







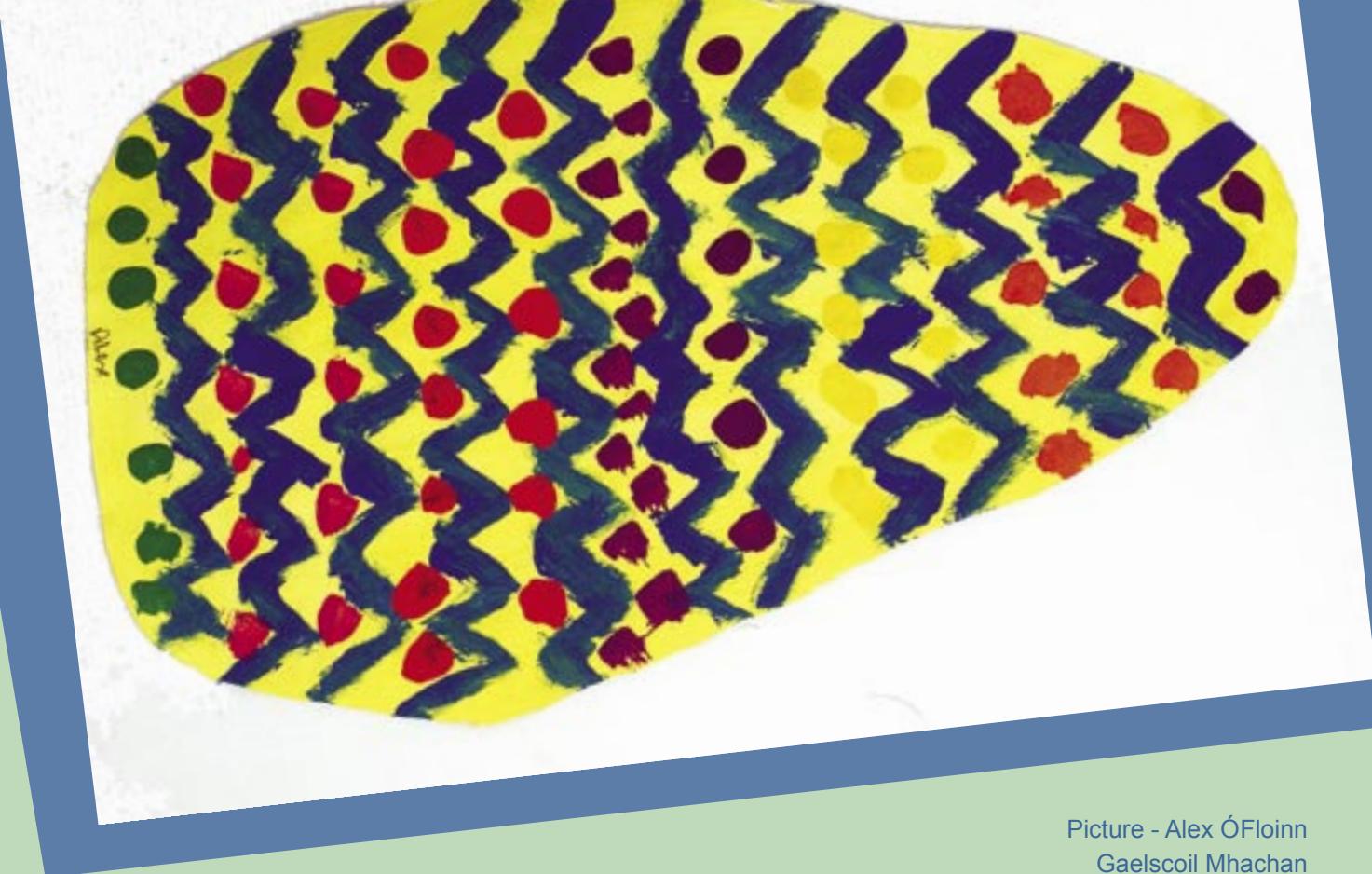
# if I had wings

**If I had wings  
I would fly free into the sky,  
Talk to the birds and sing to the sky.  
I would go to heaven and say hi hi,  
To my nanny and granddad  
who have recently died,  
Stay there at light and come down at night  
Kiss, kiss love you always, Ciara.**

Ciara Varian  
6th class  
St. Brendan's GNS



# my life in cork



Picture - Alex ÓFloinn  
Gaelscoil Mhachan

In the music workshop you'll  
Be singing all year round.  
And when you open up your heart  
You'll hear a beautiful sound.

