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**N.B. CHORAL SPEAKING CLASSES ARE YET TO BE
CONFIRMED IF THEY WILL BE HELD
AT THE 2021 FEIS**

Please read Regulations for Choral Speaking as in Syllabus, 2021

- (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*

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**N.B. ACTION VERSE CLASSES ARE YET TO BE
CONFIRMED IF THEY WILL BE HELD
AT THE 2021 FEIS**

Please read Regulations for Action Verse as in Syllabus, 2021

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Choral Speaking 18 Years and Under

a}

NAMING OF PARTS

To-day we have naming of parts. Yesterday,
 We had daily cleaning. And to-morrow morning,
 We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,
 To-day we have naming of parts. Japonica
 Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
 And to-day we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
 Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,
 When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,
 Which in your case you have not got. The branches
 Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
 Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released
 With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
 See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
 If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
 Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
 Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
 Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it
 Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this
 Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
 The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
 They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy
 If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,
 And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,
 Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-blossom
 Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and
 forwards,
 For to-day we have naming of parts.

Henry Reed.

b} Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2002 and later.

Choral Speaking 15 Years and Under

a}

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

b}

Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2005 and later.

“The Junior Perpetual Cup”
Choral Speaking 6th Class

a}

“YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM”

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it would injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Lewis Carroll.

Choral Speaking 5th Class

a}

THE BOGEYMAN

In the desolate depths of a perilous place
the bogeyman lurks, with a snarl on his face.
Never dare, never dare to approach his dark lair
for he's waiting . . . just waiting . . . to get you.

He skulks in the shadows, relentless and wild
in his search for a tender, delectable child.
With his steely sharp claws and his slavering jaws
oh he's waiting . . . just waiting . . . to get you.

Many have entered his dreary domain
but not even one has been heard from again.
They no doubt made a feast for the butchering beast
and he's waiting . . . just waiting . . . to get you.

In that sulphurous, sunless and sinister place
he'll crumple your bones in his bogey embrace.
Never never go near if you hold your life dear,
for oh! . . . what he'll do . . . when he gets you!

Jack Prelutsky.

b}

Own Choice.

Choral Speaking 4th Class

a}

BAD LUCK, DEAD DUCK

Lying there amongst the muck
Bad luck, dead duck;
Oil pollutes your river bed
How sad, too bad;
Lying still among the reeds,
Squelching mud and dead seeds,
Birds expire and fishes wheeze;
Bad luck, dead duck.

Oil has seeped into your lungs,
Bad luck, dead duck;
A short, short life was all you had;
How sad, too bad;
Lying dead; nobody cares,
Bad luck, dead duck.

No two feet of “Aussie” soil,
Bad luck, dead duck;
To reward you for your toil;
How sad, too bad;
As you lie between the weeds;
No one cares; no one sees;
You’ll lie there for years and years;
Bad luck, dead duck.

Nicholas Davey.

b}

Own Choice.

Choral Speaking 3rd Class

a} HE WAS A RAT, AND SHE WAS A RAT

He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch’s cat,
And they loved each other well

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine:
And each said, “Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine.”

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

Anonymous.

b} Own Choice.

“The Musgrave Perpetual Challenge Cup”
Action Verse 18 Years and Under

a}

EARTHQUAKE

An old man’s flamingo-coloured kite
 Twitches higher over tiled roofs.
 Idly gazing through the metal gauze
 That nets the winter sun beyond my sliding windows,
 I notice that all the telegraph-poles along the lane
 Are wagging convulsively, and the wires
 Bounce like skipping-ropes round flustered birds.
 The earth creeps under the floor. A cherry tree
 Agitates itself outside, but it is no wind
 That makes the long bamboo palisade
 Begin to undulate down all its length.

The clock stammers and stops. There is a queer racket,
 Like someone rapping on the wooden walls,
 Then through the ceiling’s falling flakes I see
 That brass handles on a high chest of drawers
 Dithering and dancing in a brisk distraction.
 The lamp swings like a headache, and the whole house
 Rotates slightly on grinding rollers.
 Smoothly, like a spoilt child putting out a tongue,
 A drawer shoots half-out, and quietly glides back again,
 Closed with a snap of teeth, a sharper click
 Than such a casual grimace prepared me for.

The stove-pipe’s awkward elbow
 Tangles its three supporting wires. Doors
 Slam, fly open: my maid erupts from
 Nowhere, blushing furiously, yet smiling wildly
 As if to explain, excuse, console and warn.
 Together, like lost children in a fairy-tale
 Who escape from an enchanter’s evil cottage,
 We rush out into the slightly unbalanced garden. A pole
 Vibrates still like a plucked bass string,
 But the ground no longer squirms beneath our feet,
 And the trees are composing themselves, have birds again.

In the spooky quiet, a ‘plane drones
 Like a metal top, and though the sound
 Gives a sense of disaster averted,
 And is even oddly re-assuring, as
 The pulse of confident engines,
 Throbbing high above an electric storm, can comfort,
 We feel that somewhere out of sight
 Something had done its worst. Meanwhile,
 The house tries to look as if nothing had happened,
 And over the roof’s subtle curves
 Lets the flamingo-coloured kite fly undisturbed.

James Kirkup.

b}

Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2002 and later.

