Old Man Platypus

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

1. Far from the trouble and toil of town
   Where the reed beds sweep and shiver,
   Look at a fragment of velvet brown daughters
   At the roots of the reeds and the grasses rank; And the

2. And he plays and dives in the river bends
   In a water.

3. He shares his burrow beneath the bank
   With his wife and lovely

4. Safe in their burrow below the falls
   They

5. And he talks in a deep unfriendly growl
   As he

Old Man Platypus drifting down,
Drifting along the bubbles show where our hero sank
To its entrance under

Old Man Platypus descends
From a family most exclusive.

Sleep like little brown billiard balls
With their beaks tucked neatly under.

Bird nor beast, nor to horned owl,
In fact, he’s the one and only!