Steps of History

Poems and artwork by Friends of Bowring Park, St Annes R.C. Primary, Huyton with Roby C.E. Primary, St. Margaret Mary R.C. Primary.

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Steps of History

Reflections of Bowring Park in poetry and art

Dated 25th June 1906.

Wm Benjn Bowring Esqre

to

The Mayor Aldermen & Citizens of the City of Liverpool.

Deed of Gift.

Roby Hall, Roby, in the County of Lancaster.

Deed of Trust marking the presentation of Bowring Park to the City of Liverpool by Alderman Sir William Benjamin Bowring in 1906. Formal celebrations took place on 12th June 1907.

Introduction

Bowring Park is steeped in history. The first steam trains passed by here; Liverpool's last trams rested here. There is history in every flower, every tree, every stone.

A hundred years since the celebrations of William Bowring's bequest to the City of Liverpool, we celebrate again.

Visitors to the Park, young and old, have recorded their experiences and a selection is presented for you here.

This Park

This park is forever
As long as we work together.

Rachael Gillan

A Long Time Ago

A long time ago
There was a piece of farmland.
They didn't know what to do with it,
But one man had the key right in his hand.

His name was Mr. Bowring:
He had ideas in his mind.
He wanted to do more for the community,
Mr. Bowring was so kind.

He put his ideas down,
He wanted to hand over the deed.
He wanted to do it because
That's what the people need.

So the Council agreed with his dream,
He couldn't believe it was true.
He loved the green scenery,
Even though his favourite colour was blue!

So he handed the deed on 12th June 1907.
He had his top hat on.
His servant followed him
And his clever mind had shone.

Chloe Russell

Blossom Tree

A girl below a stone statue
The dampness of bark, a cold cellar

Shuffling feet walking past
Like squirrels crunching through the leaves

A cold rain drop hits my bark
My thin branches carve a delicate pattern

Laura Callaghan

Sylvia

"I'm gonna win
I'm gonna win!
I've found the perfect poppy
I'm gonna win!"

A little girl dressed in white
Lovely blonde hair that shines in the light
Skipping, hopping, jumping high
She's certain that she'll win the prize

The next day at school
They're waiting to see
Who's going to win
"I hope it's me!"

As the judge appeared on stage
Her heart began to thump
He gravely announced the winner
"I've won! I've won!"

Rebecca, Sam and Hannah, Roby Park School

Paul's Story

We've got no bread again
Where's all the bread gone?

Later that day down at the golf course
Found stealing golf balls
"Why?" asked the watchman

My family are hungry
I needed some money
No bread again
So I'm here stealing golf balls

Roby Park pupils

Pat France admiring the blossom.

I Can See

I can see
trees and birds singing,
thousands of green colours
in the gardens
where the Deed was handed to Liverpool.

I can see
a giant tree,
the purples of a flower.
A cool breeze laps over me;
skinny and fat trunks.

I can see
Mr. Bowring walking through park
100 years ago –
beautiful gardens and uneven ground.

I can see:
smell of freshly cut grass,
sound of a lawnmower,
buzz of chatter,
shady shadows.

I can see:
crooked fence,
brown and two greens of a tree,
the warmth of a shining sun,
multicoloured flowers.

Siobhan Smith

In Old Bowring Park

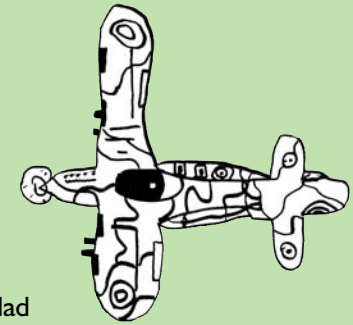
The birds sing in the tall trees,
Some green, some white,
Some dull, some bright,
In Old Bowring Park.

People walk around and enjoy the beauty
While the kids play
And the dogs run around
In old Bowring Park.

Freshly mowed grass surrounds you,
So does the gentle breeze.
The sun beams its heat on you
In Old Bowring Park.

Erin Glorman

Joan Carhill amongst the shadows and fallen blossom.



