

The 6 Main Facets of Vocal Expression

PITCH The height or depth of the voice. Generally defined as high, medium or low and determined by the frequency the vocal folds vibrate/come together as air passes through them – i.e. As the number of vibrations per second increases, then your voice sounds higher; conversely, as the vibration rate slows, then your voice becomes deeper.

PACE The rate of delivery.

PAUSE To cease or suspend speech temporarily, a break or rest.

POWER Volume. The amount of support you give to the voice. The strength of delivery.

INFLECTION Alteration in pitch of the voice, either upward or downward.

tone The characteristic mode of sounding words in speech, the quality in the delivery.

Some Minor Tools

LENGTH OF VOWEL SOUND

Awareness and articulation of long vowels **OO** as in cool, **AW** as in crawl, **AH** as in car, **ER** as in care, **EE** as in clean. And diphthongs (a two-sounding vowel) **OH** as in cope, **OW** as in cow, **OI** as in coin, **AY** as in cape, **IGH** as in crime, **EAR** as in clear, **AIR** as in chair and **OOER** as in poor. 'Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.'
[**AH**sk not for wh**OO**m the bell **tOH**lls, it **tOH**lls for th**EE**].

A RUN-ON LINE/SUSPENSORY PAUSE

When the meaning runs over at the end of one poetic line onto the next to complete the syntax. Technically, this involves keeping the inflection of the last word of the run-on line up, slightly elongating the vowel and dropping down on to the next line, without taking a breath.

WORD ENDINGS

T sounds, D's and L's and ING's at the ends of words. Avoid the glottal stop. 'It wouldn't be right or fitting to state that word endings matter not'.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night *Dylan Thomas*

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

She walks in beauty *Lord Byron*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Sonnet 116: Let me not to the marriage of true minds *William Shakespeare*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.