

<u>CLASS</u>	<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
--------------	-----------------	-------------

CHORAL SPEAKING 2019

472	18 Years and Under	
a}	A Smuggler's Song – Rudyard Kipling.	3.
473	15 Years and Under	
a}	Overheard on a Saltmarsh – Harold Munro.	4.
474	6th Class	
a}	Creative Writing – Gervase Phinn.	5.
475	5th Class	
a}	The Dragon Who Ate Our School – Nick Toczek.	6.
476	4th Class	
a}	The Three Little Pigs – Marian Swinger.	8.
477	3rd Class	
a}	Queue for the Zoo – Clare Bevan.	9.

Please read Regulations for Choral Speaking as in Syllabus, 2019

- (d) Movement and gesture must be **LIMITED and RESTRICTED** and not **detract** from the form of the verse pattern and the quality of the speaking.*
- (e) The verse shape and pattern must not be distorted by addition of external words, song or music.*
- (f) A large percentage of the work must be choral.*
- (h) Class is for Boys, Girls or mixed groups*

<u>CLASS</u>	<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
<u>ACTION VERSE 2019</u>		
482	18 Years and Under	
	a} Who's That – James Kirkup.	10.
483	15 Years and Under	
	a} The House on the Hill – Wes Magee.	12.
484	6th Class	
	a} Supermiss! – Paul Bright.	14.
485	5th Class	
	a} Embrionic Megastars – Brian Patten.	15.
486	4th Class – Mixed	
	a} Skelton House – Laurence Smith.	16.
487	3rd Class – Mixed	
	a} What is Red? – Mary O'Neill.	17.
492	8 Years and Under	
	a} Never a Dull Moment – Tony Brademan.	18.
	b} The Enchanted Wood – M. Faulkner.	18.
	c} Wouldn't it be Funny? – Steve Turner.	19.
	d} The Land of the Bumble Boo – Spike Milligan.	20.

Please read Regulations for Action Verse as in Syllabus, 2019

- (c) Movement and gesture are permissible and RECOMMENDED.*
- (d) The verse shape and pattern must not be distorted by addition of external words, song or music.*
- (e) A large percentage of the work must be choral.*
- (g) Class is for Boys, Girls or mixed groups.*

Class 472

“The Presentation Brothers’ Perpetual Cup”
Choral Speaking 18 Years and Under

a}

A SMUGGLER’S SONG

If you wake at midnight and hear a horse’s feet,
Don’t go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,
Them that asks no questions isn’t told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!
 Five and twenty ponies,
 Trotting through the dark –
 Brandy for the Parson,
 ‘Baccy for the Clerk;
 Laces for a lady; letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine;
Don’t you shout to come and look, nor take ‘em for your play;
Put the brushwood back again, – and they’ll be gone next day!

If you see the stableyard setting open wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut above and tore;
If the lining’s wet and warm – don’t you ask no more!

If you meet King George’s men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.
If they call you “pretty maid”, and chuck you ‘neath the chin,
Don’t you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one’s been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house – whistles after dark -
You’ve no call for running out till the housedogs bark.
Trusty’s here and Pincher’s here, and see how dumb they lie -
They don’t fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you’ve been told, likely there’s a chance,
You’ll be give a dainty doll – all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood -
A present from the Gentlemen, along o’ being good!
 Five and twenty ponies,
 Trotting through the dark –
 Brandy for the Parson,
 ‘Baccy for the Clerk;
Them that asks no questions isn’t told a lie -
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Rudyard Kipling.

b}

Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2000 and later.

Choral Speaking 15 Years and Under

a}

OVERHEARD ON A SALTMARSH

Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?
Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so?

They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man’s fair daughter,
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads, I desire them.

No.

I will howl in a deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love them so.
Give them me. Give them.

No.

Harold Monroe.

b}

Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2003 and later.

Class 474

“The Junior Perpetual Cup”

Choral Speaking 6th Class

a}

CREATIVE WRITING

My story on Monday began:

*Mountainous seas crashed on the cliffs
And the desolate land grew wetter...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Remember the capital letter!*

My poem on Tuesday began:

*Red tongues of fire,
Licked higher and higher
From smoking Etna’s top...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Where is your full stop?*

My story on Wednesday began:

*Through the lonely, pine-scented wood
There twists a hidden path...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Start a paragraph!*

My poem on Thursday began:

*The trembling child,
Eyes dark and wild,
Frozen midst the fighting...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Take care – untidy writing!*

My story on Friday began:

*The boxer bruised and bloody lay,
His eye half closed and swollen...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Use a semi-colon!*

Next Monday my story will begin:

Once upon a time...

