

## Prep & under Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

#### **LITTLE BROTHER POSSUM** By Jane de Burgh

Little brother possum  
Ventures out at night,  
Nibbles at the gum-leaves,  
'Cause they're nice to bite.

When the morning's coming  
And the sky grows red,  
Shoo! little possum,  
Hurry back to bed.

### (Choice 2)

#### **SHIVERY** By Natalie Jane Prior

Shivery  
Shivery  
Sh-sh-shivery  
Going  
Swimming makes me  
Qu-qu-quivery.  
Knees start knocking  
And my skin goes blue,  
Fingers go wrinkly  
And my toes do too.  
Rub that warm towel  
Up against my skin,  
Run round in circles  
And then jump back in!

## Year 1 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

**FLIES** By Irene Gough

Flies! Flies!  
They take you by surprise,  
They get in your mouth  
And they get in your eyes.

Flies! Flies!  
Half a hundred tries  
To swim in the soup  
And dance on the pies.

We spray them and shout at them  
You'd think that they would know  
They haven't any welcome,  
And we wish they'd go!

### (Choice 2)

**FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HUMPTY DUMPTY** By Margaret Mahy

Humpty Dumpty, King of the Eggs,  
Ran down the road on his little short legs.  
After him, quickly, came forty-two cooks  
Who lived in a castle of cookery books,  
Charging and barging the length of the street,  
Holding their egg beaters ready to beat,  
Shouting out 'Omelettes!' and 'Scrambled!' as well.  
What a terrible shock for a king in a shell!

## Year 2 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

**WITH HIS FEET** By Gregg Dreise

At the bush dance party, they started the sound.  
Emu went STOMP, STOMP, STOMP on the ground.  
Everyone jumped up, they loved Emu's beat:  
He was making music ... with his feet.

Then another joined in, it was Grey Kangaroo,  
Blowing a cool rhythm on his didgeridoo.  
As he blew the music, making a cool sound,  
He went STOMP, STOMP, STOMP ... on the ground.

Then Wombat joined in, it sounded good.  
He began to clap, two pieces of wood.  
The music sounded awesome, it sounded sweet.  
He went STOMP, STOMP, STOMP ... with his feet.

### (Choice 2)

**THERE AND BACK** By Libby Hathorn

Train leaps forward  
silver track  
bullet fast  
there and back.

I  
love the sound  
murmur to scream  
gnawing and gnashing  
on rails that gleam.

When  
stations loom  
shudder and shake,  
slither to stop  
great long snake.

Then  
train leaps forward  
silver track  
bullet fast  
there-and-back  
there-and-back  
there-and-back  
there-and-back

## Year 3 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

#### **THE SOCK FUNERAL** By Gwendda McKay

Where do they go, those missing socks  
Whose widows wait in an odd-sock box?  
How did they miss the drip dry spin?  
Did we toss them out? Did we leave them  
in?  
Are they stuck in a maze of hoses,

Never again to warm our toeses?  
'Lost in the wash,' it's generally said.  
Perhaps it actually means they're dead!  
Alas and alack, they never come back,  
They never come back.

#### **Cheerful version** *(to be said)*

Where do they go, those missing socks  
Whose partners wait in an odd-sock box?  
Tired of warming people's toes  
They're to a land that no one knows.  
Reds and blues and stripes and spots,  
Greens and yellows and polka dots,  
Dancing away to have some fun  
Leaving our feet with only one.  
Alas and alack, they'll never come back,  
They'll never come back,  
They'll never come back.

### (Choice 2)

#### **RACE CARS** By Lesley Gibbes

Race cars wait, at the line,  
Engines rev, bonnets shine.

Green lights flash, don't be slow,  
Time to race. Go! Go! Go!

Speeding fast, round the turns,  
Brake lights burst, rubber burns.

Oily slick, on the track,  
Blue car skids, it's a stack!

Warning flag, stops the race,  
Safety car, slows the pace.

Race Car Blue, gets a tow,  
All is clear, time to go!

Zip and zoom! Lots of speed,  
Race Car Green, takes the lead.

Pistons pump, hot wheels spin,  
Black smoke swirls. Who will win?

Speeding fast, down the straight,  
Cheering crowd, they can't wait.

Checkered flag, up ahead,  
The winner is, Race Car Red

## Year 4 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

#### **THE TIN CAN BAND** By Margaret Mahy

Oh, the tin can band,  
Oh, the tin can band!  
It's the dinniest band  
In the big bright land.  
It's a sing-song band, it's a bing-bong  
band,  
It's a miss-a-beat, have-a-treat, skippy-  
feet band.  
As we march along with our pots and  
pans,  
And we bing and bong on our old tin cans.

We're a-singing and a-singing to the  
binging and the bonging.  
We're escaping and a-skipping out  
On every hand.  
And it sounds like a battle  
When our tin cans rattle,  
When our tin cans rattle  
And our tin cans clang.  
Yes, it's sounding like the prattle and the  
tattle of a battle  
Like a merry monster cannon going BANG,  
BANG, BANG!

