



Parkside
FUNERALS

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*Gilbert's family
are so grateful that you could be here today,
and for the many ways in which you have shown them support.
They warmly invite you to stay for refreshments,
and sharing of memories here at the Rec Centre,
at the conclusion of this service.*



*The furnace cools,
the iron sleeps,
The long shift
has reached its end.
We gather in the
quiet now to honour
father, leader, friend.
Though boots now rest
and work is done,
his legacy lives on -
in hearts he filled
with love and life,
a light that
carries on.*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF —

Gilbert
CHARLES

— 10TH JUNE, 1957 - 21ST SEPTMEBER, 2026 —

A SERVICE TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF

Gilbert Thomas

CHARLES

Held at

Circular Head Recreation Centre
Nelson Street, Smithton
Private Cremation

Friday, September 25, 2026
Commencing at 1pm

Officiating
Jono Arnold

Eulogy & Tributes
Gilbert's family & friends

There was movement at the station,
for the word had passed around
That the colt from Old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses -
he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders
from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding
where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs
the battle with delight.

"He hails from Snowy River,
up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep
and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight
from the flint stones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy River riders
on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen
since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen
have I seen."

He sent the flint-stones flying,
but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timbers in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River
never shifted in his seat —
It was grand to see that
mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringy barks and saplings,
on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle
till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

the Man from Snowy River

Banyo Patterson