Gervase Phinn.

b}

Own Choice.

Choral Speaking 5th Class

a}

THE DRAGON WHO ATE OUR SCHOOL

The day the dragon came to call,
she ate the gate, the playground wall
and, slate by slate, the roof and all,
the staffroom, gym, and entrance hall,
and every classroom, big or small.

So...

She's undeniable great.
She's absolutely cool,
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate our school.

Pupils panicked. Teachers ran.
She flew at them with wide wingspan.
She slew a few and then began
to chew through the lollipop man,
two parked cars and a transit van.

Wow...!

She's undeniable great.
She's absolutely cool,
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate our school.

It's thanks to her that we've been freed.
We needn't write. We needn't read.
Me and my mates are all agreed,
we're very pleased with her indeed.
So clear the way, let her proceed.

/over.

Cos...
She's undeniable great.
She's absolutely cool,
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate our school.

There was some stuff she couldn't eat.
A monster forced to face defeat,
she spat it out along the street –
the dinner ladies' veg and meat
and that pink muck they serve for sweet.

But...
She's undeniable great.
She's absolutely cool,
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate
the dragon who ate our school.

Nick Toczek.

b} Own Choice.

Class 476 “The Peg O’Mahony Memorial Perpetual Cup”

Choral Speaking 4th Class

a}

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

The first little pig in a house of straw
heard a tap tap tap on her little green door.
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,”
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.
Then he huffed and he puffed and he huffed some more
and down went the little pig’s house of straw.
The next little pig was taking a nap
in her house of sticks when she heard a tap
and the big bad wolf with a big bad grin
gave a huff and a puff and blew her house in.
Then the big bad wolf, still up to his tricks
went off to the third little house of bricks.
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,”
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.
And he huffed and he puffed till his face turned red.
“My house is too tough,” the little pig said.
“I’ll come down the chimney,” the wolf yelled, “Now!”
But the fire was lit and the wolf yelled “Ow!”
and shot straight out in a cloud of smoke
as the third little pig gave the fire a poke.
Then the wolf blew on his paws with a huff and a puff
and he hobbled off home. He’d had enough.

Marian Swinger.

b}

Own Choice.

Choral Speaking 3rd Class

a}

QUEUE FOR THE ZOO

Oh no! There’s a queue!
What shall we do?
Act like the animals
In the zoo...

Growl like tigers,
Grizzle like bears,
Skip about like
Mad March Hares,
Squirm like snakes,
And squeak like rats,
Flap our coats
Like vampire bats,
Jump as high as
A kangaroo...

I’m glad we’re in a queue –
Aren’t you?

Clare Bevan.

b}

Own Choice.

Action Verse 18 Years and Under

a}

WHO’S THAT?

<p>Who’s that stopping at my door in the dark, deep in the dead of the moonless night?</p> <p>Who’s that in the quiet blackness, darker than dark?</p> <p>Who turns the handle of my door, who turns the brass handle of my door with never a sound, a handle that always creaks and rattles and squeaks but now turns without a sound, slowly slowly, slowly round?</p>	<p>Who is that moving through the floor as if it were a lake, an open door? Who is it who passes through what can never be passed through? Who passes through the rocking chair without rocking it, who passes through the table without knocking it, who walks out of the cupboard without unlocking it? Who’s that? Who plays with my toys with no noise, no noise?</p> <p>Who’s that? Who is it silent and silver as things in mirrors, who’s as slow as feathers, shy as shivers, light as a fly?</p> <p>Who’s that who’s that as close as close as a hug, a kiss – Who’s THIS?</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

James Kirkup.

b} Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2000 and later.

