

# Sligo Feis Ceoil

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## CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES - MARCH 3RD

**Competition Venue:** Presbyterian Hall/Gillooly Hall & Hawkswell Theatre

**Competition Date:** April 17th, 18th & 19th  
**Rules & Set Pieces:** [www.sligofeisceoil.ie](http://www.sligofeisceoil.ie)  
**Contact Details:** [info@sligofeisceoil.ie](mailto:info@sligofeisceoil.ie) / 087 9602866

**Online registration:** [www.sligofeisceoil.ie](http://www.sligofeisceoil.ie)  
**Group Entry Form :** [www.sligofeisceoil.ie](http://www.sligofeisceoil.ie)

**GA1 Corn Shinéad Ní Thorsnaigh****CILL AODÁIN**

Anois teacht an earraigh beidh an lá ag dul chun síneadh,  
 'S tar éis na Féile Bríde ardóidh mé mo sheol,  
 Ó chuir mé i mo cheann é ní stopfaidh mé choíche  
 Go seasfaidh mé síos i lár Chontae Mhaigh Eo.

I gClár Chlainne Mhuiris bhéas mé an chéad oíche  
 'S i mBalla taobh thíos de thosós mé ag ól;  
 Go Coillte Mach rachad go ndéanfad cuairt mhíosa ann  
 I bhfogas dhá mhíle do Bhéal an Áth' Mhóir.

Ó fágaim le huacht é go n-éiríonn mo chroíse  
 Mar éiríós an ghaoth nó mar scaipeas an ceo,  
 Nuair smaoiním ar Chearra nó ar Ghaileang taobh thíos  
 de,  
 Ar Sceathach a' Mhíle nó ar phlánaí Mhaigh Eo.

Cill Aodáin an baile a bhfásann gach ní ann,  
 Tá sméara 's sús chraobh ann is meas ar gach sórt,  
 'S dá mbeinnse im' sheasamh i gceartlár mo dhaoine  
 D'imeodh an aois díom is bheinn arís óg.

*Antaine Rafterí*

**GA2 Corn Phadráig Uí Fhuairáin****GEIMHREADH**

Tá néalta ar na cnoic inniu,  
 Is fliuch gach sráid, gach bóthar,  
 Ghoil an spéir gan sos aréir,  
 Is dubh na crainn 's is brónach.

A Gheimridh bhoicht, tuigim do ghol:  
 Ní thagann rós id' theannta,  
 Ná crann ag péacadh san Aibreán,  
 Ná brothall aoibhinn Samraidh.

Ach éist lem' rann is tóg do cheann:  
 Ná bíodh ort brón ná náire,  
 Istigh id' lár a rugadh Críost;  
 Is crann, is teas, is bláth É.

*Muiris Ó Ríordáin*

**GA3 Corn Eugene Mac Giolla Easpaig****CÚL AN TÍ**

Tá Tír na n-Óg ar chúl an tí,  
 Tír álainn trína chéile,  
 Lucht ceithre chos ag siúl na slí  
 Gan bróga orthu ná léine,  
 Gan Béarla acu ná Gaeilge.

Ach fásann clóca ar gach droim  
 Sa tír seo trína chéile,  
 Is labhartar teanga ar chúl an tí  
 Nár thuig aon fhear ach Aesop,  
 Is tá sé siúd sa chré anois.

Tá cearca ann is ál sícín,  
 Is lacha righin mhothaolach,  
 Is gadhar mór dubh mar namhaid sa tír  
 Ag drannadh le gach éinne,  
 Is cat ag crú na gréine.

Sa chúinne thiar tá banc dramhaíl'  
 Is iontaisí an tsaoil ann,  
 Coinnleoir, búclaí, seanhata tuí,  
 Is trumpa balbh néata,  
 Is citeal bán mar ghé ann.

Is ann a thagann tincéirí  
 Go naofa, trína chéile,  
 Tá gaol acu le cúl an tí,  
 Is bíd ag iarraidh déirce  
 Ar chúl gach tí in Éirinn.

Ba mhaith liom bheith ar chúl an tí  
 Sa doircheacht go déanach  
 Go bhfeicfinn ann ar chuairt gealaí  
 An t-ollaimhín sin Aesop  
 Is é ina phúca léannta.

