



# Harry Tylinek

April 6<sup>th</sup> 1938 - August 20<sup>th</sup> 2018

## Clancy Of The Overflow - Banjo Paterson

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better  
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,  
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,  
Just 'on spec', addressed as follows, 'Clancy, of The Overflow'.

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,  
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)  
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:  
'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.'

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy  
Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;  
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,  
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him  
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,  
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,  
And at night the wond'rous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy  
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,  
And the foetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city  
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle  
Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,  
And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,  
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me  
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,  
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,  
For townfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,  
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,  
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal -  
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of 'The Overflow'.

## Entrance Music

A Bushman Can't Survive - Tania Kernaghan

## Welcome & Introduction

Glenn Bouchier

## Poem

Clancy Of The Overflow - Banjo Patterson

## Harry's Story

Read By Henry

## A Life In Picture's

Looking Forward Looking Back - Slim Dusty

## Other Speakers

### The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in Heaven  
Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
On Earth as it is in Heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil,  
For thine is the kingdom,  
The power and the glory,  
For ever and ever. Amen

## Closing Words & Farewell

## Recessional Music

You're the Best Friend - Isla Grant

Harry's family would like to express  
their appreciation for your love and  
support here today.

At the conclusion of the service  
Harry will travel on to  
Glenmorus Gardens Albury for  
Private Cremation.

The family invite you to stay and join  
with them for light refreshments  
in the Memories Room.