

第8回 ウキルミナジュニアカップ 暗誦題材

課題 A

***“The Mermaid’s Child” by Shirley Barber***

Down by the sea, Louisa found  
A mermaid’s baby (so she said).  
It lay within an oyster shell,  
Curled up as if that was its bed.

She fed it sea-foam cake, and when  
It cried she gave its face a kiss.  
She combed its curls and cuddled it –  
Oh! We grew very tired of this.

She wouldn’t swim or play with us;  
She stayed beside it all the day.  
Thank goodness when the tide came in  
The mermaids took their child away.

## 課題 B

### *“Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face” by Jack Prelutsky*

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,  
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place—  
be glad your nose is on your face!

## 課題 C

### *“Since Hanna Moved Away” by Judith Viorst*

The tires on my bike are flat.  
The sky is grouchy gray.  
At least it sure feels like that  
Since Hanna moved away.

Chocolate ice cream tastes like prunes.  
December's come to stay.  
They've taken back the Mays and Junes  
Since Hanna moved away.

Flowers smell like halibut.  
Velvet feels like hay.  
Every handsome dog's a mutt  
Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.  
Nothing's fun to play.  
They call me, but I won't come out  
Since Hanna moved away.

課題 D

***“Cares” by Elizabeth Barrett Browning***

The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play;  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,  
I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay;  
Among the husking of the corn  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born  
Out in the fields with God.

## 課題 E

### *“Mother Doesn't Want a Dog” by Judith Viorst*

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they smell,  
And never sit when you say sit,  
Or even when you yell.  
And when you come home late at night  
And there is ice and snow,  
You have to go back out because  
The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they shed,  
And always let the strangers in  
And bark at friends instead,  
And do disgraceful things on rugs,  
And track mud on the floor,  
And flop upon your bed at night  
And snore their doggy snore.

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
She's making a mistake.  
Because, more than a dog, I think  
She will not want this snake.