

Songs

Speewah

From The Bulletin 1897 by M'G with a setting by David Johnson (2004).
The more common spelling used instead of the original 'Speewaa'.

The push are get - ting might - y stiff, they've swall - ered ev - ery drain; _____

So jump from off my knee a jiff and fill old girl a - gain. _____

Ter - mor - rer morn - in off we clear, this eve - nin, it's our shout; _____

So give our cheques ter miss - us dear, and say we'll take em out.

For we're off to the Spee - wah in the Nev - er Nev - er Land

O - - ver the Coop - er and be - yond the belt of sand. _____

We're chock - a - block o' graft - in' in the same old track

So we'll make a break for Spee - waa in the land Out Back.

The boss has whips of stuff about and miles and miles of land;
He'd buy old Jimmy Tyson out and sell up Hungry Rand.
He keeps the pound-a-hundred pay with all the chaps he's got,
And leaves it ter themselves ter say if sheep are wet or not.
So we're off to the Speewah, where there's bunce to scoff,
With pay at Union prices and the boss no flamin toff;
No more thirty bob a week for twelve hours graft a day,
We'll start at the Speewah on the Union pay.

Songs

The huts are painted pinks and blues with mirrors on the walls,
And servants hurry in with booze when any shearer calls.
There's plate of icecream in the shed and on the hottest days
Long shandies with a foamin head are handed round on trays.
So we're off to the Speewah, where the fun's alright,
There's a grand pianer tootlin in the huts at night
And a dandy girl to play it too with lovely golden hair;
So we're off to the Speewah where they treat yer fair.

So give's a kiss or two and wish us luck ahead;
In six months we'll be safely through or else we'll both be dead.
But we ain't goin ter feed no crow nor meet no sudden ends;
And when we're back ye'll never know ye had such toffs for friends.
So collar the billy and pick up the swag again,
We're going to pad the same old hoof across the same old plain;
But comin back! –just look at us a–drivin four–in–hand
For we'll make our piles in Speewah in the Never–Never Land.