

It's in the heart of Orange the tidiest of towns,
It's perfectly maintained and glorified by sounds;
It's pristine refinement of flowers blooming in the spring,
Its glorious majesty and the fresh taste a beautiful thing.

With flowers in full bloom so carefully preserved,
The natural tradition of feminine touch conserved;
It's the delicate cent of the wind in around curves,
As has it the fastidious judgement of meandering nerves.

It's old and it's new something different each year,
With melodious atmosphere with a fountain in full fear;
The greenness and newness achieved by what's old,
The sunlight, the meekness the tall strength of gold.

It has its yellow laughing daffodils and john quills, loss bold,
The golden sunlight high lighting their yellowness of gold;
And then there's the pansies in their array of bright colour to sing,
The multitude of difference yet brightening still the colour of spring.

And there in the centre the grandstand pergola so green,
With the near matching green fountain and meaning green life's thing;
With glasshouse and a very leading the sweet sound of the birds,
The venturing of grafting to form new flowers and new words.

With the cottage and trees standing tall all around,
As if hiding the meaning of what could be found;
So as I sit here to the stillness of life over bound,
The beauty the quietness Cooks Park silently sound ground.

Signed,

Perfect and Peaceful