

## THE DINGO



'Tis the dingo's howl, in the pale moonlight;  
Like the moaning wind on a stormy night:  
Over hill, and o'er gully, that weird eerie cry  
Is a warning to sheep that a danger is nigh.

Startled! they stand, then jump, and race away;  
Hunted by one who is eager to slay,  
Snapping, tearing, in their blood he revels  
"Sport!" for a dingo, is sport for devils.

But the shades of his victims, now so grim,  
Have recorded his crimes, and beckon him;  
Outlawed, and wanted, if only his head,  
His account is settled, and paid in lead.

