



The Roper River's Flowing

By W.E. (Bill) Harney

Lilies blue amidst green shadow, where the wattle trees are blooming,
By the banks of yellow rushes where the finches dart and play—
Make a floating sapphire pathway for the Roper waters coming
To swirl beside my campfire at the breaking of the day.

Then the Never-Never people came with drays and wagons creaking,
Toiling through the distance by the Roper waters gleaming
As they build up yard and homestead, ever moving out and seeking,
Sleeping ever in the bushlands, they now rest within its 'Dreaming'.