








EVENT MAP

MOAMA LIGHTS

MAP KEY

-  EVENT ENTRY / EXIT
TICKET SALES / MERCH
FOOD & DRINKS / ICE SKATING
-  EVENT PARKING
-  NO PARKING
-  NO ROAD ACCESS
-  PUBLIC/DISABLED TOILETS
-  FENCING
-  ACCESSIBILITY PARKING

ENCHANTED NIGHTS

-  1. RIPPLES OF THE LAGOON
-  2. GOBO WALK
-  3. UNDERGROWTH
-  4. NURA
-  5. SYMPHONY OF THE MURRAY
-  6. SKY FULL OF STARS
-  7. BIOLUMINESCENCE



MOAMA LIGHTS

moamalights.com.au f @

MAP NOT TO SCALE

ENCHANTED NIGHTS

Welcome to an enchanting journey through the wonders of nature under the cover of darkness.

This year we're celebrating the captivating beauty of Horseshoe Lagoon, where its vibrant ecosystem comes alive as the sun sets.

Inspired by Banjo Paterson's evocative poem "The Daylight is Dying," we invite you to explore the nocturnal harmony of this natural wonderland.

You're invited to immerse yourself in the beauty of the

night. From enchanting illuminated ripples dancing on the water's surface to projection of children's artworks about why they love the night, every element whispers tales of the bushland's mysteries.

Included in the show once again are artworks by local artist Alkina Wilkinson, who is a proud Yorta Yorta, Wemba Wemba, Mutthi Mutthi, Wiradjuri, Bundjalung and Wakka Wakka woman living on Yorta Yorta land.

We are delighted to have Warwick Keen's NURA

installation, in collaboration with MANDYLIGHTS Sydney, part of Moama Lights in 2024. Warwick, a Gomerioi and Ngemba man from Nowra, is an educator, curator, and artist with over 40 years of experience in Aboriginal Cultural Art.

Join us on this journey through the night, where every corner reveals a new wonder waiting to be discovered.

*Welcome to
Nature's Wonderland.
A Celebration of Light*

THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING

by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

*The daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to its bondage --
The kingdom of sleep.
And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
Oh, wonderful night.
When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of bush-land are told.*

*Unnumbered I hold them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
Or read them aright?
Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories
The breeze in the myalls
Are part of these stories.
The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains' rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle
Must blend with the words.*