**ASSOCIATION POLYTECHNIQUE D’ANTIBES 198 Bd Delmas, Antibes**

**ENGLISH FOR ADVANCED BEGINNERS/INTERMEDIATE/ADVANCED Charlie CUA**

**8-22-29 JANUARY, 5-12-19 FEBRUARY, 12-19-26 MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE… 2015**

**ORAL EXPRESSION AND TEXT ANALYSIS**

Welcome to this New Year 2015!

You want to improve your oral skills (pronunciation, intonation, rhythm).

You’d like to understand text content (major idea, vocabulary, grammar and structure).

You are eager to work with other people (oral practice, write-up of ideas).

Well, choose a group of 2 or 3 learning partners. Together, choose a text, and meet. Practice reading the text. Prepare an analysis/interpretation of the text… a 5 to 10 sentence text analysis… a 5 to 10 line conversation…

You may use visual/audio support… a song/dance routine… sketches or cut-out pictures…

You may use the internet to help you understand the poem, its history, and its vocabulary.

During each lesson, one or two groups will present their text… oral reading… text analysis…

Of course, the teacher will help you improve your oral skills… use better grammar and structures…

The audience may comment on your presentation… on your style… on the content…

Each student can choose to do 1 to 3 different texts, with different partners, if possible, with the presentation dates spread out over the months of January to May.

*For example, Daniel can do a short Poem on Social Justice with Francis on Jan. 29… with Jean-Louis and Yvonne on a 12-line Shakespeare sonnet on Mar. 12… and finally with Olivier and Brigitte on Lincoln’s speech in May.*

Here is a list of the different text titles:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Title | Author | Genre/Difficulty |
| **GETTYSBURG ADDRESS** | **Abraham Lincoln** | Speech/Hard and Interesting |
| **I Have a Dream** | **Martin Luther King, Jr.** | Speech/Hard and Interesting |
| **The Road Not Taken** | **Robert Frost** | Modern Existential Poetry/Medium |
| **O Captain! My Captain!** | **WALT WHITMAN** | Modern Dramatic Poetry/Medium |
| **The Shepherdess's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd** | **Sir Walter Raleigh** | Old English Love Poem/Medium |
| **To the Virgins, Make Much of Time** | **Robert Herrick** | Old English Existential Poem/Medium |
| **Shall I Compare Thee** | **William Shakespeare** | Old English Love Poem/Medium |
| **Annabelle Lee** | **Edgar Allan Poe** | Modern Epic Poem/Easy but Long |
| **Meeting at Night** | **Robert Browning** | Modern Love Poem/Easy |
| **Naked** | **Pablo Neruda** | Modern Love Poem/Easy |
| **DEATH BE NOT PROUD** | **John Donne** | Old English Existential Poem/Hard & Short |
| **Latent** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Medium and Short |
| **Next Step** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Easy and Short |
| **Direction** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Medium and Short |
| **Lord of the Manor** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Easy and Short |
| **Dominate** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Easy and Short |
| **Dog-Eat-Dog** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Medium and Short |
| **Crisis** | **Guy Farmer** | Social Justice Poem/Medium and Short |
| **Snow in the Desert** | **Unknown** | Modern Nature Poetry/Easy |
| **One Of Them** | **Unknown** | Modern Existential Poetry/Easy |
| **Do You Know This Face** | **Unknown** | Modern Existential Poetry/Easy |
| **He Cheats And She Feels It** | **Unknown** | Modern Love Poetry/Easy and Long |
| **Let's Go Fly a Kite** | **Mary Poppins** | Song Lyrics/Easy |
| **Feed the Birds** | **Mary Poppins** | Song Lyrics/Easy |
| **Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious** | **Mary Poppins** | Song Lyrics/Easy |
| **Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves** | **Nabucco by Verdi** | Old English Historical Song Lyrics/Hard |

