

There is a town in central New South Wales,
Where it is a good place to sit and think and be;
It's a town names Orange and it gets its own way,
So that the Lord might be God and lead through the day.

It's thought and its structure is old yet organised and kind,
That the power of the brain would be used wisely through mind;
It's beauty so simple, so heavenly loving true,
In the fresh morning sunrise and early morning dew.

It's a top of the morning it's another day to use,
Its mountains and rainbows and dreams that win true;
It's the power and the love of God high above,
It's the beauty morning and sadness or love.

Its sweet autumn flavour and a song in the spring,
Its winter and firesides and summers love to bring;
It's dear and it's lonely in the quietness of morn,
Yet traffic all passing building up now since dawn.

Its calmness and coolness with new warmth on the way,
Gradually the sun rising to the highest point of day;
It's the park and the stillness and fresh taste of spring,
With pink blossoms and magnolias such thought a glorious thing.

It's like the oasis of fruit trees and fresh juice squeezed wild,
It's the joy and the living and the blessing of a child;
It's the anticipation of just what good will be,
It's the sweetest of earths honey and yet the love you can't beat.

Signed,

Stand tall look straight