

TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD 2023

CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON PREP & Under

The Jellycopter by Dulcie Meadows

Chuffa chuffa chopter

chuffa chuffa chop.

I'm a jellycopter,

Chuffa chuffa chop.

I come in lemon flavour

and mulberry blue.

I've jelly good pilot

who's made of jelly, too.

Chuffa chuffa chopter

chuffa chuffa chop.

I'm a jellycopter,

Chuffa chuffa chop.

I do the jelly wobble.

I do the jelly roll.

If you're having ice-cream

I'll jelly flop your bowl.

Chuffa chuffa chopter

chuffa chuffa chop.

I'm a jellycopter,

Chuffa chuffa chop

The sun's coming out Quick!

I'm racing for the shade!

My mul'bry motor's melted

So's my lemon blade!

Chuffa chuffa chopter

chuffa chuffa chop.

I'm was a jellycopter!

Chuffa ... chuffa...

PLOP!

OR

Birthdays by David Campbell

I love a birthday party

with lots of girls and boys,

a birthday cake with candles,

and games and sweets and toys.

There's sandwiches and biscuits,

and sausage rolls and pies,

and jelly beans and ice cream,

and hamburgers with fries.

There's sometimes a magician,

or else a clown or two.

We might go to the movies,

or even to the zoo.

But birthdays have one problem...

the time goes by so fast!

I wish that every birthday

could last...and last... and LAST!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 1

How the Goanna Got its Name by John Williams

The animals had gathered
At the outback fair,
They were going to have a race,
The echidnas were there.

The koalas and the dingoes
The platypi and kangaroos
Even Albert the wombat
Was in his running shoes.

The mighty race had started
The kangas bounded out,
Then a lizard called Anna
Caused the crowd to shout.

Someone yelled, "Go Anna,"
As she headed for the line,
She won the race and found a name,
Goanna sounds just fine.

OR

Dandelion Clock by Annette Kosseris

I can dance!
I can sing!
I can hum and whistle;
I tell the time without a clock;
I blow a **dandelion** thistle!

Have you ever done that?
Come and blow with me!
There are some in the garden
over by that tree.

Whoooo!...one o'clock!
some blew off;
Whoooo!...two o'clock!
it's nearly gone;
Whoooo... whooo.....
The time is **half past four!**

Daddy has a digital watch:
Mummy's watch ticks;
I don't need any of those –
I'm clever,
'cause I'm SIX!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 2

Wobbly Teeth by Annette Kosseris

My friends and I have just turned six,
And we have wobbly teeth
Our tongues keep dancing in our mouths
With moving teeth beneath.

Oh we were trying very hard
To see who'd be the one
To lose the first tooth in our class.
It really was such fun.

Mine wibbled
And wobbled!
I dribbled
And drobbled.

Our tongues pushed them this way and that.
Then just before dinner,
I was the winner,
Two fell out, and frightened the cat!

But now our tongue-th keep poking through,
And we look th-uch a me-th.
We th-ay we'll see you TH-aturday!
We cannot th-ound an eth,
Becau-the...
There'th a th-pa-the
 in our fa-the!

OR

Smart Flies by Jill McDougal

I don't think most flies
Are too clever or wise.
They get stuck in your ears
And they crawl in your eyes.
They dirty the windows,
They dirty the wall,
And they don't seem to have
Any manners at all.

But I do think our flies
Are the smartest flies around
They can crawl up a wall
Without sliding back down
And if you decide
To go walking outside,
They'll sit on your back
And enjoy a free ride.

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 3

The Morning Rush by John Foster

Into the bathroom,
Turn on the tap.
Wash away the sleepiness –
Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.
Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
Not time to waste.

Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And through the door.

OR

Eye Spy by Margaret Speter

There was a **cat** in the corner,
A **Mouse** on the stair,
And a little **bird** perched
In the tree over there.
A **frog** by the pond
Sang with great glee ...
Oh look! There are **wonderful**
Things we can see!

There's a pink **water-lily** floating along,
A tall **tiger-lily**, slender and strong.
Two beautiful **butterflies**, way up high!
And old **Mr. Sun** smiling down from the sky.
A busy **bee** buzzing his song to the flowers!
(He's been **nectar** gathering for hours and hours!)
A spider's web gleaming and glistening with dew,
A tiny black **tadpole**, shiny and new!

They're some of the things we can see every day,
If we wake up **early**, and go out to play!

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 4

Corroboree by Annette Kosseris

We wandered on
A bushland track,
Past tall ghost gums
And an old bark shack,
When suddenly we heard the sound
Of a **didgeridoo**
And stamping on ground!

Could it be
That we would see
Our very first
Corroboree?

With reverence
We watched dance and mime,
As clapping sticks
Kept feet in time.
Wordless stories we could see,
Of the Dreamtime
Sensitivity.

We'd ventured out there
Just by chance;
And witnessed the Aborigines'
Ancient dance.

