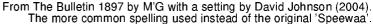
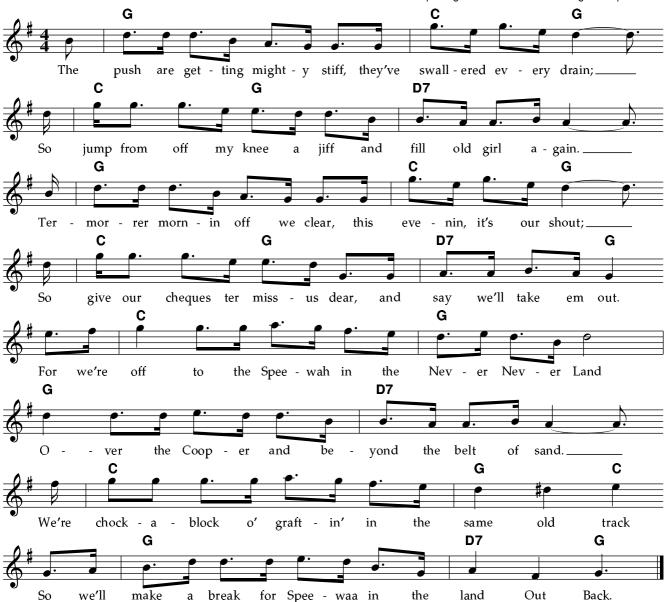
Songs

Speewah





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.