**Football History**

He is strong

He is smart,

He can fight

He can believe

He can’t lose

He can’t be hurt,

He has to be small

He has to be tall,

He has to be

SMART

He is a Legend!

Who is He?

Matthew Mimnagh Year 5

A Historical Shield

A battered, tattered, clattered

Shield,

As valuable as gold,

Possessed by a king or Queen,

Now historical being displayed and seen,

Battle and fire in its soul

Without its owner to control

When your owner fell to die

Did your soul begin to cry?

Senan Doyle Year 5

How I made a team

I’m as fast as Mark Bradley

I’m as strong as Sean Cavanagh

I can blast the ball powerfully over

The black and white posts.

I can’t get hurt and cry because

I am as brave as a bloody sword.

I train all night,

And break up fights,

Behave like a knight,

That’s how I made the team.

Daithi Mc Mullen Year 5

**A Celtic Scene**

Dark as night,

Sky glowing as ghosts,

Strong as stones,

Music as loud as beating drums,

Hair as red as fire.

Erin Mc Bride Year 5

A Rusty Celtic Shield

I have saved kings and queens lives,

I have got covered in blood in war

I have got hit and never cried

I am rusty but worth a lot

I am buried with my warrior

People walk over me

Tramp over me

Jump on me

I hope someone will dig

Me up soon.

Aisling Kelly Year 5

My Flickering Fire

My fire burns things

Big and bright

All way through the

Dark, Dark night.

It’s used for cooking

Things big and small

And telling stories

All night long,

It’s blood thirsty

Red and fiery orange

And great for telling

Celtic stories

It’s as dull as the

North, South Wind

It’s also used for

Heating and warmth,

I love my fire,

Big and Bright

All way through

The Dark, Dark night.

Molly Hughes Year 5

The Brave Boy

Harry Potter

Brave as a man

As determined as Knights

Powerful as a dragon

And as unscared

As a lion

Harry Potter

As smart as a computer

Harry Potter

Under cover

Secret as a mouse

He can cast magic

As fast as a plane

He is as unstoppable

As a nuke.

Dara Daly Year 5

The Writer of this poem

The writer of this poem

Is taller than a tree

As smart as a fox

As funny as a bee.

As strong as a bull

As fast as lightning

As handsome as a king

As slow and steady as typing.

Matthew Forrest Year 5

A Soldier’s Sword

A frozen atmosphere

Blood thirsty soldiers

Men thirsty for blood

Waiting for a battle

Hiding for an ambush

God and Hell put together

Unbeatable soldiers from hell

Swords waiting to kill and Harvest blood

They sit still in coffins now.

Ronan Daly Year 5

A Sword of Blood

A sword of battle,

Covered in dark red blood

Made for one thing

Only to murder and kill

Bash clash

Thirsty for Blood

Now a dull dirty rusty

Encaged

Never to murder again.

Tristan Meenagh Year 5

Gold Sword

A Gold sword battling in the battle field

Protecting fierce warriors

Gleaming like the sun

Clanging and clashing against shields

Polished for battle

Held by a brave fearless warrior

Who did you battle?

Harry Chambers Year 5

A Battle Field

A loud frightening battle field

Where strong warriors fought Romans

Now used to keep animals from harm

Standing still from The Iron Age

Older than the Celts

Blood on the ground

As red as a rose

Romans entered the field

To fight.

Malachi Leonard Year 5

The Long Goodbye.

My brave, powerful fire

Makes you think of red

Red like a blood thirsty beast eye.

My mystical glowing fire

Used for cooking

Big and small

I love it all

My hot, burning fire

Hot as the sun

It’s used for heat as well

My popping glowing fire

Brings light to my world

It’s been a long time for my fire

It’s time for it to say Goodbye

At last

Sarah Quinn Year 5

The Strongest Weapon

A damaged, scraped sword used for battles

A stained broken sword used for protecting

I was once a shiny sword held by a fierce warrior

I was once strong but now I am

Weak and buried under the deep

Dark ground

I hope somebody will dig me up

And uncover my secrets

But for now I am a

Lonely

Sword.

Ryan Lafferty Year 5

A Celtic Story

A sharp bloody arrow found,

In a damp dirty sticky bog,

A Celt running in the dark

On misty dull grass

To save their life,

Hard heavy stones blocking their path.

Did you stay alive?

Karla Corcoran Year 5

The Death of a Warrior

Frightsome warriors as strong as kings,

Trying to save their souls

Running in strong winds

The colour of crystals

Defending themselves,

Fighting for their

Lives.

Fiery blood dripping, as thick as hair,

Moderate along pale crackling skin,

Warriors getting weaker,

As weak as sufferers

Dashing through tough winds

Swords clinking against each other,

Blood dripping down a frightsome warrior

Now suffered to devastation of

Death.

Grainne Mc Caffrey Year 5

Warriors

They run in strong winds,

Brave warriors,

Fierce fighters,

Intelligent as they walk,

Blood drip,

As they battle to win,

Their armour in their strong hands,

Saving lives,

Protecting others,

Dead warriors round them,

Their blood as red as a ruby,

Their armour left behind them.

Una Mc Crory Year 5

The Cry of the Celts

Upright,

Standing sentinels,

Rooted in the mist of time.

Celebration of humanity,

Calling to distant shores,

Carried in the wind,

The cry of the Celts:

“I am in you.”

Mrs Mc Elhill