Though silence falls when the band goes  
by,  
And the street is bare to the hills and sky,  
There's a nitter and a natter,  
And a tiny tinny patter,  
Like a whisper (only crisper)  
Like a tin toy's sigh,  
And a flutter like a mutter,  
Like a sunny sort of stutter,  
Going giggling down the gutter  
Where the funny echoes die.

### (Choice 2)

#### **THE ROCK POOL** By Peter Skrzynecki

The rock pool  
is a magic circle  
full of colours the sea  
washes in –  
blues, greens, browns, reds:  
yellow that leaps  
in reflection  
and does a somersault  
over your head!

Seagrass weaves  
in slow soft dances –  
reaches up to your face  
and hands:  
growing out of tiny pebbles  
and the patterns  
of drifting sand.

Here's a crab  
that scuttles sideways,  
hiding under a shelf of stone.  
Look – here's a fish  
with purple stripes!  
And – there –  
a piece of cuttlebone.

The rock pool  
is a magic circle  
full of treasures  
from a sea king's cave –  
thrown up for the delight  
of children  
by swirling tide  
and crashing waves!

## Year 5 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

**SCHOOL DAY** By Lesley Gibbes

Alarm clock rings. No time to rest.  
Jump out of bed. Get up, get dressed.

Collect your bag. Pack up your lunch.  
Apples and cheese. Carrots to crunch.

Say bye to Mum. Race down the street.  
Start of the year. New kids to meet.

Hear the bell ring. Run to the gate.  
First day of school. Do not be late.

Find your new class. Sit in your seat.  
Unpack your pens. Make your desk neat.

Rule up a page. Time for a test.  
Science and maths. Just do your best.

Read a great book. Listen and spell.  
Add and subtract. Do your sums well.

Put on a smock. Set out the glue.  
Cut up and paste. Colour-in too.

Watch the clock tick. Hear the bell chime.  
Race out the door. Now it's playtime.

Everyone cheers. It's a sports day!  
Time for cricket. Your turn to play.

Run down the pitch. Bowl a fast ball.  
Catch someone out. Don't let it fall.

Three o'clock comes. Now your day ends.  
Grab your schoolbag. Say bye to friends.

Race home to Mum. Everything's cool.  
What a great day. Can't wait for school!

### (Choice 2)

**THE KANGAROO DOCTOR** By Valerie Warwick

The wombat went to the doctor's  
'Cause he had a bad case of flu.  
He thought the doctor would help him.  
For he was a grey kangaroo.

*"Perhaps I should check your pulse rate,"*  
He said with a glint in his eye.  
*"Cause what we need to establish*  
*Is ... ..if you're going to die."*

The wombat jumped up in horror.  
*"But I've only got a bad cold."*  
*"I'll be the judge,"* said the doctor.  
*"Now sit down and do as you're told."*

The wombat started to quiver  
And his temperature started to rise.  
The kangaroo doctor just grinned,  
A look of delight in his eyes.

*"Perhaps you should have ... .. a needle.*  
*What I'll do is call in my nurse.*  
*For she is the cutest echidna*  
*With needles that gently immerse."*

That was enough for the wombat,  
He lunged for the surgery door.  
The kangaroo tried to grab him,  
The wombat avoided his paw.

Safely outside by the gum tree  
A kookaburra laughed and said,  
*"I think the next time you're unwell,*  
*You'd do better ... .. to stay in bed."*

## Year 6 Choral Speaking Unison

### (Choice 1)

#### **THE CAT AND THE WIND** By Thom Gunn

A small wind  
blows across the hedge  
into the yard.  
The cat cocks her ears  
- multitudinous rustling  
and crackling all around –  
her pupils dwindle  
to specks in  
her yellow eyes  
that stare upward  
and then on every side  
unable to single out  
any one thing  
to pounce on,  
for all together  
as if orchestrated,  
twigs, leaves,  
small pebbles, pause  
and start and pause  
in their shifting,  
their rubbing  
against each other.

She is still listening  
when the wind is already  
three gardens off.

### (Choice 2)

#### **JARRANGULLI** By Roland Robinson (Related by Percy Mumbulla)

Hear that tree-lizard singin' out,  
Jarrangulli.  
He's singin' out for rain.  
He's in a hole up in that tree.  
He wants the rain to fill that hole right up  
an' cover him with rain.  
That water will last him till  
the drought comes again.

It's coming dry when he sings out,  
Jarrangulli.  
Soon as ever he sings out,  
Jarrangulli,  
He's sure to bring rain.  
That feller, he's the real rain-lizard.  
He's just the same as them black  
cockatoos,  
they're the fellers for the rain.

He's deadly poison. He's  
Jarrangulli.  
He'll bite you sure enough.  
You climb that tree an' put your hand  
over that hole, he'll bite you sure enough.  
He's black an' painted with white stripes.  
Jarrangulli.  
He's singin' out for rain.