

The Reedy Lagoon

Collected by Geoff and Nancy Wills from Lance Carew, Mataranka NT, and/or Dr Barlow, Mackay Qld. Geoff Wills (1919–2000) was, apart from his interest in folk music, an instrument maker specialising in viols. He was also a seaman and an active unionist.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of eight staves of music. Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: C, G7, Am7, D7, and C.

The sweet - scent - ed wat - tie sheds per - fume a - - round,
En - - tic - ing the bird and the bee,
As I lie and take rest in a fern - cov - ered nest,
'Neath the shade of a kurr - a - jong tree.
High up in the air I can hear the re - - frain
Of a butch - er - bird pip - ing his tune,
For Spring in her glor - y is back once a - - gain
To the banks of the Reed - y Lag - - oon.

I've carried my bluey for many a mile,
My boots are worn out at the toes,
And I'm dressing this season in far different style
From what I did last season, God knows.
My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say,
Consist of a knife and a spoon,
And I've dry bread and tay in a battered Jack Shea,
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

Oh, where is poor Frankie (how couldn't he ride!)
And Johnnie, the kind-hearted boy?
They tell me that lately he's taken a bride,
A Benedick's life to enjoy.
And Mac, the big Scotsman? I once heard him' say
He'd wrestled the famous Muldoon;
But they're all far away, and I'm lonely today
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

Oh, where is the lady I oft-times caressed,
The girl with the sad dreamy eyes?
She pillows her head on another man's breast,
Who 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 couldn't keep square
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.