

WHAT WE WOULD SAY

Mayor Reg Kidd 2018

As occasions come and pass our way
Where we pat our backs and dare parade
And gloat about a job well done
But was it really....or just hum-drum.
If we could bring back yesterday
Our famous son, what would he say?

A town that grows and spreading still
From way down south to Templars Mill
'tis not the place that I once knew
Where space was free and buildings few
And trains so busy as their whistles blew
With romantic noise and smells I knew.

For now the cars are plain and many
Filling any spare niche, nook or cranny
No horses or their tell-tale wake
Your gardens left to suffer fate
It's different now than in my day
Not for the best, Banjo might say.

And all the lights that let you through
Not all in sync, and so it's true
You live your lives as if a race
No hats to tip, good manners and grace
Few milestones left to guide the way
Not for the best, Banjo might say.

It's here, or near, where I was born
And if by magic, muscle and brawn
My family home's not escaped your plore
You've picked it up and put it next door
Some run down shack you've grabbed at will
Then stamped and labelled "Banjo's Emmaville".

But all's not woe for good I can see
In structures built well after me
The parks and lakes were planned so well
They make amends for trees that fell
And old dirt tracks are now great roads
With gutters made to clear storm flows

No longer called just Orange town
It's a city now with forty thou
And that's what really makes me proud
The heart of a city is not just a crowd
But the spirit in which they think and act
Can make or break....and that's a fact

So what do you think if I came back today
Overall "well done" and if I may say .
Remember the past as a base to build
Think twice before you devour a field
Leave something for me if I come anew,
That will please me so much
Thank you .Andrew.