

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



Solo Verse 5/6 Girls and Solo Verse 5/6 Boys

-----Born 2018

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Silly to fuss

By Max Fatchen

Why must I wash behind my ears?
That's what I want to know.
Why can't I 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!

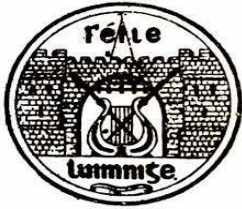
The bee

By Rose Fyleman

"I'm busy, busy, busy" said the bee,
"I shan't be home to dinner or to tea,
It'll take me HOURS and HOURS
To visit all the flowers;
I'm very, very busy" said the bee.

"I'm busy, busy, busy" said the bee,
"I haven't got a single second free.
It makes me rather dizzy,
And a little wizzy-wizzy,
- To be so very busy" said the bee.

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Solo Verse Girls U7 & Solo Verse Boys U7

--Born in 2017

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Pleased to meet you

By Norah Smaridge

A tiger with a hungry smile,
A large and scaly crocodile,
A grizzly bear with big, sharp claws,
A lion with enormous jaws,
Would not be very nice to meet
If you were strolling down the street.

But when you see them in zoo,
Just smile, and ask them "How do you do?"
Since they're locked IN and you're locked
OUT,
There's nothing to be scared about!

Flying

By J. M. Westrup

I saw the moon,
One windy night,
Flying so fast— All silvery white— Over
the sky
Like a toy balloon
Loose from its string— A runaway moon.
The frosty stars
Went racing past,
Chasing her on
Ever so fast.
Then everyone said,
"It's the clouds that fly,
And the stars and moon
Stand still in the sky."
But I don't mind— I saw the moon
Sailing away
Like a toy balloon.

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Solo Verse Girls U8 & Solo Verse Boys U8

--Born in 2016

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Two Owls

By June Crebbin

I'm keeping my eye on a baby owl,
Who's keeping his eye on me,
I found him deep in the woods today,
At the foot of a very tall tree.

"He must have fallen a long way down,
But if you look up you'll see
Why he's quite all right where he is,"
said Dad,
"And I think we should leave him be."

So I looked up high and I saw two eyes
At the top of that very tall tree,
The baby owl's mum was staring down-
Keeping an eye on me!

Slide

By Sheila Simmons

I count aloud
as I clang up the steps
to the top of the slide in the park.
The wind is pulling my hair about
and my hands are cold
and my shirt's hanging out
and I've got to go down that glittery slide,
that steep and slippery glittery slide
to get to the bottom again.....
So.....
I close my eyes.....
let go
and whoosh.....
I swoop like a diving plane!
Off with a jump,
back to the steps
and up to the top again!

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Solo Verse Girls U9 & Solo Verse Boys U9

--Born in 2015

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Are you looking for magic? By Eric Finney

Are you looking for magic?
It's everywhere.
See how a kestrel
Hovers in air;
Watch a cat move:
What elegant grace!
See how a conker
Fits its case.
Watch a butterfly come
From a chrysalis,
Or a chick from an egg -
There's magic in this;
Then think of the
Marvellous mystery
Of an acorn becoming
A huge oak tree.
There's magic in sunsets
And patterned skies:
There's magic in moonlight -
Just use your eyes!
If you're looking for magic
It's easily found:
It's everywhere,
It's all around.

Hanging on By June Crebbin

The wind is niggling that leaf,

Wiggling it,

Twisting it this way and that,

Like my tongue is twisting

My loose tooth.

The wind is teasing that leaf,

Easing it,

Turning it this way and that,

Like my tongue is turning

My loose tooth,

Oh, it's hanging on all night,

Stubborn,

Not wanting to let go.

One good push would do it,

One good hard shove - OUCH!

Mum, Mum, my tooth's come out!

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Solo Verse Girls U10 & Solo Verse Boys U10 --

Born in 2014

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Five eyes

By Walter de la Mare

In Hans' old Mill his three black cats
Watch his bins for the thieving rats.
Whisker and claw, they crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smouldering green and bright:
Squeaks from the flour sacks, squeaks from where
The cold wind stirs on the empty stair,
Squeaking and scampering, everywhere.
Then down they pounce, now in, now out,
At whisking tail, and sniffing snout;
While lean old Hans he snores away
Till peep of light at break of day;
Then up he climbs to his creaking mill,
Out comes his cats all grey with meal –
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.

Grudges

By Judith Nicholls

It isn't fair ...
that I must be in bed
for hours before,
that I get all the blame
and never her,
that she's allowed to choose
what she will wear,
it isn't fair!

It isn't right ...
that she's allowed out
late at night,
that she can choose
when to switch off her light, that I'm the one told
off
whenever there's a fight,
it isn't right!

It makes me mad ... that they think she's so good
and I'm so bad,
that she gets extra cash
for helping Dad,
that her old coats are all
I've ever had,
it makes me mad!
(I know I'm nine
and she is seventeen;
that's no excuse at all
for them to be so MEAN!

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**Solo Verse Girls U11 & Solo Verse Boys U11 --
Born in 2013**

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Parents' evening

By Allan Ahlberg

We're waiting in the corridor,
My dad, my mum and me.
They're sitting there and talking;
I'm nervous as can be.
I wonder what she'll tell 'em.
I'll say I've got a pain!
I wish I'd got my spellings right.
I wish I had a brain.

We're waiting in the corridor,
My husband, son and me.
My son just stands there smiling;
I'm smiling, nervously
I wonder what she'll tell us.
I hope it's not all bad.
He's such a good boy, really;
But dozy - like his dad.

We're waiting in the corridor,
My wife, my boy and me.
My wife's as cool as cucumber;
I'm nervous as can be.

I hate these parents' evenings.
I feel just like a kid again
Who's gonna get the stick.

I'm waiting in the classroom,
It's nearly time to start.
I wish there was a way to stop
The pounding in my heart.
The parents in the corridor
Are chatting cheerfully;
And now I've got to face them;
And I'm nervous as can be.

The Sea

By James Reeves

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quit he scarcely snores.

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**Solo Verse Girls U12 & Solo Verse Boys U12 --
Born in 2012**

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

When You Are Old

By William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of the shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid the stars.

The Ghost,

By Natzim Hikmet

I come and stand at every door
But none can hear my silent tread
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead, for I am dead.

I'm only seven, although I died
In Hiroshima long ago.
I'm seven now, as I was then-
When children die, they do not grow.

My hair was scorched by swirling flame;
My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind.
Death came and turned my bones to dust,
And that was scattered by the wind.

I need no fruit, I need no rice.
I need no sweets, or even bread;
I ask for nothing for myself,
For I am dead, for I am dead.

All that I ask is that for peace
You fight today, you fight today.
So that the children of this world
May live and grow and laugh and play!