

WELCOME TO

Marlo

*Where the Snowy River Meets the Sea —
a relaxing nature getaway*

Where the iconic Snowy River meets the vast Southern Ocean, Marlo sits quietly apart from the world. It's an unspoiled corner of East Gippsland where slowing down feels effortless—where you breathe deeper, move softer, and let the landscape reset your sense of time. Here, nature isn't a backdrop. It is the experience.

For tens of thousands of years, First Nations peoples have lived, travelled, and camped along this coastline, drawn to the rich estuary where river, ocean, and land converge. This is a living landscape—one that has long provided food, shelter, and deep cultural connection, shaped by season, movement, and story.

European settlement came later, in the 1870s, when James Stirling built a small bark hut overlooking the river mouth. From that modest beginning, a township emerged. By 1886, the Marlo Hotel was established, and in 1889, Marlo was officially proclaimed. In those early days, the Snowy River served as a vital highway, carrying goods between Melbourne, Orbost, and the coast—with Marlo at its centre.

That meeting point between river and sea still defines the town today. The coastline is constantly shifting—reshaped by tides, sandbars, and currents. It's one of the few places in Australia where a major river meets the ocean so directly, and no two visits are ever quite the same.

Arriving in Marlo feels like a gradual unwinding. The drive passes through forest and farmland before opening onto the wide Snowy River floodplain. Near Orbost, the historic timber rail bridge marks a subtle shift—the river widens, the air softens, and the pace begins to slow. As you enter town, a sea eagle sculpture greets you: Where the Snowy meets the sea. From here, everything eases.

Marlo doesn't demand attention—it gently holds it.

Days unfold without urgency. Mornings begin with birds along the estuary—pelicans drifting across still water, swans tracing quiet paths, smaller birds moving through coastal scrub. The air carries salt and eucalyptus. Light shifts constantly across water, sand, and dunes.

You'll likely find yourself walking more than expected. Foreshore tracks follow the river's edge, leading to quiet beaches and hidden bends. Fishing is woven into daily life, from riverbanks to the estuary mouth. Beyond town, Ninety Mile Beach stretches in an unbroken line, while inland pockets of coastal rainforest offer cool, shaded stillness.

Here, simple moments become the journey.

Local businesses reflect the same unforced rhythm. Mornings might begin with coffee overlooking the water as the town slowly wakes. You'll find fishing gear alongside homemade cakes, local produce, and easy conversation. The Marlo Hotel draws people in at sunset, its deck filling as light spills across the estuary. Nearby, craft beer is shaped by landscape and season, while wellness experiences invite you to pause and reconnect. Accommodation ranges from riverside camping to quiet boutique stays where nature is always close.

Nothing feels overdone. Everything feels real.

The experience isn't built around attractions, but around presence—watching the tide shift, spotting a sea eagle overhead, hearing wind move through dune grass, noticing the estuary change colour throughout the day.

Seasons deepen that connection. Summer brings long, warm days by the water. Autumn fills the skies with migrating birds. Winter delivers dramatic surf and storm-lit horizons. Spring softens the landscape with wildflowers and new life.

People come for a short stay and often linger longer. The appeal isn't spectacle, but simplicity. Not crowds, but space. Not schedules, but freedom.

For many, Marlo becomes tradition. Families return year after year, layering new memories over old. Children ride bikes along quiet streets and foreshore paths, their laughter carrying through the still air. Campsites form small, close-knit communities where days drift between shared meals, sandy feet, and unhurried conversation. Evenings gather around campfires—stories told, marshmallows toasted, friendships formed beneath fading light.

Others arrive seeking the same things: nature, quiet, and authenticity. They walk, fish, kayak, photograph, and explore—but more than anything, they value places that feel unforced. They travel slowly, preferring to connect deeply rather than pass through.

Evenings settle gently. The estuary turns gold, then silver, then deep blue. Dinner might be shared overlooking the water or taken home after a long walk. And at night, without the glow of city lights, the sky opens wide. Stars feel close. On clear nights, the Milky Way stretches unmistakably overhead.

There's a quiet understanding in Marlo that nothing needs to be added. The landscape is already complete.

You don't leave feeling entertained. You leave feeling reset.

And more often than not, already planning your return, you will be curious to return, stay longer to discover more of Marlo's wonders.



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Banksia in Marlo