

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVG6 Solo Verse Girls 5-6

Born in 2013

Pancake Day,

By Shaun Fountain,

Mummy made pancakes on Tuesday,

She tossed them in the air,

One fell on the table,

Two fell on the chair,

One fell on the cooker

And one fell in the grate,

But, lucky for me,

I had three

Because they fell on my plate.

My Roller Skates

By Finola Akister

My roller skates won't ever do

The simple things I want them to.

I put them on and try my best.

But one goes East and the other goes
West.

I often fall upon the floor.

I stand up and I try once more.

But my roller skates think they know best:

One still goes East and the other goes
West.

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SVB6 Solo Verse Boys U6

Born in 2013

Silly To Fuss

Author Unknown

Why must I wash behind my ears?
That's what I want to know
Why can't I just wash hands and knees?
Places that really SHOW.

Who's going to LOOK behind my ears?
It seems so odd to fuss.
Besides, I think it's a waste of soap....
Oh well, all right! IF I MUST!

After A Bath

By Aileen Fisher

After my bath
I try, try, try
To wipe myself
Till I'm dry, dry, dry.

Hands to wipe
And fingers and toes
And two wet legs
And a shiny nose.

Just think how much
Less time I'd take
If I were a dog
And could shake, shake, shake.

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SVG7 Solo Verse Girls U7

Born in 2012

This Tooth

By Lee Bennett Hopkins

I jiggled it
Jaggled it
Jerked it.

I pushed
And pulled
And poked it.

But-

As soon as I stopped,
And left it alone,
This tooth came out
On its very own!

I did not eat the Goldfish

By Roger Stevens

I did not eat the goldfish
It really was not me
At the time of the crime
I was sitting in a tree

I did not eat the goldfish
That's no word of a lie
I loved his silvery fins
And his mischievous eye

I did not eat the goldfish
I did not touch one golden scale
And I've no idea why pond weed
Is hanging from my tail

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SVB7 Solo Verse Boys U7

Born in 2012

Is that your Apple?

By E Smith

Is that your apple?

What a charming sight!

I would be your best friend

For a little bite.

We could play at my house,

You could stay to tea.

We could get my train-set out,

We could watch T.V.

We could go to the park.

We could sail my yacht.

We could....Oh, you greedy pig,

You've gone and ate the lot.

The Dustman

By Clive Sansom

Every Thursday morning

Before we're quite awake,

Without the slightest warning

The house begins to shake

With a Biff! Bang!

Biff! Bang! Biff!

It's the Dustman, who begins

(BANG! CRASH!)

To empty all the bins

Of their rubbish and their ash

With a Biff! Bang!

Biff! Bang! Bash!

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SVG8 Solo Verse Girls

Born in 2011

Chicken Poxed

By Valerie Bloom

My sister was spotty,
Real spotty all over,
She was plastered with spots
From her head to her toes.

She had spots on the parts
That her bathing suits cover,
Spots on her eyelids,
Spots on her nose.

I didn't know chickenpox
Could be so interesting,
It seemed such a shame
To waste all those spots.

So when Jody was sleeping
And no one was looking,
I got a blue pen
And connected her dots.

I'm an Apple

By Clive Riche

I'm a red apple.
Eat me.
Chew me and chomp me,
Sweetly.
Pick me and peel me,
But buy me, don't steal me,
For I'm a red apple,
Eat me.

I'm a green apple,
Bake me.
Into hot pies and sweet puddings
Make me.
Cut me and core me,
But please don't ignore me,
For I'm a green apple,
Bake me.

I'm a gold apple.
Leave me.
Don't pluck me, and please don't be
Greedy.
You've eaten too much,
So don't snatch and don't touch.
Let me stay in the sunlight,
Leave me.

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVB8 Solo Verse Boys U8

Born in 2011

Hello

By Barry Buckingham

"HELLO!" I shouted in a jar,
Then screwed the lid on tight.
I thought my shout
Could not get out,
And left it overnight.

Alas, the jar was empty
When I opened it today.
I held it near,
But couldn't hear "HELLO!"
It's got away!

So anywhere you're wandering,
Or even out at sea,
If you should hear a friendly shout.
When no one seems to be about,
It might have come from me.

