

REGGIE BOY

by Harry Dunn

received 11/05/2013

With apologies to Frederick Edward Weatherly (an English lawyer) who wrote Danny Boy (An Irishman) on his way to work one day, on a London - bound train.

To mark the passing (North) of our friends Reg and Mary in a few days' time.

Oh, Reggie Boy, the lights,
The lights are calling
From Brissy down to Paradise;
Our summer's gone
It's long departed Inverloch,
And all the cows are drying,
'Tis you and she must go
And we must bide.

But come ye back
When summer's in the Inlet
And Invy's all the go,
We'll still be here
A'thawing in the sunshine,
Oh Reggie Boy
We'll miss you so!

And if ye come
When winter's ice is melting,
We'll still be here,
Looking dead as dead can be,
Laid out in rows a'warming and a'drying;
Please sit ye down
And type some lines for me.

And I shall feel,
Though soft you tread around me
With all that Queensland heat inside
My old bones will warmer grow,
But if you bend down and tell me that
You love me,
I'll wake in fright and shout;
Reggie Boy,
I think it's time for you to go!