

The Bulls of the Speewah

Adapted from a poem by RC Pierce (Bob Bloodwood) in *The Scrub Bull and Other Verses* [1953] and set to a collected dance tune.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: G, C, Am, Em, D7, Em, D7, G, C, Am, Em, D7, G.

Oh all this talk of the Daw - son scrub it fair - ly leaves me cold.
I tell you them bulls was dink - um cows in the Spee - wah days of old.
More fierc - er than the fierc - est cat more dan - ger - ous in packs.
I've known them tie branch - es to their tails to cov - er up their tracks.

When leaving camp put out the fire that you had last night
For them bulls carry firesticks in their teeth to set your yards alight.
They have the blackbirds squared to call to put you off your course
They even have the dingoes trained to heel your bloody horse.

I remember one day there was six of us to muster to Jackass yard
No finer stockmen in the land and used to riding hard.
The boss was up on a raking bay called Casanova's Desire
And I kidded myself that I looked at home on a horse called Black Maria.

We sighted a score or more of bulls contented as you please
Sharpening their horns on the sandstone rocks and some was skewering trees.
Well we made them flaming cattle run as hard as they could lick
But every time I looked behind they seemed to be gaining quick.

There was one roan bull with a nasty look bowled over my mare and me
So to to see if me mates was right I climbed the nearest tree.
Well I'm up here and he's down there as if he'd like to stay
But seeing I've no further use for him I let him drift away.

Then down I come and grab my mare and take hold of the reins
For I'm as keen as mustard now to help my mates again.
They was heading straight for the Jackass yard it was clear the way they went
Big trees were torn up by the roots and even the hills looked bent.

And when I rode up to Jackass yard I sat there goggle-eyed
For the bulls was camped outside the gate and the stockmen was inside.
So when I hear talk of the Dawson days my mind goes back to when
Them wild bulls of the Speewah scrub used to muster up the men.