My list of texts with the group names and the dates:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Title | DATE | GROUP NAMES |
| **GETTYSBURG ADDRESS** |  |  |
| **I Have a Dream** |  |  |
| **The Road Not Taken** |  |  |
| **O Captain! My Captain!** |  |  |
| **The Shepherdess's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd** |  |  |
| **To the Virgins, Make Much of Time** |  |  |
| **Shall I Compare Thee** |  |  |
| **Annabelle Lee** |  |  |
| **Meeting at Night** |  |  |
| **Naked** |  |  |
| **DEATH BE NOT PROUD** |  |  |
| **Latent** |  |  |
| **Next Step** |  |  |
| **Direction** |  |  |
| **Lord of the Manor** |  |  |
| **Dominate** |  |  |
| **Dog-Eat-Dog** |  |  |
| **Crisis** |  |  |
| **Snow in the Desert** |  |  |
| **One Of Them** |  |  |
| **Do You Know This Face** |  |  |
| **He Cheats And She Feels It** |  |  |
| **Let's Go Fly a Kite** |  |  |
| **Feed the Birds** |  |  |
| **Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious** |  |  |
| **Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves** |  |  |

EXAMPLE 1:

**The Passionate Shepherd to His Love by Christopher Marlowe, 1599**

Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove

That valleys, groves, hills, and fields, Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon rocks, Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,

By shallow rivers to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses And a thousand fragrant posies,

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Fair lined slippers for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs;

And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds's swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning:

If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my love.

This love poem seems to give the idea that the countryside is the ideal place to invite your love one… **examples?**

Description of countryside:

1) sit upon rocks to see shepherds feed flocks (la la la la la)

2) beds of roses (ouch!) with fragrant posies (flowers)

3) kirtle embroidered with leaves of myrtle (woman's loose gown, worn in the Middle Ages) (ouch again!)

4) belt of straw and ivy buds, with coral clasps and amber studs (nature’s products and jewelry)

5) shepherds's swains shall dance and sing for thy delight each May morning (swains are country lads)…..

So, come move to the country with me and, once you're there, we can play by the river, listen to the birds sing, and I'll even make you some bohemian chic clothing.

But, is that all you do in the countryside… what about chores, like milking the cows, cutting oats…

But, is the setting the only way to fall in love… or perhaps, it’s not a question of love, but of lust…

Take the first line: "Come live with me, and be my love." It sounds nice, but is it really? Is it a request? Or is it something more restricting? A demand, perhaps, or even a little bit of a threat, as in "Come live with me, and be my love (or else)"?

Other comments based on the author:

The author: a drunk, an atheist, a spy, and a poetic genius… he was busted counterfeiting money…

he was convicted for crimes worthy of execution several times but somehow mysteriously never went to trial…

he talked trash about God and the Anglican church… he was a drunk with a bad temper.

The apparent simplicity and innocence of the poem seems to contradict this image of Marlowe.

Did he want to underline other issues: gender issues (male provides, female accepts), social criticism (and if you were a country noble and not a serf), manipulation (oh, we will cavort all day my dear, and when you don’t look too fresh, I’ll get another one), etc…

Other comments based on another author:

Sir [Walter Raleigh](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Walter_Raleigh) wrote a reply called "[The Shepherdess's Reply to the Shepherd](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Nymph%27s_Reply_to_the_Shepherd)". Marlowe was young, his poetry romantic and rhythmic. Raleigh was an old courtier (lives in the king’s court, so loves flattery) and an accomplished poet himself. So compare the two poems.

Other suggestions:

You can make a dialogue out of this poem, where you might want to invent the reponses of the lady.

You might want to cut out pictures of a lovely countryside, and put other not-so-nice pictures of country life.

EXAMPLE 2:

**Latent | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

The smallest opportunity To lord over someone Sends him into paroxysms

Of bliss/ his true nature Rears its grotesque head With surprising facility.

