



# SCHOOL-SCOUT.DE

Unterrichtsmaterialien in digitaler und in gedruckter Form

## Auszug aus:

*It`s Christmastime, sieben Texte für die Vorweihnachtszeit*

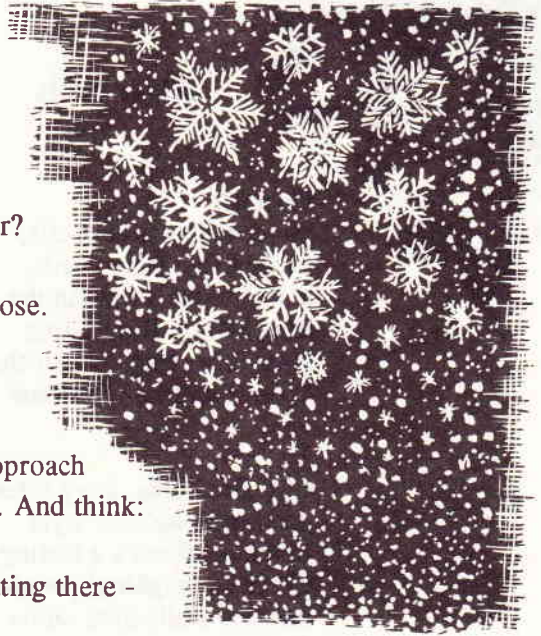
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[School-Scout.de](http://School-Scout.de)



## Snowflakes

And did you know  
That every flake of snow  
That forms so high  
In the grey winter sky  
And falls so far,  
Is a bright six-pointed star?  
Each crystal grows  
A flower as perfect as a rose.  
Lace could never make  
The patterns of a flake.  
No brooch  
Of figured silver could approach  
Its delicate craftsmanship. And think:  
Each pattern is distinct.  
Of all the snowflakes floating there -



The million million in the air -  
None is the same. Each star  
Is newly forged, as faces are,  
Shaped to its own design  
Like yours and mine  
And yet ... each one  
Melts when its flight is done;  
Holds frozen loveliness  
A moment, even less;  
Suspends itself in time -  
And passes like a rhyme.

Clive Sansom

I'll play the music for you on the piano", said Miss Barton.

So Sandra sang, and it was quite lovely. There was no other word for it. Full of feeling and with a voice as clear as a bell. Sensational! When she had finished, they all clapped.

"What are we waiting for?" cried Debbie.

"Let's sing the carol right through. There's no time like the present. Sandra must get all the practice she can. And then we can do the recording tomorrow!" And they did.

\*\*\*\*\*

The recording on 11th November went really well, and Miss Barton sent the tape off to the BBC at Birmingham.

"Now comes the long wait for the competition judges' decision", she said and groaned.

"I bet they take weeks", sighed Debbie.

"Not that long", said Sue. "After all, the final competition between the best three schools and their carols will be on television on 23rd December. I guess we'll know it in about a month from now."



No-one was hurt. But the choir needed transport. Could he send back the first bus for them?

The BBC producer was tearing his hair by now. "I'll take the other two choirs first. But it is twenty-nine minutes to twelve now. If your bus doesn't get here by a quarter past twelve, I'm afraid you're out of the competition!"

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At twelve o'clock the programme began with a marvellous all-girls choir from a convent school near Manchester. The carol they sang about holly and a Christmas tree was very pretty but a bit boring. Then, at seven minutes past twelve, the choir from Eton College sang a very complicated and beautiful carol in Latin. Debbie and Mr Brodrick could not bear to listen. They rushed out of the studio. Only six minutes to spare. Where was the Worcester bus? Their question was answered two minutes later when it arrived, covered in snow and with frantically waving students at the windows.

Miss Barton and Mr Brodrick rushed them to the studio. The producer came out of the control room and gave them all a few last instructions. And then the great moment had arrived!

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the host of the programme, "here is the last choir in our competition.



It is from Nunnery Wood School in Worcester and it will sing to you the last carol. Words by Debbie Appleton and music by Sue Jackman and Oliver Harvey."

Sandra sang beautifully and the choir was really great. They all forgot about the cameras and the lights. It was all over very quickly. They were terribly excited when they had finished. They sat down at the back of the studio while a Welsh singer from the BBC choir sang an old Welsh carol. The judges sat in a corner and tried to



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