*Seán Ó Ríordáin*

**SP11 Girls & Boys 12 -14 years****The Railway Children**

When we climbed the slopes of the cutting  
 We were eye-level with the white cups  
 Of the telegraph poles and the sizzling wires.  
 Like lovely freehand they curved for miles  
 East and miles west beyond us, sagging  
 Under their burden of swallows.  
 We were small and thought we knew nothing  
 Worth knowing. We thought words travelled the wires  
 In the shiny pouches of raindrops.  
 Each one seeded full with the light  
 Of the sky, the gleam of the lines, and ourselves  
 So infinitesimally scaled  
 We could stream through the eye of a needle.

**Seamus Heaney**

**Old Woman Of The Roads**

O, to have a little house!  
 To own the hearth and stool and all!  
 The heaped up sods against the fire,  
 The pile of turf against the wall!  
 To have a clock with weights and chains  
 And pendulum swinging up and down!  
 A dresser filled with shining delph,  
 Speckled and white and blue and brown!  
 I could be busy all the day  
 Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
 And fixing on their shelf again  
 My white and blue and speckled store!  
 I could be quiet there at night  
 Beside the fire and by myself,  
 Sure of a bed and loth to leave  
 The ticking clock and the shining delph!  
 Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
 And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
 And tired I am of bog and road,  
 And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!  
 And I am praying to God on high,  
 And I am praying Him night and day,  
 For a little house - a house of my own  
 Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

**Padraic Colum**

**SP16 GIRLS 11 years****Old Mrs Thing-Um-E-Bob**

Old Mrs Thing-um-e-bob  
lives at you-know-where,  
Dropped her what-you-may-call-it  
Down the well of the kitchen stair.

'Gracious me!' said Thing-um-e-bob,  
'This don't look too bright.  
I'll ask old Mr What's-his name  
To try and put it right.'

Along came Mr. What'-his-name,  
He said, 'You've broke the lot!  
I'll have to see what I can do  
With some of the you-know-what.'

So he gave the what-you -may-call-it a pit  
And he gave it a bit of a pat  
And he put it all together again  
With a little of this and that.

And he gave the what-you-may-call-it a dib  
And he gave it a dab as well.  
When all of a sudden he heard a note  
As clear as any bell.

'It's as good as new!' cried What's-his name.  
'But please remember, now,  
In future Mrs Thing-um-e-bob  
You'll have to go you-know-how.'

**Charles Causley****Noah and The Rabbit**

"No land", said Noah  
"There-is-not-any-land.  
Oh Rabbit, Rabbit, can't you understand?"  
But Rabbit shook his head:  
"Say it again", he said,  
"And slowly, please.  
No good brown earth for burrows  
And no trees;  
No wastes where vetch and rabbit-parsley grows,  
No brakes, no bushes and no turnip rows,  
No holt, no upland, no meadowland or weald,  
No tangled hedgerow and no playing field?"

"No land at all – just water", Noah replied,  
And Rabbit sighed.  
"For always, Noah", he whispered, "will there be  
Nothing henceforth for ever but the sea?  
Or will there come a day  
When the green earth will call me back to play?"  
And Noah bowed his head:  
"Some day..... some day", he said.

**Mike Harding**

**SP17 Girls 10 years****Waking Up**

Oh! I have just had such a lovely dream!  
 And then I woke,  
 And all the dream went out like kettle-steam,  
 Or chimney-smoke.

My dream was all about – how funny, though!  
 I've only just  
 Dreamed it, and now it has begun to blow  
 Away like dust.

In it I went – no! in my dream I had –  
 No, that's not it!  
 I can't remember, oh, it is *too* bad,  
 My dream a bit.

But I saw something beautiful, I'm sure –  
 Then someone spoke,  
 And then I didn't see it any more,  
 Because I woke.

**Eleanor Farjeon**

**Welcome Back to School**

“Dear Students, the summer has ended.  
 The school year at last has begun.  
 But this year is totally different.  
 This year we'll only have fun.

We'll only play games in the classroom,  
 You're welcome to bring in your toys.  
 It's okay to run in the hallways.  
 It's great if you make lots of noise.

For homework, you'll play your Nintendo,  
 You'll have to watch lots of TV,  
 For school trips we'll go to the movies,  
 And get loads of nice sweets for free.

The lunch room will only serve chocolate,  
 And bowls of scrumptious ice cream.”  
 Yes, that's what I heard from my teacher,  
 Before I woke up from my dream.

**Kenn Nesbitt**

**SP18 Boys U 12****When I Was Your Age**

My uncle said, "How do you get to school?"  
 I said, "By bus," and my uncle smiled.  
 "When I was your age," my uncle said,  
 "I walked it barefoot--seven miles."

