

Girl Scouts of the Philippines
BOHOL COUNCIL
City of Tagbilaran

PROVINCIAL TUKLAS NG TALINO 2014

CONTEST PIECE

TWINKLER – POEM

The Baby's Dance

~Ann Taylor

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There little baby, there you go:
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and
round.
Then dance, little baby, and mother
shall sing,
With the merry gay coral, ding, ding,
a-ding, ding.

PROVINCIAL TUKLAS NG TALINO 2014

CONTEST PIECE

STAR – DECLAMATION

My Mother

~Ann Taylor

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And fondly taught me how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother.

Ah no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For could our Father in the skies
Look down with pleased or loving eyes,
If ever I could dare despise
My Mother?

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CONTEST PIECE

JUNIOR - TULA

Kalikasan – Saan Ka Patungo?

ni: Avon Adarna

Nakita ng buwan itong pagkasira,
Mundo't kalisakasan ngayo'y giba-giba,
Ang puno – putol na, nagbuwal at lanta,
Ang tubig – marumi, lutang ang basura.

Nalungkot ang buwan sa nasasaksihan,
Lumuhang tahimik sa sulok ng damdam,
At nakipagluhaan sa poong Maylalang,
Pagkat ang tao rin ang may kasalanan.

Ang hanging sariwa, bilasa na ngayon,
Nasira ng usok na naglilimayon,
Malaking pabrika ng goma at gulong,
Sanhi na ginawa ng pagkakataon!

Ang dagat at lawa na nilalanguyan
Ng isda at pusit ay wala nang laman,
Namatay sa lason saka naglutangan,
Basurang maburak ang siyang dahilan!

Ang lupang mataba na bukid-sabana,
Saan ba napunta, nangaglayag na ba?
Ah hindi... naroon... mga mall na pala,
Ng ganid na tao sa yaman at pera.

Mga sapa at ilog sa **Kamaynilaan**,
Ginawa na ng tao na basurahan,
At kung dumating ang bagyo at ulan,
Hindi makakilos ang bahang punuan.

Ang tao rin itong lubos na dahilan,
Sa nasirang buti nitong **kalikasan**,
At darating bukas ang ganti ng buwan,
Uunat ang kamay ng Poong Lumalang!