Churning, just below the Surface, a latent reservoir Of domineering autocracy,

Impatient to impose its Unrestrained dysfunction on The next sorry victim.

Quite a lot of abstract vocabulary, so perhaps rewrite the short poem using simpler words…

To try to dominate (lord over) a person, it is good to make him feel happy (paroxysm of bliss). But, in the end, it is do easy to show your real ugly self (grotesque head with surprising facility).

For hidden behind your charming nature, is a very strong desire to control (reservoir of domineering autocracy). This desire is always ready to find another victim to prowl on.

This is a modern day poem, written by an American who is a joke writer, life coach, and erstwhile self-awareness trainer. He uses free rhyme and very intellectual words, as befitting of the American taste.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** FAMOUS SPEECHES

**GETTYSBURG ADDRESS by Abraham Lincoln November 19, 1863**

**Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation,**

**conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.**

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation

so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place

for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate -- we can not consecrate -- we can not hallow -- this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it,

far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget

what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here

to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us --

that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave

the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve

that these dead shall not have died in vain --

that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom --

**and that government of the people, by the people, for the people,**

**shall not perish from the earth.**

**I Have a Dream by Martin Luther King, Jr., on 28 August 1963 (excerpts)**

…Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

**…We cannot walk alone.**

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

**We cannot turn back.**

…I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest -- quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, **I still have a dream.** It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of "interposition" and "nullification" -- one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight; "and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."2

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

…And this will be the day -- this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,

**From every mountainside, let freedom ring!**

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that:

Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi.

From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

**Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!**

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost (1874–1963)**

1 TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

2 Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

3 And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day!

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

I doubted if I should ever come back.

4 I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

**O Captain! My Captain! by WALT WHITMAN**

1 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,

The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

2 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up— for you the flag is flung— for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths— for you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck, You’ve fallen cold and dead.

3 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**The Shepherdess's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd by Sir Walter Raleigh** **(1552 – 1618)**

If all the world and Love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold, When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;

Then Philomel becometh dumb, The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward winter reckoning yields;

A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring: but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses, Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,

Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;-- In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The belt of straw and ivy-buds, Thy coral clasps and amber studs,--

All these in me no means can move, To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then, Of better meat than's fit for men?

These are but vain: that's only good Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed; Had joys no date, nor age no need;

Then those delights my mind might move, To live with thee, and be thy love.

**To the Virgins, Make Much of Time by Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674)**

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying;

And this same flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he's a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer;

But being spent, the worse and worst Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry;

For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry.

**Shall I Compare Thee by William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)**

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? Thou are more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:

But thy eternal Summer shall not fade Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**Annabelle Lee by Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849)**

It was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child, In this kingdom by the sea;

But we loved with a love that was more than love- I and my Annabel Lee;

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago, In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsman came And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulcher In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven, Went envying her and me

Yes! that was the reason (as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night, Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love Of those who were older than we Of many far wiser than we

And neither the angels in heaven above, Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,

In the sepulcher there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea.

**DIVINE SONNET X - DEATH BE NOT PROUD by John Donne**

**(Old English) = FIND THE CORRECT SPELLING?**

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,

For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,

Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.

Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,

And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,

And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;

One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,

And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**Meeting at Night** **by Robert Browning (1812 – 1889)**

The grey sea and the long black land; And the yellow half-moon large and low;

And the startled little waves that leap In fiery ringlets from their sleep,

As I gain the cove with pushing prow, And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach; Three fields to cross till a farm appears;

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch And blue spurt of a lighted match,

And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears, Than the two hearts beating each to each!

**Naked by Pablo Neruda (1904 – 1973)**

Naked, you are simple as a hand, smooth, earthy, small...transparent, round.

You have moon lines and apple paths; Naked, you are slender as the wheat.

Naked, Cuban blue midnight is your color, Naked, I trace the stars and vines in your hair;

Naked, you are spacious and yellow As a summer's wholeness in a golden church.

