



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

GR. 8 GIRLS AND BOYS

THE SEA (James Reeves)

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, 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.



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

GR. 9 GIRLS AND BOYS

THEY HAVE CUT DOWN THE PINES (Mary Lisle)

They have cut down the pines where they stood;
The wind will miss them – the rain,
When its silver blind is down.
The have stripped the bark from the wood –
The needly bows, and the brown
Knobbly nuts trodden into the ground.
The kind, the friendly trees,
Where all day small winds sound,
And all day long the sun
Plays hide and seek with shadows
Till the multiplying shadows turn to one
And night is here.

They have cut down the trees and ended now
The gentle colloquy of bough and bough.
They are making a fence by the creek,
And have cut down the pines for the posts.
Wan in the sunlight as ghosts
The naked trunks lie.
A bird nested there – it will seek
In vain: they have cut down the pines.



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

GR. 10 GIRLS AND BOYS

An African Thunderstorm (David Rubadiri)

From the west
Clouds come hurrying with the wind
Turning sharply
Here and there
Like a plague of locusts
Whirling,
Tossing up things on its tail
Like a madman chasing nothing.
Pregnant clouds
Ride stately on its back,
Gathering to perch on hills
Like sinister dark wings;
The wind whistles by
And trees bend to let it pass.
In the village
Screams of delighted children,
Toss and turn
In the din of the whirling wind,
Women,
Babies clinging on their backs
Dart about
In and out
Madly;
The wind whistles by
Whilst trees bend to let it pass.
Clothes wave like tattered flags
Flying off
To expose dangling breasts
As jagged blinding flashes
Rumble, tremble and crack
Amidst the smell of fired smoke
And the pelting march of the storm.



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

GR. 11 GIRLS AND BOYS

The Road Not Taken (Robert Frost)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no steps had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

GR. 12 GIRLS AND BOYS

Funeral Blues (W. H. Auden)

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.



Tygerberg

Internasionale / International Eisteddfod

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2026

OPEN WOMEN AND MEN

Natural son (Richard Murphy)

Before the spectacled professor snipped
The cord, I heard your birth-cry flood the ward,
And lowered your mother's tortured head, and wept.
The house you'd left would need to be restored.

No worse pain could be borne, to bear the joy
Of seeing you come in a slow dive from the womb,
Pushed from your fluid home, pronounced 'a boy'.
You'll never find so well equipped a room.

No house we build could hope to satisfy
Every small need, now that you've made this move
To share our loneliness, much as we try
Our vocal skill to wall you round with love.

This day you crave so little, we so much
For you to live, who need our merest touch.