



NEWRY MUSICAL FEIS

2020 SPEECH AND DRAMA

OPEN SECTION

SET POEMS



PERFORM | EDUCATE | INSPIRE

CLASS 101 - Girls under 5
Test Piece “The Swing” by Marchette Chute

The wind blows strong and the swing rides free,
And up in the swing is me, is me,
And the world goes rushing by,
And one of these days I’ll swing so far
I’ll go way up where the sea birds are
And plant my feet on the sky.

CLASS 102 - Boys under 5
Test Piece " Billy Is Blowing His Trumpet” (Anon)

Billy is blowing his trumpet;
Bertie is banging a tin;
Betty is crying for Mummy
And Bob has pricked Ben with a pin.
Baby is crying out loudly;
He’s out on the lawn in his pram.
I am the only one silent
And I’ve eaten all of the jam.

CLASS 103 - Girls over 5 and under 6
Test Piece "Five Little Owls" (Anon)

Five little owls in an old elm tree,
Fluffy and puffy as owls could be,
Blinking and winking with big round eyes
At the big round moon that hung in the skies:
As I passed beneath I could hear one say,
'There'll be mouse for supper, there will, today!'
Then all of them hooted, 'Tu-whit, tu-whoohoo'
Yes, mouse for supper, hoo hoo, hoo hoo!'

CLASS 104 - Boys over 5 and under 6
Test Piece "Roger Was A Razor Fish" by A. L. Pittman

Roger was a razor fish
as sharp as he could be.
He said to Calvin Catfish,

'I'll shave you for a fee.'

'No thanks,'
said Calvin Catfish
'I like me like I be.'
And with his whiskers
on his face
he headed out to sea.

CLASS 105 - Girls over 6 and under 7
Test Piece "Breakfast" by P. H. Kilby

Good morning little earthworm
said the speckled Thrush
Where would you be going
so early in a rush
I'm off to find some breakfast
he answered with a frown
Well so am I sir said the Thrush
and quickly gulped him down.

CLASS 106 - Boys over 6 and under 7
Test Piece "There Are Big Waves" by Eleanor Farjeon

There are big waves and little waves,
Green waves and blue,
Waves you can jump over,
Waves you dive thro',
Waves that rise up
Like a great water wall,
Waves that swell softly
And don't break at all,
Waves that can whisper,
Waves that can roar,
And tiny waves that run at you
Running on the shore.

CLASS 107 - Girls over 7 and under 8
Test Piece "Autumn Woods" by James S. Tippett

I like the woods
In autumn
When dry leaves hide the ground,
When the trees are bare
And the wind sweeps by
With a lonesome rushing sound.

I can rustle the leaves
In autumn
And I can make a bed
In the thick dry leaves
That have fallen
From the bare trees
Overhead.

CLASS 108 - Boys over 7 and under 8
Test Piece "Bed In Summer" by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

CLASS 109 - Girls over 8 and under 9
Test Piece "My Grannies" by June Grebbin

I hate it, in the holiday,
When Grandma brings her pets to stay –
Her goat, her pig, her seven rats
Scare our dog and chase our cats.
Her budgies bite, her parrots shout –
And guess who has to clean them out?

My other Gran, the one I like,
Always brings her motor-bike,
And when she takes me for a ride
To picnic in the countryside,
We zoom up hills and whizz round bends –
I hate it when her visit ends!

CLASS 110 - Boys over 8 and under 9
Test Piece "Daddy Fell Into The Pond" by Alfred Noyes

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day.
And there seemed to be nothing beyond.

Then

Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
'Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!' Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.

Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond

When

Daddy fell into the pond!

CLASS 111 - Girls over 9 and under 10
Test Piece “Halloween” by Leonard Clark

This is the night when witches fly
On their whizzing broomsticks through the wintry sky;
Steering up the pathway where the stars are strewn,
They stretch skinny fingers to the waking moon.

This is the night when old wives tell
Strange and creepy stories, tales of charm and spell;
Peering at the pictures flaming in the fire
They wait for whispers from a ghostly choir.

This is the night when angels go
In and out the houses, winging o’er the snow;
Clearing out the demons from the countryside
They make it new and ready for Christmastide.

CLASS 112 - Boys over 9 and under 10
Test Piece "The Painting Lesson" by Trevor Harvey

‘What’s THAT dear?’
asked the new teacher.

‘It’s Mummy,’ I replied.

‘But mums aren’t green and orange!
You really haven’t TRIED.
You don’t just paint in SPLODGES
- You’re old enough to know
You need to THINK before you work . . .
Now – have another go.’

She helped me draw two arms and legs,
A face with sickly smile,
A rounded body, dark brown hair,
A hat – and, in a while,
She stood back (with her face bright pink):
‘That’s SO much better – don’t you think?’

But she turned white
At ten to three
When an orange-green blob
Collected me.

‘Hi, Mum!’

CLASS 113 - Girls over 10 and under 11
Test Piece "Jack Frost In The Garden" by John P. Smeeton

Jack Frost was in the garden;
I saw him there at dawn;
He was dancing round the bushes
And prancing on the lawn.
He had a cloak of silver,
A hat all shimm'ring white,
A wand of glittering star-dust,
And shoes of sunbeam light.

