

VOCAL WARMUPS

This is a list of SOME of the sayings/poems/musings we use as part of our vocal warm-up routine. You are expected to know these verbatim.

1. Sinful Caesar sipped his snifter, seized his knees and sneezed.
2. Many unmanageable monsters married to magnanimous men make much mischief.
3. Six sleek swans swam silently seaward.
4. Through the thick cloth, the thief thrust thorns.
5. Around the rough and rugged rock the ragged rascal rudely ran.
6. fresh flesh of fresh fried fish
7. Jacob, the Jewish jockey, jovially jingled Juliet's jewels.
8. begging for the Bactine and clamoring for the Calamine
9. Can you imagine an imaginary menagerie manager imagining managing an imaginary menagerie?
10. a box of biscuits, a box of mixed biscuits, and a biscuit mixer
11. A loyal warrior will rarely worry why we rule.
12. She brews a proper cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot.
13. Rubber baby buggy bumpers
14. red rose water, white rose water
15. Moses supposes his toeses are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously, for nobody's toeses are roses as Moses supposes his toeses to be.
16. I must go down to the seas again
To the sea and the lonely sky.
And all I ask is one tall ship
And a star to steer her by. (John Masefield)
17. The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain. (George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*)

18. No man is an island, entire and of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind. And, therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee. (John Donne)

19. In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alf the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. (Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

20. 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome wraths outgrabe!

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callo! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome wraths outgrabe. (Lewis Carroll)

21. One hen
Two ducks
Three squawking geese
Four limerick oysters
Five corpulent porpoises
Six pair of Don Alversos tweezers
Seven thousand Macedonian warriors in full battle array
Eight bronze monkeys from the ancient, sacred crypts of Egypt
Nine apathetic, sympathetic, diabetic old men on roller skates with a marked propensity towards procrastination and sloth
Ten lyrical, spherical, diabolical denizens of the deep who hall stall around the corner of the quo of the quay of the quivery, all at the same time.
(from a radio announcer's voice test, circa 1941 Chicago)
22. What a to-do to die today at a minute or two to two
A thing distinctly hard to say but harder still to do.
For they'll beat a tattoo at a quarter to two
A rat-ta tat-tat ta tat-tat ta to
And the dragon will come when he hears the drum at a minute or two to two today
At a minute or two to two.
23. The secret dream
The hunger that can never be fulfilled
To come out of a late rehearsal and smell the lilacs
To have a play done as well as it can be done
By dear friends and tried colleagues
And not indifferently produced on all the stages of the world
Ah! Some of my friends will be onto it before you can say "knife"
To tell me that such a place cannot exist outside a daydream
But some of us, as we go, hold to a notion quite different.
(paraphrased from J.B. Priestley's essay, *On Delight*)
24. Amidst the mist and coldest frosts
With stoutest wrists and sternest boasts
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts.
25. If you stick a stock of liquor in your locker
It is slick to stick a lock upon your stock
Or some joker who is slicker
Is going to trick you of your liquor
If you fail to lock you liquor with a lock.
26. Trinidad and the big Mississippi
And the town Honolulu and the Lake Titicaca

- The Popocatepetel is not in Canada
 Rather in Mexico, Mexico, Mexico
 Canada, Malaga, Remedi, Brindisi
 Canada, Malaga, Remedi, Brindisi
 Canada, Malaga, Remedi, Brindisi
 Canada, Malaga, Remedi, Brindisi
 Yes!
 Tibet, Tibet, Tibet, Tibet
 Nagasaki, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Yokohama
 Tibet, Tibet, Tibet, Tibet
27. If you have built your castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them. (Thoreau)
28. Do not follow where the path may lead. Go, instead, where there is no path and leave a trail.
29. When health is absent
 Wisdom cannot reveal itself
 Art cannot become manifest
 Strength cannot fight
 Wealth becomes useless
 And intelligence cannot be applied.
30. He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind, and the fool shall be servant to the wise in heart. (*The Bible*, Proverbs 11:29)
31. The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me. He complains of my gab and my loitering. I too am not a bit tamed. I too am untranslatable. I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. (Walt Whitman)
32. I complained because I had no shoes
 Until I met a man who had no feet.
33. It was many and many a year ago
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabelle Lee. (Edgar Allan Poe, *Annabelle Lee*)
34. Remember that yours is the language of Shakespeare, and Milton, and The Bible.
 So don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon. (George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*)
35. I acted badly. Didn't know what to do with my hands, how to stand on the stage, how to control my voice. You've no idea what it feels like to know that you are acting badly. (Anton Chekhov)

36. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *A Psalm of Life*)
37. 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. (Walt Whitman)
38. Some men see things as they are and say, "Why?" I dream things that never were
and say, "Why not?" (John F. Kennedy)
39. Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or
we find it not.
40. The theatre is like a small republic; it requires private sacrifices for the good of
the whole. (Timberlake Wertenbaker, *Our Country's Good*)
41. Out of the night that covers me
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
- It matters not how straight the gait,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul. (William Ernest Henley, *Invictus*)
42. The trick is to live your days
as if each one may be your last
(for they go fast, and young men lose their lives
in strange and unimaginable ways)
but at the same time, plan long range
(for they go slow: if you survive
the shattered windshield and the bursting shell
you will arrive
at our approximation here below
of heaven or hell).
- To be specific, between the peony and the rose
plant squash and spinach, turnips and tomatoes;

beauty is nectar
and nectar, in a desert, saves --
but the stomach craves stronger sustenance
than the honeyed vine.
Therefore, marry a pretty girl
after seeing her mother;
speak truth to one man,
work with another;
and always serve bread with your wine.

But, son,
always serve wine. (Peter Meinke, *Advice to My Son*)

43. To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black block! (Gilbert & Sullivan)

44. I am the very model of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I've very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General. (Gilbert & Sullivan)

45. 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,

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,

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.

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. (Robert Frost)

46. Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see the wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire,
At thy will.

Selections from Shakespeare

47. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. (*Macbeth*)
48. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Caesar. (*Julius Caesar*)
49. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. (*Othello*)
50. And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial. (*Julius Caesar*)
51. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

- Knew you not Pompei? (*Julius Caesar*)
52. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands . . . senses . . . passions? . . . If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? (*The Merchant of Venice*)
53. Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reck's not his own rede. (*Hamlet*)
54. Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest. (*Hamlet*)
55. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (*Hamlet*)
56. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. (*Hamlet*)
57. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue;
but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke
my lines. (*Hamlet*)
58. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. (*Hamlet*)
59. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! (*Hamlet*)
60. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; (*Julius Caesar*)
61. 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....
And so he plays his part.
(*As You Like It*)

