

Speewaa

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The musical score for 'Speewaa' is written on four staves of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef. The accompaniment is written on a bass clef. The notes are mostly eighth and sixteenth notes. The chords are indicated by letters above the staff: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb.

The push are getting mighty stiff, they've swallered every drain;
So jump from off my knee a jiff and fill old girl again.
Ter-morrer mornin off we clear, this evenin, it's our shout;
So give our cheques ter missus dear, and say we'll take em out.
For we're off to the Speewaa in the Never Never Land
Over the Cooper and beyond the belt of sand
We're chock-a-block o' graftin' in the same old track
So we'll make a break for Speewaa 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 Speewaa, 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 Speewaa on the Union pay.

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 Speewaa, 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 Speewaa 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 at Speewaa in the Never Never Land.