

SP11 – Boys & Girls Under14

A feather from an angel by Brian Moses

Anton's box of treasures held
a silver key and a glassy stone,
a figurine made of polished bone
and a feather from an angel.

The figurine was from Borneo,
the stone from France or Italy,
the silver key was a mystery
but the feather came from an angel.

We might have believed him if he'd said
the feather fell from a bleached white crow
but he always replied, "It's an angel's, I know,
a feather from an angel."

We might have believed him if he'd said,
"An albatross let the feather fall,"
But he had no doubt, no doubt at all,
his feather came from an angel.

"I thought I'd dreamt him one night," he'd say,
"But in the morning I knew he'd been there;
he left a feather on my bedside chair,
a feather from an angel."

And it seems that all my life I've looked
for that sort of belief that nothing could shift,
something simple yet precious as Anton's gift,
a feather from an angel.

SP11 – Boys & Girls Under14

'Geography Lesson' by Brian Patten

Our teacher told us one day he would leave
And sail across a warm blue sea
To places he had only known from maps,
And all his life had longed to be.

The house he lived in was narrow and grey
But in his mind's eye he could see
Sweet-scented jasmine clinging to the walls,
And green leaves burning on an orange tree.

He spoke of the lands he longed to visit,
Where it was never drab or cold.
I couldn't understand why he never left,
And shook off the school's stranglehold.

Then halfway through his final term
He took ill and never returned,
He never got to that place on the map
Where the green leaves of the orange trees burned.

The maps were redrawn on the classroom wall;
His name forgotten, he faded away.
But a lesson he never knew he taught
Is with me to this day.

I travel to where the green leaves burn,
To where the ocean's glass-clear and blue,
To places our teacher taught me to love -
And which he never knew.

Sp16 – Girls 11 Years

**Life According to my Brother
by Hiawyn Oram**

I've had it.
I've really had it
And I've said so to my mother
I'm sick of it
Completely sick of it
Life According to my Brother.

When Ben wants to listen to his tapes
What do we listen to? Of course!
And when I sing along to pass the time
He hits me for singing hoarse.

When Ben wants the yellow whatever
Not the green one that he first chose
My Dad makes me give him my yellow one
Because of the tantrums he throws.

Well, I've had it
I've really had it
Living Life According to Ben
And I'm off to the bottom of the garden
And I'm not coming back till he's ten.

Sp16 – Girls 11 Years

When my Friend Anita runs – by Grace Nichols

When my friend Anita runs
She runs straight into the headalong –
Legs flashing over grass, daisies, mounds.

When my friend Anita runs
She sticks out her chest like an Olympic
Champion – face all serious concentration.

And you'll never catch her looking around,
Until she flies into the invisible tape
That says, she's won.

Then she turns to give me
This big grin and hug.

O to be able to run like Anita
Run like Anita,
Who runs like a cheetah.
If only, just for once, I could beat her.

SP17 – Girls 10 Years

‘Snakes and Fairies’ by Pie Corbett

There are snakes
at the bottom of our garden -
not fairies.

I found them,
coiled beneath
some corrugated iron,
basking in the heat -

As soon as
we lifted the tin
they slipped quick
slick as a card trick,
into the grass
by our feet -

You should have seen
us scarper
to the safety
of the patio.

When I was little
I would peer
into the ears of flowers
and search beneath leaves
for the fairies
that were supposed to live
at the bottom
of our garden.

I think that the snakes
Must have chased them away.

SP17 – Girls 10 Years

This is Where by James Carter

...this is where I learnt to be.
And this is where I learnt to read,
And write and count and act in plays,
And blossom in so many ways.

This is where I learnt to sing,
Express myself, and really think.
And this is where I learnt to dream,
To wonder why and what things mean.
This is where I learnt to care,
To make good friends, to give, to share,
To kick, to catch, to race, to run.
This is where I had such fun.
This is where I grew and grew.
This is where?
My Primary School!

SP18 – Boys Under 12

‘Mafia cats’ by Roger McGough

We’re the Mafia cats
Bugsy, Franco and Toni
We’re crazy for pizza
With hot pepperoni

We run all the rackets
From gambling to vice
On St Valentine’s day
We massacre mice

We always wear shades
To show that we’re meanies
Big hats and sharp suits
And drive Lamborghinis

We’re the Mafia cats
Bugsy, Franco and Toni
Love Sicilian wine
And cheese macaroni

But we have a secret
(And if you dare tell
You’ll end up with the kitten
At the bottom of the well)

Or covered in concrete
And thrown into the deep
For this is one secret
You really must keep.)

We’re the Cosa Nostra
Run the scams and the fiddles
But at home we are
Mopsy, Ginger and Tiddles.

SP18 – Boys Under 12

‘The boy who dropped litter’ by Lindsay MacRae

‘ANTHONY WRIGGLY
SHAME ON YOU!’
screached the teacher
as she spotted him
scrunching up his crisp packet
and dropping it carefully
on to the pavement outside school.

‘If everyone went around
dropping crisp packets like you do
where would we be?’

(Anthony didn’t know, so she told him)

‘We’d be walking waist-high in crisp packets,
that’s where!’

Anthony was silent
He hung his head.

He looked to the teacher
as if he was very sorry.

When in fact he was trying to calculate
just how many packets it would take
to bring Basildon to a complete standstill.

SP22 – Girls 9 Years

‘Class warfare’ by Roger McGough

I’m the most important
Person in the class.

Twenty-four carat diamond
While all the rest are glass.