Also in the music workshop  
You'll be dancing here and there.  
And when it comes to dancing outside  
You won't really care.

While in the army band  
They're marching left to right.  
And when they shout out really loud  
They'll give you an awful fright.

The record breaking Céili Mór  
Was really, really cool.  
And some people that were there  
Were from my school.

I would never, ever leave from Cork ever.  
Because my life has never  
Been better!

Maria Flavin  
Scoil Ursula



# my dog

My dog is a good dog  
He loves to play  
He chases his tail  
Nearly every day

He can sit and beg  
He might shake hands with you  
If you give him a bone  
He'll expect twenty-two

He annoys some people  
They whine and whine  
But I'm really glad  
That he's mine

Ciara Burke  
Age 11  
St. Brendan's GNS



## my poem about 2005

In Scoil Ursula we love to play music  
We are starting the recorder maybe in a couple of weeks  
We stopped the tin whistle with a pop and a peep.

We visited UCC our second year in a row  
We gave it all we had till our faces went blue.

The Lord Mayor came to visit us,  
We played Sally Gardens and Oró Sé do Bheatha Bhaile.

This is the end of my poem so thank goodness for 2005.

Shannon White  
Scoil Ursula

“POP”



“We gave it all we had till our faces went blue”

“PEEP”

# february

**February is a new leaf  
On the trees.  
A fresh smell of the grass  
Awakening in gardens.  
A light blue river  
Glinting in spring sun.  
Small green shoots  
Emerging from the ground.  
A number of people  
On every beach.**



our time has come

Cork is the Capital of Culture 2005  
The city is really coming alive,  
Our time has come  
It has begun  
So much fun  
Can you survive?

Katie Bridgeman  
3rd class  
Scoil Maria Assumpta





june



June is a clear blue sky,  
Over the ocean,  
A buzzing bee,  
Collecting honey,  
The sun shining,  
Over Cork,  
People playing soccer,  
With sweaty faces,  
The days are longer than  
Winter and full of playfulness.



september

September is a black mountain  
covered in fog.  
A campfire in the dark woods  
ashes filling the forest.  
Children going to school with  
angry faces.  
Disaster and destruction  
on innocent people.  
September is a sad month for everyone.

Gary O'Shea  
Scoil Mhuire Fatima

James Busteed  
Scoil Mhuire Fatima

# families

**Families are there for you  
Twenty- four seven.  
Families are there for you  
'Til you go to heaven.  
Families care for you.  
They're always there.  
If you're sick they always care.**

Natasha Walshe  
Age 11  
St. Brendan's GNS



fire

Stroking and smoking and choking  
And dividing and striving and sliding  
And retreating and beating and sheeting  
And clattering and battering and shattering

And falling and brawling and sprawling  
And advancing and glancing and dancing  
And licking and flickering and whistling

And tumbling and grumbling and rumbling  
And roaring and exploding and thundering

### An inferno

Jonathan Cotter  
Scoil Mhuire Fatima



Sculpture - Samantha Rodgers  
St. Patrick's College

# being part of cork culture 2005

I am a pupil of Scoil Aiséirí Chríost and a proud member of the school band. By being part of the band we are bringing culture to our school, our homes, our community and to Cork City which is the European Capital of Culture. Our band is made up of girls from fourth, fifth and sixth classes. We play a variety of instruments, including tin whistles, recorders, accordions and guitars. Our band also has a percussion section with instruments ranging from kettle drums to bongo drums, snare drums to shakers and cymbals to triangles.