Cloud Dragon

By Eric Finney

There's a dragon in the clouds:
Can't you see his open jaws?
And the spikes along his back?
And his twisty, crooked claws?
Look, he's changing shape now-
He's wider, not so tall:
Trying to fool us into thinking
He's isn't there at all.
But be patient for a moment,
Just keep looking at the sky
And among the misty billows
That cloud dragon will come by.

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SVG9 (Born 2010)

The Paintbox

By E.V.Rieu

"Cobalt and umber and ultramarine,
Ivory black and emerald green—
What shall I paint to give pleasure to you?"
"Paint for me somebody utterly new."

"I have painted you tigers in crimson and
white."
"The colours were good and you painted a-
right."

"I have painted the cook and a camel in blue
And a panther in purple." "You painted them
true."

Now mix me a colour that nobody knows,
And paint me a country where nobody goes,
And put in it people a little like you,
Watching a unicorn drinking the dew."

MY GRANNIES

By June Crebbin

I hate it, in the holiday,
When Grandma brings her pets to stay –
Her goat, her pig, her seven rats
Scare our dog and chase our cats.
Her budgies bite, her parrots shout –
And guess who has to clean them out?

My other Gran, the one I like,
Always brings her motor-bike,
And when she takes me for a ride
To picnic in the countryside,
We zoom up hills and whizz round bends –
I hate it when her visit ends!

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVB9 (Born 2010)

My Eyes are Watering

By Trevor Harvey

I've got a cold
And that is why
My eyes are watering.

It's nothing to do
With getting caught
When I had planned
To SMASH
The rounders ball
SO FAR
That it would go
Into PERMANENT ORBIT
Round the school.
It would've done too-
If Lucy Smith
Hadn't RUSHED
To catch it.

"Look at Trevor-
He's having a cry!"
Not true.
I've got a cold
And THAT is why
My eyes are watering.

OK?

What A Calamity

By Max Fatchen

Little Harold, I'll be frank,
Fell in a computer bank,
No one knows how it occurred.
Operators there conferred.
No one laughed or even smiled.
WHERE was little Harold filed?

It might take a day or a week
Electronic hide-and-seek,
Keeping this poor boy in mind,
Pressing buttons "Search" and "Find".

Then a friendly green light glowed,
For at last, they'd found a code.
A sudden clatter, then a shout
And there was Harold...printed out.

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVG10 (Born 2009)

Magpies

By Judith Wright

Along the road the magpies walk
with hands in pockets, left and right.
They tilt their heads, and stroll and talk.
In their well-fitted black and white.

They look like certain gentlemen
who seem most nonchalant and wise
until their meal is served - and then
what clashing beaks, what greedy eyes!

But not one man that I have heard
throws back his head in such a song
of grace and praise - no man nor bird.
Their greed is brief; their joy is long.
For each is born with such a throat
as thanks his God with every note.

Sir's a Secret Agent

By Tony Langham

Sir's a secret agent
He's licenced to thrill
At Double-Oh Sevens
He's got bags of skill.

He'll tall, dark and handsome
With a muscular frame
Teaching's his profession
But Danger's his game!

He's cool and he's calm
When he makes a decision
He's a pilot, sky-diver
And can teach long-division.

No mission's too big
No mission's too small
Schoolkids, mad scientists
He takes care of them all.

He sorts out the villains
The spies and the crooks
Then comes back to school
And marks all our books.

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVB10 (Born 2009)

John Mouldy

By Walter de la Mare

I spied John Mouldy in his cellar,
Deep down twenty steps of stone;
In the dusk he sat a-smiling
Smiling there all alone.

He read no book, he snuffed no candle;
The rats ran in, the rats ran out,
And far and near, the drip of water
Went whisp'ring about.

The dusk was still, with dew a-falling,
I saw the Dog-star bleak and grim,
I saw a slim brown rat of Norway
Creep over him.

I spied John Mouldy in his cellar,
Deep down twenty steps of stone;
In the dusk he sat a-smiling
Smiling there all alone.

Ears

By Max Fatchen

Have you thought to give three cheers
For the usefulness of ears?
Ears will often spring surprises
Coming in such different sizes.
Ears are crinkled, even folded.
Ears turn pink when you are scolded.
Ears can have the oddest habits
Standing rather straight on rabbits
Ears are little tape recorders
Catching all the family orders.
Words, according to your mother,
Go in one and out the other.
Each side of your head you'll find them.
Don't forget to wash behind them.
Precious little thanks they'll earn you
Hearing things that don't concern you.

