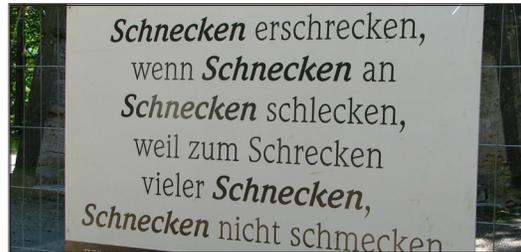


# VOCAL EXERCISES: PRACTICE PIECES

by Lindsay Price

A vast variety of pieces perfect for increasing vocal dexterity in your actors!



Focus on finding vocal variety in these pieces in addition to quickness and clarity. Don't just say these words, what's the emotion behind them? Do you understand what you're saying?

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

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And Thrice again to make up nine.  
Peace! The charm's wound up.

– Shakespeare

Unnumbered Suppliants crowd Preferment's Gate,  
Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

– Samuel Johnson

Cheerfulness charms us with a spell that reaches into  
eternity; and we would not exchange it for all the soulless  
beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

– Anna Cleaves

I am thy father's spirit;  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away.

– Shakespeare

There is a singular irregularity in using the word  
attributively.

He made a number of accusations concerning his  
impecunious but meritorious companion.

Though contentious and obsequious his innocence was  
emphasized by his superficiality.

Dorothy Dickenson dutifully dusting,  
Dainty and diligent, dark and demure,  
Dusting the dishes and dining room dresser,  
Dirty, dry dust is a deal to endure.  
Dizzy but doing no dropping of dishes,  
Dorothy dusts, dreaming daydreams till one,  
When her duster drops into the bowl of gold-fishes,  
And Dorothy Dickenson's dusting is done.

Give me the gift of the grip top sock.  
A drip drape, ship shape, tip top sock.  
Not your spin slick, slap stick, slip slop stock;  
But, a plastic elastic, grip top sock.

None of your fantastic slack swap slop  
From a slap-dash, flash-cash, haberdash shop;  
Not a knick knack, kit-lock,  
Knock-kneed knickerboxers sock  
With a mock-shot, blob-mottled tricktickertock clock;

Not a rucked-up, puckered-up flop-top sock;  
Not a super-sheer, seersucker ruckasack sock;  
Not a spot-speckled, frog-freckled cheap sheik's sock  
Off a hodge-podge, moss potched, botched scotch block  
Nothing slip shod, drip drop, flip flop, or glip glop,  
Tip me to a tip top, grip top sock!

Imagine an imaginary menagerie manager  
imagining managing an imaginary menagerie

Many moaning men  
Making music to the moon,  
Humming down their noses–  
It was a pleasant tune!

Continued Over...



PO Box 1064  
Crystal Beach, ON, L0S 1B0, Canada  
1-866-245-9138  
www.theatrefolk.com

The Fine Print

Copyright © 2010 by Lindsay Price, All Rights Reserved

You may freely copy and share this document, as long as the document is distributed in its entirety,  
including this notice. Please forward corrections and/or comments to the author.

Get more free stuff at: [theatrefolk.com/free](http://theatrefolk.com/free)

I thought I heard a thump and thud of thirty thick shod hoofs,  
Like thirty thousand hailstones thundering on the roofs;  
I think the thing I thought I heard was Arthur doing sums,  
Thudding with his thick-soled boots and thumping with his thumbs.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred.  
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attained stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall.  
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,  
That once went singing southward when all the world was young,  
In the enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war.  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold,  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold.  
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes!  
– *Chesterton*

## Passages That Work Different Areas Of The Mouth

Practice these passages to strengthen different areas of the mouth.

### » *The Lips*

Packing pickles poses problems.  
Pass the pens and pencils please.  
The stupid spider disappeared into the upturned barrel.  
You loose too many shoes.  
I bought a book about a boy who became a prince.  
Apparently the representative is appealing for support.  
The apples appear to be dropping haphazardly.  
Wendy watched the weasel walking.  
Do go through and look at Sue.  
Wild winds and wet weather.

### » *The Tongue*

I got wet while I was out.  
Take a tube to Tewksbury.  
Leave the lazy lion alone.  
The butler stopped to eat a toffee.  
Quick, catch and kick the ball.  
If you delay longer we're likely to be late.  
The dull light from the candle burned slowly in the lamp.  
The lorry was filled with bullion valued at three million.  
He didn't want to admit that the leader was right.  
It's terribly difficult to enunciate a lot of 'ts.'

### » *The Soft Palate and Back of Tongue*

I'm pulling a long length of string.  
More wagons making mud.  
Imagine mending the old thing.  
In the spring the birds are singing and the donkeys braying.  
He was greedily grabbing the gravy.  
Imagine mending the old thing.  
I'm making threatening noises.  
Can you be carrying the carrots from the garden?  
He's getting the grey gold clubs.  
I'm thinking of singing moving song. 🎤