## By the Banks of the Reedy Lagoon

By the Banks of the Reedy Lagoon

The sweet scented wattle sheds perfume around
Delighting the bird and the bee
While I lie and take rest in my fern covered nest
In the shad of the currajong tree
High up in the air I can hear the refrain
Of a butcherbird piping his tune
For the spring in her glory has come back again
To the banks of the reedy lagoon

I've carried me bluey for many a mile
Me boot are worn out at the toes
And I'm dressing this season in different style
Than what I did wear last year, God knows
My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say
Consist of a knife and a spoon
And I've dry bread and tea in a battered Jack Shay
By the banks of the reedy lagoon
Oh where is young Frankie and how he could ride
And Johnnie the light-hearted boy?
They tell me that lately he's taken a bride
A benedict's life to enjoy
And Mac, the big Scotsman, I once heard him say
He'd wrestled the famous Muldoon
But they're all gone away and it's lonely today
By the banks of the reedy lagoon

And where is the lady I often caressed
The girl with the sad dreamy eyes?
She pillows her head on another man's breast
He tells her the very same lies
My bed she would hardly be willing to share
Where I camp by the light of the moon
But it's little I care, for I'd never keep square
By the banks of the reedy lagoon

sung by Gordon Bok and Martyn Wyndom-Read
SOF