

Set Pieces - Maryborough Eisteddfod

August 2009 - Speech and Drama

Girls and Boys - 7 and 8 years - How Doth the Little Crocodile

Girls and Boys - 9 and 10 years - First Day at School

Girls and Boys - 11 and 12 years - The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls

Girls and Boys - 13 and 14 years - The Darkling Thrush

15 - under 21 years - I know why the Caged Bird Sings

Championship Under 21 years - Dover Beach

Group Speaking

Prep and Year One - The Tooth

Years 2 and 3 - The Kindergarten Concert

Years 4 and 5 - Goodbat Nightman

Years 6 and 7 - The Grasshopper and the Ants

Secondary Schools - Praise Song for the Day

Small and Country Schools - The Ant Explorer.....

Bible Reading

9 years and under - Luke, Chapter 2, verses 8 - 20 "The Shepherds and the Angels"

10, 11 and 12 years - Luke, Chapter 10, verses 25 - 37 "The Parable of the Good Samaritan"

13 and under 14 years - Proverbs, Chapter 8, verses 1 - 36 "In Praise of Wisdom"

15 and under 21 years - 1 Corinthians, Chapter 13, verses 1 - 13 "Love".

How doth the little crocodile by Lewis Carroll

How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!

First Day at School by Roger McGough

A millionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
Must have been born in uniform
Lived all their lives in playgrounds
Spent the years inventing games
That don't let me in. Games
That are rough, that swallow you up.

And the railings.
All around, the railings.
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?
Things that carry off and eat children?
Things you don't take sweets from?
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.
What does a lessin look like?
Sounds small and slimy.
They keep them in the classrooms.
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.

I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful.
Like wellies. When there's puddles.
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.
I think my name is sewn on somewhere
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.

The Tide Rises and the Tide Falls by H.W. Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;

Along the sea-sands damp and brown

The traveler hastens toward the town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,

But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;

The little waves, with their soft, white hands

Efface the footprints in the sands,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveler to the shore.

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The Darkling Thrush by Thomas Hardy

I leant upon a coppice gate

When Frost was spectre-grey,

And Winter's dregs made desolate

The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted night
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

I know why the caged bird sings by Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps on the back
Of the wind and floats downstream
Till the current ends and dips his wing
In the orange suns rays
And dares to claim the sky.

But a BIRD that stalks down his narrow cage
Can seldom see through his bars of rage
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
Of things unknown but longed for still
And his tune is heard on the distant hill for
The caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
And the trade winds soft through
The sighing trees
And the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright
Lawn and he names the sky his own.

But a caged BIRD stands on the grave of dreams
His shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with
A fearful trill of things unknown
But longed for still and his
Tune is heard on the distant hill
For the caged bird sings of freedom.

Dover Beach by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits; on the French coast the light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago

Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

THE TOOTH *by Lee Bennet/ Napkins*

I jiggled it

joggled it

jerked it.

I pushed

and pulled

and poked it.

But

As soon as I stopped, and left it alone

This tooth came out on its **very own**

The Kindergarten Concert by Robert Pottle

The kindergarten concert was an interesting show.
Peter walked onto the stage and yelled,

“I have to go!”

Katie was embarrassed, but she had nowhere to hide.
She raised her dress to hide her face.

Her mother almost died.

Keith removed his tie and said,

“It’s ugly, Dad. I hate it!”

David picked his nose on stage.

What’s worse is that he ate it.

They sang their song, and Wyatt burped, and then he did a dance.

Michael fell while spinning ’round.

Peter wet his pants.

The music teacher at the end said,

“There, I’m glad that’s done.”

The kindergarten bowed and said,

“Let’s sing another one!”

Goodbat Nightman by Roger McGough

God bless all policemen
and fighters of crime,
May thieves go to jail
for a very long time.

They've had a hard day
helping clean up the town,
Now they hang from the mantelpiece
both upside down.

A glass of warm blood
and then straight up the stairs,
Batman and Robin
are saying their prayers.

* * *

They've locked all the doors
and they've put out the bat,
Put on their batjamas
(They like doing that)

They've filled their batwater-bottles
made their batbeds,
With two springy battresses
for sleepy batheads.

