

Newry Musical Feis 2019

Speech Open Test Pieces for Classes 101-118

**Class 101 – Girls u/5**

**Test Piece:**

**The Picnic by Dorothy Aldis**

We brought a rug for sitting on,  
Our lunch was in a box.  
The sand was warm. We didn't wear  
Hats or Shoes or Socks.

Waves came curling up the beach.  
We waded. It was fun.  
Our sandwiches were different kinds.  
I dropped my jelly one.

**Class 102 – Boys u/5**

**Test Piece:**

**If I Had a Donkey (Anon)**

If I had a donkey  
That wouldn't go  
Do you think I'd wallop him?  
No! No! No!  
I'd put him in a stable  
And keep him nice and warm,  
The best little donkey  
That ever was born.  
Gee up, Neddy, Gee up, Neddy,  
The best little donkey  
That ever was born.

**Class 103 – Girls o/5 and u/6**

**Test Piece:**

**Spring Cleaning by Sue Cowling**

Time to clean the windows,  
Time to sweep the floors,  
Time to roll the rugs up  
And beat them out of doors!

Time to wash the curtains  
And dust a shelf or two,  
Time to shake the duster,  
With an A-A-Tchoo!

**Class 104 – Boys o/5 and u/6**

**On the Beach by Marian Swinger**

They buried their dad  
in the golden sands,  
buried his legs,  
buried his hands,  
buried his body  
and buried his toes  
and left just his face  
and a very red nose.

**Class 105 – Girls o/6 and u/7**

**Test Piece:**

**In the Mirror by Elizabeth Fleming**

In the mirror  
On the wall,  
There's a face  
I always see;  
Round and pink,  
And rather small,  
Looking back again  
At me.

It is very  
Rude to stare,  
But she never  
Thinks of that,  
For her eyes are  
Always there;  
What can she be  
Looking at?

**Class 106 – Boys o/6 and u/7**

**Test Piece:**

**The Seaside by Jo Peters**

Are we nearly there?  
Can you see the sea?  
Who will be ready first?  
Me! Me! Me!

Does the sand tickle?  
Down by the sea  
Who can make footprints?  
Me! Me! Me!

The seagulls are crying,  
'Shush,' says the sea.  
Who dares put a toe in?  
Me! Me! Me!

**Class 107 – Girls o/7 and u/8**

**Test Piece:**

**Samantha is Sobbing by Gareth Owen**

Samantha is sobbing  
By the playground wall  
But why she should be sobbing  
No one knows at all.

The sun shines brightly  
The sky is blue  
But Samantha is sobbing  
Oh what shall we do?

Take her to Granny  
Who lives down Comfort Lane  
Once she gets to Granny's house  
She'll never sob again.

She'll kiss her on the top knot  
And treat her like a queen  
Feed her new potatoes  
Beans and margarine.

**Class 108 – Boys o/7 and u/8**

**Test Piece:**

**Bedtime by Allan Ahlberg**

When I go upstairs to bed,  
I usually give a loud cough.  
This is to scare The Monster off.

When I come to my room,  
I usually slam the door right back.  
This is to squash The Man in Black  
Who sometimes hides there.

Nor do I walk to the bed,  
But usually run and jump instead.  
This is to stop The Hand –  
Which is under there all night –  
From grabbing my ankles.

**Class 109 – Girls o/8 and u/9**

**Test Piece:**

**New Shoes by Frida Wolfe**

New shoes new shoes  
Red and pink and blue shoes  
Tell me what you would choose  
If you could buy some.

Buckle shoes bow shoes  
Pretty pointy-toe shoes  
Scrappy cappy low shoes  
If you could try some.

Bright shoes white shoes  
Dandy-dance-by-night shoes  
Perhaps-a-little-tight shoes  
Like some? So would I.

**BUT**

Flat shoes fat shoes  
Stump-along-like-that-shoes  
Wipe-them-on-the-mat-shoes –  
That's the sort they'll buy.