My uncle said, "How much weight can you tote?"  
 I said, "One bag of grain." my uncle laughed.  
 "When I was your age," my uncle said,  
 "I could drive a wagon--and lift a calf."

My uncle said, "How many fights have you had?"  
 I said, "Two--and both times I got whipped."  
 "When I was your age," my uncle said,  
 "I fought every day--and was never licked."

My uncle said, "How old are you?"  
 I said, "Nine and a half," and then  
 My uncle puffed out his chest and said,  
 "When I was your age... I was ten."

**Shel Silverstein**

**Waterway Robbery**

A pike in the river  
 Had cornered a carp:  
 "Five pounds or your life  
 And you'd better look sharp!"  
 The carp gasped and bubbled:  
 "Five pounds! But I'm clean,  
 I don't carry money,  
 I haven't a bean."  
 The pike grinned: "No matter,  
 They say carp's quite tasty."  
 "Oh, give me a chance,"  
 Begged the carp, "don't be hasty;  
 Just wait here one minute  
 And, quick as a flash,  
 I'll go and come back  
 With the relevant cash."  
 "OK," hissed the pike.  
 "One minute you've got  
 To pay me before  
 Things start getting hot.  
 Now scram!" The carp did  
 And fast as you like  
 Returned with a fiver  
 To pay off the pike  
 Who left with a swirl  
 Of his emerald flanks ...  
 "Thank goodness," the carp thought,  
 "That rivers have banks!"

**Richard Edwards**

**SP22 GIRLS 9 years****I Don't Want To Go To Bed**

I don't want to go to bed,  
 I'd rather stay up late instead.  
 I wish you weren't quite so meticulous –  
 Bed at eight is quite ridiculous.  
 With lots of time still left today  
 Tomorrow is so far away.  
 There's still so much I haven't done,  
 Going to bed just isn't fun.  
 Look at the clock – it isn't late –  
 I'm just not going, so bed can wait!  
 All right, all right, don't get cross,  
 I'm going now, I know who's boss.  
 Look, I'm nearly halfway there –  
 My foot is on the bottom stair.  
 You'll come and read? You said you would.  
 You'd better or I won't be good.

**Mark Burgess**

**The Secret Place**

There's a place I go, inside myself,  
 Where nobody else can be,  
 And none of my friends can tell it's there –  
 Nobody knows but me.

It's hard to explain the way it feels,  
 Or even where I go.  
 It isn't a place in time or space,  
 But once I'm there, I *know*.

It's tiny, it's shiny, it can't be seen,  
 But it's big as the sky at night . . .  
 I try to explain and it hurts my brain,  
 But once I'm there, it's *right*.

There's a place I know inside myself,  
 And it's neither big nor small,  
 And whenever I go, it feels as though  
 I never left at all.

**Dennis Lee**

**SP23 Girls 8****Since Hanna Moved Away**

The tires on my bike are flat.  
 The sky is grouchy gray.  
 At least it sure feels like that  
 Since Hanna moved away.

Chocolate ice cream tastes like prunes.  
 December's come to stay.  
 They've taken back the Mays and Junes  
 Since Hanna moved away.

Flowers smell like halibut.  
 Velvet feels like hay.  
 Every handsome dog's a mutt  
 Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.  
 Nothing's fun to play.  
 They call me, but I won't come out  
 Since Hanna moved away.

**Judith Viorst**

**My Violin**

My mum brought home a violin  
 So I could learn to play  
 She told me if I practiced hard  
 I'd play it well some day.

Without a single lesson  
 I tried to play a song.  
 My fiddle squeaked, my fiddle squawked  
 The notes came out all wrong.

My little brother fled the room.  
 Mum covered up her ears.  
 My puppy dog began to howl.  
 My sister was in tears.

My dad pulled out his wallet.  
 He handed me a ten.  
 He made me swear I'd never play  
 That violin again.

**Bruce Lansky**



**SP24 Boys U 10****The Grebs...**

When at night in bed I sleep  
 I hear the grebs around me creep,  
 I hear their whiskers scrape the floor,  
 I hear their fingers at the door.

I see their eyes shine in the dark,  
 I hear them squeal, I hear them bark.  
 'Oh Grebs, if you'll just go away,  
 I'll be good tomorrow, all day!'

But voices say "Too late, too late!  
 We want you dead or alive!"  
 I tremble, shiver, shake and quiver  
 And beneath the bedclothes hide.

