

MURRAY MOON

1920 by Reginald Stoneham (1879-1942)

[G] Like a bird re- [D] turning to it's [G] nest,
I will fly to [D] home sweet home and [G] rest,
It seems that [C] always, I can hear the Murray [G] calling
In tones en- [A] thralling from out the [D] west.

[G] Drifting on it's [D] bosom let me [G] glide,
Where the native [D] woo'd his dusky [G] bride
And in the [C] shadows of grey
Just dream the [G] hours away
the night bird [A] calling at the close of [D] day

CHORUS

[D] The stars are gleaming, and there's a [G] charm
That sets me [D] dreaming, when all is [G] calm
The sighing [D] gum trees breath [G] mystery
The roving [A] black men, I seem to [D] see
and through the [B or G] moonlight they fade a- [A] way
But leave a [C] memory of yester [G] day;
I see my [D] homestead by the big la- [G] goon
'Twas but the [D] magic of the Murray [G] Moon

VERSE TWO

[G] Drooping willows [D] weeping o'er the [G] stream
Frame the [D] picture it's a fairy [G] dream
And thro' the [C] shadows,
There's a dusky tribe ad-[G]vancing
Wild crys and [A] dancing how fierce they [D] seem

[G] By the fire a wild [D] corroboree [G] ree
Brings the mystic [D] past, right back to [G] me
There comes a [C] cloud o'er the moon.
It dims the [G] vision too soon-
My dream is [A] o'er and I now can [D] see

G

D

C

A

