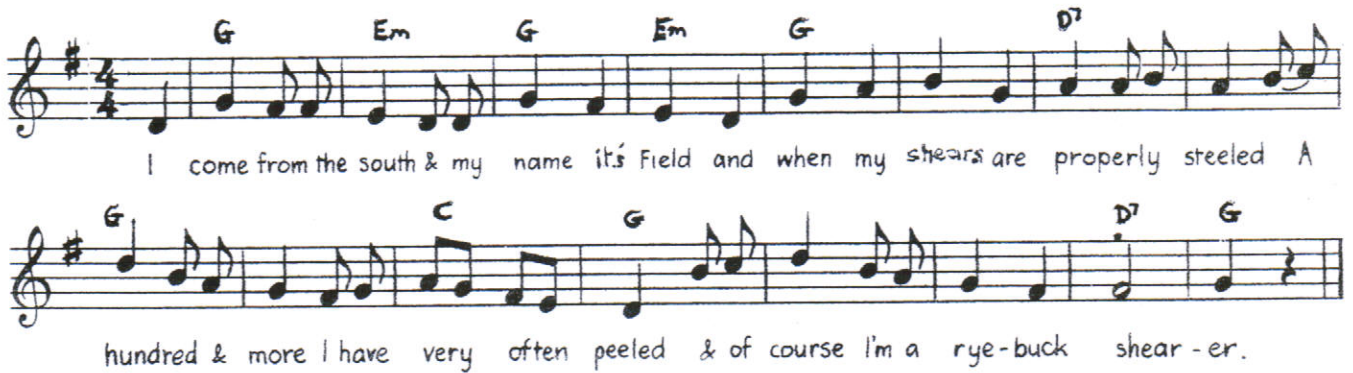


THE RYEBUCK SHEARER



I come from the south & my name it's Field and when my shears are properly steeled A
hundred & more I have very often peeled & of course I'm a rye-buck shear-er.

1. 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.

