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The Little Brown Bulls

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Not a thing on the river McClusky did fear
As he skidded the log with his big spotted steers.
Says Bull Gordon, the Yankee," You'll have your hands full
If you skid one log more than my little brown bulls.

They day was appointed and soon it drew nigh
For twenty-five dollars their fortune to try.
"Twass up to the logs and then fasten them on
"Hurry up! time's a-wastin' and it's no longer dawn!"

Then shouted McClusky as they started to pull
"I'll skid two to one of the little brown bulls."
To his little brown bulls Gordon said," Never fear
For we'll easily beat them, those big spotted steers."

Now the sun had gone down when the foreman did say,
"Turn out, boys, turn out. You've enough for the day."
As they scaled them and counted McClusky did smile
'Til the foreman says, "Mac, you're behind by a mile."

The boys then all laughed and McClusky did swear
As he tore out in handfuls his long yellow hair.
So it's fill up your glasses and fill them up full,
And we'll drink to Bull Gordon and his little brown bulls."

A very popular song, based on a log-skidding contest in Wisconsin
in the 1870s. This version from Folk Songs out of
Wisconsin,(Peters)

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