

**CHORAL RECITATION**

**IV A**

**MOTHER**

**THE ANGEL BY MY SIDE**

Mothers are special, Almost magical in truth.

They simultaneously give you wings

And firm, yet flexible roots.

She's the very best person, to know you outside in,

Holding your heart as a souvenir,

Of the time you shared a skin.

Her nature pours into you, and her nurture spurs you on

So its never hard to see, where your character comes from.

And inside her eyes, a sparkle,

Of the life she has lived

All the lessons she's learned, and the love she has to give.

She gives without condition,

She loves with all her heart.

You're always on her mind, even when you are apart.

A mother has no rival

The bond is truly unique.

She knows what you're thinking, even when you do not speak.

A mother can be relied on, her whole life through.

**The Visitor by Ian Serraillier**

A crumbling churchyard, the sea and the moon;  
The waves had gouged out grave and bone;  
A man was walking, late and alone .....  
He saw a skeleton on the ground;  
A ring on a bony finger he found.

He ran home to his wife and gave her the ring.  
“Oh, where did you get it?” He said not a thing.

“It’s the loveliest ring in the world,” she said,  
As it glowed on her finger. They slipped off to bed.

At midnight they woke. In the dark outside,  
“Give me my ring!” a chill voice cried.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”  
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m coming!” A skeleton opened the door.  
“Give me my ring!” It was crossing the floor.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”  
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m reaching you now! I’m climbing the bed.”  
The wife pulled the sheet right over her head.

It was torn from her grasp and tossed in the air:

“I’ll drag you out of bed by the hair!”

What was that, William? What did it say?”

“Throw the ring through the window! THROW IT AWAY!”

She threw it. The skeleton leapt from the sill,  
Scooped up the ring and clattered downhill,  
Fainter .... and fainter .... Then all was still.

## **Choral Recitation**

## **IV C**

### **Life Does Not Frighten Me by Maya Angelou**

Shadows on the wall  
Noises down the hall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Bad dogs barking loud  
Big ghosts in a cloud  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Mean old Mother Goose  
Lions on the loose  
They don't frighten me at all

Dragons breathing flame  
On my counterpane  
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo  
Make them shoo  
I make fun  
Way they run  
I won't cry  
So they fly  
I just smile  
They go wild

Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys fight  
All alone at night  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Panthers in the park  
Strangers in the dark  
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where  
Boys all pull my hair

They don't frighten me at all.  
Don't show me frogs and snakes  
And listen for my scream,  
If I'm afraid at all  
It's only in my dreams.