

Kaine Hieber Year 7

Eddie's Boy Poem

(in the style of *My Country* by Dorothea Mackellar)

The love of easy work and being line leader,

Of one teacher and small classes.

Of set spots and little shade

Is where I wore glasses,

Stronger bonds with girls and boys

Surrounded by trees and bright blue skies

I know but cannot love it,

My thoughts are otherwise.

Forever the black and red,

A place of meeting new friends,

Of many different teachers,

Of ordered lines and primary school ends.

I love the great lake views,

I love the new variants of learning,

This can be fun but also testing

This school with great opportunities, is something I am yearning!

A wide-open brick-built school

All proud to be Eddie Boys,

The passion and guidance of our teachers

The faces of boys with joy

Growing minds in maths class,

Where young men achieve,

And friendships that brightens

And to faith that guides us to believe.

The spirit of St Edward's, my home!
We will remain a team,
By Edmund Rice we are led,
Through true sign of Christ our head
But the Boys gather all together,
And we will love and serve in God
The laughter of growing men,
The busy, crowded quad.

The spirit of St Edward's, my home!
Place of boy's unity,
For the Christian Brothers and Edmund Rice,
We pay back to our community
Over the large wet fields,
The times with our fellow peers,
The gateway to knowledge
Our minds grow over the years.

A Christian dominated school,
A hopeful, proud land
All you who have not loved it,
You will not understand
Though this school holds many splendors,
Wherever I may go,
I know where I belong, my home
My mind will continue to grow.

