

SP23 - Queen Maeve Cup Girls 8 yrs

Waking

My secret way of waking
is like a place
To hide
I'm very still,
my eyes are shut.
They all think I am sleeping
but
I'm wide awake inside.
They all think I am sleeping
but
I'm wiggling my toes.
I feel sun-fingers
on my cheek.
I hear voices whisper-speak.
I squeeze my eyes
to keep them shut
so they will think I'm sleeping
BUT
I'm really awake inside
- and no one knows!

Lilian Moore

The Party

I don't want to go there,
I'll be sick on the floor,
I'll be sick like I was
When I went there before.

What if the jelly
Is too stiff to eat?
What if there's fat
On wobbly meat?

There might be bananas
All squishy and brown,
In custard to make sure
You swallow them down.

Please tell them I'm ill,
You just have to phone,
I'd much rather stay here
And play on my own.

Michelle Magorian

SP22 Juvenile Recitation Cup - Girls 9 years

Best Friends

Would a best friend
Eat your last sweet
Talk about you behind your back
Have a party and not ask you?
Mine did.

Would a best friend
Borrow your bike without telling you
Deliberately forget your birthday
Avoid you whenever possible?
Mine did.

Would a best friend
Turn up on your bike
Give you a whole packet of your favourite sweets
Look you in the eye?
Mine did.

Would a best friend say
Sorry I talked about you behind your back
Sorry I had a party and didn't invite you
Sorry I deliberately forgot your birthday
– I thought you'd fallen out with me
Mine did.

And would a best friend say, simply,
Never mind
That's OK

I did
Bernard Young

Blanche

A baby owl
Whose name was Blanche
Perched bravely
On a narrow branch
And wondered
Whether she should try
To jump off and attempt to fly

She bravely counted up to ten
And then, she counted ten again

She jumped, she found she couldn't fly
And lay there looking at the sky

"It's lucky that that branch", said she
"Was on the ground and not the tree!"

Then off she ran and flapped her wings
And said "These are most awkward things,
For though I skip and jump quite high,
I'm still no nearer to the sky!"

And falling down, she gave a howl
And wished she'd never been an owl

And finally, her mother found her
and put her great big wing around her
And said "Dear Blanche, don't be upset,
you haven't grown your feathers yet!"

Jeremy Lloyd

SP17 The Ballad Cup - Girls 10 years

Oh, Am I Still Here?

Oh, am I still here?
I thought that I was up.
I thought I was
 doing the dishes
 ironing the budgie
 and wallpapering the cat.
What me – *skiving*?
Reading when I should be up and at?
Now would I do a thing like that?

Oh, am I still here?
I thought that I was hard at work
 planting the baby
 hoovering a raspberry jelly
 taking next-door's curtains for a walk....
I know that there are THINGS TO DO.
And I must deal with SERIOUS STUFF
But somehow, nothing's serious enough
To drag me out of this great story that I'm in.

So you can stand there and complain
As loud and crazy as you like.
Go on – if it makes you feel good – rant and shout.
BUT I'M INSIDE THIS BOOK AND I'M
NOT COMING OUT.

Jan Dean

The Yellow Cat

“There he is”, yells Father,
Grabbing lumps of soil.
“That yellow tabby's on the fence.
Drown him in boiling oil.
He's scratching at my runner beans.
Bang at 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 glare stopped Father
With its blazing yellow light;
The silken shape turned slowly
And dropped gently out of sight.

Gregory Harrison

SP16 The Dolan Perpetual Cup - Girls 11 years

Brilliant

Today Mum called me brilliant
and that's just how I feel
I'll run a race
I'm bound to win
I'll take up golf
Get a hole in one
Because today Mum called me brilliant
so that's what I must be
I'll paint a picture
A work of art
I'll design a car
It's sure to start
Because today Mum called me brilliant
and she always speaks the truth
I'll write a song
It'll be a hit
I'll train a dog
It'll stand and sit
Because today Mum called me brilliant
Yes, today Mum called me brilliant
Today Mum called me brilliant
So how am I feeling? BRILLIANT!

Bernard Young

Waving At Trains

Down in the dandelion field,
Watching the holiday trains go by,
All afternoon we waited,
Billy and I

Train after train after train...
There were twenty at least, we reckoned;
But hardly a head turned round, and no one gave
The answering wave;
And we gradually lost all hope,
And our hands slackened.

Just one more train...

It came, slowly climbing the slope;
On cushiony seats the holiday-people sat;
They read their books, and chatted and ate;
The train swept by, solemn and grand.
Then, at the very last,
(The train was almost past),
Suddenly, there at the window, a face leaned out.
And look! A smile, a wave, a fluttering hand!

Till that train was out of sight,
We waved, Billy and I did.
We waved with all our might.

John Walsh

SP24 Sligo Feis Ceoil Recitation Cup - Boys U 10

IN MY BEDROOM

In the middle of the night,
Someone's opening my door
And slipping like a snake across
My bedroom floor.

I'm too scared to find out
Who it could be
Until I hear it whisper,
"Cross the bridge for platform 3"

Then I hear a whistle
And a chuff-chuff sound
And the click-clack of my model train
Whizzing round and round.

