

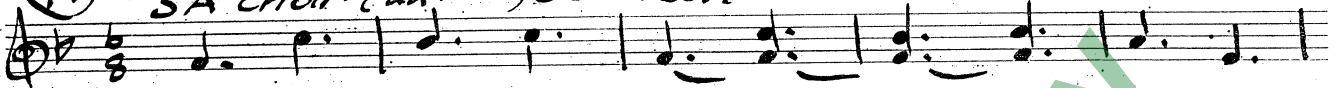
# - The Lorax -

words: Dr. Zeuss  
music: Judith Clingan

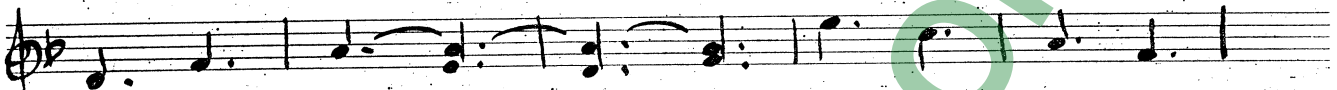
for speakers, SA choir (children);  
flute, clarinet, cello, percussion.

1979  
(Commissioned by  
National Eisteddfod Society  
for Children's  
Choral Workshop,  
International Year of the Child.)

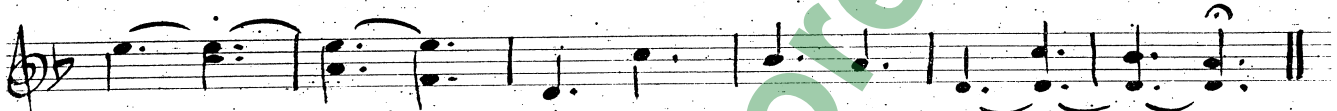
**A** SA choir (ah....) slow & soft:



speakers: At the far end of town, And the wind smells slow And no  
where the grickle grass grows, and sour when it blows, birds

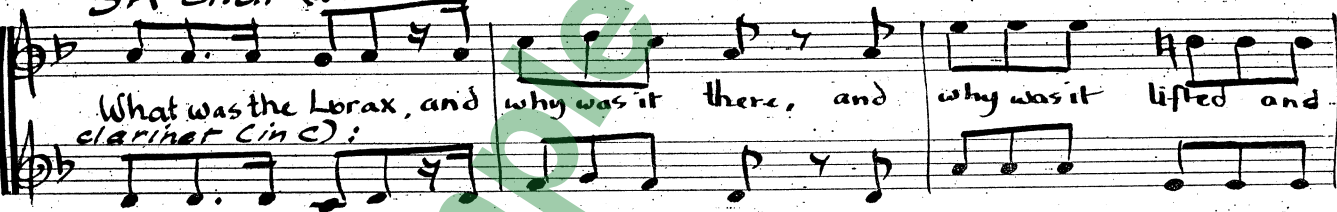


ever sing, Is the street of the And, deep in the grickle grass,  
excepting old crows, Lifted Lorax. some people say,

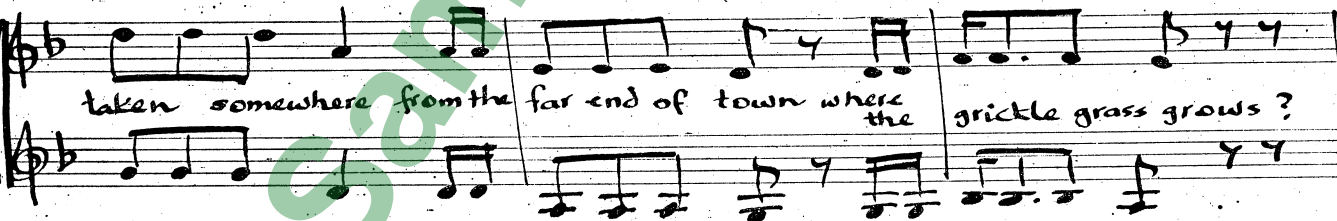


If you look deep enough, Where the Lorax once before somebody  
you can still see today stood just as long lifted the Lorax  
as it could away.