And feet and whiskers round me run  
 And closer, closer, closer come...  
 'Oh Grebs, if you'll just go away,  
 I'll be good tomorrow, all day!'

'Too late,  
 Too late,  
 We're here..."

**Mike Harding**

**The Shell**

In winter I put a shell to my ear  
 And through it I hear  
 The sound of the sea  
 Answer me.  
 'Are the donkey and funfair,  
 Boats and gulls still there?  
 The pier wading out from the land  
 And starfish like badges on the sand  
 Will they be there when I come next year?'  
 The whispering tide  
 In the shell replies,  
 'They will all be here  
 When you come next year.'

**Stanley Cook**

**SP46 (U 10)****Mark Chapter 4 Verse 35-41**

As evening came, Jesus said to his disciples, “Let’s cross to the other side of the lake.” So they took Jesus in the boat and started out, leaving the crowds behind (although other boats followed). But soon a fierce storm came up. High waves were breaking into the boat, and it began to fill with water.

Jesus was sleeping at the back of the boat with his head on a cushion. The disciples woke him up, shouting, “Teacher, don’t you care that we’re going to drown?”

When Jesus woke up, he rebuked the wind and said to the waves, “Silence! Be still!” Suddenly the wind stopped, and there was a great calm. Then he asked them, “Why are you afraid? Do you still have no faith?”

The disciples were absolutely terrified. “Who is this man?” they asked each other. “Even the wind and waves obey him!”

**SP45 – (10 - 13)****Mark Chapter 14: verses 66-72**

While Peter was below in the courtyard, one of the servant girls of the high priest came by. When she saw Peter warming himself, she looked closely at him.

“You also were with that Nazarene, Jesus,” she said.

But he denied it. “I don’t know or understand what you’re talking about,” he said, and went out into the entryway.<sup>[a]</sup>

When the servant girl saw him there, she said again to those standing around, “This fellow is one of them.” Again he denied it.

After a little while, those standing near said to Peter, “Surely you are one of them, for you are a Galilean.”

He began to call down curses, and he swore to them, “I don’t know this man you’re talking about.”

Immediately the rooster crowed the second time. Then Peter remembered the word Jesus had spoken to him: “Before the rooster crows twice<sup>[c]</sup> you will disown me three times.” And he broke down and wept.

**SP44 – (13 - 16)****Matthew Chapter 25 – Verses 31 to 40**

“When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, he will sit on his glorious throne. All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate the people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. He will put the sheep on his right and the goats on his left.

“Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me.’

“Then the righteous will answer him, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?’

“The King will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.’

**SP43 - Open Class****Luke Chapter 18:Verses 18-30**

A certain ruler asked him, “Good teacher, what must I do to inherit eternal life?”

“Why do you call me good?” Jesus answered. “No one is good—except God alone. You know the commandments: ‘You shall not commit adultery, you shall not murder, you shall not steal, you shall not give false testimony, honor your father and mother.’[a]”

“All these I have kept since I was a boy,” he said.

When Jesus heard this, he said to him, “You still lack one thing. Sell everything you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven. Then come, follow me.”

When he heard this, he became very sad, because he was very wealthy. Jesus looked at him and said, “How hard it is for the rich to enter the kingdom of God! Indeed, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for someone who is rich to enter the kingdom of God.”

Those who heard this asked, “Who then can be saved?”

Jesus replied, “What is impossible with man is possible with God.”

Peter said to him, “We have left all we had to follow you!”

“Truly I tell you,” Jesus said to them, “no one who has left home or wife or brothers or sisters or parents or children for the sake of the kingdom of God will fail to receive many times as much in this age, and in the age to come eternal life.”

**PRIMARY SCHOOL POEMS**

*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!

[J1 Junior Infants]

*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.

[J1 Junior 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!

[S1 Senior Infants]

*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!

[S1 Senior Infants]

*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?

[P1 1st Class]

*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!

[P1 – 1<sup>st</sup> 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.  
 [P2 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Class]

*The Secret By Phyllis May Gill*

I hear 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!  
 [P2 – 2<sup>nd</sup> 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.

[P3 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Class]

*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!

[P3 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Class]



*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!

[P4 – 4<sup>th</sup> 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.

[P4 – 4<sup>th</sup> 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.

[P5 – 5<sup>th</sup> Class]

*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.

[P5 – 5<sup>th</sup> 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.

[P6 – 6<sup>th</sup> Class]

*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!

[P6 – 6<sup>th</sup> Class]