I flick on the light.
To see who's there –
My day with a green flag
Blinking in the glare

"It's all right, son,
Did I give you a fright?
Just making sure your train set
Is working right."

John Coldwell

Greedy Dog

This dog will eat anything.

Apple cores and bacon fat,
Milk you poured out for the cat.
He likes the string that ties the roast
And relishes hot buttered toast.
Hide your chocolates! He's a thief,
He'll even eat your handkerchief.
And if you don't like sudden shocks,
Carefully conceal your socks.
Leave some soup without a lid
And you'll wish you never did.
When you think he must be full,
You find him gobbling bits of wool,
Orange peel or paper bags,
Dusters and old cleaning rags.

This dog will eat anything,
Except for mushrooms and cucumber.

Now what is wrong with those, I wonder.

James Hurley

SP18 The Fitzpatrick Cup - Boys U 12

I See His Blood Upon the Rose

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice – and carved by his power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

Joseph Mary Plunkett

Football Training

Monday
Practised heading the ball:
Missed it – nipped the neighbours' wall.

Tuesday
Perfected my sideline throw:
Fell in the mud – forgot to let go!

Wednesday
Worked on my penalty kick:
A real bruiser – my toe met a brick.

Thursday
Gained stamina – went for a jog:
Ran round in circles – lost in the fog!

Friday
Developed my tactical play:
Tackled the goal post – it got in the way.

Saturday
Exercised – twenty-eight press-ups:
Did pull a muscle – but no major mess-ups.

Sunday
At last – the day of the match!
The ref was amazed how I kept my nerve;
He agreed it's not easy to be the reserve!

Celia Warren

SP11 The Donje Cup - Girls & Boys U -14 years

Evacuee

The slum had been his home since he was born;
And then war came, and he was rudely torn
From all he'd ever known; and with his case
Of mean necessities, brought to a place
Of silences and space; just boom of sea
And sigh of wind; small wonder then that he
Crept out one night to seek his sordid slum,
And thought to find his way. By dawn he'd come
A few short miles; and cattle in their herds
Gazed limpidly as he trudged by, and birds
Just stirring in first light, awoke to hear
His lonely sobbing, born of abject fear
Of sea and hills and sky; of silent night
Unbroken by the sound of shout
And fight.

Edith Pickthall

I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth

SCRIPTURE READINGS

SP46 Under 10

Matthew 26 (V26 – 30)

26 While they were eating, Jesus took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and gave it to his disciples, saying, “Take and eat; this is my body.”

27 Then he took a cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, “Drink from it, all of you.

28 This is my blood of the[a]covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins.

29 I tell you, I will not drink from this fruit of the vine from now on until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.”

30 When they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.

SP45 Under 13

Psalms 130

¹ Out of the depths I cry to you, LORD;

² Lord, hear my voice.

Let your ears be attentive

to my cry for mercy.

³ If you, LORD, kept a record of sins,
Lord, who could stand?

⁴ But with you there is forgiveness,
so that we can, with reverence, serve you.

⁵ I wait for the LORD, my whole being waits,
and in his word I put my hope.

⁶ I wait for the Lord
more than watchmen wait for the morning,
more than watchmen wait for the morning.

⁷ Israel, put your hope in the LORD,
for with the LORD is unfailing love
and with him is full redemption.

⁸ He himself will redeem Israel
from all their sins.

SP44 Under 16

Psalm 138

I thank you, LORD, with all my heart;

I sing praise to you before the gods.

² I face your holy Temple,

bow down, and praise your name

because of your constant love and faithfulness,

because you have shown that your name and your commands are supreme.^[b]

³ You answered me when I called to you;

with your strength you strengthened me.

⁴ All the kings in the world will praise you, LORD,

because they have heard your promises.

⁵ They will sing about what you have done

and about your great glory.

⁶ Even though you are so high above,

you care for the lowly,

and the proud cannot hide from you.

⁷ When I am surrounded by troubles,

you keep me safe.

You oppose my angry enemies

and save me by your power.

⁸ You will do everything you have promised;

LORD, your love is eternal.

Complete the work that you have begun.

SP43 Open Class

Romans 14 (V1 – V10)

Accept the one whose faith is weak, without quarreling over disputable matters. ² One person's faith allows them to eat anything, but another, whose faith is weak, eats only vegetables. ³ The one who eats everything must not treat with contempt the one who does not, and the one who does not eat everything must not judge the one who does, for God has accepted them. ⁴ Who are you to judge someone else's servant? To their own master, servants stand or fall. And they will stand, for the Lord is able to make them stand.

⁵ One person considers one day more sacred than another; another considers every day alike. Each of them should be fully convinced in their own mind. ⁶ Whoever regards one day as special does so to the Lord. Whoever eats meat does so to the Lord, for they give thanks to God; and whoever abstains does so to the Lord and gives thanks to God. ⁷ For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. ⁸ If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. ⁹ For this very reason, Christ died and returned to life so that he might be the Lord of both the dead and the living.

¹⁰ You, then, why do you judge your brother or sister^[a]? Or why do you treat them with contempt? For we will all stand before God's judgment seat.