



The Key to the Holy Door

Hundreds of years ago,

When the school began to grow,

The swan was just a cygnet.

Despite wars, plagues, troubles and strife,

The swan held the key,

Steadfast in its beak:

Keeping our educational values alive.

The swan flowed down the River Irwell,

Into the vast sea of education:

Nourishing the school and allowing it to flourish.

Even now, the swan looks over us,

Emblazoned on our clothes.

Bestowing us with the key to open

Every holy door.

Coco-Lily Year 7



A cacophony of jubilation: drums pounding,

Choral voices soaring, laughter reverberating

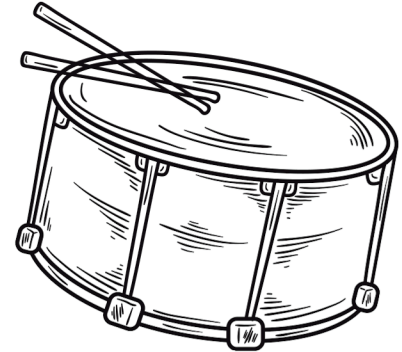


Down

Bury's

Cobbled

Streets.



We watch in admiration, aspiring to be like the

Flocks of teachers in black, billowing robes;

They glide gracefully displaying their academic success.

Seas of strong-minded cadets strike large bellowing drums;

With their heads held high, they charge along to the sacred beat.

The crowd marvels at their uniform: not a single imperfection.

Marching all the way to the Parish gates,

Where the foundations for the four pillars were formed:

Scholarship, character,

Enrichment and partnership.

We've treasured these values all along.

Ellie and Maryam Year 8



My very first Founders' Day;

My very first time hearing the Marching Band.

My very first time walking down to the church;

My very first time seeing the teachers glide down the cobbled streets.

The Irwell's swan flutters around;

Its feathers glisten in the heat of the Spring Sun.

The cadets bob down with their feathery berets.

The flag held at full mast;

We made it to the Parish at last.

After the large band of brass, singing and cheers.

Anxiety, trembling. I stand on the podium,

In front of my peers...

I look out at the smiling faces beaming my way

I never want it to be my last Founders' Day.

Max Year 7



The snow-white swan opens and flaps its wings:

So bright and beautiful!

An easy target for the hunter's arrow.

The sparkling key of learning shone,

As bright as its white feathers.

Education as we knew it grew,

Into something new:

Kindness, loyalty, wisdom.

All built up into one big kingdom.



The swan and the key

All used to educate me:

A new life, a new home,

A new land to roam.

Teachers and students,

Assured not to be ignorant.

The swan gave us a blessing;

For this, we are forever in gratitude.

Be thankful for what you have;

You'll end up having more,

For arriving at BGS is not just luck,

A exceptional education is in store.

All thanks to the Irwell duck.



James Year 8