



Dánta / Poems

Comórtas: Bunscoile / Primary

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Lámh, Lámh eile

Lámh, lámh eile
A h-aon, a dó
Cos, cos eile
A h-aon, a dó
Súil, súil eile
A h-aon, a dó
Cluas, cluas eile
A h-aon, a dó
Ceann, srón, béal, smig,
Agus sin mo scéal uilig

Hand, other hand
one, two
foot, other foot
one, two
eye, other eye
one, two
ear, other ear
one, two
head, nose, mouth, chin,
And that's my story



An Fhearthainn

Tá an fhearthainn ag titim,
Ag titim go trom.
Ag titim, ag titim,
Anuas ar mo cheann.
Ní maith liom an fhearthainn
Mar fliuchann sí mé,
Agus caithfidh mé fanacht istigh
'rith an lae

The rain is falling,
is falling heavily.
Falling, falling
on top of my head.
I don't like the rain,
because it gets me wet,
and I have stay inside
during the day



Sicín Beag

Sicín beag a chuaigh amú
Bhí Mamaí bocht ag gol bú hú
Tháinig Seán is fuair sé é
Thug sé ar ais do Mhamaí é.
Ha ha ha, hí hí hí,
Sicín beag is é ina luí.

Little chicken who went missing,
poor mummy was going boo-hoo
Seán came and found it
he gave it back to mummy
ha ha ha, he he he
little chicken now asleep



Froganna beaga

Froganna beaga deasa,
Froganna beaga buí,
Froganna beaga glasa,
Is Mamaí frog ina luí.
Daidí frog ina sheasamh,
Is bata ina lámh,
Ag taispeáint do na páistí
Cad é an dóigh le
snámh!

Little small frogs
little yellow frogs
little green frogs
and the mummy frog sleeping
Daddy frog is standing
with a bat in his hand
showing the children
the way to swim!



Abair do Pháidreacha

Abair do pháidreacha, nigh do lámha,
Ith do bhricfeasta, faigh do mhála,
Cóta ort, seo duit do lón,
Déan deifir anois go dtí an ród.

Say your prayer, wash your hands
eat your breakfast, get your bag,
coat on, here is your lunch,
Quickly now to the road



An Spideog

Chonaic mise spideog,
ar chúl an tí inné.
Bhí ocras ar an éinín,
mar bhí sioc istigh sa chré.
Thug mé píosa aráin di,
deoch uisce agus min.
Bhí áthas ar an spideog,
agus chan sí port bog binn.

I seen a robin
at the back of the house yesterday.
The little bird was hungry
because of the frost in the earth.
I gave her a piece of bread,
a drink of water and meal.
The robin was happy and she sang a little
sweet tune.



Saighdiúr Mise

Is Saighdiúr mise ag mairseáil thart
Clé, deas, clé, deas, clé deas thart.

Is Greasaí mise ag deisiú bróg
Tic, tac, tic, tac, ar mo bhróg.

Gabha mise sa chearta mhór.
Buail, buail ar inneoin

Is Fear an Phoist mé ag siúl an ród.
Cnag, cnag, cnag gach uair sa ló.

I am a soldier marching around
left, right, left, right nicely round.

I am a shoe repairer
Tick, tock, tock, tock, on my shoe.

Catch me in the big right.
Hit, hit the anvil

I am a Postman walking the road.
Knock, knock, knock every hour of the day

An Trá

Bróga ar mo chosa
Cóta ar mo dhroim
Lámhainní ar mo lámha
Hata ar mo cheann
Dúnann Daid an doras
Is aoibhinn liom an lá
Triúir againn le chéile
Síos go dtí an trá

Shoes on my feet
coat on my back
gloves on my hands
Dad closes the door
I love the day
the three of us together
down to the beach





An Bhumbóg

Luigh mé síos
Sa ghairdín inné,
Agus thit mé i mo chodladh
I lár an lae.
Dhúisigh mé go tapa
Nuair a bhuaill an fón,
Agus chonaic mé rud éigin
Ina shuí ar mo shrón.
Bumbóg mhór,
Dubh agus buí,
A tháinig ar cuairt
Nuair a bhí mé i mo luí.
Níor bhog mé ar feadh tamaill
Ar dheis ná ar chlé,
Agus d'eitil an bhumbóg ar aghaidh
Nuair a bhí sí réidh.