Jack Frost was in the garden,
When I went out to play
He nipped my toes and fingers
And quickly ran away.
I chased him round the wood-shed,
But, oh! I'm sad to say
That though I chased him everywhere
He simply wouldn't stay.

Jack Frost was in the garden:
But now I'd like to know
Where I can find him hiding;
I've hunted high and low –
I've lost his cloak of silver,
His hat all shimm'ring white,
His wand of glittering star-dust,
His shoes of sunbeam light.

CLASS 114 - Boys over 10 and under 11
Test Piece "Gran's XI" by John Kitching

My grandma's in a football team.
Her age is seventy-eight.
She's no longer like a palm tree
Standing waiting for a date.

The goalie in my grandma's team,
Her age is seventy-four.
Opponents rarely score a goal.
She's built like a grey barn door.

The striker is a real antique,
Captain at eighty-eight.
She's vicious, mean and fouls a lot;
The kind of striker goalies hate.

Two of Grandma's football team
Are quite acutely deaf.
They shout and wave most rudely
At every weekend ref.

Most of Grandma's football team
Have aged, aching bones,
But in the showers, after games,
No single player moans.

The other week – a rare defeat.
They lost: three goals to five.
But they don't seem to care a lot.
They're just glad to be alive!

CLASS 115 - Boys and Girls over 11 and under 12
Test Piece "Chocs" by Carol Ann Duffy

Into the half-pound box of Moonlight
my small hand crept.
There was an electrifying rustle.
There was a dark and glamorous scent.
Into my open, religious mouth
the first Marzipan Moment went.

Down in the crinkly second layer
Five finger-piglets snuffled
among the Hazelnut Whirl,
the Caramel Swirl,
the Black Cherry and Almond Truffle.

Bliss.

I chomped, I gorged.
I stuffed my face,
till only the Coffee Cream
was left for the owner of the box –
tough luck, Anne Pope –
oh, and half an Orange Supreme.

CLASS 116 - Boys and Girls over 12 and under 13
Test Piece "The Sound Collector" by Roger McGough

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying-pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window-pane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same.

CLASS 117 - Boys and Girls over 13 and under 15
Test Piece "Overheard On A Saltmarsh" by Harold Monro

Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?

Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?

Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so?

They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man's fair daughter,
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads, I desire them.

No.

I will howl in a deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love them so,
Give them me. Give them.

No.

CLASS 118 - Boys and Girls over 15
Test Piece "Prince Kano" by Edward Lowbury

In a dark wood Prince Kano, lost his way
And searched in vain through the long summer's day.
At last, when night was near, he came in sight
Of a small clearing filled with yellow light,
And there, bending beside his brazier, stood
A charcoal burner wearing a black hood.
The Prince cried out for joy: 'Good friend, I'll give
What you will ask: guide me to where I live.'
The man pulled back his hood: he had no face –
Where it should be there was an empty space.
Half dead with fear the Prince staggered away,
Rushed blindly through the wood till break of day;
And then he saw a larger clearing, filled
With houses, people; but his soul was chilled,
He looked around for comfort, and his search
Led him inside a small, half-empty church
Where monks prayed. 'Father,' to one he said,
'I've seen a dreadful thing; I am afraid.'
'What did you see, my son?' 'I saw a man
Whose face was like. . .' and, as the Prince began,
The monk drew back his hood and seemed to hiss
Pointing to where his face should be, 'Like this?'

CLASS 149A - Junior 10 years and under
Test Piece - “If You were Made Of Chocolate” by Rupert Loydell

If you were made of chocolate
would you eat yourself?

Or be dressed in silver paper
on the sweetshop shelf?

Would you have a crunchy middle
or be filled with fudge toffee?

Would you give a special offer price
give ten per cent more free?

Would you be long and thin and flaky
or chunky in a bar
or sweet and sticky pieces
filled up in a jar?

If you were made of chocolate
would you be nibbled bit by bit
Or stuffed into a mouth in one huge go?
(Your mum would have a fit!)

If you were made of chocolate
you'd have to mind the sun
and if your friends got hungry, well –
it wouldn't be much fun!

If you were made of chocolate
would you eat yourself?
Or would you sit forever
on life's dusty sweetshop shelf?

CLASS 149B - Over 10 years

Test Piece - "Before The Days Of Noah" by Peter Dixon

Before the days of Noah
before he built his ark
seagulls sang like nightingales
and lions sang like larks.
The tortoise had a mighty roar
the cockerel had a moo
kittens always eeyored
and elephants just mewed.
It was the way the world was
. . . when owls had a bark
and dogs did awful crowing
whilst running round the park.
Horses baaed like baa lambs
ducks could all miaow
and animals had voices
quite different from now!
But, came the day of flooding
and all the world was dark
the animals got weary
of living in the ark –
So they swapped around their voices
a trumpet for a mew
- a silly sort of pastime
with nothing much to do.
But when the flood was ended
and the world was nice and dry
the creatures had forgotten
how once they hissed or cried.

So they kept their brand-new voices
- forgot the days before
- when lions used to giggle
and gerbils used to roar.