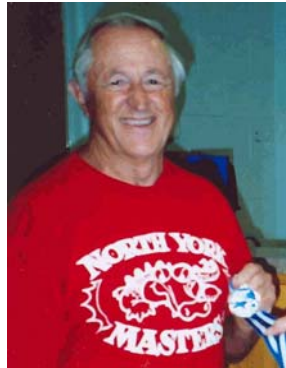


A Long Way From Wanganui

A tribute to Jack Galvin
1930-2007



It's a long way from Wanganui to the banks of the River Don,
And the open arms of my loving wife and the place we both call home.

I've seen the sun to the north from the lands of the Southern Cross
Then over the seas to the other side, I've travelled this world across,
To the land of the maple leaf and many a friendly word
To that Great Lakes land with its frozen north and the sign of the Drinking Gourd.

Give me a mandolin, a guitar, or didgeridoo
And if you will join and sing, I'll play a tune for you.
Or sit around a while, to watch our Jack create
Paintings and sculptures of many a kind, your senses will stimulate.

The city they closed his club. It seemed somewhat in haste
But for dear old Jack and his Gator friends, that was more than they could take.
So they formed their own true club with Jack at the mast of its flag
And all North York agreed, 'twas the best they'd ever had.

Now me mates they are all Gators and often we will roam
To travel this globe for the love of our sport, 'cross land and sea and foam.
Or show me a tennis ball, or snow upon the slopes
And I'll be there in a flash to take on the game, or beat you to the post.

I love the feel of the rain or the sun upon my back
To be out there where Nature rules, to follow a winding track.
To all my many friends in near or distant lands
I didn't plan to leave like this, I hope you'll understand.

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And the open arms of my loving wife and the place we both call home.