Naked, you are tiny as your fingernail; Subtle and curved in the rose-colored dawn

And you withdraw to the underground world

As if down a long tunnel of clothing and of chores: your clear light dims, gets dressed, drops its leaves,

And becomes a naked hand again.

**Next Step | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

Today They find out That their labor Is no longer in Demand.

Yesterday they were Assured that everything Would be OK and that

They had nothing to Worry about.

Tomorrow will be Another day of Wondering what Their next Step is.

**Direction | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

Perplexing divergence, One person sees Opportunities to help,

Another relishes Occasions to punish.

Disparate perspectives – Vastly different outcomes, Community or aristocracy,

Consequences radiating from Personal preference.

Constant tension between Dissimilar perspectives, The pendulum swings

Too far in one direction, People suffer needlessly.

**Lord of the Manor | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

Sitting around A lavishly decorated, Candlelit table after enjoying A decadently sumptuous meal,

The exquisitely rare Dessert wine is announced To collective glee,

The lord of the manor is Overheard intimating that they Must have done something right,

The servants refill the Glasses without a word.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**Dominate | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

He was larger And more powerful Than her so,

Instead of celebrating Her abilities and Encouraging her to thrive Using her own strengths,

He decided it would Be a great idea to Use his physical advantage To keep her in bondage;

A permanent cage Built on fear Where she was At his mercy and whim;

A servant to this Pathetic need to dominate.

**Dog-Eat-Dog | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

It’s been this way For so long that they Don’t even think twice

About what happens to The people they Offhandedly discard.

Try to talk to them About fairness or Compassion, they’ll Proclaim it’s a dog-eat-dog

World and you have to Fight for what’s yours.

A profane melee over Material wealth and Superficial status,

Someone always loses – Left in ruin while Nobody sheds a tear.

**Crisis | A Social Justice Poem by Guy Farmer**

They take advantage Of any crisis, Or simply manufacture

One, to keep the Populace in a Constant state of Heightened anxiety.

Self-appointed saviors Vowing to keep Everyone safe

While they pick Pockets, discourage Critical thinking, Hobble society.

**Snow in the Desert by Number 1**

The girl sat cross-legged Among The swirling sand Thinking of winters And a thing called snow

Covering The ground in a pure white blanket Eyes closed she reached out

Half expecting to feel a numbing cold But was scorched by the sand

She opened her eyes Letting in the glare of the midday sun And resumed weaving a basket

For those in the west Who would never know her name With her sore, raw hands

Under the burning sun But her mind stayed in winter Always in Winter

**One Of Them by Number 2**

Beating hands and floating tears, Summed up by a thousand fears.

Say what you want, but we aren’t free, and we dream that one day we can flee.

They are laughing while we are crying, and our little world is slowly dying.

Every day and every night, promise me that you won’t fight.

**ORAL EXPRESSION** ENGLISH POETRY

**Do You Know This Face by Number 3**

I just need one moment, can you spare it? She’s been missing for six weeks.

Please, just tell me, I can’t bare it,

are you familiar with these cheeks? these eyes? this mouth? this nose? this face—

You say you’ve seen this weathered child

in some black and rancid place? in dreams? in songs? in cities wild?

She is your daughter, claimed by the streets? Your mother, lost to the viral lesion?

Your sister, raped in bloody sheets? Your lover, beaten for false treason?

You tell me that you know this face, and that you’ve seen her everywhere.

Do you know the human race? The race that’s won by those who wear

the weaker ones into the ground and by the grace of their despair

the lucky ones are never found. They evaporate into the air.

Between these dissonant rhyming cords do you see the face of a brave girl?

And do you hear the roaring hoards rising up against the violent world

and screaming loud, with one accord that they will not take it.

Not anymore.

**He Cheats And She Feels It by Number 4**

You used to be all she talked about, now your all she cries about.

You used to be the one, until you got lost With your charming, cheating fun.

