

# Read aloud and recite poems.



Group 1/Fruit - Crescent Moon

Group 2/Vegetables - The Moon

Group 3/Sport - Night Will Never Stay

Group 4/High-jump - Bedtime

Group 5/Water - From My Window

Group 6/Exercise - From My Window

## The Moon

The moon was but a chin of gold  
A night or two ago,  
And now she turns her perfect face  
Upon the world below.

Emily Dickinson

## Bedtime

The night comes down on foxes  
As they run across the hill,  
The night comes down on fallow deer  
That wander where they will,

The night comes down on white owls  
As they wake in hallow trees,  
The night comes down on badgers, free  
To snuffle where they please,

The night comes down like velvet  
On this house, and tenderly,  
With starry streams and endless dreams  
The night comes down on me.

Richard Edwards

# The Night Will Never Stay,

The night will never stay,  
The night will still go by,  
Though with million stars  
You pin it to the sky,  
Though you bind it with the blowing wind  
And buckle it with the moon,  
The night will slip away  
Like sorrow or a tune

Eleanor Farjeon

## Full Moon

She was wearing the coral taffeta  
trousers

Someone had brought her from Isfahan,  
And the little gold coat with pomegranate  
blossoms,

And the coral-hafted feather fan;  
But she ran down a kentish lane in the  
moonlight,  
And skipped in the pool of the moon as  
she ran.

She cared not a rap for all the big planets,  
For Betelgeuse or Alderbarran,  
And all the big planets cared nothing for her,  
That small impertinent charlatan,  
As she climbed on a Kentish stile in the moonlight,  
And laughed at the sky through the sticks of her  
fan.

Vita Sackville-West

## Crescent Moon

The crescent moon  
Sails like a small boat,  
Sharp at both ends.

As I sit on my small boat  
I only see the shining stars  
And the dark blue sky

Translated By Xia Lu





## From My Window

From my window I see  
the lonely tree at the bottom of my garden  
waving to catch my attention  
'Come and look, come and look,'  
its long fingers seem to be saying.

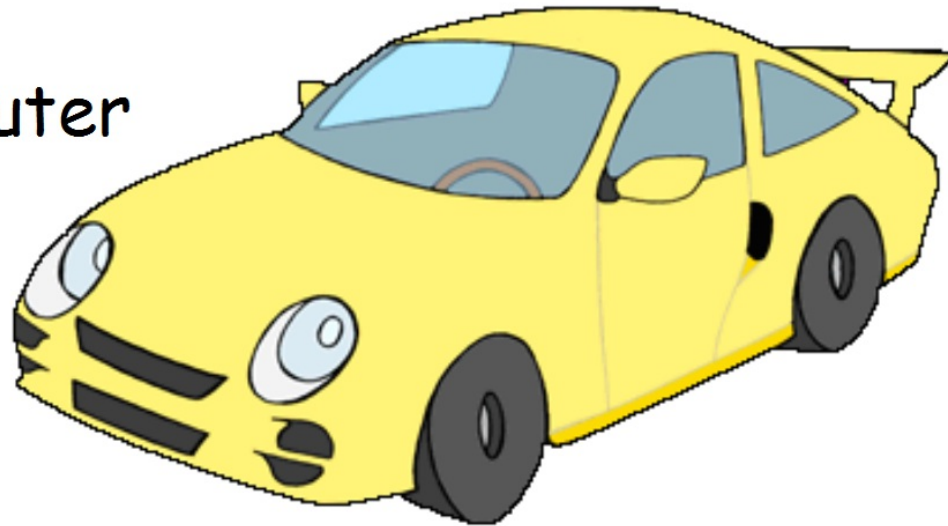


But I am drawn upwards,  
off towards black lumps of cloud  
that swagger into view  
as if they are chasing trouble.  
'Move over sun, your time's up,'  
they appear to announce  
as daylight suffers a short power loss.



Down on the streets cars are playing,  
'Now you see me, now you don't'  
behind the neighbouring houses  
while on the distant skyline  
a train rushes along chattering,  
'Musn't be late, musn't be late!'

Ian Souter



# Criteria For A Good Performance

Project Voice

Face Audience

Enunciate Words

Appropriate Volume