

SP24 - Boys U 10

James Reeves - FIREWORKS

They rise like sudden fiery flowers
That burst upon the night,
That fall to earth in burning showers
Of crimson, blue, and white.

Like buds too wonderful to name,
Each miracle unfolds,
And catherine-wheels begin to flame
Like whirling marigolds.

Rockets and Roman candles make
An orchard of the sky.
Whence magic trees their petals shake
Upon each gazing eye.

James Hurley - 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 your 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.

SP23 Girls 8 Years

Rodney Bennett - THE LITTLE OLD LADY

That little grey-haired lady
Is as old as old can be,
Yet once she was a little girl,
A little girl like me.

She liked to skip instead of walk,
She wore her hair in curls;
She went to school at nine, and played
With other little girls.

I wonder if, in years and years,
Some little girl at play,
Who's very like what I am now,
Will stop to look my way,

And think: "That grey-haired lady
Is as old as old can be,
Yet once she was a little girl,
A little girl like me."

Mary O'Neill - THE COLOURS LIVE

The colours live
Between black and white
In a land that we
Know best by sight.
But knowing best
Isn't everything
For colours dance
And colours sing
And colours laugh
And colours cry
Turn off the light
And colours die,
And they make you feel
Every feeling there is
From the grumpiest grump
To the fizziest fizz.
And you and you and I
Know well
Each has a taste
And each has a smell
And each has a wonderful
Story to tell.

SP22 - Girls 9

Dennis Lee - 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.

Trevor Harvey - FAVOURITISM

When we caught measles
It wasn't fair –
My brother collected
Twice his share.
He counted my spots:
"One hundred and twenty!"
Which sounded to me
As if I had plenty.
Then I counted his –
And what do you think?
He'd two hundred and thirty-eight,
Small, round and pink!
I felt I'd been cheated
So, "Count mine again!"
I told him, and scowled
So he dared not complain.
"One hundred and twenty" –
The same as before...
In our house, he's youngest
And he always gets more!

SP18 Boys U 12

James Stephens - THE SNARE

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid!
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid!

Making everything afraid!
Wrinkling up his little face!
And he cries again for aid;
- and I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare!
Little One! Oh, Little One!
I am searching everywhere!

Celia Warren - FOOTBALL TRAINING

Monday
Practised heading the ball:
Missed it - nudded 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!

SP17 Girls 10 years

WH Davies LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

Kenn Nesbitt - 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.

SP 16 Girls11 years
Paul Gallico - The CHAIR

This is my chair.
Go away and sit somewhere else.
This one is all my own.
It is the only thing in your house that I possess,
And insist upon possessing.
Everything else therein is yours.
My dish,
My toys,
My basket,
My scratching post and my Ping-Pong ball;
You provided them for me.
This chair I selected for myself.
I like it,
It suits me.
You have the sofa,
That stuffed chair
And the footstool.
I don't go and sit on them do I?
Then why cannot you leave me mine,
And let us have no further argument?

Mary Britton Miller - CAT

The black cat yawns,

Opens her jaws,
Stretches her legs,
And shows her claws.

Then she gets up
And stands on four
Long stiff legs
And yaws some more.

She shows her sharp teeth,
She stretches her lip,
Her slice of a tongue
Turns up at the tip.

Lifting herself
On her delicate toes,
She arches her back
As high as it goes.

She lets herself down
With particular care,
And pads away
With her tail in the air.

SP11 Boys& Girls U 14

Joseph Plunkett - 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 carven 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

Wendy Cope - TICH MILLER

Tich Miller wore glasses
with Elastoplast-pink frames
and had one foot three sizes larger than the other.

When they picked teams for outdoor games
she and I were always the last two
left standing by the wire-mesh fence.

We avoided one another's eyes,
stooping, perhaps, to re-tie a shoelace,
or affecting interest in the flight

of some fortunate bird, and pretended
not to hear the urgent conference:
'Have Tubby!' 'No, no, have Tich!'

Usually they chose me, the lesser dud,
And she lollopped, unselected,
To the back of the other team.

At eleven we went to different schools.
In time I learned to get my own back,
sneering at hockey-players who couldn't spell.

Tich died when she was twelve.

SP43 –SCRIPTURE READING (Open Class)

Matthew 11 V. 1-14

After Jesus had finished instructing his twelve disciples, he went on from there to teach and preach in the towns of Galilee. When John, who was in prison, heard about the deeds of the Messiah, he sent his disciples to ask him, “Are you the one who is to come, or should we expect someone else?”

Jesus replied, “Go back and report to John what you hear and see:

The blind receive sight, the lame walk, those who have leprosy are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good news is proclaimed to the poor. Blessed is anyone who does not stumble on account of me.”

As John’s disciples were leaving, Jesus began to speak to the crowd about John:

“What did you go out into the wilderness to see?

A reed swayed by the wind?

If not, what did you go out to see?

A man dressed in fine clothes?

No, those who wear fine clothes are in kings’ palaces.

Then what did you go out to see? A prophet?

Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet.

This is the one about whom it is written:

‘I will send my messenger ahead of you, who will prepare your way before you.’

Truly I tell you, among those born of women there has not risen anyone greater than John the Baptist; yet whoever is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

SP44 –Intermediate Scripture Cup (13 -16)

Psalm 58

Do you rulers indeed speak justly?

Do you judge people with equity?

No, in your heart you devise injustice,

and your hands mete out violence on the earth.

Even from birth the wicked go astray;

from the womb they are wayward, spreading lies.

Their venom is like the venom of a snake,

like that of a cobra that has stopped its ears,

that will not heed the tune of the charmer,

however skillful the enchanter may be.

Break the teeth in their mouths, O God;

LORD, tear out the fangs of those lions!

Let them vanish like water that flows away;

when they draw the bow, let their arrows fall short.

May they be like a slug that melts away as it moves along,

like a stillborn child that never sees the sun.

Before your pots can feel the heat of the thorns—

whether they be green or dry—the wicked will be swept away

The righteous will be glad when they are avenged,

when they dip their feet in the blood of the wicked.

Then people will say, “Surely the righteous still are rewarded;

surely there is a God who judges the earth

SP 46- The Dartry Cup (U -10)

Luke 18:15-17

People were also bringing babies to Jesus for him to place his hands on them. When the disciples saw this, they rebuked them.

But Jesus called the children to him and said, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these.

Truly I tell you, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it."

SP45 - Wehrly Bros .ie Cup (10 -13)

Psalm 126

When the LORD restored the fortunes of Zion,
we were like those who dreamed.

Our mouths were filled with laughter,
our tongues with songs of joy.

Then it was said among the nations,
"The LORD has done great things for them."

The LORD has done great things for us,
and we are filled with joy.

Restore our fortunes, LORD,
like streams in the Negev.

Those who sow with tears
will reap with songs of joy.

Those who go out weeping,
carrying seed to sow
will return with songs of joy,
carrying sheaves with them.