



# 2026 Forbes Eisteddfod Set Pieces

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# RECITATION SET PIECES

## **SD01 - 6yrs & under**

### Ten Little Tadpoles - Rose Fyleman

Ten little tadpoles swimming in a pool

“Come,” said the water rat,

“Come along to school

Come and say your tables

Sitting in a row”

And all the little tadpoles said, “NO, NO, NO!”

And all the little tadpoles said, “NO, NO, NO!”

Ten little tadpoles swimming in and out,

Racing and diving and turning all about,

“Come,” said their mother,

“Dinner time I guess,”

And all the little tadpoles said, “YES, YES, YES!”

And all the little tadpoles said, “YES, YES, YES!”

## **SD02 - 7 years**

Over in the Meadow - author anonymous

Over in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun,

Lived an old mother frog and her little froggie one. "Croak!" said the mother, "I'll croak!" said the one,

So they croaked and they croaked in the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow, in the stream so blue,

Lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two.

"Swim!" said the mother, "We swim!" said the two,

So they swam and they swam in the stream so blue.

Over in the meadow, on the branch of a tree,

Lived an old mother bird and her little birdies three. "Sing!" said the mother, "We sing!" said the three,

So they sang and they sang on the branch of a tree.

## **SD03 – 8 years**

### Wind on the Hill – A.A. Milne

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

## **SD04 - 9 years**

### The Famine and the Feast – C.J. Dennis

Cackle and lay, cackle and lay!  
How many eggs did you get to-day?  
None in the manger, and none in the shed,  
None in the box where the chickens are fed,  
None in the tussocks and none in the tub,  
And only a little one out in the scrub.  
Oh, I say! Dumplings to-day.  
I fear that the hens must be laying away.

Cackle and lay, cackle and lay!  
How many eggs did you get to-day?  
Two in the manger, and four in the shed,  
Six in the box where the chickens are fed,  
Two in the tussocks and ten in the tub,  
And nearly two dozen right out in the scrub.  
Hip, hooray! Pudding to-day!  
I think that the hens are beginning to lay.

## **SD05 - 10 years**

### **Puffer Fish – Doug MacLeod**

My sister had a puffer fish  
She caught it from the pier  
An oily, slimy puffer fish,  
It lasted for a year.  
And if you took it by surprise  
Or frightened it or swore,  
It puffed till it was twice the size  
That it had been before.

Alas, one day the puffer fish  
Completely disappeared  
While puss looked rather devilish  
With whiskers oily-smeared  
And none of us believed our eyes  
When suddenly we saw  
Our puss puff up to twice the size  
That she had been before.

## **SD06 - 11 years**

### **My Shadow – Robert Louis Stevenson**

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

## **SD07 – 12 years**

### Little Mouse – Anne Whale-Billmon

A little mouse scurried 'cross the floor  
Looking for an out he could not reach the door  
As giant footsteps echoed near  
His hopes for survival seemed rather poor

Suddenly as if from nowhere  
A vision stood at the open door  
Here was his chance – in an instant  
The little mouse remained within that room no more

Little did he know Mr Tom was lurking, poised outside the door  
His twitchy whiskers sensed a tasty morsel near – would soon appear  
Thus he sat poised patiently and silently right here

Little mouse was not so dumb  
He too sensed danger on the run  
And so he paused and thought out his next move  
This really wasn't fun

He spied a tiny gap there in the wall  
With trembling heart he dashed towards his escape  
Mr Tom gave one great leap --- too late  
For now the little mouse was safe

## **SD08 – 13-14 years**

Meatloaf - Linda Knaus and Kenn Nesbitt

My mother made a meat loaf  
but I think she made it wrong.  
It could be that she cooked it  
just a little bit too long.

She pulled it from the oven;  
and we all began to choke.  
The meatloaf was on fire  
and the kitchen filled with smoke.

The smoke detectors squealed  
at all the flaming meatloaf haze.  
My father used his drink  
to try extinguishing the blaze.

Mom shrieked and dropped the meat loaf;  
it exploded with a boom,  
and splattered blackened globs on  
every surface in the room.

The dog passed out. The kitten hid.  
My brother screamed and fled.  
The baby ate a piece of meat loaf  
sticking to her head.

My father started yelling  
and my sister went berserk.  
But I kept cool and said, “at least  
our smoke detectors work.”