Please note the **difference** between
CHORAL SPEAKING and ACTION VERSE

Choral Speaking

- (d) Movement and gesture must be **LIMITED and RESTRICTED** and not **detract** from the form of the verse pattern and the quality of the speaking.*
- (e) The verse shape and pattern must not be distorted by addition of external words, song or music.*
- (f) A large percentage of the work must be choral.*
- (h) Class is for Boys, Girls or mixed groups*

Action Verse

- (c) Movement and gesture are permissible and **RECOMMENDED**.*
- (d) The verse shape and pattern must not be distorted by addition of external words, song or music.*
- (e) A large percentage of the work must be choral.*
- (g) Class is for Boys, Girls or mixed groups.*

“The Weston Perpetual Cup”

Action Verse 15 Years and Under

a}

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

It was built years ago
By someone quite manic
And sends those who go there
Away in blind panic.
They tell tales of horrors
That can injure or kill
Designed by the madman
Who lived on the hill.

If you visit the House on the Hill for a dare
Remember my words ... ‘There are dangers.
Beware!’

The piano’s white teeth
When you plonk out a note
Will bite off your fingers
Then reach for your throat.
The living room curtains,
Long, heavy, and black,
Will wrap you in cobwebs
If you’re slow to step back.

When you enter the House on the Hill for a dare
Remember my words ... ‘There are dangers.
Beware!’

The fridge in the kitchen
Has a self-closing door.
If it knocks you inside
Then you’re ice cubes ... for sure.
The steps to the cellar
Are littered with bones
And up from the darkness
Drift creakings and groans.

/over

If you go to the House on the Hill for a dare
Remember my words ... 'There are dangers.
Beware!'

Turn on the hot tap
And the bathroom will flood
Not with gallons of water
But litres of blood.
The rocking chair's arms
Can squeeze you to death;
A waste of time shouting
As you run ... out ... of ... breath ...

Don't say you weren't warned or told to take care
When you entered the House on the Hill for a dare.

Wes Magee.

b} Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2003 and later.

Action Verse 6th Class

a}

SUPERMISS!

Miss Morris is mild, Miss Morris is meek,
She loves teaching history – Roman and Greek,
She knows all the wars with the French and the Spanish,
But when danger threatens, Miss Morris will vanish!
She'll dash, in a flash, to the ladies' staff loo,
Then emerge, in an instant, as somebody new!
Helmeted, caped, in an aura of light,
And with gold-coloured pants that are far, far too tight.
With a leap she will launch herself into the air,
And bullies and baddies had better beware!

Supermiss! Supermiss! Classroom crusader!
There's nowhere to hide, villains just can't evade her.
She'll teach them a lesson they'd rather not know.
Now get on with your work, she'll be back in a mo.

There's a sound far away, like a faint thunder-clap
And the sky's punctuated with 'Pow!' and 'Kerzap!'
The occasional 'Whammo!' an 'Unghhh!' or a 'Wheee!'
And then it goes quiet, as quiet as can be,
She lands like a lark, hardly bending the grass,
And in less than a minute is back with her class,
Where Miss Morris says, 'Settle down now! Pay attention!
Who knows Galileo's most famous invention?'

Supermiss! Supermiss! Hear her class roar!
But if there's one Supermiss could there be more?
So watch when your teacher pops into the loo.
She just might emerge as a Supermiss too!

Paul Bright.

b} Own Choice.

Class 485

“The O’Brien Perpetual Cup”

Action Verse 5th Class

a}

EMBRIONIC MEGASTARS

We can play reggae music, funk and skiffle too.
We prefer heavy metal but the classics sometimes do.
We’re keen on Tamla-Motown, folk and soul,
But most of all, what we like
Is basic rock and roll.
We can play the monochord, the heptachord and flute,
We’re OK on the saxophone and think the glockenspiel is
cute.
We really love the tuba, the balalaika and guitar
And our duets on the clavichord are bound to take us far.
We think castanets are smashing, harmonicas are fun,
And with the ocarina have only just begun.
We’ve mastered synthesizers, bassoons and violins
As well as hurdy-gurdies, pan-pipes and mandolins.
The tom-tom and the tabor, the trumpet and the drum
We learnt to play in between the tintinnabulum.
We want to form a pop group
And will when we’re all eleven,
But at the moment Tracey’s eight
And I am only seven.

Brian Patten

b}

Own Choice.

