

TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON 2024

Prep & Under

Betty Spaghetti by David Campbell

I'm Betty Spaghetti,
the Pasta Princess ...
I eat my spaghetti
without any mess.
I wiggle and wangle
it out of its tangle ...
SCHLOOP-SCHLOOP
in my tummy ...
how yummy ...
Ooooooooooh YES!

OR

Who's There? by Max Fatchen

If you hear a dinosaur
Knocking loudly on your door,
Through the keyhole firmly say,
"Nobody is home today."

If the bell should start to ring,
Tell the beast, "No visiting."
If you see there's more than one,
Turn around and start to run.

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Year 1

Troubles by Annette Kossaris

I bought myself an ice cream,
An ice cream in a cone.
I sat down in a corner where I could be alone,
And – you know what?
A dog jumped on me and ate the lot!

Then walking through the park
With my mum and dad,
Another thing happened which made me very sad.
You know what?
A magpie bit me! So that's ... my ... lot!
I'm going back to bed!

OR

Naughty Soap Song by Dorothy Aldis

Just when I'm ready to
Start on my ears,
That is the time that my
Soap disappears.

It jumps from my fingers and
Slithers and slides
Down to the end of the
Tub, where it hides.

And acts in a most disobedient way.

**AND THAT'S WHY MY SOAP'S GROWING
THINNER EACH DAY.**

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Year 2

My Cat by Annette Kosseris

What is it about you
That makes you so cute?
It might be the way
That you 'mew' like a flute.

Perhaps it's your grace,
As you move down the path;
Or your 'sticky-beak' face
When I'm having a bath!

The way you sway
As I tickle your tummy? ...
I'm not sure what.
I could ask Mummy ...

But I think I just love you
'Cause you're a cat.
'Cause you are **MY** cat,
And that's that!

OR

The Park by Annette Kosseris

My brother brought me to the park
now he's playing with his friend.
It's not much fun on a sea-saw
with no one on the other end...

I've had a little go on the swing,
but I can't push myself up high.
A swing is only fun when you can
fly up in the sky...

The little boy on THAT swing
is getting a great BIG push!
OO...AHHHH!...They pushed him OFF!
He's fallen in the bush!

Maybe...
I'm lucky after all!

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Year 3

Rain by Sigborn Obstfelder

One is one, and two is two –
we sing in huddles,
we hop in puddles.
Plip, plop,
we drip on rooftop,
trip, trop,
the rain will not stop.
Rain, rain, rain, rain,
bucketing rain,
chucketing rain,
rain, rain, rain, rain,
wonderfully raw,
wet to the core!
One is one, and two is two –
we sing in huddles,
we hop in puddles.
Plip, plop,
we drip on rooftop,
trip, trop,
the rain will not stop.

OR

Sorry by Michael Rosin

You know you said I could do some
cooking
And you know you said you wouldn't
be looking
'cos I wanted to give you a nice
surprise
and make a few cakes, make a few
pies.
But you said OK. You did say yes
Well I'm really sorry, but there's a bit of
a mess.
I mean to say, in about an hour
You can use quite a lot of flour
So don't get angry when you come in
the door
But most of the flour is on the floor.
The rolling pin seems to be covered in
dirt
And milk has soaked right through my
shirt
A bit of butter has stuck to the chair
Though most of it seems to be in my
hair
Yes, I can guess just what you think.
And the raisins. I forgot. They're in the
sink.
So I'm really sorry, but I didn't finish the
cakes.
Like you say... we all make mistakes.

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Year 4

Downhill by Sheila Simmons

I'm rushing
I'm dashing
Through puddles
I'm splashing,
Feet on the handlebars
Hands clinging tight.
I'm gliding
I'm sliding
Hair flying
I'm trying
To keep on the saddle
The bridge is in sight.
I'm singing
Bell ringing
Wind whipping
I'm slipping
About on the corner
So fast I could scream!
Still faster!
Disaster!
Brakes failing
I'm sailing
Over the handlebars
Into the stream!

Very Early by Karla Kuskin

When I wake in the early mist
The sun has hardly shown
And everything is still asleep
And I'm awake alone.
The stars are faint and flickering.
The sun is new and shy.
And all the world sleeps quietly,
Except the sun and I.
And then the noises start,
The whirrs and huffs and hums,
The birds peep out to find a worm.
The mice squeak out for crumbs,
The calf moos out to find the cow,
And taste the morning air
And everything is wide awake
And running everywhere.
The dew has dried,
The fields are warm,
The day is loud and bright,
And I'm the one who woke the sun
And kissed the stars good night.

OR

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Year 5

Space Travellers by James Nimmo

There was a witch, hump-backed and hooded,

Lived by herself in a burnt-out tree.

When storm winds shrieked

and the moon was buried

And the dark of the forest was black
as black,

She rose in the air like a rocket at sea,

Riding the wind,

Riding the night,

Riding the tempest to the moon and
back.

There may be a man with a hump of
silver,

Telescope eyes and a telephone ear,

Dials to twist and knobs to twiddle,

Waiting for a night when skies are
clear.

To shoot from the scaffold

with a blazing track,

Riding the dark,

Riding the cold,

Riding the silence to the moon and
back.

OR

Winter Afternoons by Colin Thiele

On winter afternoons

the city is a vast art gallery,

an exhibition of paintings and
sketches:

views of streets, squares, buildings,

their perspectives muted in the dim
light,

edges softened by a gentle rubbing
of fog;

oils and watercolors too,

still wet and shining –

the heightened sheen of lit
pavements,

rainbows of neon light,

iridescence spread across dark
canvas,

abstracts of colour and shape

caught between daylight and night;

and pictures of things in motion –

wings of fine spray,

arched gossamers of mist

rising from passing cars,

like the blur of a humming bird's flight.

These pictures are not for sale. You
must borrow

the images and hang them in the
mind.

But the exhibition will be open again
tomorrow.

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Year 6

I Saw the Beauty Go by Mary Gilmore

I saw the beauty go,
The beauty that, in a stream,
Flowed through the breadth of the land
Like the fenceless foot of a dream.

There went the kangaroos, that, in hosts,
For their bedding-down grouped at
even,
Only the sound of the nibbling lips
Making the sunset steven.

Then, as they stilled, and the moon
With her white cloths mantled the trees,
From the shadows beneath that
mopoke called,
And the curlew made her pleas.

I saw the beauty go,
The beauty that could not be tamed;
But before it went it looked at me
With the eyes of the maimed.

OR

Voices of The Wind by Dulcie Meddows

"Hush," says the wind... "Hush, go slow,
Come with me, walk with me, tip, tippy-
toe.

Lazily, lazily, over the ground,
Whispering, whispering, whirling
around."

"Whoosh!" says the wind. "Whoosh! Go
fast!

Rush with me, gust with me, feel my
cold blast!

Play with me, chase with me, come
now and race with me!

Willingly, thrillingly, blow and be free!"

"Seethe," says the wind. "Whistle and
cry.

Roar with me, soar with me, howling on
high.

Curious, furious, weeping a wail...

Huff with me, puff with me, shrieking a
gale!"

Wind...wind...I feel you, as you pass
through,

And though I can't see you, I see what
you do.

Sing softly, sing loudly, blow slowly, blow
strong!

I am the dry leaf you are pushing along.

I am the dry leaf who would *join* you in
song.

Come push me, come push me,
Come whoosh me along.

Whooooooosh!!