

NEWRY FEIS – SPEECH & DRAMA SCHOOLS SECTION 2020

NEWRY MUSICAL FEIS 2020

Poems for Speech & Drama (Schools)

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Poems for Speech & Drama (Schools)

Classes 1 to 4 and 13 to 16

Class	Age		
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1	5	Mr Giraffe by Geoffrey Lapage	A
2	6	Upside Down by Aileen Fisher	D
3	7	Flying by J.M Westrup	C
4	8	Alphabet Stew by Jack Prelutsky	C

(all classes are open to boys and girls)

Choral Speaking

Class	Age		
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13	over 5 & under 12	Stocking and Shirt by James Reeves	A
14	over 5 & under 10	The Leaves in a Frolic - Anonymous	A
15	over 10 & under 12	Barry and Beryl the Bubble Gum Blowers by Paul Cookson	B
16	over 12 & under 16	Gran, Can You Rap? by Jack Ousbey	B

Reference:

- A *Once Upon a Rhyme*, eds. Sara & Stephen Corrin
Publisher: Young Puffin
- B *The Works* by Paul Cookson
Publisher: Macmillan Poetry
- C *Singing in the Sun* by Jill Bennett
Publisher: Young Puffin
- D *The Young Puffin Book of Verse* by Barbara Ireson
Publisher Puffin

Adjudicator: Arthur Webb

NEWRY FEIS – SPEECH & DRAMA SCHOOLS SECTION 2020

Class 1

Mr Giraffe by Geoffrey Lapage

O Mister Giraffe, you make me laugh,
You seem to be made all wrong;
Your head is so high up there in the sky
And your neck is so very long
That your dinner and tea, it seems to me,
Have such a long way to go,
And I'm wondering how they manage to know
The way to your tummy below.

Class 2

Upside Down by Aileen Fisher

It's funny how beetles
And creatures like that
Can walk upside down
As well as walk flat:

They crawl on a ceiling
And climb on a wall
Without any practice
Or trouble at all,

While I have been trying
For a year (maybe more)
And still I can't stand
With my head on the floor.

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Class 3

Flying by J.M Westrup

I saw the moon,
One windy night,
Flying so fast –
All silvery white –
Over the sky
Like a toy balloon
Loose from its string –
A runaway moon.
The frosty stars
Went racing past,
Chasing her on
Ever so fast.
Then everyone said,
'It's the clouds that fly,
And the stars and the moon
Stand still in the sky.'
But I don't mind –
I saw the moon
Sailing away
Like a toy
Balloon.

Class 4

Alphabet Stew by Jack Prelutsky

Words can be stuffy, as sticky as glue,
but words can be tutored to tickle you too,
to rumble and tumble and tingle and sing,
to buzz like a bumblebee, coil like a spring.

Juggle their letters and jumble their sounds,
swirl them in circles and stack them in mounds,
twist them and tease them and turn them about,
teach them to dance upside down, inside out.

Make mighty words whisper and tiny words roar
In ways no one ever had thought of before;
cook an improbable alphabet stew,
and words will reveal little secrets to you.

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Class 13

Stocking and Shirt by James Reeves

Stocking and shirt

Can trip and prance,
Though nobody's in them
To make them dance.

See how they waltz
Or minuet,

Watch the petticoat
Pirouette.

This is the dance

Of stocking and shirt,
When the wind puts on
The white lace skirt.

Old clothes and young clothes
Dance together,

Twirling and whirling
In mad March weather.

'Come!' cries the wind,
To stocking and shirt.

'Away!' cries the wind
To blouse and skirt.

Then clothes and wind

All pull together,
Tugging like mad
In the mad March weather.

Across the garden

They suddenly fly
And over the far hedge
High, high, high!

'Stop!' cries the housewife
But all too late,

Her clothes have passed
The furthest gate.

They are gone forever

In the bright blue sky,
And only the handkerchiefs
Wave good-bye.

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Class 14

The Leaves in a Frolic by Anon

The leaves had a wonderful frolic,
They danced to the wind's loud song,
They whirled, and they floated, and scampered,
They circled and flew along.

The moon saw the little leaves dancing,
Each looked like a small brown bird,
The man in the moon smiled and listened,
And this is the song he heard.

The North Wind is calling, is calling,
And we must whirl round and round,
And when our dancing is ended
We'll make a warm quilt for the ground.