They're closing red eyes
and they're counting black sheep,
Batman and Robin
are falling asleep.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS by Lois Walker

1 CHORUS: There once was a grasshopper
2 SOLO SPEAKER 1: Who was in a party mood
3 CHORUS: She sang away the summer days
4 And ate up all her food!
5 GRASSHOPPER: Yo-hoo, that's me!
6 It's true, it's true
7 I ate up all my food!
8 CHORUS: Hey grasshopper Gal!
9 Hate to burst your bubble
10 There's a moral to this tale
11 YOU'RE headed straight for trouble!
12 GIRL'S CHORUS: When winter came she realized
13 She'd made a big mistake
14 She hadn't saved a thing to eat
15 And how her tummy ached
16 GRASSHOPPER: I haven't saved a thing to eat
17 And now my tummy aches!
18 CHORUS: Hey grasshopper Gal!
19 Hate to burst your bubble
20 There's a moral to this tale
21 YOU'RE headed straight for trouble!
22 BOY'S CHORUS: The ants who lived next door to her
23 Had planned ahead, in fact
24 Had worked throughout the summer heat
25 To store up food out back
26 ANT QUARTET: Did you ever, did you ever
27 Meet a group of ants so clever?
28 CHORUS: Hey grasshopper Gal! Hate to burst your bubble There's a
moral to this tale YOU'RE headed straight for trouble!

29 GIRL'S QUARTET: And when our dear grasshopper
30 Came begging for some bread

31 BOY'S QUARTET: The ants just shook their heads and said

32 ANT QUARTET: "You're going to end up dead!!"

33 CHORUS: Hey grasshopper Gal! Hate to burst your bubble There's a
moral to this tale YOU'RE headed straight for trouble!

34 GRASSHOPPER: O.K., O.K., I've heard enough!
35 So what's the moral? Tell me please!

36 SOLO SPEAKER 2: I bet the moral's full of DON'TS!

37 SOLO SPEAKER 3: Don't sing away the summer?

38 SOLO SPEAKER 4: Don't party 'til you're fed?

39 SOLO SPEAKER 5: Don't waste your days just having fun?

40 SOLO SPEAKER 6: Don't lounge around in bed?

41 CHORUS: NO!

42 SOLO SPEAKER 7: The moral of this story is:

43 CHORUS: IT'S SMART TO PLAN AHEAD!

Praise Song for the Day, by Elizabeth Alexander

Each day we go about our business,
walking past each other, catching each other's
eyes or not, about to speak or speaking.

All about us is noise. All about us is
noise and bramble, thorn and din, each
one of our ancestors on our tongues.

Someone is stitching up a hem, darning
a hole in a uniform, patching a tire,
repairing the things in need of repair.

Someone is trying to make music somewhere,
with a pair of wooden spoons on an oil drum,
with cello, boom box, harmonica, voice.

A woman and her son wait for the bus.

A farmer considers the changing sky.

A teacher says, *Take out your pencils. Begin.*

We encounter each other in words, words
spiny or smooth, whispered or declaimed,
words to consider, reconsider.

We cross dirt roads and highways that mark
the will of some one and then others, who said
I need to see what's on the other side.
I know there's something better down the road.
We need to find a place where we are safe.
We walk into that which we cannot yet see.
Say it plain: that many have died for this day.
Sing the names of the dead who brought us here,
who laid the train tracks, raised the bridges,
picked the cotton and the lettuce, built
brick by brick the glittering edifices
they would then keep clean and work inside of.
Praise song for struggle, praise song for the day.
Praise song for every hand-lettered sign,
the figuring-it-out at kitchen tables.
Some live by *love thy neighbor as thyself*,
others by *first do no harm or take no more
than you need*. What if the mightiest word is love?
Love beyond marital, filial, national,

love that casts a widening pool of light,

love with no need to pre-empt grievance.

In today's sharp sparkle, this winter air,

any thing can be made, any sentence begun.

On the brink, on the brim, on the cusp,

praise song for walking forward in that light.

The Ant Explorer by C.J. Dennis

ONCE a little sugar ant made up his mind to roam --
To fare away far away, far away from home.
He had eaten all his breakfast, and he had his ma's consent
To see what he should chance to see and here's the way he went --
Up and down a fern frond, round and round a stone,
Down a gloomy gully, where he loathed to be alone,
Up a mighty mountain range, seven inches high,
Through the fearful forest grass that nearly hid the sky,
Out along a bracken bridge, bending in the moss,
Till he reach a dreadful desert that was feet and feet across.
'Twas a dry, deserted desert, and a trackless land to tread;
He wished that he was home again and tucked up tight in bed.
His little legs were wobbly, his strength was nearly spent,
And so he turned around again and here's the way he went --
Back along a bracken bridge, bending in the moss,
Through the fearful forest grass shutting out the sky,
Up a mighty mountain range, seven inches high,
Down a gloomy gully, where he loathed to be alone,
Up and down a fern frond, round and round a stone.
A dreary ant, a weary ant, resolved no more to roam,
He staggered up the garden path and popped back home.