NEWRY MUSICAL FEIS 2022

**Poems for Speech & Drama (Schools)**

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**NEWRY MUSICAL FEIS 2022**

**Poems for Speech & Drama (Schools)**

**Classes 1 to 4 and 13 to 16**

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**Class Age**

**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**

**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 B**

by Paul Cookson

**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

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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 b**y 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

**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!

**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.

**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!’

**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?

**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!

**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.

**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.

**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.