Class 15

Barry and Beryl the Bubble Gum Blowers by Paul Cookson

Barry and Beryl the bubble gum blowers
Blew bubble gum bubbles as big as balloons.
All shapes and sizes, zebras and zeppelins,
swordfish and sealions sharks and baboons,
babies and buckets, bottles and biplanes,
buffaloes, bees, trombones and bassoons
Barry and Beryl the bubble gum blowers
blew bubble gum bubbles as big as balloons.

Barry and Beryl the bubble gum blowers
blew bubble gum bubbles all over the place.
Big ones in bed, on backseats of buses,
blowing their bubbles in baths with bad taste,
they blew and they bubbled from breakfast till bedtime
the biggest gum bubble that history traced.
One last big breath . . . and the bubble exploded
bursting and blasting their heads into space.
Yes, Barry and Beryl the bubble gum blowers
blew bubbles that blasted their heads into space.

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Class 16

Gran, Can You Rap? by Jack Ousbey

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.
Gran, can you rap? Can you rap? Can you, Gran?
And she opened one eye and she said to me, Man,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.

And she rose from her chair in the corner of the room
And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head
And as she rolled by this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.

Then she rapped past my dad and she rapped past my
mother,
She rapped past me and my little baby brother.
She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,
She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.
She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,
The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,
And as she disappeared she was rapping still.
I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen, Man,
Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap- Gran.
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a –
tip-top, slip-slap,
nip-nap, yip-yap,
hip-hop, trip-trap,
touch yer cap,
take a nap,
happy, happy, happy. Happy,
rap____rap____queen.

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NEWRY MUSICAL FEIS, 2020

Poems for Speech & Drama (Schools)

Classes 5 to 12 & 22A and 22B

Class	Age		Book
5	9	I'd like to be a teabag by Peter Dixon	1
6	10	The Wind by Gareth Owen	3
7	11	Driving Home by Gerard Benson	3
8	10/11 (Rural)	Greedy Dog by James Hurley	3
9	over 11 & under 12	Winter Birds by John Walsh	2
10	over 12 & under 13	Hearthquake by Vernon Scannell	2
11	over 13 & under 15	The Un-developers by Jenny Joseph	3
12	over 15 & under 17	Digging by Edward Thomas	3

Non-National Performers:

22A	My Baby Brother's Secrets by John Foster	4
22B	Counting Sheep by Wes Magee	1

(all classes are open to boys and girls)

Reference:

- 1 *I'd Like to be a Teabag and Other Poems* from BBC Radio's Talking Poetry. Edited by Susan Roberts. Publisher: BBC Books. ISBN 0-563-36216-2
- 2 *Poets in Hand: A Puffin Quintet of Poets*. Chosen by Anne Harvey. Publisher: Puffin. ISBN 0-14-031818-6
- 3 *Read Me 2: A Poem for Every Day of the Year*. Chosen by Gaby Morgan. Publisher: Macmillan Children's Books. ISBN 978-1-4472-9400-9
- 4 *Read Me and Laugh: A Funny Poem for Every Day of the Year*. Chosen by Gaby Morgan. Publisher: Macmillan Children's Books. ISBN 970-0-330-43557-4

Adjudicator: Patricia Mulligan

NEWRY FEIS – SPEECH & DRAMA SCHOOLS SECTION 2020

Class 5 Primary 5

I'd like to be a teabag by Peter Dixon

I'd like to be a teabag,
And stay at home all day –
And talk to other teabags
In a teabag sort of way . . .

I'd love to be a teabag,
And lie in a little box –
And never have to wash my face
Or change my dirty socks . . .

I'd like to be a teabag,
An Earl Grey one perhaps,
And doze all day and lie around
With Earl Grey kind of chaps.

I wouldn't have to do a thing,
No homework, jobs or chores –
Comfy in my caddy
Of teabags and their snores.

I wouldn't have to do exams,
I needn't tidy rooms,
Or sweep the floor or feed the cat
Or wash up all the spoons.

I wouldn't have to do a thing,
A life of bliss – you see . . .
Except that once in all my life

I'd make a cup of tea!

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Class 6 Primary 6

The Wind by Gareth Owen

Listen to the wind awailing
Rattling the garden gate
Brushing the leaves of the oak tree
Rustling in the grate.

The cat lies flat on the hearth rug
Washing his face with his paws
The dog's asleep in the basket
Everyone's indoors.

It screams along the alleys
It bellows up the street
It groans between the gravestones
It bowls hats along the street.

It's pounding at the windows
Like the hooves of any angry horse
If it blows like this much longer
It'll knock the world off its course.

It's quietened down at bedtime
Snoring loud and deep
At six it rattles the milk crates
And finally falls asleep.

