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 she-oaks
On the banks of Rocky Creek.
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 my future
All through that moonlight ride,
Until our weary horses
Drew closer side by side.

Ten miles from Rynn's Crossing
And fire below the peak,
I built a little homesead
On the bank of Rocky Creek;
I cleared the land and fenced
And ploughed the rich, red loam;
And my first crop was golden
When I brought Mary home.

The price of wool was falling
In eighteen ninety one:
The men who owned the acre
Saw something must be done.
"We'll break the shearer's union,
And show we're masters still;
And they'll take the terms we give them
Or we'll find the men who will!"

From Clermont to Barcaldine
The shearers' camps were full,
The sheep went white as snow
And the sun shone yellow:
The flags of blue above them,
The squatters owned the court,
They speak Eureka's name.
"Tomorrow", said the squatters,
"You'll find it does not pay-
We're bringing up free riflemen
To defend your six-shooters,
Your troopers and police.
The tall and hungry giant,
The poor in the silver.
"Tomorrow", said the squatters,
"They may not be so keen-
We can mount three thousand horsemen
To show them what we mean.
Then we'll pack the west with troopers-
From Eureka to Charleville,
You can have your fill of speeches
But the final strength is ours.
"Be damned to your six-shooters,
Your troopers and police.
The sheep are growing heavy.
The burr is in the fleece!
"Then if Nordcnfeldt and Gatling
Won't bring you to your knees
We'll find a law, the squatters said,
For times of times like these!"

The four men were brought:
The judge had got his order.
The squatters round the court.
But for sixty one was unseated
A captain and his men.
Where they go'd a mob for striking
Where a little man's country yet.