Articulation and Voice Exercises

Repeat the following phrases aloud, paying special attention to clear articulation.

1. A big baby buggy with rubber buggy bumpers.
2. She sells seashells by the seashore.
3. Double bubble gum bubbles double.
4. Each sixth chick sat on a stick.
5. Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws.
6. Does your shirt shop stock socks with spots?
7. Six slim slick slender saplings.
8. Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.
9. I bought a box of biscuits, a box of mixed biscuits, and biscuits-mixed.
10. Eat fresh fried fish free at the fish fry.
11. Theophilus, the thistle sifter, while sifting a sifter full of thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thickness of his thumb.
12. Three gray geese in the green grass grazing; gray were the geese and green was the grazing.
13. The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us.
14. The sixth sheik’s sixth sheep’s sick.
15. She stood on the balcony, inexplicably mimicking him hiccuping, and welcoming him in.
17. Truly rural.
19. Tie twine to the tree twigs.
20. Lemon liniment.
21. Which wily wizard wished wicked wishes for Willy?

22. Fetch me the finest French-fried freshest fish that Finney fries.


24. One year we had a Christmas brunch with Merry Christmas Mush to munch. But I don’t think you’d care for such. We didn’t like to munch mush much.

25. The view from the veranda gave forth a fine vista of waves and leafy foliage.

26. While we waited for the whistle on the wharf, we whittled vigorously on the white weatherboards.

27. Grass grew green on the graves in Grace Gray’s grandfather’s graveyard.

    Briggs pats pink pigs.
    Briggs pats big pigs.
    Pete Briggs is a pink pig, big pig patter.

29. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
    With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
    He thrusts his fists against the posts,
    And still insists he sees the ghosts.

30. (Deep voice exercise. Take a deep breath, expand the diaphragm, release the breath slowly and say:)

    I am Thy Father’s Spirit
    Doomed for a certain term
    To walk the night
    And by Day confined to
    The fires of Hell
    Till the Foul Deeds of my Past Life
    Are burnt and purged away.  
    
    (Shakespeare, Hamlet)