Class 486 “The William O’Sullivan Memorial Perpetual Cup”

Action Verse 4th Class

a}

SKELETON HOUSE

Push, push, the heavy door
CREE . . . CREEE . . . CREEEEK!
Tiptoe the rotten floor
SQUEE . . . SQUEEE . . . SQUEEEEEK!
Step across the missing stair
EER . . . EEER . . . EEEERK!
Is that something over there?
SWISH . . . SWISH . . . SWISH . . .
Behind the curtain, what is that?
SCRITTER . . . SCRITTER . . . BUMP!
A red-eyed rat, a swooping bat
OOOW . . . OOOOW . . . OOOOOW!
There’s something sitting in that chair
SSH . . . SSSH . . . SSSSH!
His head is white with cobweb hair
OH! . . . NO! . . . SSH!
He starts to speak with clacking jaws
CLACK . . . CLACK . . . CLACK!
I grab his leg with all my force
PULL . . . PULL PULL PULL ..
Just like I’m pulling yours!

Laurence Smith.

b}

Own Choice.

Action Verse 3rd Class

a}

WHAT IS RED?

Red is a sunset
Blazing and bright.
Red is feeling brave
With all your might.
Red is a sunburn
Spot on your nose.
Sometimes red
Is a red, red rose.
Red squiggles out
When you cut your hand.
Red is a brick and
The sound of a band.
Red is a hotness
You get inside
When you're embarrassed
And want to hide.
Firecracker, fire-engine
Fire flicker red –

And when you're angry
Red runs through your head.
Red is an Indian,
A valentine heart,
The trimming on
A circus cart.
Red is a lipstick,
Red is a shout,
Red is a signal
That says: 'Watch out!'
Red is a geat big
Rubber ball.
Red is the giant-est
Colour of all.
Red is a show-off
No doubt about it –
But can you imagine
Living without it?

Mary O'Neill.

b}

Own Choice.

Action Verse – 8 Years and Under

a}

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

If you like to keep lively,
If you hate being bored,
Just come down to our house
And knock on the door.

It’s the noisiest house
In the whole of our town,
There’s doors always slamming
And things falling down.

There’s my dad, who keeps shouting,
And my mum, who breaks things,
The baby (who’ll bite you!)
And our dog running rings.

There’s my sister the screamer
And my brother who roars,
And a grandpa who’s stone deaf
(He’s the one who slams doors.)

So come down to our house,
You don’t need the address,
You’ll hear it ten miles away
And the outside’s a mess.

You won’t mind the racket,
You’ll just love the din -
For there’s never a dull moment
In the house we live in!

Tony Bradman

b}

THE ENCHANTED WOOD

The enchanted wood is large and dark
And full of mysterious things,
Of imps and pixies, gnomes and elves
And glittering fairy rings.

Inside the wood a giant lives
As tall as the highest oak,
He takes large steps that echo far
And frighten the fairy folk.

Two dragons creep with the woods,
Both covered with silvery scales.
Around they spurt their fiery breath,
While they waggle their swishing
tails.

A funny house is in the woods.
‘Tis the home of a wicked witch
Who all day long makes magic spells,
In a cauldron as black as pitch.

The trees of the enchanted wood
Rise up to the sunny blue skies.
They hide the secrets of the woods
From inquisitive human eyes.

M. Faulkner.

Year of Birth: 2010 and later.

c}

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY?

Wouldn't it be funny
if a clock said moo
and a cow when it was
tickled said tick?
Wouldn't it be funny
if a tongue went sniff
and a nose when it was
runny went lick?

Wouldn't it be funny
if bombs went wobble
while a jelly on a
trolley went bang?
Wouldn't it be funny
if a bell went bounce
but a ball if it should
fall went clang?

Wouldn't it be funny
if a crisp went fizz
while the cola
in a bottle went crack?
Wouldn't it be funny
if a fist went sshhh
but a feather when it
fell went whack?

Wouldn't it be funny?
Well, wouldn't it be funny?
Well, wouldn't it be funny like that?

Steve Turner.

Year of Birth: 2010 and later.

d}

THE LAND OF THE BUMBLEY BOO

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
The people are red white and blue,
They never blow noses,
Or even wear closes,
What a sensible thing to do.

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You can buy Lemon Pie at the Zoo;
They give away Foxes
In little Pink Boxes
And Bottles of Dandylion Stew.

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You never see a Gnu,
But thousands of cats
Wearing trousers and hats
Made of Pumpkins and Pelican Glue!

Oh, the Bumbley Boo! The Bumbley Boo!
That's the place for me and you!
So hurry! Let's run!
The train leaves at one
For the Land of the Bumbley Boo!
The wonderful Bumbley Boo-Boo-Boo!
The wonderful Bumbley BOO!!!

Spike Milligan.

Year of Birth: 2010 and later.