Distinctions distinguish me
While others strive to pass

I’m en route for glory
While others are en masse

They’re backdrops, they’re bit parts
They’re day-old candy floss

They provide the undercoat
For my enduring gloss

When I go down in history
I’ll go down a storm

For I’m the most important
Person in the form

(If you don’t believe me
Ask Daddy - he’s the headmaster.)

SP22 – Girls 9 Years

‘Tears for the Tooth Fairy’ by Roger McGough

The Tooth Fairy is crying,
Not tears of pain, but of disappointment.
Yesterday morning,
Not looking where she was flying
She flew straight into a toadstool
And knocked out her front tooth.

So, sleepy at bedtime
She put it under her pillow
Before turning off the light,
Made a wish and fell asleep.
And guess what? You’re right,
This morning the tooth was still there!

SP23 – Girls 8 Years

‘Easy money’ by Roger McGough

Guess how old I am?
I bet you can't.
I bet you.
Go on guess.
Have a guess.

Wrong!
Have another.

Wrong!
Have another.

Wrong again!
Do you give in?

Seven years four months two weeks
Five days three hours fifteen
Minutes forty-eight seconds!
That's 20p you owe me.

SP23 – Girls 8 Years

Sports Day – Author Unknown

I went in for the sack race,
I was doing all right
Until Josh bumped into Lizzie
And I fell over Bill.

We almost came first in the three legged race,
Me and Daisy Peep
Then our legs got muddled up somehow,
And we landed in a heap.

But my best race was running
Bang! Went the starting gun.
I ran like the wind to the finishing line
And everyone cheered, “YOU’VE WON!”

SP24 – Boys Under 10 Years

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,
Sometimes,
When it's
Late
And dark
And shiny
And shadowy
And everyone is in bed,
I let myself out of the house
(Turning the key with 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.'

SP24 Boys Under 10 Years

Mothers Chocolate Valentine by Jack Prelutsky

I bought a box of chocolate hearts
A present for my Mother.
They looked so good I tasted one.
And then I tried another.

They both were so delicious
That I ate another four.
And then another couple
And then half a dozen more.

I couldn't seem to stop myself
I nibbled on and on
Before I knew what happened
All the chocolate hearts were gone.

I felt a little guilty.
I was stuffed down to my socks
I ate my mothers valentines....
I hope she likes the box

SP43 (Open Class) John 9:24-41

24 A second time they summoned the man who had been blind. "Give glory to God by telling the truth," they said. "We know this man is a sinner."

25 He replied, "Whether he is a sinner or not, I don't know. One thing I do know. I was blind but now I see!"

26 Then they asked him, "What did he do to you? How did he open your eyes?"

27 He answered, "I have told you already and you did not listen. Why do you want to hear it again? Do you want to become his disciples too?"

28 Then they hurled insults at him and said, "You are this fellow's disciple! We are disciples of Moses! 29 We know that God spoke to Moses, but as for this fellow, we don't even know where he comes from."

30 The man answered, "Now that is remarkable! You don't know where he comes from, yet he opened my eyes. 31 We know that God does not listen to sinners. He listens to the godly person who does his will. 32 Nobody has ever heard of opening the eyes of a man born blind. 33 If this man were not from God, he could do nothing."

34 To this they replied, "You were steeped in sin at birth; how dare you lecture us!" And they threw him out.

35 Jesus heard that they had thrown him out, and when he found him, he said, "Do you believe in the Son of Man?"

36 "Who is he, sir?" the man asked. "Tell me so that I may believe in him."

37 Jesus said, "You have now seen him; in fact, he is the one speaking with you."

38 Then the man said, "Lord, I believe," and he worshiped him.

39 Jesus said, "For judgment I have come into this world, so that the blind will see and those who see will become blind."

40 Some Pharisees who were with him heard him say this and asked, "What? Are we blind too?"

41 Jesus said, "If you were blind, you would not be guilty of sin; but now that you claim you can see, your guilt remains."

SP44 - (13 - 16) Luke 6:27-35

27 "But to you who are listening I say: Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, 28 bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you.

29 If someone slaps you on one cheek, turn to them the other also. If someone takes your coat, do not withhold your shirt from them. 30 Give to everyone who asks you, and if anyone takes what belongs to you, do not demand it back.

31 Do to others as you would have them do to you.

32 "If you love those who love you, what credit is that to you? Even sinners love those who love them. 33 And if you do good to those who are good to you, what credit is that to you? Even sinners do that.

34 And if you lend to those from whom you expect repayment, what credit is that to you? Even sinners lend to sinners, expecting to be repaid in full.

35 But love your enemies, do good to them, and lend to them without expecting to get anything back. Then your reward will be great, and you will be children of the Most High, because he is kind to the ungrateful and wicked.

SP 45 (10 – 13) Psalm 54

Save me, O God, by your name;
vindicate me by your might.
Hear my prayer, O God;
listen to the words of my mouth.
Arrogant foes are attacking me;
ruthless people are trying to kill me—
people without regard for God.
Surely God is my help;
the Lord is the one who sustains me
Let evil recoil on those who slander me;
in your faithfulness destroy them.
I will sacrifice a freewill offering to you;
I will praise your name, Lord, for it is good.
You have delivered me from all my troubles,
and my eyes have looked in triumph on my foes.

SP 46 (Under 10) Matthew 6:9-13

“Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name.

Your kingdom come,
your will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our debts,

as we also have forgiven our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Sligo Feis Ceoil 2019