

Feile Luimnigh 2025



Solo Verse set poems. Competitions 5/6 to Under 12

PLEASE NOTE: Only one poem to be performed in each age category

COMPETITION	Selection A	or	Selection B
SVG6 Solo Verse Girls 5/6 And SVB6 Solo Verse Boys 5/6 Year of birth 2019	Upside Down By Aileen Fisher		Night fright By Marian Swinger
SVG7 Solo Verse Girls U/7 And SVB7 Solo Verse Boys U/7 Year of birth 2018	Bath time By Georgie Adams		Cloud Dragon By Eric Finney
SVG8 Solo Verse Girls U/8 And SVB8 Solo Verse Boys U/8 Year of birth 2017	Four o'clock Friday By John Foster		Moody, By Ann Bonner
SVG9 Solo Verse Girls U/9 And SVB9 Solo Verse Boys U/9 Year of birth 2016	Look Out! By Max Fatchen		Greedy Dog By James Hurley
SVG10 Solo Verse Girls U/10 And SVB10 Solo Verse Boys U/10 Year of birth 2015	The Painting Lesson By Trevor Harvey		Shells and Stones By Eric Finney
SVG11 Solo Verse Girls U/11 And SVB11 Solo Verse Boys U/11 Year of birth 2014	A Rabbit Reveals My Room By Nancy Willard		You can't be that By Brian Patten
SVG12 Solo Verse Girls U/12 And SVB12 Solo Verse Boys U/12 Year of birth 2013	The Diviner By Seamus Heaney		The Road Not Taken By Robert Frost

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Solo Verse 5/6 Girls and Solo Verse 5/6 Boys -----Born 2019

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

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.

Night fright

By Marian Swinger

My hair stood on end
And I trembled with fright
When I heard a strange noise
On the stairs in the night.
"CREAK", it went.
"EEK", I went.
What should I do?
Then my brother
Leaped into my room
And yelled, "BOO!"

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Solo Verse Girls U7 & Solo Verse Boys U7 --Born in 2018

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Bath time

By Georgie Adams

In goes the water,

Not too hot,

Squeeze out the bubble stuff,

In goes the lot.

In goes my whale,

In goes my boat,

In go all the toys

That I can float.

Now my bath is ready,

What else can there be?

I think I remember.....

In goes ME!

Cloud Dragon

By Eric Finney

There's a dragon in the clouds:
Can't you see his open jaws?
And the spikes upon his back?
And his twisty, crooked claws?
Look, he's changing shape now-
He's wider, not so tall:
Trying to fool us into thinking
He isn't there at all.
But be patient for a moment,
Just keep looking at the sky
And among the misty billows
That cloud dragon will come by.

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Solo Verse Girls U8 & Solo Verse Boys U8 --Born in 2017

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Four o'clock Friday

By John Foster

Four o'clock Friday, I'm home at last.

Time to forget the week that's past.

On Monday, in break they stole my ball

And threw it over the playground wall.

On Tuesday afternoon, in games,

They threw mud at me and called me names.

On Wednesday, they trampled my books on the floor,

So Miss kept me in because I swore.

On Thursday, they laughed after the test

'Cause my marks were lower than the rest.

Four o'clock Friday, at last I'm free,

For two whole days they can't get at me.

Moody,

By Ann Bonner

Blue

Is my mood today.

And grey

Like the falling rain.

I'm red

when I'm angry,

purple, in pain.

Green is for jealousy,

black for despair

when the world's not fair.

But I'm not such

a misery

as you might think.

Sometimes

I'm tickled

pink.

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Solo Verse Girls U9 & Solo Verse Boys U9 --Born in 2016

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

Look Out!

By Max Fatchen

The witches mumble horrid chants;
You're scolded by five thousand aunts;
A Martian pulls a fearsome face
And hurls you into Outer Space,
You're tied in front of whistling trains,
A tomahawk has sliced your brains,
The tigers snarl, the giants roar,
You're sat on by a dinosaur.
In vain you're shouting 'Help' and 'Stop',
The walls are spinning like a top,
The earth is melting in the sun
And all the horror's just begun.
And, oh, the screams, the thumping hearts
That awful night before school starts.

Greedy Dog

By James Hurley

This dog will eat anything.
Apple cores and bacon fat,
Milk you pour 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 peels and 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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Solo Verse Girls U10 & Solo Verse Boys U10 --Born in 2015

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

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!'

Shells and Stones

By Eric Finney

Shells and stones on my windowsill
All collected by me.
Shells and stones bring back memories
Of holidays by the sea.

I remember our sandcastles crumbling
As the tide crept up the beach
And white waves foaming and tumbling-
Where would the next one reach?

I remember peering in rock pools
And the cold, dark caves we explored
And looking down from the clifftops
Where the seagulls swung and soared.

Seashells and smooth pink stones
All collected by me:
Memories on my windowsill.
Let's go back to the sea!

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Solo Verse Girls U11 & Solo Verse Boys U11 --Born in 2014

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

A Rabbit Reveals My Room

By Nancy Willard

When the rabbit showed me my room,
I looked all around for the bed.
I saw nothing there
but a shaggy old bear
who offered to pillow my head.

'I was hoping for blankets,' I whispered.
'At home I've an afghan and sheet.'
*You will find my fur soft
as the hay in your loft,
and my paws make an admirable seat.*

I was hoping to waken at sunrise.
At home I've an excellent clock,
a lamp, and a glass
through which the hours pass,
and what shall I do for a lock?'

*I will keep you from a perilous starlight
and the old moon's lunatic cat.
When I blow on your eyes,
You will see the sun rise
with the man in the marmalade hat.*

You can't be that

By Brian Patten

I told them:

When I grow up I'm not going to be a scientist

Or someone who reads the news on TV

No, a million birds will fly through me.

I AM GOING TO BE A TREE!

They said,

You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

I told them:

When I grow up I'm not going to be an airline pilot,

A dancer, a lawyer or an MC.

No, huge whales will swim in me.

I AM GOING TO BE AN OCEAN!

They said,

You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

I told them:

I am not going to be a DJ,

A computer programmer, a musician or a beautician.

No, streams will flow through me, I'll be the home of the eagles;

I'll be full of nooks, crannies, valleys and fountains.

I AM GOING TO BE A RANGE OF MOUNTAINS!

They said,

You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

I asked them:

Just what do you think I am?

Just a child, they said,

And children always become

At least one of the things

We want them to be.

They do not understand me.

I'll be a stable if I want, smelling of fresh hay,

I'll be a lost glade in which unicorns still play.

They do not realise I can fulfil any ambition.

They do not realise that among them

walks a magician.

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Solo Verse Girls U12 & Solo Verse Boys U12 --Born in 2013

ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED

The Diviner

By Seamus Heaney

Cut from the green hedge a forked hazel stick
That he held tight by the arms of the V:
Circling the terrain, hunting the pluck
Of water, nervous, but professionally

Unfussed. The pluck came sharp as a sting.
The rod jerked with precise convulsions,
Spring water suddenly broadcasting
Through a green hazel its secret stations.

The bystanders would ask to have a try.
He handed them the rod without a word.
It lay dead in their grasp till nonchalantly
He gripped expectant wrists. The hazel stirred.

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.