Mesmerised,
And **proud** were we
To have been
And seen
A Corroboree.

OR

Mr Smith by D.H. Souter

Mr Smith of Tallabung
Has very wicked ways,
He wanders off into the bush
And stays away for days.

He never says he's going;
We only know he's gone-
There are lots of cats like Mr Smith,
Who like to walk alone.

He plays that he's a tiger,
And makes the dingoes run.
He scratches emus on the legs,
And plays at football with their eggs,
But does it all in fun.

And then, one day, he's home again,
The skin all off his nose;
His ears all torn and tattered,
His face all bruised and battered,
And prickles in his toes.

He wanders round and finds a place
To sleep in the sun,
And dream of all the wicked things
That he has been and done.

Mr Smith of Tallabung
May be a bad cat;
But everybody likes him-
So that's just that.

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 5

It's Coming by Max Fatchen

A flood in distant Queensland
Began to soak and seep
And woke the little rivers
From weary, dusty sleep.

It widened and it hurried
And gave the rain its thanks.
It stirred the lazy waterholes
And broke their muddy banks

It hurried past the stations
With never time to stop
With empty salt-pans pleading,
'Please, could you spare a drop?'

'I haven't time to linger,'
It said, 'No time to spare.
I must fill all these rivers
And then I'll fill Lake Eyre.

'For rivers can rise slowly,
As rivers often do,
The Cooper, Diamantina,
And that' to name just two'

So, onward went the floodtide
To cover rocks and sand
And send its hopeful messages
Across the aching land.

Now desert flowers are blooming
And birds are everywhere.
The bush is celebrating...
There's water in Lake Eyre
And birds are everywhere.
The bush is celebrating...
There's water in Lake Eyre

OR

Possums by Ann Coleridge

We've possums in our roof – how very sweet!
You'd think I'd hear the patter of their feet.
You'd think I'd wake sometimes from peaceful
sleep

Aroused by gentle rustling as they creep
On rafters in our spider-muffled loft.
You'd think I'd hear them scamper, velvet-soft,
These smoky shadows flitting overhead
With delicate and dainty-tripping tread.

Huh!

They thunder round the racetrack of the beams,
Then organise themselves in football teams;
Their games are much like ours are, on the whole
-

I'll swear I've heard triumphant yells of 'Goal!',
a frightful thud as two of them collide,
And uproar as they bellow out 'Offside!'
Then scuffles, whacks and wallops as they fight –
A thumping possum rumpus in the night.

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CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON YEAR 6

Castle Adventure by Katherine Blowen

Sssh! Whoooo! Ssh!
The wind is whistling softly enticing us away
To the lonely castle perched high above the bay.
Shall we venture forward? What is there to see?

Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The wind persistently calls us very mysteriously.
Whee! Come and see! Whee!

Let's climb to the rocky cliff top, the castle is ahead.....
The track is rough and slipperyBe careful where you tread!

Whoo! Tread, tread, tread! Whoo!
We're nearly there, do hurry, open the door wide..... Creeeeak!
Although it's dim and scary, come along inside.

Shadows flicker flicker flicker wildly
As we tip-toe to and fro, Look! There's a spiral staircase
So up the stairs we go. Winding, ever winding

What is at the top? Oooooooooooooo!.....
Oooooooooooooo!.....
Listen! Did you hear it? Just a moment - - - -
Stop!
Ooooooooooooo! Ahahahah! Ooooooooooooo!

Ghostly sound and laughter re-echo all around,
The dark and gloomy castle is filled with eerie sound.
OOOOOOOO! AHAHAH! OOOOOOOOO!
Rainbow lights are flashing from the turret high,
Balls of vivid colour streak across the sky.

Down the spiral staircase, Clippity – clippity – clap!
I'll race you to the front door! Tippity – tippity – tap!

Whooooooooooooo!

The wind is whistling shrilly! Calling us away,
Down the rocks we'll scramble, then home without delay!
Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

OR

Southerly Buster by Anne Bell

"Summer swelter,
what a melter!
Ice-cream slips from lips to chin
when licks begin
and when it gives your teeth the shivers,
slides in icky-sticky rivers
down your shirt.

Leaves in gardens curl and crinkle,
weary hoses drip and dribble

Dogs pant hot,
cats lie cool,
children coming home from school
step slow.

All of a sudden, there's a fluster.

Whee! Southerly buster!

Look! Everything the wind can muster
leaves and tins and garbage bins
and all sorts of other things,
whirl and twirl and spin and fly.
(I've got something in my eye.)
Frightened washing grabs the line.
(That flying sock was mine!)
Splat!

Ooh! What was that?

There's another!

Splot!

Now another!

Splish. Splash, Splosh!

Oh, my gosh, it's coming down in buckets.

Gurgling gutters overflow.

(I can't see where I should go!)

Slosh!

Helter-skelter, what a pelter!

Run for shelter!

Whew!