I lay down
in the garden yesterday,
and I fell asleep
in the middle of the day.
I woke suddenly
when the phone rang,
and I seen something
sitting on my nose.
A big Bumble Bee,
Black and Yellow
Who came to visit
while I was sleeping.
I didn't move for a while,
Right or Left,
And the bumble bee flew on
when she was ready.



Na hAinmhithe

Féach ar na hainmhithe
Amuigh faoin spéir
Ag rith is ag léim
Is ag ithe an fhéir.
Ní féidir leo léamh
Ní féidir leo scríobh
Ní thagann said ar scoil
Níor tháinig ariamh.
Ach bíonn said sásta
An bhliain go léir
Amuigh sa pháirc
Ag ithe an fhéir.

Look at the animals
out in the air
running and jumping
and eating the grass.
they can't read
they can't write
they don't go to school
they never have!
but they are happy
the whole year round
out in the park
eating the grass.



An Sneachta

Tá sneachta bán agus fliuch
Agus titeann sé anuas ón spéir,
Nuair a bhím i mo shuí sa teach,
Feicim é ina luí ar an fhéar.

Luíonn sé ar an talamh,
Agus luíonn sé ar na crainn,
Titeann sé nuair a bhím i mo chodladh,
Á, tá an geimhreadh linn!

Rachaidh mé amach ar ball,
Agus feicfidh mé mo chairde go léir,
Ag súgradh sa tsneachta dheas gheal,
A thit anuas ón spéir!

Snow is white and wet
ad it falls from the sky,
when I am sitting in the house,
I see it lying on the grass.

It lies on the ground,
and it lies on the trees,
It falls when I am sleeping,
ahh, Winter has arived!

I will go out soon,
and I will see all of my friends,
playing in the lovely bright snow,
that fell down from the sky!



Ag Marcaíocht Síos an Bóthar

Ag marcaíocht síos an bóthar
Chuir mé hata ar mo cheann
Thosaigh mé ag feadáil
'S mé ag marcaíocht síos an bóthar

Chonaic mé an madadh mór
Ag rith i ndiaidh mo rothar
Chuala mé an tafann géar
'S mé ag marcaíocht síos an bóthar.

Léim an madadh suas san aer.
Thit mé de mo rothar.

Bhí mise go brónach, Thíos ar an fhéar
Caite ar thaobh an bhóthair!

Riding down the road,
I put my hat on my head,
I started whistling
while riding down the road

I seen a big dog
running after my bike
I heard the sharp bark
while riding down the road.

The dog jumped up in the air.
I feel off the bike.

I was sad, down on the grass,
left at the side of the road!



Mála Scoile

Cá bhfuil mo mhála scoile?

An bhfaca tusa é?

An bhfuil 'fhios agat, a Mhamaí

Cár imigh sé ar strae?

Níl sé sa chistin

Ná istigh sa seomra suí

Níor thug mé suas an staighre é

Nuair a chuaigh mé a luí.

Bhuel, cinnte bhí sé agatsa

Ó do theacht ón scoil inné

Mar rinne tú d'obair bhaile

Go díreach i ndiaidh an tae.

Feicim do mhála scoile

Is níor imigh sé ar strae

Thiar ar do dhroim atá sé

Is tú féin a chuir ann é!

Where is my school bag?

Have you seen it?

Do you know Mum

Where it went missing to?

It isn't in the kitchen

Or in the living room

I didn't take it up the stairs

when I went to sleep.