## **SD09 – 15-16 years**

### You Are Old Father William – Lewis Carroll

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,  
“And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head –  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,  
“I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door –  
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
“I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –  
Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak –  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose –  
What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”  
Said his father; “don’t give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I’ll kick you downstairs!”

## **SD10 – Open**

### **The Ballad of the Drover – Henry Lawson**

Across the stony ridges,  
Across the rolling plain,  
Young Harry Dale, the drover,  
Comes riding home again.  
And well his stock-horse bears him,  
And light of heart is he,  
And stoutly his old packhorse  
Is trotting by his knee.

Up Queensland way with cattle  
He's travelled regions vast,  
And many months have vanished  
Since home-folks saw him last.  
He hums a song of someone  
He hopes to marry soon;  
And hobble-chains and camp-ware  
Keep jingling to the tune.

Beyond the hazy dado  
Against the lower skies  
And yon blue line of ranges  
The station homestead lies.  
And thitherward the drover  
Jogs through the lazy noon,  
While hobble-chains and camp-ware  
Are jingling to a tune.

An hour has filled the heavens  
With storm-clouds inky black;  
At times the lightning trickles  
Around the drover's track;  
But Harry pushes onward,  
His horses' strength he tries,  
In hope to reach the river  
Before the flood shall rise.

The thunder, pealing o'er him,  
Goes rumbling down the plain;  
And sweet on thirsty pastures  
Beats fast the splashing rain;  
Then every creek and gully  
Sends forth its tribute flood -  
The river runs a banker,  
All stained with yellow mud.

Now Harry speaks to Rover,  
The best dog on the plains,  
And to his hardy horses,  
And strokes their shaggy manes:  
"We've breasted bigger rivers  
When floods were at their height,  
Nor shall this gutter stop us  
From getting home tonight!"

The thunder growls a warning,  
The blue, forked lightnings gleam;  
The drover turns his horses  
To swim the fatal stream.  
But, oh! the flood runs stronger  
Than e'er it ran before;  
The saddle-horse is failing,  
And only half-way o'er!

When flashes next the lightning  
The flood's grey breast is blank;  
A cattle-dog and packhorse  
Are struggling up the bank.  
But in the lonely homestead  
The girl shall wait in vain –  
He'll never pass the stations  
In charge of stock again.

The faithful dog a moment  
Lies panting on the bank,  
Then plunges through the current  
To where his master sank.  
And round and round in circles  
He fights with failing strength,  
Till, gripped by wilder waters,  
He fails and sinks at length.

Across the flooded lowlands  
And slopes of sodden loam  
The packhorse struggles bravely  
To take dumb tidings home;  
And mud-stained, wet, and weary,  
He goes by rock and tree,  
With clanging chains and tinware  
All sounding eerily.

# **PUBLIC SPEAKING SET PIECES**

## **SD63 – 8yrs & under (Time limit 1 min)**

If I were a bird I'd.....

OR

When I go to the beach I like to .....

## **SD64 – 10yrs & under (Time limit 1 min)**

When I was five I .....

OR

I remember when .....

## **SD65 – 12yrs & under (Time limit 1.5 mins)**

If I could fly an aeroplane .....

OR

The most fun I ever had .....

## **SD66 – 14yrs & under (Time limit 2 mins)**

School holidays are great because...

OR

I dreamed I went to the planet Mars and.....

## **SD67 – 16yrs & under (Time limit 2 mins)**

I love Australia because.....

OR

Without my phone I would feel .....

## **SD68 – Open (Time limit 3 mins)**

If I were a member of Parliament.....

OR

My favourite sport is.....

# CHORAL SPEECH (CHOIRS) SET PIECES

Each choir is to present two pieces- one own choice, one set piece.

## **SD72 – Infants**

Frank, The Friendly Alien – Kenn Nesbitt

I'm Frank, the friendly alien.

From deepest outer space.

My face is fairly friendly.

It's such a friendly face.

My teeth are sharp and pointed.

My eyes are big and red.

I have such friendly features  
upon my friendly head.

My horns are green and shiny.

I have exactly three.

My nose is long and crooked,  
the way a nose should be.

My ears are huge and scaly.

My tongue is brown and blue.

The people from my planet  
all look friendly like I do.

My claws are shaped like daggers.

My hands are huge and hairy

I'd love to stay and tell you more  
but you look much too scary.

## **SD73 – Primary**

### The Ant Explorer – C.J. Dennis

Once a little sugar ant made up his mind to roam-  
To far 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 reached 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 away from desert lands feet and feet across,  
Back along the 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 and 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.