Being in the school band has been an extraordinary experience, not just for me but for every other pupil in the band. I enjoyed coming to school knowing that I could take a break from work and do something that I love. I play the tin whistle. The tin whistle is an ace Irish instrument to play. Someone in my family has always learned to play the tin whistle. I am glad that I can follow in that tradition.

The Scoil Aiséirí Chríost band was invited to take part in many musical events. Our year began with a performance at the Christmas Carol Service in our local church in Farranree, where we played for the community. In February we entered Feis Maitíú for the first time. We performed 'Ireland's Call' and 'Plaxty Irwin'. Our performance gained us first prize. That is a



memory we shall cherish for the rest of our lives. It has gained us a proud place in the history of Scoil Aiséirí Chríost.

In the spring we performed in the City Hall. We got a great reception from the audience who clapped and sang along with our tunes. We truly felt part of the culture of Cork. News of our band reached many corners of the world when we performed for International Principals from Canada, New Zealand and Ghana. Mrs. O' Shea, our Principal, was especially proud. Our grand finale was when we closed the school year by performing at the school concert.

As a member of the school band I have learned to be part of a team. I am much more confident and have no fear of performing in front of any audience. Music, particularly the tin whistle, will be part of my life forever.

Ciara Goggins Age 12  
Scoil Aiséirí Chríost



# tornado

It was quiet.  
The seagulls of the sea didn't make a peep.  
The sea was whispering to the beach.

Suddenly two waves of darkness appeared.  
Two dark clouds came together  
like two hands strangling each other.

Suddenly thunder appeared.  
Rain started. The wind grew bigger and bigger.  
The waves grew and grew.  
The seagulls were roaring at each other  
while flapping their wings!  
The sea was destroying the beach.

Now a hole appeared in the sky.  
A tornado came closer, out of the hole,  
coming closer and closer  
and then.....



Sculpture - Claudia O'Sullivan  
St. Patrick's College

everybody felt joy in their hearts that  
they lived in the best place ever!"

For example, how often do you stay in town until midnight to see a play with no words? Or even follow this play around the city? How often do you go to a courthouse to see stand-up comedy acts? How often do you become part of a theatre company's street improvisation when doing your shopping? How often do you take part in the world's largest céili alongside Michael Flatley and enter the Guinness Book of Records? Or see a dragon on the river Lee?

"my goal and dream for my future"



78

"fireworks in the garden"



Crowds correspond to launch toe-tapping leaps  
As Corkonians take on Patrick's Street.  
Salute Father Mathew, on stone, yet keep  
To the pace to catch the frolicking fleet.  
Walked Lapp's Quay among thousands of others,  
Drizzle dared to dampen high occasion,  
The bridge overlooking the Lee waters  
Hid the non-known in snake like formation.



*“I like art the best because it’s fun”*

IN THE CITY THAT WE CALL OUR HOME, WHERE SAINT FINBARR REIGNED  
ON THE HILL OF BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS, WHERE NONE OF US COMPLAIN  
WE SPEND THESE DAYS TOGETHER, YOU AND ME  
THROUGH THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD TIMES BESIDE THE RIVER LEE  
BUT BACK THERE IN THE PAST TIMES, PEOPLE DIDN'T HAVE TO SUFFER  
BUT THEY LOVED EACH OTHER VERY MUCH, AND FOR EACH OTHER ONLY  
THEY DID NOT HAVE OUR LUXURIES OR OUR TECHNOLOGY  
THEY COULD NOT SEE THE FUTURE OF THEIR HOME BY THE SEA

CHORUS

VERSE 2

WHEN FAMINE CAME TO IRELAND, THE PEOPLE WERE IN PAIN  
ALTHOUGH WE CRIED FOR MERCY, OUR PLEADING WAS IN VAIN  
STILL WE HAD TO SUFFER, AS OTHERS DO TODAY  
MANY PEOPLE ON EARTH STILL SUFFER IN THIS WAY  
COLOUR IS ON SKIN DEEP, AND IT'S NOT AT ALL A SHAME  
PEOPLE CAN BE DIFFERENT, PEOPLE CAN BE STRANGE



