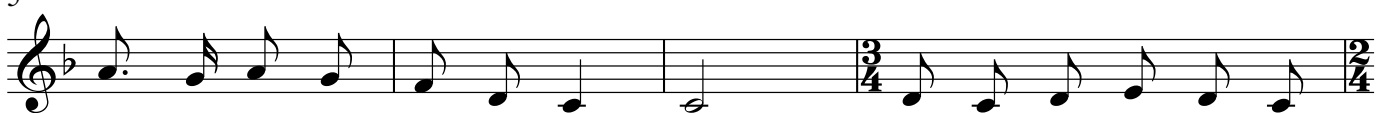
Jabbin Jabbin

$\text{♩} = 80$



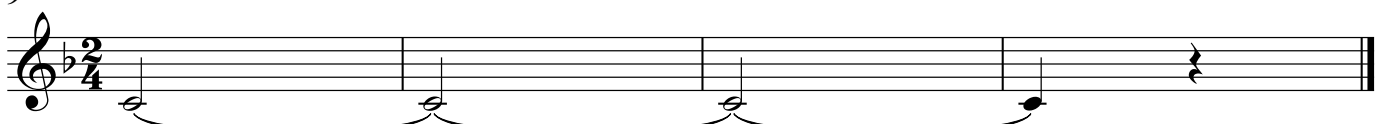
Jab - bin Jab - bin kir - roo ka - - - gla,
All the birds are sing - ing, Rise! Rise!

5



Kur - ra kur - ra kir - roo ka - - - Jab - bin Jab - bin kir - roo
O - pen wide your sleep - y eyes All the birds are sing - ing

9



ka
Rise!

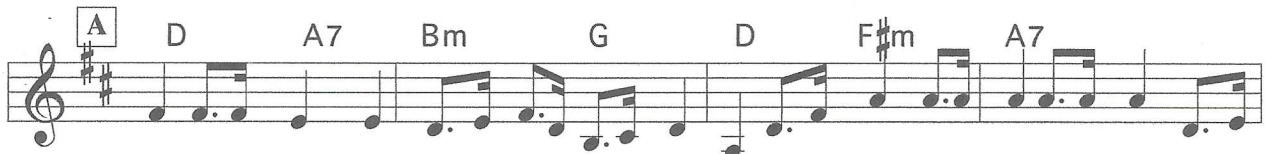
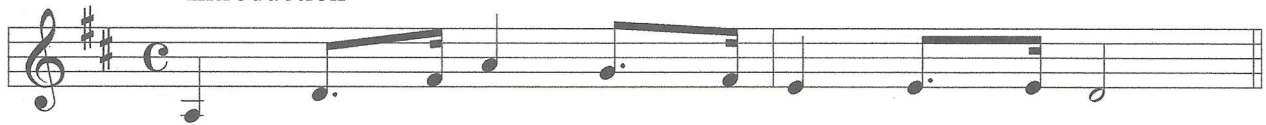
Waltzing Matilda

'Banjo' Paterson

from Marie Cowan

Note that the last 2 lines of each verse form the last 2 lines of its corresponding chorus

Introduction



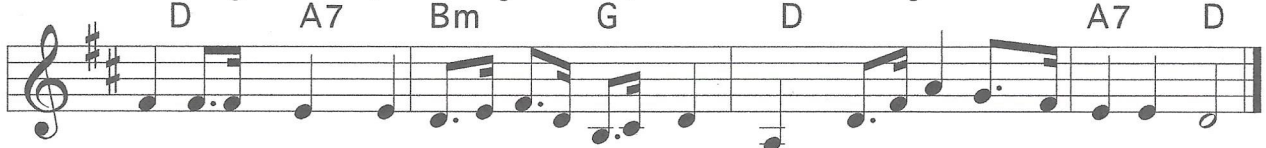
Once a jolly swag - man camped by a bil-la-bong un-der the shade of a cooli-bah tree And he



sang as he watched and waited 'til his bil-ly boiled "Who'll come a Waltzing Ma-til-da with me?"



"Walt-zing Ma-til-da, Walt-zing Ma-til-da, Who'll come a Walt-zing Ma-til-da with me?" And he



sang as he watched and waited 'til his bil-ly boiled,"Who'll come a Waltzing Ma'tilda with me?"

1. Once a jolly swagman, camped by a billabong
Under the shade of coolibah tree
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus "Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me"
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled
"You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me!"

2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me!"
3. Down came the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred
Down came the troopers, One, Two 'n Three,
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with we!"
4. Up jumped the swagman and sprang into that billabong
"You'll never take me alive!" said he
And his ghost may heard as you pass by the billabong,
"Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?"

Click Go The Shears

A C F C G7 $\text{♩} = 116$

Out on the board the— old shear-er stands, Grasping his shears in his thin bon-y hand,

C F G7 C F C

Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bel-ied yeo - Glor-y if he gets her won't he make the ring-er go.

B G7 C G7 C F C G7

Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click, Wide is his blow and his hands move quick, The

C F G7 C F C

ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow, And curses the old snagger with the bare - bel-ied yeo.

1. Out on the board the old shearer stands,
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hand,
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied yeo -
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 bare-bellied yeo.

2. In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere;
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.
3. The tar boy is there and awaiting in demand,
With his blackened tar pot in his tarry hand,
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back;
Here is what he's waiting for - it's "Tar here Jack"
4. The Colonial Experience man, he is there of course,
With his shiny leggings on, just off his horse.
He gazes all around like a real connoisseur,
Scented soap and brilliantine, smelling most peculiar.
5. Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
Roll up your swags, boys, 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!"