War Hero

I'm going to be like my dad
Strong, smart, with tons of courage
I never met him

But mum is so proud
Of how he gave his life
For our country

She looks at his picture
Every night, crying
Wishing he was still alive

And now it's my turn
To make mum and country
Proud

I'm nervous
I thought this would never happen
My dream has come true
To be like my dad

A war hero

Abbie Cox, Bethany Salem and Emily Woods

Steps of History

The hedges were walls containing time.
The trees were people mimicking mimes.

Jack Eaton

Rock

Blossom has fallen on me like snow
Mud underneath, creatures crawling
And rustling

Flies land on me
Leaves and twigs
Day and night

Katharine Callaghan

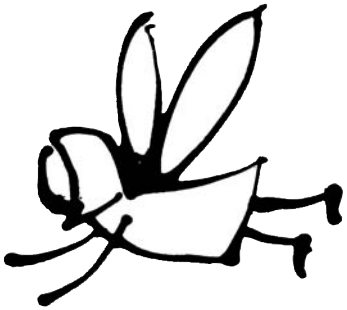
Drake's Dream

It has been written that I am Mr Drake's dream but many see me as their nightmare. I am the most hated and despised scar on the land. People have battled to stop me in my tracks. Complained about my destructive nature. Written thousands of bitter words against me. Buildings have been destroyed to make way for me. A park and a golf course severed. Appalling dust and noise have accompanied my birth.

My creators have pressed on to complete me, in confidence of my worth. Now I await my delivery, and in a day of calm before my presentation, a pet goat is taken on a walk along me. A final gesture of Sunday peace.

I now bear traffic between two proud cities, connecting East, West, North, South. The plans are that I grow and expand, bearing traffic over broken land.

Audrey Wilson



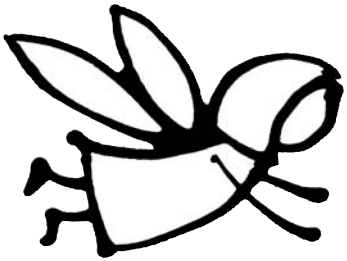
Memories

A hollow tree where fairies lived
Sitting with my mum each Sunday eve
In the rose garden while war heaved

Filling our bottles at the old water fountain
Making lemonade from powder
There's a car park there now

Lee's kiosk at the 6A tram stop
The rustling of haphazard wheat and oats
While walking my dog
Rushing through the algae pond
Thinking it was grass

Joan Cahill



Chestnut Tree

The bottom of a bird's nest like tangled hair
My bark can make the wood of chairs
The birds tweet like a new dawn
My roots are watered
And morning whistles

Amy Callaghan

Daffodils in Bowring Park

The butterfly dancing on my petals
A ballerina on a tightrope

The fresh green grass
New born flowers

A neighbouring bird
Like a choir in church

The pollen from a bumble bee's legs
The blossom raining onto me

Like confetti from a tree

Anon

The Golf Course

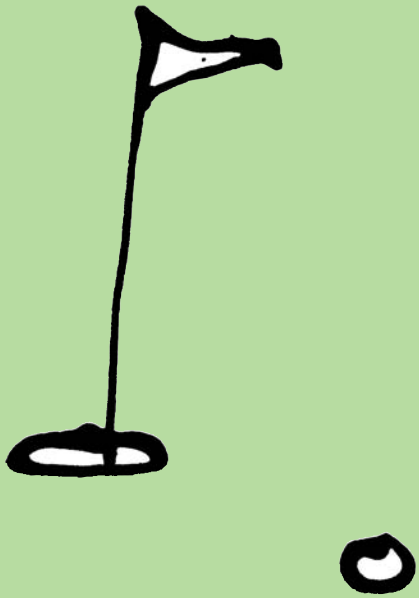
They say I'm getting
A new audience
A whole new hole in one!

They say I'm now a sport
A sport
For everyone

A toff's game
I used to be
But now available for Tom, Dick or Harry!

