

Sligo Feis Ceoil - PRIMARY SCHOOL POEMS 2017 - recite one of the following poems (€6 per entry)

[J1 Junior Infants]

Five Scarlet Berries By Mary Vivian

Five scarlet berries left upon the tree
‘Thanks’ said the blackbird
‘These will do for me.’
He ate numbers one and two
And ate number three
When he’d eaten number four
There was none to see!

When Susie’s Eating Custard by John Foster

When Susie’s eating custard,
It splashes everywhere –
Down her bib, up her nose,
All over her high chair.

She pokes it with her fingers.
She spreads it on her hair.
When Susie’s eating custard,
She gets it everywhere.

[S1 Senior Infants]

When the Giant comes to Breakfast by John Coldwell

When the giant comes to breakfast
He eats cornflakes with a spade
Followed by a lorry load
Of Toast and Marmalade.
Next, he takes a dustbin
Fills it up with tea,
Drinks it all in a gulp,
And leaves the mess for me!

Five Little Squirrels Anon.

Five little squirrels
Sat in a tree
The first one said,
‘What do I see?’
The second one said,
‘A man with a gun.’
The third one said,
‘We’d better run.’
The fourth one said,
‘Let’s hide in the shade.’
The fifth one said,
‘I’m not afraid.’
Then BANG went the gun,
And how they did run!

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[P1 1st Class]

Dancing Class By Mary Dawson

They are sending me to ballet

I don't want to go a bit

I know I won't do it properly

I won't get the hang of it.

Mum says I'll be lovely

And Dad says he knows I'll be fine

But how can I learn to do ballet

When I can't even keep in time?

Cabbage By Jean Willis

Sometimes Granny gives me things

I do not like to eat,

Cabbage leaves with soggy strings

And slimy luncheon meat.

I push them round and round the plate

And when she isn't looking

I stuff into my Wellingtons

The worst of Granny's cooking!

[P2 – 2nd Class]

The Watching Crocodile by Irene Rawnsley

The crafty crocodile
always keeps
one eye open
when the other eye sleeps.

He lies in the river
pretending to doze,
and waits for a fish
to swim past his nose.

Snap! Go his jaws;
the meal is gone
He smiles and waits
for another one.

Take care little fishes
as you swim by.
Remember, remember
the crocodile's eye.

The Secret By Phyllis May Gill

I heard two words of the sentence
And the silence fell –
I tried to learn the secret,
But nobody would tell.

I grew so rudely curious,
I felt I HAD to know;
I asked a lot of questions,
But they always answered 'NO!'

At last I learned the secret;
It was lovely as can be –
It came upon my birthday,
A puppy – just for me!

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[P3 – 3rd Class]

The Lost Voice by Peter Dixon

Our teacher lost her voice today.....
We don't know where it's gone,
We've searched all round the classroom
And all around the hall.

We've searched inside the cupboard,
We've looked behind the wall
And even in the toilets.....
It can't be found at all!

My mother says it's dreadful
My mother says it's sad...
Miss Johnson only *whispers*
But we are rather glad.

The Cat Next Door By Trevor Harvey

The cat from next door
Is as quiet as a mouse;
If your front door's ajar,
Then she'll enter your house;
She will creep up the stairs
And she'll search high and low;
When she's seen all she wants,
She'll just turn tail and go.
Unless you're around
You're unlikely to know
That the cat from next door
Who's as quiet as a mouse
Has enjoyed a good sniff
Through the *whole* of your house!

[P4 – 4th Class]

This Morning My Dad Shouted by John Foster

This morning my Dad shouted
This morning my Dad swore
There was water through the ceiling
There was water on the floor.
There was water on the carpets.
There was water down the stairs.
The kitchen stools were floating
So were the dining chairs.

This morning I've been crying
Dad made me so upset.
He shouted and he swore at me
Just 'cos things got so wet.
I only turned the tap on
To get myself a drink.
The trouble is I didn't see
The plug was in the sink.

Picking Teams by Allan Alhberg

When we pick teams in the playground,
Whatever the game might be,
There's always somebody left till last
And usually.....it's me.

I stand there looking hopeful
And tapping myself on the chest,
But the captains pick the others first,
Starting, of course, with the best.

Maybe if teams were sometimes picked
Starting with the worst,
Once in his life a boy like me
Could end up being first!

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[P5 – 5th Class]

***The Rival Arrives* by Brian Patten**

Tom, take the baby out of the fridge
And put the milk back in.
We know you are not used to him
And think he makes a din.
But I'm afraid he's here to stay
And he is rather cute,
So you'll have to stop insisting
He goes to the car-boot.
And please stop telling all your friends
We bought him in a sale,
Or that he's a free sample
We received in the mail.
He was not found in a trolley
At the local Mothercare,
And a family did not give him to us
Because they'd one to spare.

You should look on the Brightside, Tom.
In just a year or two
You will have someone else to blame
For the wicked things you do.

***The Quarrel* by Eleanor Farjeon**

I quarreled with my brother.
I don't know what about.
One thing led to another
And somehow we fell out.
The start of it was slight,
The end of it was strong
He said he was right
I knew he was wrong.

We hated one another
The afternoon turned black.
Then suddenly my brother
Thumped me on the back,
And said: O come along
We can't go on all night.
I was in the wrong
And he was in the right.

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[P6 – 6th Class]

Dear Mum by Brian Patten

While you were out
A cup went and broke itself,
A crack appeared in the blue vase
Your great-great granddad
Brought back from Mr. Ming in China.
Somehow, without me even turning on the tap,
The sink mysteriously overflowed.
A strange jam-stain,
About the size of a boy's hand
Appeared on the kitchen wall.
I don't think we will ever discover
Exactly how the cat
Managed to turn on the washing-machine
(especially from the inside),
Or how sis's pet rabbit went and mistook
The waste disposal unit for a burrow.
I can tell you I was scared when,
As if by magic,
A series of muddy footprints
Appeared on the new white carpet.

I was being good
(honest)
But I think the house is haunted so,
Knowing you're going to have a fit,
I've gone over to Gran's for a bit.

I Remember, I Remember by Thomas Hood

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!