Well, I am sure you had it
when you came in from school yesterday

because you did your homework
straight after your tea.

I see your school bag

I never went missing

It is on your back

and you put it there!

Stocaí

Stocaí le stríoca,
Cuid mhór le spotaí,
Stocaí ar gach dath
Sa bhogha báistí.
Caite le chéile
Sa mheaisín le ní
Sáite is báite
I spéirling mhór gaoith'.
Corrstoca an líne,
Ag sileadh na ndeor,
A gcomrádaí slogtha
Ag ollphéist de niteoir.

Stocks with stripes
many with spots,
socks of all colours
within the rainbow.
Threw together
in the machine to wash
covered and soaked
In a big skylark of wind'.
Odd sock on the line,
Flowing tears,
Their comrades swallowed
By the monster of the washer.





Scamaill

Is maith liom scamaill,
Flas candaí na spéire,
Ba bhreá liom breith orthu
Is iad a bhlaiseadh le mo mhéara.
No b'fhéidir go luífinn síos orthu
Is leaba bhog a dhéanamh,
Agus dul ar thuras mistéire
Faoi theas teolaí na gréin

I like clouds,
Candy flash in the sky,
I would love to catch them
They are tasted with my fingers.
Or maybe I would lie down on them
Make a soft bed,
And go on a mystery trip
Under the warm heat of the sun



Mo Sheanathair

Tá mo sheanathair lag
Tá mo sheanathair aosta
Ní féidir leis seasamh
Ná siúl ina aonair

Is maith leis na crainn
Is maith leis an talamh
Is maith leis go mór
bheith ag caint leis na páistí

Suíonn sé sa chúinne
Is sinn ina aice
Is é ag cur síos
Ar an saol atá caite.

My Grandfather is weak
My Grandfather is old
He cannot stand
or walk on his own.

He likes the trees
he likes the land
He really enjoys
talking to the children.

He sits in the corner
with them beside him
while he tells us
about the life he lived.



An tOchtapas

Tá mé ocht inniu, arsa an tOchtapas
Is tá mo chairde ag teacht le haghaidh tae
Is breá liom bheith ocht, arsa an tOchtapas,
Beidh an chóisir againn ar a sé.

Tá mé ocht inniu, arsa an tOchtapas
Is tá mo chairde ag teacht le haghaidh tae,
Is breá liom bheith ocht, arsa an tOchtapas,
Ba sheachtapas mé inné!

I am 8 today said the octopus
And my friends are coming for tea
I love being 8, said the octopus
We will have a party at 6.

I am 8 today says the octopus
and my friends are coming for tea,
I love being 8, said the octopus
I was a 7pus yesterday!



Gabhar na Scoile

Isteach sa scoil a shiúil seanghabhar.
Agus shuigh sé síos ar stól.
Thóg sé fód as lár na tine,
Is d'ith sé é mar lón.

D'ól sé dúch as buidéal.
Bhí dúil aige ann dar ndóigh
Chuir sé píopa cré 'na bhéal
Is chaith sé é go beo.
Ag dul amach an doras dó,
Dhruid sé súil amháin.
Is iontach an áit an scoil ar sé,
Ach b'fhearr liomsa amuigh sa pháirc.

An old goat walked into the school.
And he sat down on a stool.
He took a turf from the middle of the fire,
And he ate it for lunch.

He drank ink from a bottle.
He loved it of course
He put a clay pipe in his mouth
and smoked it lively.
When going out the door,
He closed one eye.
The school is a great place,
But I'd rather be out in the field.



Obair Bhaile

Tá bealach aisteach ag mo mhúinteoir
chun obair bhaile a mheas.
Ar dtús ardaíonn sé an cóipleabhar,
déanann é a bholú
is deir sé Mmmm ... Deas! An-deas!

Cuireann sé amach a theanga.
Déanann an páipéar a lí.
Nócha! a deir sé. Sea! Nócha!
Ansin bhlas sé arís é.
Nó b'fhéidir nócha trí?

