

# Reedy River

Words by Henry Lawson with this setting by Chris Kempster. It was the title song for the musical Reedy River by Dick Diamond. The play premiered at the Melbourne New Theatre March 1953. The Sydney New Theatre production featured The Bushwhackers. It played throughout Australia over three years to an estimated audience of half a million people. It has been revived several times.

## Verses 1,2,4,5,7

1. Ten miles down Reed-y Riv - er, a pool of wat - er lies,  
 And all the year it mir - rors the chan - ges in the skies,  
 And in that pool's broad bos - om is room for all the stars;  
 Its bed of sand has drif - ted, o'er count - less rock - y bars.

## Verses 3, 6 & 8

3. Be - neath the gran - ite ridg - es, the eye may just dis - cern  
 Where Rock - y Creek e - mer - ges from deep green banks of fern;  
 And stand - ing tall be - tween them, the grass - y sheoaks cool  
 The hard, blue - tint - ed wat - ers, be - fore they reach the pool.

2. Around the lower edges, there waves a bed of reeds,  
 Where water rats are hidden and where the wild duck breeds;  
 And grassy slopes rise gently to ridges long and low,  
 Where groves of wattle flourish, and native bluebells grow.

4. Ten miles down Reedy River one Sunday afternoon,  
 I rode with Mary Campbell to that broad, bright lagoon;  
 We left our horses grazing till shadows climbed the peak,  
 And strolled beneath the sheoaks on the banks of Rocky Creek.

5. Then home along the river, that night we rode a race,  
 And the moonlight lent a glory to Mary Campbell's face;  
 I pleaded for our future all through that moonlight ride,  
 Until our weary horses drew closer side by side.

6. Ten miles from Ryan's Crossing and five below the peak  
I built a little homestead on the banks of Rocky Creek;  
I cleared the land and fenced it, and ploughed the rich, red loam,  
And my first crop was golden when I brought my Mary home.
  
7. Now still down Reedy River, the grassy sheoaks sigh,  
The water-holes still mirror the pictures in the sky;  
The golden sand is drifting across the rocky bars,  
And over all for ever go sun and moon and stars.
  
8. But of the hut I builded, there are no traces now,  
And many rains have levelled the furrows of my plough;  
The glad, bright days have vanished, for sombre branches wave  
Their wattle blossom golden above my Mary's grave.