Anyone can learn to play
Any time of the day

Anon



Deed of Gift

What a wonderful sentence
O give without self interest
That's what William Bowring did
For everybody's benefit

Let's not forget his spirit
Without this generosity
The human race would just decay

He was lucky enough to have something to give
We can all follow this
Even if we've only got time

Angela

Roby Embankment 1830

The rich and famous came from afar.
The Duke of Wellington,
fifteen years from war.
Rail directors and peers:
everyone cheers
as they gaily steam by
in a cavalcade of eight:
"Northumbrian",
"Pheonix",
"North Star" and "Rocket".
"Comet" and "Arrow",
"Meteor" and "Dart"
bearing proud
William Huskisson
to his fate.

Audrey Wilson

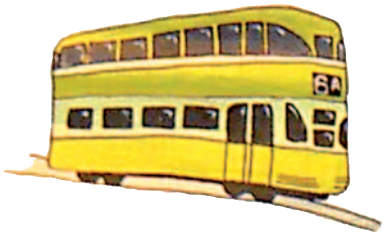
The Old Steps

Mr. Bowring walking slowly through the garden.
He can hear birds singing, cars racing and lawnmowers.
He can feel the cold breeze, the crinkly tree and the leaves.
He can see the giant hazel tree and crooked fence.

Mr. Bowring walks in down the the old steps.
The old steps are from many years ago.
As he walks in he can feel a stony path.
The garden has got a really big tree in the corner
And the grass is nearly white.

Jessica Hagan

Rachel Callaghan and falling blossom.



I Live in a Shed

I live in a shed with quite a few others like me.
Two friends join me each morning to start my journey
to the Pier Head.
One sits to the front of me
and the other stands at the back.

Clang, clang - and we are off.
More friends join me on my way.
But the days I like best
are when we pick up the little Brownies
to take them on their day out.
They all laugh and sing and make me very happy.

Along Edge Lane some of my friends get off at the sheds,
Littlewoods Building and factories and then at the hospital.
My friend at the back rings the bell to let them off.

The Brownies stay with me all the way.
They all cheer when they see I'm running on glass.
They know they will soon arrive at journey's end,
where they can have their picnic and then play games.

Yes, journey's end is Bowring Park
and I'm the 6A tram.

Rose Jones

Bowring Park 1907

The scene is set for a beautiful day,
Ladies so proud in their fine array,
Gliding along like ships in full sail,
Parasols unfurled: they don't want a gale.

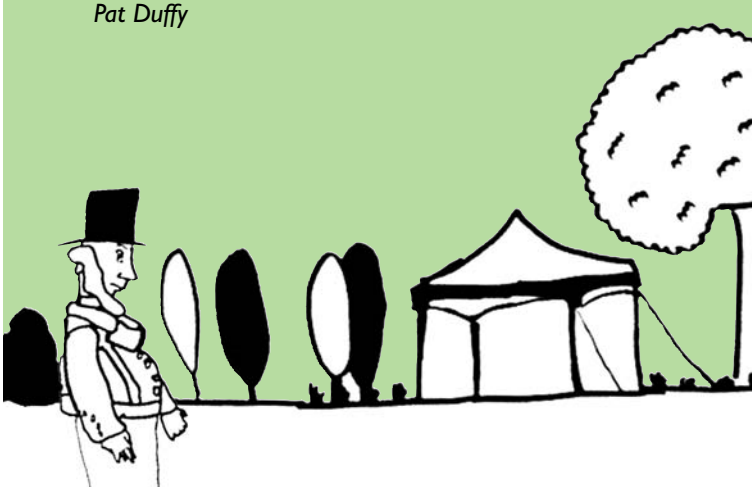
A warm summer breeze wants to tease and to please.
Is it trying to shake the birds from the trees?
Each man stands so tall in a black top hat,
With his well-trimmed beard and fine moustache.

They take tea and scones in a large marquee,
Whilst waiting for speeches from the landed gentry.

But then the scene changes,
The curtains are drawn.
What was once bright and sunny
Is now dark and forlorn.
People run for cover as the rain quickly falls
And rumbles of thunder are all the applause.

Will this deed in the park in 1907
Be remembered by some as a gift sent from heaven?

Pat Duffy



Gardens

The trees are like people: some tall, some small.
The birds singing beautifully:
You can hear their call.

The different colours on the trees,
The smell of freshly mown grass,
The cool summer breeze.