**Class 110 – Boys o/8 and u/9**

**Test Piece:**

**True Confession by Irene Rawnsley**

On my birthday I wrapped  
a big slice of chocolate cake  
in pink paper to give  
to Miss Twiglington,

but when I got to school  
she was horrible to me;  
'You haven't worked hard enough,  
your spellings are bad

margin crooked,  
fingerprints all over'  
then she ripped out the page  
and made me start again. I thought

'She's not getting that cake.'  
When break time came  
I ate it myself in the playground  
and I didn't care.

**Class 111 – Girls o/9 and u/10**

**Test Piece:**

**Waking Up by Eleanor Farjeon**

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.



## Class 112 – Boys o/9 and u/10

### Test Piece:

#### Reading Round the Class by Gervase Phinn

On Friday we have reading round the class.  
Kimberley Bloomer is the best.  
She sails slowly along the page like a great galleon  
And everyone looks up and listens.  
'Beautiful reading, Kimberley dear,' sighs Mrs. Scott,  
'And with such fluency, such feeling.  
It's a delight to hear.

On Friday we have reading round the class.

#### **I'M THE WORST.**

I stumble and mumble along slowly like a broken-down train  
And everyone looks up and listens.  
Then, they smile and snigger and whisper behind their hands.  
'Dear me,' sighs Mrs. Scott, 'rather rusty, Simon.  
Quite a bit of practice needed, don't you think?  
Too much television and football, that's your trouble,  
And not enough reading.'

#### **AND SHE WONDERS WHY I DON'T LIKE BOOKS.**

## Class 113 – Girls o/10 and u/11

### **Test Piece: Bee in the Classroom by Gervaise Phinn**

One Friday, in through the open window of the classroom  
Flew the biggest bee in the whole wide world –  
A big, round, black and yellow, bumbling monster.  
It buzzed and buzzed,  
And hummed and hummed,  
And bobbed and bobbed,  
Above everybody's head.

'Miss! Miss! Screamed Bernadette,  
'There's a bee in the classroom!'  
'Just ignore it,' said the teacher,  
'And get on with your writing.  
If you don't bother the bee, Bernadette,  
The bee won't bother you.'

'Miss! Miss!' yelled Barry,  
'Shall I swot it with my ruler?'  
'Certainly not,' said the teacher,  
'It has as much right to life as any living creature.  
If you don't bother the bee, Barry,  
The bee won't bother you.'

'Miss! Miss!' suggested Betty,  
'Shall I catch it in my pencil case?'  
'Not a very good idea,' said the teacher,  
'That would make it very angry.  
If you don't bother the bee, Betty,  
The bee won't bother you.'

One Friday, in through the open window of the classroom  
Flew the biggest bee in the whole, wide world –  
A big, round, black and yellow bumbling monster.  
It buzzed and buzzed around the teacher's desk,  
It hummed and hummed about her ear,  
It bobbed and bobbed before her eyes,  
And then it stung her on the nose.

**Teachers, you know, can sometimes be wrong!**

## Class 114 – Boys o/10 and u/11

### Test Piece:

#### **Nativity by Gervaise Phinn**

Oh Miss, I don't want to be Joseph,  
Miss, I really don't want to be him,  
With a cloak of bright red and a towel on my head  
And a cotton wool beard on my chin.

Oh, Miss, please don't make me be a shepherd.  
I just won't be able to sleep.  
I'll go weak at the knees and wool makes me sneeze  
And I really am frightened of sheep.

Oh Miss, I just can't be the landlord,  
Who says there's no room in the inn.  
I'll get in a fright when it comes to the night  
And I know that I'll let Mary in.

Oh, Miss, you're not serious – an angel?  
Can't Peter take that part instead?  
I'll look such a clown in a white silky gown,  
And a halo stuck up on me head.

Oh Miss, I am not being a camel!  
Or cow or an ox or an ass!  
I'll look quite absurd and I won't say a word,  
And all of the audience will laugh.

Oh Miss, I'd rather not be a Wise Man,  
Who brings precious gifts from afar.  
But the part right for me, and I hope you'll agree,  
In this play – can I be the star.

## Class 115 – Boys & Girls o/11 and u/12

### Test Piece:

#### Dear Mum by Brian Patten

While you were out  
a cup went a broke itself,  
a crack appeared in the blue vase  
your great-great grandad  
brought back from Mr Ming in China.  
Somehow, without me even turning on the tap,  
the sink mysteriously overflowed.  
A strange jam-stain 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.

