

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2026



**Solo Verse 5/6 Girls and Solo Verse 5/6 Boys -----
Born 2020**

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Sweet Surprise

Author unknown

Something smells good in the kitchen,

Sugary, spicy and sweet.

A pudding? A pie?

What can it be?

Mum's making a special treat.

So I peep into the kitchen

And as you all can see,

That sugary, spicy, sweet surprise

Is a BIRTHDAY CAKE for me!

My Rabbit

By John Agard

My rabbit

has funny habits.

When I say sit

he sits.

When he hears me call

he wags

his tail a bit.

When I throw a ball

he grabs it.

What a funny rabbit!

One day in the park

I swore I heard him bark.

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Solo Verse Girls U7 & Solo Verse Boys U7 --

Born in 2019

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Winter Morning

By Ogden Nash

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snow men
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over the lakes.
Smooth and clean and frost white,
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue!
Snow is snowy when it's snowing.
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

The Hunter

By Ian Moore

I prowl across the patio,
A hunter in the dark.
As silent as a shadow,
Much meaner than a shark.

I creep around my kingdom,
I yearn to scratch and bite.
To hiss and howl and disembowel,
I'm master of the night!

Until...Oh help! Please, not that sound!
The only thing I fear!
'Come on Fluffy! Come on puss!
Get yourself back 'ere!'



Solo Verse Girls U8 & Solo Verse Boys U8 --

Born in 2018

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

The Moon

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

Town Dog

By David Orme

I'm a town dog.
Usually I walk on a lead with my mistress;
I let children pat my head,
And politely use the gutter.
But sometimes,
When it's
late
and dark
and shiny
and shadowy
and everyone is in bed,
(Turning the key in my teeth),
Wearing my wolf's head
And my extra sharp fangs,
And I run and run
And have thrilling moonlit adventures.
And in the morning she says
'Tut-tut,
Who left the door open?'
and 'Tut-tut.
Look at that lazy dog.
He needs more exercise!'



Solo Verse Girls U9 & Solo Verse Boys U9 --

Born in 2017

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

The Tree and the Pool

By Brian Patten

'I don't want my leaves to drop,' said the tree.

'I don't want to freeze,' said the pool.

'I don't want to smile,' said the sombre man.

'Or ever to cry,' said the Fool.

'I don't want to open,' said the bud.

'I don't want to end,' said the night.

'I don't want to rise,' said the neap-tide.

'Or ever to fall,' said the kite.

They wished and they murmured and whispered,

They said that to change was a crime.

Then a voice from nowhere answered,

'You must do what I say,' said Time.

I was brave and I was bold

By Colin McNaughton

When playing football for my team,

I was the best they'd ever seen.

See me dribble, see me pass,

Watch me move across the grass.

I was fast and I was cunning,

I was brilliant at running.

I would score ten goals a game,

Every match would be the same.

Shots from near and shots from far.

Headers, backheels - what a star!

I was brave and I was bold

And I was only eight years old.

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Solo Verse Girls U10 & Solo Verse Boys U10 --

Born in 2016

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Gus the Hamster

By Mark Burgess

Gus is out! Don't move! Don't shout!
Gus the classroom hamster's out!
He's left his cage. He's lost somewhere –
Search high and low, search here and there!
Inside the cupboards, behind each book,
Everywhere we can look.
But Gus is gone. No sign of him
Until.....
.....a rustling from the bin
Then there he is, the smart escaper!
Surrounded by the class waste paper.
It's Gus! He's found! Hooray!
We shout, We leap for joy and dance about,
Safe in his cage, Gus looks at us
As if to say: "what's all the fuss?"

Marmalade

By Peter Dixon

He's buried in the bushes,
with dockleaves round his grave,
A crimecat desperado
and his name is Marmalade.
He's the cat that caught the pigeon,
that stole the neighbour's meat...
and tore the velvet curtains
and stained the satin seat.
He's the cat that spoilt the laundry,
he's the cat that spilt the stew,
and chased the lady's poodle
and scratched her daughter too.
But –
No more we'll hear his cat flap,
or scratches at the door,
or see him at the window,
or hear his catnap snore.
So –
Ring his grave with pebbles,
Erect a noble sign –
for here lies Marmalade
and Marmalade was MINE.

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Solo Verse Girls U11 & Solo Verse Boys U11 --

Born in 2015

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

The Snare

By James Stephens

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear that cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid!
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid!

Making everything afraid!
Wrinkling up his little face!
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare!
Little One! Oh, Little One!
I am searching everywhere!

Ready Steady? No!

By Judith Nicholls

My dad's
A keep-fit fiend.
You know?

Press-up and sit-ups
Jogging and squash;
Toe-touch and leg-stretch,
Lunch on the dash.
No time for an old-fashioned
Ploughman's and beer,
'The pool's open now,
We can sprint it from here!'

Even on Sundays
He's up with the lark:
Tennis in summer,
Weights after dark,
Arms bend and neck twist,
Runs on the spot,
Scissor-jumps, rugby –
He does the lot.

As for me
I hate sport,
Prefer bed until three;
A mere game of draughts
Is exhausting for me.
He'll always hike:
Well, I'll join the queue
And travel by train,
As we were meant to!

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Solo Verse Girls U12 & Solo Verse Boys U12 --

Born in 2014

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Do you know what the sea is able to do?

By Pat Ingoldsby

Do you know what the sea is able to
do?

For all of her millions and billions and trillions of
tons,

her rocks and her wrecks, her seaweed and
stones,

her mermaids and serpents, mysterious bones,

her tempests to test you, fish that can fly,

pinkeens that are gone in the wink of an eye,

whirlpools to suck you as if you're a sweet,

sharks who would shred you like yesterday's
wheat,

do you know what the sea is able to do?

She is able to lie perfectly still

without uttering a sound,

quiet as a feather adrift on the ground.

I find that almost impossible to do.

What do you think? ... Me too!

Creative Writing

By Gervase Phinn

My story on Monday began:

*Mountainous seas crashed on the cliffs
And the desolate land grew wetter...*

The teacher wrote a little note:

Remember the capital letter

My poem on Tuesday began:

*Red tongues of fire,
Licked higher and higher
From smoking Etna's top...*

The teacher wrote a little note:

Where is your full stop?

My story on Wednesday began:

*Through the lonely, pine-scented wood There twists
a hidden path...*

The teacher wrote a little note:

Start a paragraph!

My poem on Thursday began:

*The trembling child,
Eyes dark and wild,
Frozen midst the fighting...*

The teacher wrote a little note:

Take care - untidy writing!

My story on Friday began:

*The boxer bruised and bloody lay,
His eye half closed and swollen...*

The teacher wrote a little note:

Use a semi-colon!

Next Monday my story will begin:

Once upon a time...