

Warrenpoint Speech Syllabus, 2025.

Primary Schools:

Primary 1: Hallowe'en – Roger Stevens.

Primary 2: Feeding Ducks with Grandad – Carol Rumble.

Primary 3: Dorothy Porridge – Richard Edwards.

Primary 4: My Sister's Eating Porridge – John Coldwell.

Primary 5: Polar Bear – Spike Milligan.

Primary 6: Greedy Dog – James Hurley.

Primary 7: I'm the Youngest in Our House – Michael Rosen.

Private Schools:

Class 1: I Like Cabbage – John Kitching.

Class 2: Big Fat Budgie – Michaela Morgan.

Class 3: Cats – Eleanor Farjeon.

Class 4: Over the Park – Charles Thomson.

Class 5: Grandpa Dropped His Glasses – Leroy F. Jackson.

Class 6: The Dancing Bear – Rachel Field.

Class 7: Cobweb Morning – June Crebbin.

Class 8: The Sea – James Reeves.

Class 9: Leonardo – Charles Causley.

Class 10: I Saw Charlie Chaplin – Charles Causley.

Class 11: Sky in the Pie! – Roger McGough.

Class 24 Sonnet: Sonnet for Anne Frank – Michael Rosen.

Primary 1:

HALLOWE'EN

Darren's got a pumpkin
Hollowed out a treat
He put it in the window
It scared half the street

I wish I had a pumpkin
But I've not and it's a shame
I've got a scary carrot
But it's not the same

Roger Stevens.

Primary 2:

FEEDING DUCKS WITH GRANDAD

When Grandad takes us to the park
We always take some bread,
He says before we have some fun
The ducks must all be fed.

And when the ducks have all been fed,
Too full to flap their wings,
Then Grandad races really fast
To beat us to the swings.

Coral Rumble.

Primary 3:

DORTHY PORRIDGE

Dorothy Porridge is wearing a lettuce
And nobody quite knows why,
She's racing around like the spin of a coin
And waving her fist at the sky.
The last time I saw her she lifted a leaf
And gave me a wink of her eye,
Dorothy Porridge is wearing a lettuce
And nobody quite knows why.

Richard Edwards.

Primary 4:

MY SISTER'S EATING PORRIDGE

My sister's eating porridge
It's going everywhere.
Up her nose and down her front;
A dollop in her hair.

My sister's eating porridge,
She's missed her mouth again.
Now it dripping off her spoon
Like lumpy porridge rain.

My sister's eating porridge
And most is on the floor.
No wonder she is hungry
And crying out for, 'More!'

John Coldwell.

Primary 5:

POLAR BEAR

Polar bear, polar bear,
How do you keep clean?
You always seem to stay so white
No matter where you've been.

My mummy scrubs me every night
To wash the dirt away.
Somehow it all comes back again
When I go out to play.

Polar bear, polar bear,
Do you ever bath?
I seem to get so dirty
Just walking up the path.

I wish I was a polar bear,
So then every night
If someone tries to bath me
I'd growl at them and bite!

Spike Milligan.

Primary 6:

GREEDY DOG

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?

James Hurley.

Primary 7:

I'M THE YOUNGEST IN OUR HOUSE

I'm the youngest in our house
so it goes like this:

My brother comes in and says:
"Tell him to clear the fluff
out from under his bed".

Mum says,
"Clear the fluff
out from under your bed".

Father says,
"You heard what your mother said".
"What?" I say.

"The fluff", he says.
"Clear the fluff
out from under your bed".

So I say,
"There's fluff under his bed too,
you know".

"But we're talking about the fluff
under *your* bed".

"You will clear it up
won't you?" mum says.

So now my brother – all puffed up –
says,

"Clear the fluff
out from under your bed,
clear the fluff
out from under your bed".

Now I'm angry. I am angry.
So I say – what can I say?

I say,
"Shuttup Stinks
YOU CAN'T RULE MY LIFE".

Michael Rosen.

Class 1:

I LIKE CABBAGE

I like eating cabbage,
Turnip, beetroot, cress
Very smelly foreign cheese
And, best, (you'll never guess)
It isn't chocolate or ice-cream,
No, no, it isn't custard,
My very best, my favourite food,
Is sausages with mustard.

John Kitching.

Class 2:

BIG FAT BUDGIE

I'm a big fat budgie,
I don't do a lot.
Might park on my perch.
Might peek at my mirror.
Might ring my bell.
Might peer through the bars of my fat budgie cell.
Might say 'Who's a pretty boy then?'
Might not.
I'm a big fat budgie.
I don't do a lot.

Michaela Morgan.

Class 3:

CATS

Cats sleep
Anywhere,
Any table,
Any chair,
Top of piano,
Window-ledge,
In the middle,
On the edge,
Open drawer,
Empty shoe,
Anybody's
Lap will do,
Fitted in a
Cardboard box,
In the cupboard
With your frocks –
Anywhere!
They don't care!
Cats sleep
Anywhere.

Eleanor Farjeon.

