



YEAR THREE CHORAL SPEECH PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL 2019

Dear Parents

The Year Three children will be participating in this year's 2019 Performing Arts Festival at the Morley Recreation Centre in August. They will be taking part in the Choral Speech Section, where they will be reciting the poem, 'One Dark Night' by Lisa Wheeler.

Choral Speech is the art of using voices in unison to produce a piece of poetry or prose that highlights, through performance, the images and the mood that the writer of the piece is trying to project to the audience.

The group approach to learning a performance piece alleviates the students' self-confidence, encouraging a unity of purpose within the group. Choral speaking also encourages a knowledge and appreciation of English literature within a poetry and prose context.

The children have been given a copy of the poem to take home. The children, with your assistance, are required to practice for at least 10 to 15 minutes a night and learn the poem by heart. The children will also be practicing the poem during class time with their teachers and during music time.

The Year Three children will also have the opportunity to perform their poem to the rest of the school in a special Performing Arts Assembly in August.

Thank you for your co-operation and assistance in helping your child with the learning of their poem.

The children are very excited about performing and representing the school at the festival. The children's enthusiasm will only enhance their performance and make the whole experience more enjoyable.

Regards

Caterina D'Angelo (Music Teacher)

YEAR THREE CHORAL SPEECH POEM
PERFORMING ARTS 2019

ONE DARK NIGHT
By LISA WHEELER

In a wee little house,
In a wee little hole,
Lived a wee little mouse
And a wee little mole.

They munched tiny crackers.
They served tiny teas.
Filled wee tiny smackers
With wee tiny cheese.

MEANWHILE.....

In a BIG GIANT lair,
Near a BIG GIANT glen,
Lived a BIG GIANT bear
In his BIG GIANT den.

He growled BEASTY growls.
He stomped BEASTY feet.
He stuffed BEASTY jowls
With a BIG BEASTY treat.

Then, one dark night.....

The two teensy friends
Left their wee tiny house.
“ I’m scared of the dark,”
Mole whispered to Mouse.

“There’s no need to fear,”
Mouse said with a sigh.
Then the moon disappeared
Behind clouds in the sky.

MEANWHILE.....

In the BIG GIANT lair,
Near the BIG GIANT glen,
THE BIG GIANT bear
Stomped around in his den.

He peered out the door.
He tramped and he paced.
He craved something fresh
With a rich, meaty taste.

MEANWHILE.....

With a SQUISH – SQUASH – A – SQUISH

And a TROMP – TRIP- A – TROMP,
Mouse and Mole trudged
Through the mush – mucky swamp.....

Under sharp thistle thorns,
Into marsh – misty wood,
To the BIG GIANT glen
Where a gnarled oak stood.

MEANWHILE.....

The bear licked his chops,
Heard his BIG tummy groan.
“I’M HUNGRY!” he roared.
But he waited. Alone.

“We’re lost!” shouted Mole.
“Don’t fret,” the mouse said.
“I’ll climb up this tree
And spy what’s ahead.”

From tree trunk to branch,
Mouse pushed to the top
Fragile twigs snapped.
But mouse didn’t stop.

“What do you see?”
The teensy mole cried.
“It looks like a cave –
With a light on inside!”

From deep in that cave
Came a BIG GIANT growl.
“I want something to eat
And I want it NOW!”

Bear threw open the door,
Stomped out of the den,
Bared BIG sharp white teeth,
And charged into the glen.

Mouse perked his ears.
Heard SNARL- SNUFF- A – SNUFF.
“SOMETHING is coming!
And that SOMETHING sounds tough!”

Mole shivered. Mouse shook.
Their fur stood up straight.
The SOMETHING was Bear,
Who grumbled
“YOU’RE LATE!”

Then they skipped hand in hand,
From the glen to the lair,
For a BIG GIANT feast
With their best friend BIG BEAR.