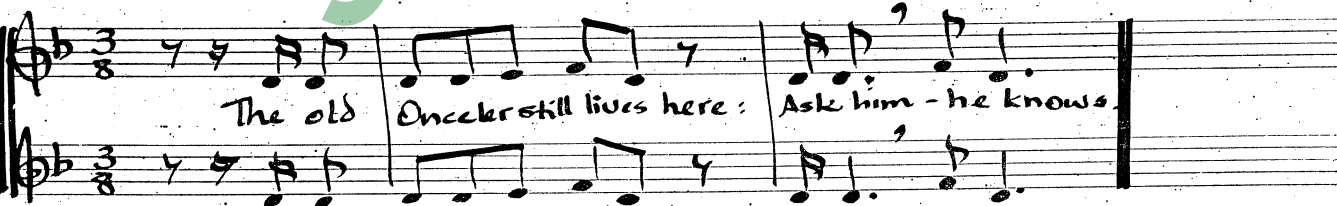
SA choir (unison):



What was the Lorax, and why was it there, and why was it lifted and  
clarinet (in C):



taken somewhere from the far end of town where the grickle grass grows?



The old Onecker still lives here: Ask him - he knows.

cello (slow, dreamlike)



Speakers:

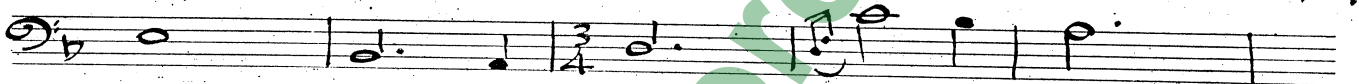
You won't see the Onceler, He stays in his lerkim He lurks in his  
 don't knock at his door On top of his store Cold under the lerkim,  
 roof,



where he makes his own clothes  
 out of mill-muttered moof. And on special dank midnights  
 in August, he peeks



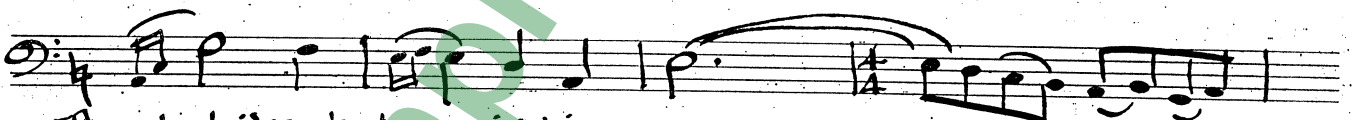
Out of the shutters, And tells how the lorax He'll tell you,  
 and sometimes he speaks, was lifted away. perhaps,  
 if you're willing to pay.



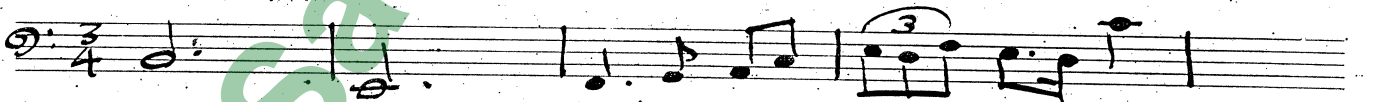
On the end of a rope And you have to toss in 15 pence  
 he lets down a tin pail, And the shell of a great great,  
 grandfather snail.



Then he pulls up the pail, To see if you've paid him  
 makes a most careful count, the proper amount,



Then he hides what you paid him His secret strange hole  
 away in his snuv, in his gruvulous glove.



Then he grunts, for the secrets I tell Slupp! Down slapps  
 I will call you by are for your ears alone. the whisper-mar-phonx  
 whisper-ma-phonx, to your ear,



And the old Onceler's whispers are not very clear,