

**Speech and Drama  
Poems**

**Choral Verse  
Events 86 - 89**

## Event 86 KS1 Choral Verse

### Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
you're wonderful stuff,  
I love you, spaghetti  
I can't get enough.  
You're covered with sauce  
and you're sprinkled with cheese,  
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
Oh, give me some please.

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
piled high in a mound,  
you wiggle, you wriggle,  
you squiggle around.  
There's slurpy spaghetti  
All over my plate,  
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
I think you are great.

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
I love you a lot,  
you're slishy, you're sloshy,  
delicious and hot,  
I gobble you down  
Oh, I can't get enough,  
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!  
you're wonderful stuff.

**Jack Prelutsky**

## Event 87 KS12 Choral Verse

### Holiday Rap

We're going away, we're going away,  
we're going away on holiday

to climb up rocks and abseil down  
miles in the hills away from town,  
to try canoeing over rapids,  
sleep beneath a bivouac, it's  
great when centipedes and ants  
invade your sleeping bag and pants,

we're going away, we're going away,  
we're going away on holiday

to capsize yachts upon the sea,  
ride mountain bikes and dri-slope ski,  
try air ballooning - what a gas  
to sail above a vast crevasse,  
and pony trek across the hills  
till sitting in the saddle *kills*,

we're going away, we're going away,  
we're going away on holiday

to try a shot at archery -  
a bull for you, a calf for me,  
to crawl in caves deep underground  
where muddy waters slop around  
and blackness wraps your eyes - and hands  
slap clammy cavern walls. It's grand!

We're going away, we're going away,  
we're going away on holiday

to orienteer with compasses,  
use O.S maps, get lost in mists  
where lakes have swallowed '*Rights of Way*'  
so off the beaten track we'll stray  
to swing like spiders right across  
a gaping gorge. We've flipped because  
we're going away,  
                    we're going away,  
                            we're going away...

## **Event 88 KS1/KS2 Choral Verse**

### **The Famous Human Cannonball**

The famous human cannonball  
stands at the cannon's side.  
He's very round and very small  
and very dignified.

He bows to the east, he bows to the west,  
he bows to the north and south,  
then proudly puffing up his chest  
he steps to the cannon's mouth.

The famous human cannonball  
is ready to begin.  
His helpers hoist him at his call  
and gently stuff him in.  
The air is filled with "ahhhh's" and "ohhhh's"  
preparing for the thrill,  
but when his helpers light the fuse  
the audience is still.

Then in the hushed and darkened hall  
the mighty cannon roars,  
the famous human cannonball  
shoots out and swiftly soars.

Higher and higher the cannonball flies  
in a brilliant aerial burst  
and catapulting through the skies  
he lands in the net - feet first.

**Jack Prelutsky**

## Event 89 Post Primary Choral Verse

### School Bus Ballad

It clattered past the paddocks with petrol-fuming fuss  
While cows would gallop, tails aloft,  
to race the old school bus.  
And down along those country roads it gave a bumpy ride,  
A school Mum at the steering wheel and lively kids inside.

It picked up waiting children, their heavy schoolbags slung,  
While sheepdogs from verandahs importantly gave tongue.  
It backfired like a howitzer and blokes cried,  
'Thar she blows,'  
Alarming shearers in the sheds and panicking the crows.

When winter veiled the ranges and the rain beat  
like a drum  
The old school bus rolled onwards steered by that  
dauntless Mum.  
It carried on regardless of heat and dust and mud,  
It once outraced a bushfire and struggled through a flood.

The old bus swerved and rattled and took some  
careful turning,  
Depositing its precious load at local seats of learning,  
The sums, the reading and the rest,  
how pupils' knowledge soared  
And when the day was over, they clambered back aboard.

This transport now long obsolete has met its rusty fate  
but there's a local legend for those that stay out late,  
That, from a nearby wrecking yard a ghostly bus will glide  
A school Mum at the steering wheel and lively kids inside.

**Max Fatchen**