



04-02-13

## A Bloody Beaut Little Aussie Poem

The sun was hot already - it was only 8 o'clock  
The cocky took off in his Ute, to go and check his stock.  
He drove around the paddocks checking wethers, ewes and lambs,  
The float valves in the water troughs, the windmills on the dams

He stopped and turned a windmill on to fill a water tank  
And saw a ewe down in the dam, a few yards from the bank.  
"Typical bloody sheep," he thought, "they've got no common sense,  
"They won't go through a gateway but they'll jump a bloody fence."

The ewe was stuck down in the mud, he knew without a doubt  
She'd stay there 'til she carked it if he didn't get her out.  
But when he reached the water's edge, the startled ewe broke free  
And in her haste to get away, began a swimming spree.  
He reckoned once her fleece was wet, the weight would drag her down  
If he didn't rescue her, the stupid sod would drown.  
Her style was unimpressive, her survival chances slim  
He saw no other option, he would have to take a swim.

He peeled his shirt and singlet off, his trousers, boots and socks  
And as he couldn't stand wet clothes, he also shed his jocks.  
He jumped into the water and away that cocky swam  
He caught up with her, somewhere near the middle of the dam

The ewe was quite evasive, she kept giving him the slip  
He tried to grab her sodden fleece but couldn't get a grip.  
At last he got her to the bank and stopped to catch his breath  
She showed him little gratitude for saving her from death.

She took off like a Bondi tram around the other side  
He swore next time he caught that ewe he'd hang her bloody hide.  
Then round and round the dam they ran, although he felt quite puffed  
He still thought he could run her down, she must be nearly stuffed.

The local stock rep came along, to pay a call that day.  
He knew this bloke was on his own, his wife had gone away,  
He didn't really think he'd get fresh scones for morning tea  
But neither was he ready for what he was soon to see.

He rubbed his eyes in disbelief at what came into view  
For running down the catchment came this frantic-looking ewe.  
And on her heels in hot pursuit and wearing not a stitch  
The farmer yelling wildly "Come back here, you lousy bitch!"

The stock rep didn't hang around, he took off in his car  
The cocky's reputation has been damaged near and far  
So bear in mind the Work Safe rule when next you check your flocks  
Spot the hazard, assess the risk, and always wear your jocks!