**Class 116 – Boys & Girls o/12 and u/13**

**Test Piece:**

**At the End of a School Day by Wes Magee**

It is the end of a school day  
and down the long drive  
come bag-swinging, shouting children.  
Deafened, the sky winces.  
The sun gapes in surprise.

Suddenly the runners skid to a stop,  
stand still and stare  
at a small hedgehog  
curled-up on the tarmac  
like an old, frayed cricket ball.

A girl dumps her bag, tiptoes forward  
and gingerly, so gingerly  
carries the creature  
to the safety of a shady hedge.  
Then steps back, watching.

Girl, children, sky and sun  
Hold their breath.  
there is a silence,  
a moment to remember  
on this warm afternoon in June.

**Class 117 – Boys & Girls o/13 and u/15**

**Test Piece:**

**Moonlit Apples by John Drinkwater**

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,  
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those  
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes  
A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and then  
There is no sound at the top of the house of men  
Or mice; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again  
Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams;  
On the sagging floor; they gather the silver streams  
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams,  
And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.  
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep  
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep  
On the moon-washed apples of wonder.

## Class 118 – Boys & Girls over 15

### Test Piece:

#### **The Listeners by Walter de la Mare**

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor.  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head: -  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

## Choral Verse Speaking Test Pieces

### Class 149A – Junior 10 years and younger

#### **Test Piece:**

#### **The Three Little Pigs by Marian Swinger**

The first little pig in a house of straw  
heard a tap tap tap on her little green door.  
'Little pig, little pig, let me come in,'  
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.  
Then he huffed and he puffed and he huffed some more  
and down went the little pig's house of straw.  
The next little pig was taking a nap  
in her house of sticks when she heard a tap  
and the big bad wolf with a big bad grin  
gave a huff and a puff and blew her house in.  
Then the big bad wolf, still up to his tricks  
went off to the third little house of bricks.  
'Little pig, little pig, let me come in,'  
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.  
And he huffed and he puffed till his face turned red.  
'My house is too tough,' the little pig said.  
'I'll come down the chimney,' the wolf yelled, 'Now!'  
But the fire was lit and the wolf yelled 'Ow!'  
and shot straight out in a cloud of smoke  
as the third little pig gave the fire a poke.  
Then the wolf blew on his paws with a huff and a puff  
and he bobbed off home. He'd had enough.



## Class 149B – Over 10 years

### Test Piece:

#### **The Owl and the Pussycat by Edward Lear**

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O Lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They sailed away for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong tree grows,  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

Books used in Speech Open Test Pieces for Classes 101-118 and Classes 149A & 149B

- 1. Read Me First (Macmillan ISBN 0-330-41343-0)**
- 2. Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition (Macmillan ISBN 978-0-33-45716-3)**
- 3. The Works (Macmillan ISBN 978-0-330-48104-5)**
- 4. It Takes One to Know One – Gervaise Phinn (Puffin ISBN 0-141-30901-6)**

Class 101: The Picnic (Read Me First p246)

Class 102: If I Had a Donkey (Read Me First p222)

Class 103: Spring Cleaning (The Works p.22)

Class 104: On the Beach (Read Me First p233)

Class 105: In the Mirror (Read Me First p.28)

Class 106: The Seaside (The Works p.43)

Class 107: Samantha is Sobbing (Read Me First p.222)

Class 108: Bedtime (Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition p.412)

Class 109: New Shoes (Read Me First p.290)

Class 110: True Confession (The Works p.182)

Class 111: Waking Up (Read Me First p.12)

Class 112: Reading Round the Class (It Takes One to Know One p.41)

Class 113: Bee in the Classroom (It Takes One to Know One p.54)

Class 114: Nativity (Read Me First p.409)

Class 115: Dear Mum (Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition p.102)

Class 116: At the End of the School Day (The Works p.196)

Class 117: Moonlit Apples (Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition p.373)

Class 118: The Listeners (Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition p.39)

Class 149A: The Three Little Pigs (The Works p.59)

Class 149B: The Owl and the Pussycat (Read Me 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition p.157)