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Class 7 Primary 7

Driving Home by Gerard Benson

Coming back home from Granny's in the car
I try to stay awake, I really do.
I look around to find the evening star
And make a wish. Who knows? It might come true.

I watch the yellow windows whizzing by
And sometimes see a person in a room,
Cutting a loaf of bread, tying a tie,
Stretching, or watching telly in the gloom.

I see the street lamps flash past, one by one,
And watch how people's shadows grow and shrink.
It's like a trick; I wonder how it's done.
I breathe and watch, and settle back to think.

But everything gets mixed and far away;
I feel I'm moving but I don't know where.
I hear a distant voice which seems to say,
'Wake up! (She's fast asleep.) Wake up! We're there!'

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Class 8 Rural Primary Schools

Greedy Dog by James Hurley

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 you 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?

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Class 9 Over 11 and under 12 yrs

Winter Birds by John Walsh

From the sofa'd room
In warm firelight
We looked on a garden
Freezing white.

And saw how the sparrows
In flocks below
Fought for their meal
Of bread and snow.

Small beaks prodded;
Brown wings flickered;
To the last morsel
They tugged and bickered.

Then all in twilight,
Their feasting done,
They perched on a nut-tree
Every one.

Waiting the signal,
Suddenly – whoosh! –
To evergreen thicket
And ivy-bush.

They were gone for the night . . .
But one bird came
With tiny claw
To the window-frame.

Clinging and fluttering
A moment there;
Oh, take him in
From the cold air!

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Class 10 Over 12 Under 13 yrs

Hearthquake by Vernon Scannell

A week has passed without a word being said;
No headlines, though that's natural, I suppose
Since there were no injured, let alone dead.
Yet I expected a paragraph or so.
But no, not even comment passed in bars.
No gossip over fences while shirts flap
And sheets boast on the line like sails on spars.
And yet it happened: I can swear to that.
I remember it as if it were last night.
My sitting smug and cosy as a cat
Until the carpet suddenly took fright
And bucked beneath my feet. Walls winced. The
clock
Upon the mantelpiece began to dance;
The photograph of me aged twenty-one fell flat;
Glass cracked. The air went cold with shock.
I did not sleep at all well through that night
Nor have I since. I cannot understand
Why no one - not my nearest neighbour even –
Refers to what occurred on that strange evening
Unless, in some way difficult to see,
He is afraid to mention it. Like me.

Class 11 Over 13 under 15 yrs

The Un-developers by Jenny Joseph

The little cats sit under the hedge
The many small offspring of a great big tabby
Who lives out of sight round the other side of the house.
They are watching the pigeons in the road.
The pigeons strut and flirt and think no danger.
Children are delighted with the cats
And cajole them as they are tugged along by Mum;
An old woman puts down crumbs for the birds
And cars pass in between.
The cats purr and the pigeons peck up the fodder
But they are waiting for interruptions of humans to pass
So they can get on with what they are doing;
Five little kittens lurking and stalking big birds
And foolish pigeons flirt-flirting in the road.

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Class 12 Over 15 under 17 yrs

Digging by Edward Thomas

Today I think
Only with scents, - scents dead leaves yield,
And bracken, and wild carrot's seed,
And the square mustard field;

Odours that rise
When the spade wounds the root of tree,
Rose, currant, raspberry, or goutweed,
Rhubarb or celery;

The smoke's smell, too,
Flowing from where a bonfire burns
The dead, the waste, the dangerous,
And all to sweetness turns.

It is enough
To smell, to crumble the dark earth,
While the robin sings over again
Sad songs of Autumn mirth.

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Class 22A Non-Nationals 5 – 8 yrs

My Baby Brother's Secrets by John Foster

When my baby brother
wants to tell me a secret,
he comes right up close.
But instead of putting his lips
against my ear,
he presses his ear
tightly against my ear.
Then, he whispers so softly
that I can't hear
a word he is saying.

My baby brother's secrets
are safe with me.

Class 22B Non-Nationals 8 – 11 yrs

Counting Sheep by Wes Magee

They said,
'If you can't get to sleep
try counting sheep.'
I tried,
It didn't work.

They said,
'Still awake! Count rabbits, dogs,
or leaping frogs!'
I tried.
It didn't work.

They said,
'It's very late! Count rats,
or red-eyed bats!'
I tried.
It didn't work.

They said,
'Stop counting stupid sheep!
EYES CLOSED! DON'T PEEP!'
I tried.
And fell asleep.