

Old Man Platypus

Music by
Stuart D. Gathman
Words by
A. B. Paterson

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Far from the trou - ble and toil of town Where the reed - beds sweep and
3. He shares his bur - row be - neath the bank With his wife and love - ly

A7 A7/G F E♭ D/C B♭M7 Gm7

shiv - er, Look at a frag - ment of vel - vet brown
daugh - ters At the roots of the reeds and the gras - ses rank; And the

B♭M7 Gm7 A7 A7/G A B♭ C

Old Man Pla - ty - pus drift - ting down, Drif - ting a - long the
bub - bles show where our he - ro sank To its en - trance un - der

Dm F A♭M7 E♭M7 Gm7

ri - ver. 2. And he plays and dives in the ri - ver bends In a
wa - ter. 4. Safe in their bur - row be - low the falls They
5. And he talks in a deep un - friend - ly growl As he

Dm7 F A7 A7/G F E♭ D D/C

style that is most e - lu - sive; With few re - la - tions and few - er friends, For
live in a world of won - der, Where no one vi - sits and no one calls, They
goes on his jour - ney lone - ly; For he's no re - la - tion to fish nor fowl Nor to

B♭M7 Gm7 A7 A7/G A B♭ C Dm

Old Man Pla - ty - pus de - scends From a fa - mi - ly most ex - clu - sive.
sleep like lit - tle brown bil - liard balls With their beaks tucked neat - ly un - der.
bird nor beast, nor to horn - ed owl, In fact, he's the one and on - ly!