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVG11 (Born 2008)

Cobweb Morning

By June Crebbin

On a Monday morning
We do spellings and Maths
And silent reading.

But on the Monday
After the frost
We went straight outside.

Cobwebs hung in the cold air,
Everywhere.
All around the playground,
They clothed the trees,
Dressed every bush
In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,
A wheel of patient spinning.
Each spider,
Hidden,
Waiting.

Inside,
We worked all morning
To capture the outside.

Now
In our patterns and poems
We remember
The cobweb morning.

Friends

By Elizabeth Jennings

I fear it's very wrong of me,
And yet I must admit,
When someone offers friendship
I want the *whole* of it.
I don't want everybody else
To share my friends with me.
At least, I want *one* special one,
Who, indisputably,

Likes me much more than all the
rest,
Who's always on my side,
Who never cares what others say,
Who lets me come and hide
Within his shadow, in his house –
It doesn't matter where –
Who lets me simply be myself,
Who's always, *always* there

Feile Luimnigh 2019

SVB11 (Born 2008)

Escape Plan

By Roger Stevens

As I, Stegosaurus,
stand motionless
in the museum
I am secretly planning
My escape.

At noon
Tyrannosaurus Rex
will cause a diversion
by wheeling around the museum's high
ceilings
and diving at the curators and museum staff
while I
quietly slip out of the fire exit
and melt
into the London crowds.

My Mum's Put Me on the Transfer List

By David Harmer

On offer:

one nippy striker, ten years old
has scored seven goals this season
has nifty footwork and a big smile
knows how to dive in the penalty box
can get filthy and muddy within two
minutes
guaranteed to wreck his kit each week
this is a FREE TRANSFER
but he comes with running expenses:
weeks of washing shirts and shorts
socks and vests, a pair of trainers
needs to scoff huge amounts
of chips and burgers, beans and apples
pop and cola, crisps and oranges
endless packets of chewing gum.
This offer open until the end of the season
I'll have him back then
at least until the cricket starts.
Any takers?

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SVG12 (Born 2007)

At the End of a School Day

By Wes Magee

It is the end of a school day
and down the long drive
come bag-swinging, shouting children.
Deafened, the sky winces.
The sun gapes in surprise.

Suddenly the runners skid to a stop,
stand still and stare
at a small hedgehog
curled-up on the tarmac
like an old, frayed cricket ball.

A girl dumps her bag, tiptoes forward
and gingerly, so gingerly
carries the creature
to the safety of a shady hedge.
Then steps back, watching.

Girl, children, sky and sun
hold their breath.
There is a silence,
a moment to remember
on this warm afternoon in June.

Something Told the Wild Geese

By Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go,
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, "Snow."

Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, "Frost."

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly,
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

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SVB12 (Born 2007)

Yellow Cat

By Gregory Harrison

"There he is, " yells Father
Grabbing lumps of soil
"That yellow tabby's on the fence.
Drown him in burning oil.
He's scratching at my runner beans.
Bang on the window, quick.
Wait till I get my laces done
I'll beat him with my stick."

"Too late," they shout, "he's on the fence.
He's turning, Father, wait."
"I'll give him turning, I'll be there,
I'll serve him on a plate."

They banged the window, Father stormed
And hopped with wild despair;
The cat grew fat with insolence
And froze into a stare.
Its brazen stare stopped Father
With its brazen yellow light;
The silken shape turned slowly
And dropped gently out of sight.

James had a Magic Set for Christmas

By Brian Morse

James had practised the tricks for days
but in front of the class
they all went wrong.
The invisible penny
dropped from his sleeve,
the secret pocket
failed to open,
his magic wand broke.
"Perhaps another time," Miss Burroughs
suggested,
"another day
when you've the hang of it."

"No, Miss! Please!
I can do them, honestly."

Suddenly
a white rabbit was sitting
on Miss Burroughs' table,
a green snake, tongue flicking,
scattered the class from the carpet,
the school was showered with golden
coins
that rolled into piles on the playground.
"But, James!" Miss Burroughs said.
"Shouldn't – "
There was a flash of lightning.

While the fire brigade coaxed
Miss Burroughs down from the oak
she'd flown into
on the other side of the playground,
the caretaker quietly swept up the mess
and Mr Pinner, the headmaster,
confiscated the magic set.
"A rather dangerous toy," he said,
"James!"

James is still asking for it back.