The crunching of the hazel shells,
The patterns in the trees,
The colour of the bluebells
And the light brown leaves.

Laura Manning

Very Beautiful Indeed

Blackbirds tweeting a song:
very beautiful indeed!

Old cobbly path and a crooked fence.
An old wild bush is holding up the fence.

The site of the old vegetable patch
has changed into a rose garden -
and is now going to be transformed
into the Centenary Garden.

Sarah von Bargen

Tall Trees

Tall trees, birds singing,
the smell of grass that has been cut,
green trees, light green trees,
hazel tree, cool breeze,
giant tree which has a face,
crooked fence,
different colours on the trees,
different colour leaves.

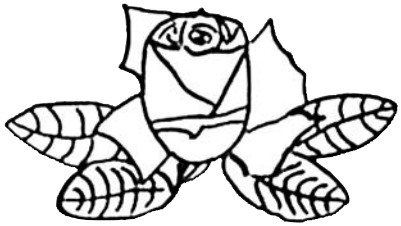
Mr. Bowring, walking slowly through the park,
can hear the crunching of the hazel shells,
the roots of the tree sticking out.

The markings on the trees,
shapes of the trees,
for all time.

The start of the new garden:
it used to be a vegetable garden
and a rose garden.

The colours of the flowers,
thorn bush.
Bowring Park Community Centre
has still got the old beams of wood
holding it up, old fashioned radio.
The old bricks.
The deeds for Bowring Park.

Laura Manning

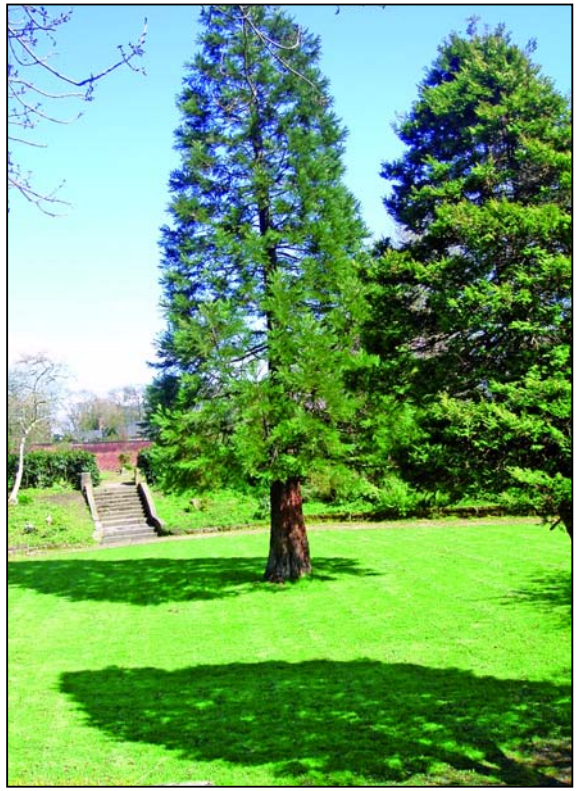


Memories

Branches scraping the tram windows
Leaves rustling in the Summer
Birdwatching at 7.30
But seeing rabbits instead

Summer Sundays as a little girl
Picnics in the big pavilion
Bulrushes in the ponds
Long dried up

Pat France



Cyprus in the Dell.

Used To Be

Used to be greenhouse on the wall.
People hammering, new garden.
Old sundial.
Used to be kitchen gardens after the war.
Fluffy clouds, blue sky.
White old wall is now all colours.

The old steps are still there.
Yellow flowers, spikey thorns.
Steep path, rocky surface.
Old steam train is pulling another train.
Very old building, bricky.
Small patterned tables.
Pots of different colours and shapes.
Budding flowers.
Dangling flowers.
Giant rocks.
Old steamtrains.

Eleanor King

Gable wall of the coach house.

In the Coach House

Summer bees, buzzing around
Making friends on the sloping tree
Collecting conkers at Autumn time
Hunting Easter eggs, wanting the prize

Making tea in Grandad's van
Visiting Santa in his sparkling grotto
Painting the history banner, trees and 'The Rocket'
Wet face from duck apple at Hallowe'en

Amy, Rachel, Laura and Katherine