Action Verse 15 Years and Under

a}

NEW YEAR SONG

Now here comes
 The Christmas rose
 But that is eerie
 too like a ghost
 Too like a creature
 preserved under glass
 A blind white fish
 from an underground lake
 Too like last year’s widow
 at a window
 And the worst cold’s to
 come.

Now there comes
 The tight-vest lamb
 With its wriggle eel tail
 and its wintry eye
 With its ice-age mammoth
 unconcern
 Letting the aeon
 seconds go by
 With its little peg hooves
 to dot the snow
 Following its mother
 into worse cold and worse
 And the worst cold’s to
 come.

Now there comes
 The weak-neck snowdrops
 Bounding like fountains
 and they stop you, they make
 you
 Take a deep breath
 make your heart shake you
 Such a too much of a gift
 for such a mean time
 Nobody knows
 how to accept them
 All you can do
 is gaze at them baffled
 And the worst cold’s to
 come.

And now there comes
 The brittle crocus
 To be nibbled by the starving hares
 to be broken by snow
 Now comes the aconite
 purpled by cold
 A song comes into
 the storm-cock’s fancy
 And the robin and the wren
 they rejoice like each other
 In an hour of sunlight
 for something important
 Though the worst cold’s
 to come.

Ted Hughes.

b} Own Choice.

Year of Birth: 2005 and later.

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

Choral Speaking

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Action Verse

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Action Verse 6th Class

a}

THE ADVENTURES OF ISABEL

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! The old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancour,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.

Isabel met a hideous giant,
Isabel continued self reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.

Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

Ogden Nash.

b) Own Choice.

Action Verse 5th Class

a}

THE MARROG

My desk’s at the back of the class
And nobody nobody knows
I’m a Marrog, from Mars
With a body of brass
And seventeen fingers and toes.
Wouldn’t they shriek if they knew
I’ve three eyes at the back of my head
And my hair is bright purple,
My nose is deep blue
And my teeth are half-yellow and half-red.
My five arms are silver with knives on them shaper
than spears.
I could go back right now if I liked –
And return in a million light years.
I could gobble them all for
I am seven foot tall
And I’m breathing green flames from my ears.
Wouldn’t they yell if they knew,
If they guessed a Marrog was here?
Ha ha they haven’t a clue –
Or wouldn’t they tremble with fear!
“Look, look, a Marrog”
They’d all scum – and shout.
The blackboard would fall and the ceiling would crack
And the teacher would faint, I suppose.
But I grin to myself, sitting right at the back
And nobody nobody knows.

R. C. Scriven

b}

Own Choice.

Action Verse 4th Class

a}

SING A SONG OF PEOPLE

Sing a song of people
Walking fast or slow;
People in the city,
Up and down they go.

People on the side walk,
People on the bus;
People passing, passing,
In back and front of us.
People on the subway
Underneath the ground;
People riding taxis
Round and round and round.

People with their hats on,
Going in the doors;
People with umbrellas
When it rains and pours.
People in tall buildings
And in stores below;
Riding elevators
Up and down they go.

People walking singly,
People in a crowd;
People saying nothing,
People talking loud.
People laughing, smiling,
Grumpy people too;
People who just hurry
And never look at you!

Sing a song of people
Who like to come and go;
Sing of city people
You see but never know!

Lois Lenski.

b}

Own Choice.

Action Verse 3rd Class

a}

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

There’s such a busy bustle about the town today,
The folks are all excited ‘cos the circus is here to stay.
Caravans and cages all arrived in deep of night,
And now down in the meadow there’s such a bubbling sight.
The Big-top, Stalls and Roundabouts are quickly being built,
It’s “Hammer in those pegs, there!” “Mind that sawdust isn’t spilt!”
The animals are waiting for the folks to come and see,
“Look! there’s a tiger! and there’s a chimpanzee!”
“There’s a clown rehearsing and an acrobat in tights,
Oh hurry, let us hurry, to go and see the sights!”

M. Anderson.

b} Own Choice.

Action Verse – 8 Years and Under

a} FOOTBALL

Whistle and shout
Bang and shove
Kick and tackle
Run,
Showers of turf
Flying mud
Aim and shoot
Off.
High-scaling ball
Scurrying men
Faster and faster
Leap.
Mad, shrieking crowd,
Tackle and win,
Dribble and shoot
GOAL!

Jacqueline Emery.

b} EAR POPPING

To blow your ears clear
Hold your nose,
And with a POP
The blockage goes.
But please remember,
Pay regard,
Never blow too long
Or hard.

I knew a boy
Who didn't stop
When at first
He heard no POP.
He blew until
His face turned red
And POPPED the ears
Clear off, his head.

Jez Alborough.

c}

maggie and milly and molly and may

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

e. e. cummings.

Year of Birth: 2012 and later.

d}

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I,” said the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my pretty red rubbers on;
They make a little three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud – quack! quack!”

“I,” cried the dandelion, “I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry,”
And she lifted a tousled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

Sang the brook: “I welcome every drop,
Come down, dear raindrops; never stop
Until a broad river you make of me,
And then I will carry you to the sea.”

“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,
With my high-top boots and raincoat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
I find on the road to school.”

Anonymous.

Year of Birth: 2012 and later.