

Riley's Ride Fire

Gather together
For a tale from the shire,
Of sweet paddock grasses
And the Riley's Ride Fire.
Come hear the tale
Of the Snowy Tradition.
Some speak of others,
I'll give my rendition.
Over the mountains
In a valley so rare,
The Corryong Folk
Gather with care.
They're quick to remember
A man of the past
Who's ride in the mountain
Made his legend last.
Gallop and go
The horses they race,
Competition and mates
They keep at the pace.
The Corryong People
And Aussies in number
Make Riley's Ride
With reverence and thunder.
Neither mud nor the branches
Hinder the run
As steed and the rider
Will both see it done.
Soon up ahead,
Roaring and bright,
The fire at Tom Groggins
Lights up the night.
Flames dance with shadows,

The present with past,
As ancient, bold spirits
Weave spells they will cast.
The fire burns much brighter
Than others you see
As horse and the rider
Relive history.
Here in the mountains
Where legends still live
A man and a stallion
Are willing to give
A glimpse into secrets
In flickering firelight
As Old Riley himself
Appears in the night.
Come feel the power
Of Riley's Ride Fire
Learn of the secrets
And pride of this shire.

By
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