

LIST OF ALL SET PIECES FOR THE 2023 Dalby Eisteddfod

Bible Reading

Grade 3 and Under - Luke 2: 8 to 12

Grade 4 to 6 - 1 Samuel 16: 4 to 7

High School Grades - John 1: 24 to 34

Public Speaking Topics

Primary 3 mins max - "All families should have a pet" - Agree or disagree - convince the audience with your opinion

Secondary 4 mins max - "Sport versus the Arts" - Convince the audience which is best and why?!

SET POEMS

Grades 1 to 2 - "Chips" by Stanley Cook OR "Echidna" by Eveline Laird

Grades 3 to 4 - "Granny's Boot" by Spike Milligan OR "Cat" by Mary Britton Miller

Grades 5 to 6 - "Dragonfly" by Jean Kenward OR "Possums" by Ann Coleridge

Grades 7,8 &9 - "Where the Sidewalk Ends" by Shel Silverstein OR "The Wolf Story" by Steven Herrick

Grades 10, 11 & 12 - "Pride" by Dahlia Ravikovitch OR "Night Herons" by Judith Wright

OPEN SECTION

SET POEM

Verse Speaking - "Sleeping in the Forest" by Mary Oliver OR "Miracles" by Walt Whitman

Public Speaking - 18 yrs & over - 5 min max

"It's your mistakes and observations that are your greatest tutors" Costa Georgiadis

Bible Reading - Micah 6: 1 to 8

Grades 1 to 2

CHIPS by Stanley Cook

Out of the paper bag
comes the hot breath of the chips
and I shall blow on them
to stop them burning my lips.

Before I leave the counter
the woman shakes
raindrops of vinegar on them
and salty snowflakes.

Outside the frosty pavements
are slippery as a slide
but the chips and I
are warm inside.

OR

ECHIDNA by Eveline Laird

If you should watch Echidna
and see him have a treat-
He'd flick his long tongue out and in
and scoop up ants to eat!

If you should touch Echidna,
Do you know what he would do?
He'd roll his spikes into a ball
and stick them into you!

If you should scare Echidna,
Do you know what he would do?
He'd burrow quickly in the ground

And disappear from view!

GRADES 3 TO 4

Granny's Boot by Spike Milligan

Granny in her bed one night
Heard a little squeak!
And then a little peck-peck-peck
Like something with a beak
Then something that went
Binkle-Bonk Ickle-tickle-toot
And all of it was coming
From inside Grandma's boot!
Then the boot began to hop
It went into the hall
And then from deep inside the boot
Came a Tarzan call
The sound of roaring lions
The screech of a cockatoo.
Today that boot is in a cage
Locked in the London Zoo.

OR

CAT by Mary Britton Miller

The black cat yawns,
opens her jaws,
stretches her legs,
and shows her claws.
Then she gets up
and stands on four
long stiff legs
and yawns some more,
She shows her sharp teeth,
She stretches her lip,
Her slice of a tongue
Turns up at the tip.

Lifting herself
on her delicate toes,
she arches her back
as high as it goes.
She lets herself down
with particular care,
and pads away
with her tail in the air.

GRADE 5 TO 6

OR

DRAGONFLY by Jean Kenward

Over the pond
where the children play
I saw somebody strange, today:
a slender, glittering,
trembling thing
with stuff like cellophane
on its wing.
It wasn't a butterfly
or bee
lolloping, blundering,
loose and free ...
it darted here
and it darted there
like a quivering firework
in the air.
Down by the pond
I stared, and stood
in the heat of the morning
I wished it would
stay and settle,
but it went by,

burning, beautiful-
dragonfly.

POSSUMS by Ann Coleridge

"waiting on copy of words"

GRADES 7, 8, & 9 OR

Where the Sidewalk Ends by Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

OR **GRADES 7, 8, & 9**

The Wolf Story by Steven Herrick

Ever since I can remember,
my Dad has talked about the wolf.
From the age of five
I'd sit beside him on our back step.
We'd look across the paddocks of sheep
into the forest shimmering in the afternoon heat,
watching,
the two of us sure the wolf would come
if we sat there long enough.
As night fell,
I'd ask him to tell me,
once more,
about when he saw the wolf.
If the wolf wouldn't show
at least we could talk about him.
In the gathering dark
I'd hang on every word,
listening to my Dad's deep voice
tell me
the wolf story.

GRADES 10, 11 & 12 OR

Pride by Dahlia Ravikovitch (Israeli)

Even rocks break, I tell you,
and not from old age.
For years they lie on their backs
in the heat and the cold,
so many years
it almost seems peaceful.
They don't move from their place
and so the cracks are hidden.
A kind of pride.
Year after year passes over them
expectant, waiting.
The one who will shatter them later
has not yet come.
And so the moss grows,
the seaweeds are tossed about,
the sea pounces in, and returns.
And they, it seems, do not move.
Until a little seal comes
to rub against the rocks,
comes and goes away.
And suddenly the stone is wounded.
I told you, when rocks break
it comes as a surprise.
And all the more with people.

OR GRADES 10, 11 & 12

NIGHT HERONS by Judith Wright

It was after a day's rain:
the street facing the west
was lit with growing yellow;
the black road gleamed.

First one child looked and saw
and told another.
Face after face, the windows
flowered with eyes.

It was like a long fuse lighted,
the news traveling.
No one called out loudly;
everyone said "Hush."

The light deepened; the wet road
answered in daffodil colours,
and down its centre
walked the two tall herons.

Stranger than wild birds, even,
what happened on those faces:
suddenly believing in something,
they smiled and opened.

ADULTS OR

SLEEPING IN THE FOREST by Mary Oliver

I thought the earth
remembered me, she
took me back so tenderly, arranging
her dark skirts, her pockets
full of lichens and seeds. I slept
as never before, a stone
on the riverbed, nothing
between me and the white fire of the stars
but my thoughts, and they floated
light as moths among the branches
of the perfect trees. All night
I heard the small kingdoms breathing
around me, the insects, and the birds
who do their work in the darkness. All night
I rose and fell, as if in water, grappling
with a luminous doom. By morning
I had vanished at least a dozen times
into something better.

OR ADULTS

Miracles By Walt Whitman

1819-1892

Why, who makes much of a miracle?

As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,

Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,

Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,

Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the
water,

Or stand under trees in the woods,

Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the bed at night
with any one I love,

Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,

Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,

Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,

Or animals feeding in the fields,

Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,

Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet
and bright,

Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;

These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,

The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,

Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,

Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,

Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,

The fishes that swim--the rocks--the motion of the waves--the
ships with men in them,

What stranger miracles are there?