Osclaíonn sé a bhéal ansin.
Baineann plaic as mo chóipleabhar.
Blaiseann sé go cúramach é.
Ansin tosaíonn á alpadh siar
mar a bheadh gabhar.

Faighimse marc an-ard i gcónaí.
An tuairisc scoile is fearr ar domhan!
Tá sé éasca A a fháil
má bhíonn na comhábhair chearta ann!

Focail! Sea! Líonaim leathanaigh le focail.
Bím ag obair liom go gasta.
Ach is cuma céard a scríobhaim
a fhad is go mbíonn an dúch an-bhlasta!

My teacher has a strange way
to assess homework.
First he raises the copybook,
smells it
and he says Mmmm ... Nice! Very nice!

He sticks out his tongue.
and licks the paper.
Ninety! he says. Yes! Ninety!
Then he tastes it again.
Or maybe ninety three?

He then opens his mouth.
He takes a bite from my copybook.
He tastes it carefully.
Then begins to chomp down
like a goat would.

I always get very high marks.
The best school report in the world!
Getting an A is easy
if there is the right ingredients there!

Words! Yes! I fill pages with words.
I work quickly.
But it doesn't matter what I write
as long as there is the ink is very tasty!



Scéilín Brónach

Tá Micí an-bheag
Is tá Seamaí an-mhór
Is tá úlla breatha deasa ar an gcrann
Arsa Micí Beag le Séamaí
“Beidh ocras orainn ar scoil”
Is ní ceart na húlla breátha deasa a fhágáil ann.”

Chuaigh Micí Beag in airde
Fuair sé cuidiú ó Shéimí Mór,
Ach bhí máthair Mhicí Bhig taobh thiar den
chrann!
Fuair sí bata athar Mhicí,
Thug an bheirt acu isteach,
Is mhothófá iad ag screadadh thíos sa ghleann.

Tá Micí an-chiúin,
Is tá Séimí an-chiúin,
Is ní dhéanann siad aon gháire ná aon ghreann;
Tá an bheirt ar scoil arís,
Ach ní féidir leo suí síos -
Is tá úlla breátha deasa ar an gcrann.

Micí is very small
and Seamaí is very big
And the nice looking apples are on the tree
Micí Beag said to Séamí
“We'll be hungry at school”
It isn't right to leave the pretty apples there.”

Micí Beag went up
He got help from Séimí Mór,
But Little Micí's mother was behind the tree!
She got Micí's father's stick,
Both of them went in,
You could feel them screaming down in the
valley.

Mickey is very quiet,
Séimí is very quiet,
And they do not smile or joke;
Both are at school again,
But they can't sit down -
There are very nice apples on the tree.



An Crogall

Arsa an crogall: mo bhrón
Is cráiteach's is millteach
Go síleann gach duine
Go bhfuil mé fuarfhuilteach!

Nuair a ithim páiste
Briseann sé mo chroí
Nuair a chloisim an créatúr
Ag scairteadh, A Mhamaíí!

Agus i ndiaidh gach plaic a ghlacaim
As antalóp nó fia
Déanaim paidir le maithiúnas
A iarraidh ó Dhia.

Agus gach lá nuair a shlogaim
Duine bocht don tae
Bímse ag caoineadh
Go díreach ina dhiaidh.

Ná smaoinigh gur arracht mé
Nó reptíl gan trua -
Is maith liom mo bia
Ach níl mo chroí crua!

The crocodile said: I am sorry
It is painful and destructive
That everyone thinks
That I am cold-blooded!

When I eat a child
It breaks my heart
When I hear the creature
Shouting, Mummy!

And after every bite I take
Of antelope or deer
I pray for forgiveness
from God.

And every day when I swallow
A poor man for tea
I used to cry
Directly after.

Don't think I'm a monster
Or a pitiless reptile -
I like my food
But my heart is not hard!