

As the sun comes up on a still May Day,  
Through a mist of water two swans play,  
Gaze high in the sky,  
Where the white eagle quiver  
Staring down on Lake Katherine "The Ancient old river"

Her life grows from the mountains,  
Way out in the Stirling Ranges,  
Where waterfalls and creeks join,  
The river so curling,  
Then banks widen up at a forest lined valley,  
The kite whistles a tune,  
A song of mallee.

Feathers from the white eagle float by the water,  
Terrain humidified by Cold water  
A big fish jumps out and splash its tail,  
Its fins glued together like a poet's old quill,  
Blue reflections shine down on the water,

I think life is like a river, A journey through time  
Sometimes with direction, while at other times blind  
The Ancient old river now combined