

CAMPING MATILDA

by Harry Dunn

Received 7/3/2015

With apologies to Banjo Patterson and Waltzing Matilda.

Once a jolly camper stayed a week at Inverloch
Under the shade of a cool gum-tree,
And he sang as he sat and watched the sun set over Eagles Nest
'Who'll come a-camping at Inverloch with me.'

'Forget about the Gold Coast and sleazy old St Kilda,
I'd rather camp down here, at Invy-by-the-sea,
So sang this Aussie battler, our Camper-man Matilda,
Sitting in the shade of his own gum-tree
And he sang as he sat and watched the sun set over Eagles Nest,
'Who'll come a-camping at Inverloch with me.'

Along came the ranger, seated in his four-wheel drive
Up jumped the camper, saying 'Who are you?'
'I am the local ranger, and I've come down here collecting
A camping fee from you,
For camping on our foreshore, and using our facilities,
The barbies and the showers and the loo.'

Up jumped the camper, and grabbed the council's ranger,
Hauled him from his shiny SUV
Then he threw that poor man from the pier at Inverloch,
'They'll never find you alive,' said he,
And he sang as he folded up his two-man tent and headed off,
Singing, 'No-one here will ever know that it was me.'

Now, that ranger's ghost may still be heard
If you wander down by old Flat Rock,
Or paddle in the sea,
He sings 'Come on down to Inverloch,
And say hello to me,
But if you pitch your tent on council land -
I'll be calling 'round one night
And looking for your fee.'

Chorus

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Under the shade of a cool gum tree,
And he sang as he sat and watched the sun-set over Eagle's Nest;
'Who'll come a-camping at Inverloch with me.'