She would get anxious when you came around, Now she can't even look at you.

She was so strong, until you broke her down.

Your self-pity Your unawareness of her feelings Your carelessness

Your cluelessness Your anger Your cheating

The animal you've become Has hurt her Has damaged her

Has broken her Has shut her down Has killed her.

She's holding on by a string She's still strong enough To walk strong against the anguish rain.

The rain is the hurt Its the tears Its the stress and the pain

The scars and wounds The sickness and the cold That you showered upon her.

That you put her through. That you made her suffer through, because of your selfish pity.

Have you recovered from your blindness now?

**ORAL EXPRESSION** MUSICAL COMEDY

**Let's Go Fly a Kite by Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews)**

Let's go fly a kite Up to the highest height Let's go fly a kite And send it soaring

Up through the atmosphere Up where the air is clear Oh, let's go fly a kite Let's go fly a kite!

**ORAL EXPRESSION** MUSICAL COMEDY

**A Spoonful of Sugar by Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews)**

In ev'ry job that must be done There is an element of fun you find the fun and snap! The job's a game

And ev'ry task you undertake Becomes a piece of cake A lark! Aspree! It's very clear to me

That a... Spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down… The medicine go down-wown.. The medicine go down

Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down In a most delightful way

A robin feathering his nest Has very little time to rest While gathering his Bits of twine and twig

Though quite intent in his pursuit He has a merry tune to toot He knows a song Will move the job along

For a... Spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down… The medicine go down-wown.. The medicine go down

Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down In a most delightful way

**Feed the Birds by Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews)**

Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's The little old bird woman comes.

In her own special way to the people she calls, "Come, buy my bags full of crumbs.

Come feed the little birds, show them you care And you'll be glad if you do.

Their young ones are hungry, Their nests are so bare; All it takes is tuppence from you."

Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.

"Feed the birds," that's what she cries, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.

All around the cathedral the saints and apostles Look down as she sells her wares.

Although you can't see it, you know they are smiling Each time someone shows that he cares.

Though her words are simple and few, Listen, listen, she's calling to you:

Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.

"Feed the birds," that's what she cries, Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.

**Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious by Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews)**

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

**R:** Even though the sound of it Is something quite atrocious If you say it loud enough

You'll always sound precocious Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Because I was afraid to speak When I was just a lad

My father gave me nose a tweak And told me I was bad

But then one day I learned a word That saved me aching nose

The biggest word I ever heard And this is how it goes:

Oh, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious! **R:**

So when the cat has got your tongue There's no need for dismay

Just summon up this word And then you've got a lot to say

But better use it carefully Or it may change your life

One night I said it to me girl And now me girl's my wife! Oh, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious! **R:**

**ORAL EXPRESSION** OPERA

**Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves in Nabucco by Verdi**

*Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;*

*va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli*

*ove olezzano tepide e molli*

*l'aure dolci del suolo natal!*

*Del Giordano le rive saluta,*

*di Sionne le torri atterrate.*

*Oh, mia patria sì bella e perduta!*

*Oh, membranza sì cara e fatal!*

*Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,*

*perché muta dal salice pendi?*

*Le memorie nel petto raccendi,*

*ci favella del tempo che fu!*

*O simile di Solima ai fati*

*traggi un suono di crudo lamento,*

*o t'ispiri il Signore un concento*

*che ne infonda al patire virtù!*

Fly, thought, on wings of gold,

go settle upon the slopes and the hills

where the sweet airs of our

native soil smell soft and mild!

Greet the banks of the river Jordan

and Zion's tumbled towers.

Oh, my country, so lovely and lost!

Oh remembrance so dear yet unhappy!

Golden harp of the prophetic wise men,

why hang so silently from the willows?

Rekindle the memories in our hearts,

tell us about the times gone by!

Remembering the fate of Jerusalem

play us a sad lament

or else be inspired by the Lord

to fortify us to endure our suffering!