Class 4:

OVER THE PARK

I want to go on the sea-saw,
I want to go on the slide
and, look, over there is the roundabout...
I want to have a ride.

I know I've been on the see-saw,
I know I've been on the slide,
I know I've been on the roundabout,
I know I've had a ride.

I know we've been here a long time
and I've fallen off the sea-saw,
I know I've had lots and lots of goes,
but can't I have one more?
Pleeeeeeeeeeeese...

Charles Thomson.

Class 6:

GRANDPA DROPPED HIS GLASSES

Grandpa dropped his glasses once
In a pot of dy.
And when he put them on again
He saw a purple sky.
Purple birds were rising up
From a purple hill,
Men were grinding purple cider
At a purple mill.
Purple Adeline was playing
With a purple doll,
Little purple dragonflies
Were crawling up the wall.
And at the supper table
He got crazy as a loon
From eating purple apple dumplings
With a purple spoon.

Leroy F. Jackson.

Class 6:

THE DANCING BEAR

Slowly he turns himself round and round,
Lifting his paws with care,
Twisting his head in a sort of bow
To the people watching there.

His keeper, grinding a wheezy tune,
Jerks at the iron chain,
And the dusty, patient bear goes through
His solemn tricks again.

Only his eyes are still and fixed
In a wild, bewildered stare,
More like a child's lost in woods at night
Than the eyes of a big brown bear.

Rachel Field.

Class 7:

COBWEB MORNING

On a Monday morning
We do spellings and Maths.
And silent reading.

But on the Monday
After the frost
We went straight outside.

Cobwebs hung in the cold air,
Everywhere.
All around the playground,
They clothed the trees,
Dressed every bush
In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,
A wheel of patient spinning.
Each spider,
Hidden,
Waiting.

Inside,
We worked all morning
To capture the outside.

Now
In our patterns and poems
We remember
The cobweb morning.

June Crebbin.

Class 8:

THE SEA

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

James Reeves.

Class 9:

LEONARDO

Leonardo, painter, taking
Morning air
On Market Street
Saw the wild birds in their cages
Silent in
The dust, the heat.

Took his purse from out his pocket
Never questioning
The fee,
Bore the cages to the green shade
Of a hill-top
Cypress tree.

‘What you lost,’ said Leonardo,
‘I now give to you
Again,
Free as noon and night and morning,
As the sunshine,
As the rain.’

And he took them from their prisons,
Held them to
The air, the sky;
Pointed them to the bright heaven.
‘Fly!’ said Leonardo.
‘Fly!’

Charles Causley.

Class 10:

I SAW CHARLIE CHAPLIN

I saw Charlie Chaplin
In 1924
Playing golf with a walking-cane
Outside our front door.

His bowler was a size too early,
His trousers were a size too late,
His little moustache said one o'clock,
His boots said twenty-past eight.

He whacked at a potato.
It broke in the bouncing air.
'Never mind, Charlie,' I said to him
'We've got some to spare.'

I fetched him out a potato.
He leaned on his S-shaped cane.
'Thanks, kid.' He bowed. He shrugged.
I never saw him again.

My father said Charlie Chaplin
Wasn't Charlie at all.
He said it was someone in our town
Going to a Fancy Ball.

He said it couldn't be Charlie.
That it was Carnival Day.
That Charlie never came to our town,
And he lived in the USA.

Not Charlie Chaplin?
You can tell that tale to the cat.
I don't care what my father said.
I know better than that:

For I saw Charlie Chaplin
Outside our front door
Playing golf with a walking-cane.
It was 1924.

Charles Causley.

Class 11:

SKY IN THE PIE!

Waiter, there's a sky in my pie
Remove it at once if you please
You can keep your incredible sunsets
I ordered mincemeat and cheese

I can't stand nightingales singing
Or clouds all burnished with gold
The whispering breeze is disturbing the peas
And making my chips go all cold

I don't care if the chef is an artist
Whose canvases hang in the Tate
I want two veg. and puff pastry
Not the Universe heaped on my plate

OK I'll try just a spoonful
I suppose I've got nothing to lose
Mm... the colours quite tickle the palette
With a blend of delicate hues

The sun has a custardy flavour
And the clouds are as light as air
And the wind a chewier texture
(With a hint of cinnamon there?)

This sky is simply delicious
Why haven't I tried it before?
I can chew my way through to Eternity
And still have room left for more.

Having acquired a taste for the Cosmos
I'll polish this sunset off soon
I can't wait to tuck into the night sky
Waiter! Please bring me the Moon!

Roger McGough.

Class 24 – Sonnet:

SONNET FOR ANNE FRANK

Since you took us into that attic space
no room under the eaves has been the same.
Wherever we go – our homes or others’ –
whenever we dip and duck under beams
you are in the shadows, writing pages
laughing, crying, eating, daring to love
imagining a better world than yours.
How you wrote leads us to think we know you.
You compressed so much life into that loft
which we pore over and love you for it
yet the real world – not the one you imagined –
didn’t allow you to live and write any more.
Each time we read, we struggle to enjoy
your love of life while knowing how it ended.

Michael Rosen.