

## THE BUNYIP

by James Devenay

Oh, came you up by the place of dread  
West red, and the moon low down  
Where no winds blow and the birds have fled  
And the gum stands dead and its arms gleam white  
And the tribe sneaks by with a stealthy tread  
In the ghostly light, in the ghostly light  
Brave Worralland went one grey nightfall  
Where the grim rocks frown  
He came no more to the camps at all  
Skies dark, and the moon low down

As we came up by the gully side  
Deep dusk, and the moon low down  
A Dingo whined and a Curlew cried  
And the reeds replied as in hushed affright  
Where tall brave Worralland screamed and died  
In the ghostly light, in the ghostly light  
For the Thing lurks there in the haunted place  
Where the pool is brown,  
Where lost ones vanish and leave no trace  
Day dead, and the moon low down

Oh, go not by near the bunyip's lair  
Stars dim, and the moon low down  
Or tip-toe past and beware, beware  
The dark pool snare and be set for flight  
For things of terror have happened there  
In the ghostly light, in the ghostly light  
And in the gunyas we crouch and hark  
Where the dead men drown  
The monster's bellow across the dark  
Stars gone, and the moon low down