

**Daly College, Jr School**

**English Choral Recitation – Class VI A**

**My Uncle Dan  
by Ted Hughes**

My Uncle Dan's an inventor, you may think that's very fine.  
You may wish he was your Uncle instead, of being mine—  
If he wanted he could make a watch that bounces when it drops,  
He could make a helicopter out of string and bottle tops  
Or any really useful thing you can't get in the shops.

But Uncle Dan has other ideas:  
The bottomless glass for ginger beers,  
The toothless saw that's safe for the tree,  
A special word for a spelling bee  
(Like Lionocerangoutangadder),  
Or the roll-uppable rubber ladder,  
The mystery pie that bites when it's bit—  
My Uncle Dan invented it.

My Uncle Dan sits in his den inventing night and day.  
His eyes peer from his hair and beard like mice from a load of hay.  
And does he make the shoes that will go walks without your feet?  
A shrinker to shrink instantly the elephants you meet?  
A carver that just carves from the air steaks cooked and ready to eat?  
No, no, he has other intentions—  
Only perfectly useless inventions:  
Glassless windows (they never break),  
A medicine to cure the earthquake,  
The unspillable screwed-down cup,  
The stairs that go neither down nor up,  
The door you simply paint on a wall—  
Uncle Dan invented them all.

## CHORAL RECITATION

Class VI - B

### Pizza Surprise

Now here's the true story, of a naughty boy called Tom,

Who decided to bake a pizza for his Dad and Mom.

He pulled out from a cupboard, an old recipe book,

And when he saw the work to do, his hairy head he shook.

He wrote the list of ingredients for baking it'd take

To surprise his parents, with the cheese pizza that he'd bake.

Tom jogged back from the market with all the things he bought,

And laughed at the confusion caused by stray dogs, which had fought.

He raced into the kitchen and started all his work,

For not a step in the recipe was Tom 'bout to shirk.

He pulled a baking pan from the bottom- of the pile,

And crashing down came pots n pans, like the River Nile.

He hadn't time to clean up, as he thought he'd get late,

It was five p.m. then and his folks would return by eight!

So on went Tom, with the chopping of every vegetable,

By the end there were a hundred things on the kitchen table

Tom splashed the pizza with cheese and sauce of every kind.

He thought it would be tastier to add all he could find.

He loaded up the top, with meats and vegetables galore,  
And piled all he could; till the base was visible no more.

When the baking in the oven was more or less done,  
And Tom was looking forward to having oodles of fun  
Just then he slipped on the sauce, dripping from the table,  
Brought down plates and bottles, balancing on hands and navel.

Tom looked around the kitchen and then looked at his dress,  
He couldn't believe that he'd actually caused this terrible mess.  
The doorbell chimed aloud when the clock struck sharp at eight,  
Tom was looking for a place to hide from his awful fate.

He cleaned himself and answered the door with a broad smile  
For the pizza was burnt black and there was dirt on each tile.  
When his parents saw the kitchen and walls 'sauce-painted',  
They didn't say a word to Tom, because they simply....fainted!

MOLLY D BROWN

### **The Seven Ages of Man**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

--William Shakespeare (from *As You Like It*)

## ENGLISH CHORAL RECITATION

### CLASS VI CI

#### THE RULE OF 21

In Shiva's homeland, the rules are quite strange, as I can truly attest,  
If someone slips, and falls by err, police come by to arrest.  
Your ordeal continues inside of a court room,  
Where judges are ready to fine you a fortune -  
21 rupees is the price you must pay,  
but wait till you hear what they charge in the day -  
for sneezing before six, a ticket is needed,  
without this in hand, you will be ill-treated -  
they beat you like drums, and snuff up your nose,  
you sneeze not just once, but 21 blows!  
The fine for teeth-chattering is 4 rupees flat,  
for growing a mustache a bit more than that -  
a hundred nickles, paid out in cash,  
plus 21 prayers with both hands clasped.

While walking the streets, your steps cannot wander,  
a step left or right and the king is called yonder.  
He summons his guards who come in with a run,  
to force you to sit while you sweat in the sun.  
There is some relief, as they offer some water,  
unfortunately so much that its not worth the bother.

But this isn't the worst of it, by any means really,  
for those who write poems, their punishment is silly,  
they're placed in a cage under strict lock and key,  
with no chance of exile, or option to flee.  
A hundred Orrisans are placed, so it's fabled,  
proclaiming exhaustively the multiplications table.  
And then there's more math as you tend to a store,  
account for the sales - it's a menial chore.

One last offense, that's punishable by law,  
Is snoring at all - it's seen as a flaw.  
The glue from a bilva tree, the dung from a cow,  
It's all used quite viciously, here's how:  
they rub it in coarsely, the hair of an offender,  
who's tied to a tree and spun like a blender.  
For 21 spins he goes round and round,  
and 21 hours till his feet touch the ground.