

**Sligo Feis Ceoil - PRIMARY SCHOOL POEMS 2020 - (€5 per entry through school or €7 online )**

[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 – 2<sup>nd</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.

### *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 – 3<sup>rd</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.

*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 – 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.

*Planets by Anonymous*

Here are nine planets that we know.  
Round and round the Sun they go.  
Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars,  
These are the planets near our star.

Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, too.  
Neptune, Pluto, we can't see you.  
These are the nine planets that we know.  
Round and round the Sun they go.

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[P5 – 5<sup>th</sup> Class]

### *Cobweb Morning By June Crebbin*

On a Monday morning  
We do spelling and maths.  
And silent reading

But on the Monday  
After the frost  
We went straight outside.

Cobwebs in the cold air,  
Everywhere.  
All around the playground,  
They clothed the trees,  
Dressed every bush  
In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,  
A wheel of patient spinning.  
Each spider,  
Hidden,  
Waiting.

Inside,  
We worked all morning  
To capture the outside.

Now  
In our patterns and poems  
We remember  
The cobweb morning.

[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.

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[P6 – 6<sup>th</sup> Class]

### **Planet Roll Call** by Meish Goldish

Nine planets around the sun,  
Listen as I call each one:  
Mercury? Here! Number one,  
Closest planet to the sun.  
Venus? Here! Number two,  
Shining bright, just like new!  
Earth? Here! Number three,  
Earth is home to you and me.  
Mars? Here! Number four,  
Red and ready to explore!  
Jupiter? Here! Number five,  
Largest planet, that's no jive!  
Saturn? Here! Number six,  
With rings of dust and ice that mix.  
Uranus? Here! Number seven,  
A planet tilted high in heaven.  
Neptune? Here! Number eight,  
With one dark spot whose size is great.  
Pluto? Here! Number nine,  
The smallest and the last in line!

[P6 – 6<sup>th</sup> Class]

### *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* by W B Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.