

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for **Theatre on Tour**

For your video audition, please select one of the following poems (or one of your choice) to prepare. In your video, begin with a slate: Introduce yourself, including your name (pronouns if you wish), age/grade, and which poem you have prepared.

Complete the audition form [here](#) to submit your video audition. We will begin reviewing auditions starting with the priority deadline of February 15, and then on a rolling basis as space allows. We will contact you once the directing team has viewed your video.

This audition will determine acceptance into the program. A follow-up placement audition will take place later in the year for casting.

Theatre on Tour performs at the Boston Children's Museum for audiences of young children. As you prepare one of the poems- imagine that you are telling a story/ acting it out for little kids- lots of expression, gestures, movement, etc.

Spaghetti

Spaghetti, spaghetti all over the place,
Up to my elbows- up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad, mushy mess.
The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all buried)
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw confetti."
I guess they heard wrong
'Cause they all threw spaghetti!

Eighteen Flavors

Eighteen luscious, scrumptious flavors—
Chocolate, lime, and cherry,
Coffee, pumpkin, fudge-banana.
Caramel cream and boysenberry,
Rocky road and Toasted almond,
Butterscotch, vanilla dip,
Butter-Brickle, apple ripple,
Coconut and mocha chip,
Brandy Peach and Lemon Custard,
Each scoop lovely, smooth, and round,
Tallest ice-cream cone in town,
Lying there (sniff) on the ground.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too
Went for a ride in a flying shoe
Hooray!
What fun!
It's time we flew!
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, and Pickle was crew
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew
As higher
And higher
And higher they flew,
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,
Over the sun and beyond the blue.
Hold on!
Stay in!
I hope we do!
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too
Never returned to the world they knew,
And nobody
Knows what's
Happened to
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Where the Sidewalk Ends

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Snowman

“Twas the first day of the springtime,
And the snowman stood alone
As the winter snows were melting,
And the pine trees seemed to groan,
“Ah, you poor, sad, smiling snowman,
You’ll be melting by and by.”
Said the snowman, “What a pity,
For I’d like to see July.
Yes, I’d like to see July, and please don’t ask me why.
But I’d like to, yes I’d like to, oh I’d like to see July.”

Pirate Captain Jim

“Walk the plank,” says Captain Jim.
“But Captain Jim, I cannot swim.”
“Then you must steer us through the gale.”
“But Captain Jim, I cannot sail.”
“Then down with the galley slaves you go.”
“But Captain Jim, I cannot row.”
“Then you must be the pirates’ clerk.”
“But Captain Jim, I cannot work.”
“Then a pirate captain you must be.”
“Thank you, Jim,” says Captain Me.

Invitation

If you are a dreamer, come in,
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer...
If you’re a pretender, come sit by my fire
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!

Ourchestra

So you haven’t got a drum, just beat your belly.
So I haven’t got a horn— I’ll play my nose.
So we haven’t any cymbals—
We’ll just slap our hands together.
And though there may be orchestras
That sound a little better
With their fancy shiny instruments

That cost an awful lot—
Hey, we're making music twice as good
By playing what we've got!

Shadow Wash

I've never washed my shadow out
In all the time I've had it.
It was absolutely filthy I supposed,
And so I peeled it off
The wall where it was leaning
And stuck it in the washtub
With the clothes.
I put in soap and bleach and stuff,
I let it soak for hours,
I wrung it out and hung it out to dry,
And whoever would have thunk
That it would have gone and shrunk
For now it's so much
Littler than I.