FOKUS ENGELSK



ILLUSTRERTE SPRÅKLYDVERS

ENGELSK SOM ANDRE- ELLER FREMMEDSPRÅK

Toril Karstad

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Sang:

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PERSONLIGE PRONOMENER OG VERBET "TO BE"-VERS – SANG NR. 1



Mel.: Bjørnen sover

I am happy. You are happy. They are happy, too. We are really happy. She is really happy. He is happy. It is nice that we can stay with you!

I was lonely. You were lonely. They were lonely, too. We were really lonely. She was really lonely. He was lonely. It was nice that we could stay with you! I've been merry. You've been merry. They've been merry, too. We've been really merry. She's been really merry. He's been merry. It's been nice that we could stay with you!

Can you see **me**? I can see **you**. We can see **them**, too. Can you see **us** – really? I can see **her** freely. Can you see **him**? See to **it** that we can stay with you!

I'm so happy!
You're so happy!
They're so happy, too!
We're so very happy!
She's so very happy!
He's so happy!
It's a gift that
we can stay with you.

ට් CLYD-VERS – SANG NR. 2



Egen melodi

I'll tell you about a mouth that could shout: Her weight was an ounce, but how she could bounce! Well, down in my house there lived a brown mouse. She went out to town and found a round crown. A hound drowned an owl. She made a loud howl. Wow! Now, this sounds bad! Her outing was sad.

\oplus **I**-LYD-VERS A — SANG NR. 3



Egen melodi

Please stay away! You may not play with me in May, and not today! Another day maybe I say: "It is okay if they'll obey!"

\ominus **I**-LYD-VERS B — SANG NR. 4



Mel.: Ten little Indians

You may caper with strings of paper. There's a lady. Her name is Sadie. She can maybe forget her baby. She is always away. Hear a saying while you are playing! In a stable there was a table. In the manger there was a stranger. Christ was laid in the hay.

\oplus I-LYD-VERS C — SANG NR. 5



Mel.: I en skog en stue lå

Straighten up! Your steak was great! I ate eight potatoes, mate! I'll gain weight! The scale may break! I've got stomach ache. I'll bake cakes for ageing Gray who is eighty-eight today. Gray, my neighbour, rides the sleigh eighteen miles a day!

al-Lyd-vers — SANG NR. 6



Mel.: Nisser og dverger

Cry, little fly! Fly high in the sky! Do now say bye-bye to my sweet apple pie! It's not a lie: I just want to try to save a big slice for my nice, fifty mice! Don't stay inside, 'cause I've really tried to fight for my pie. So: With kindness, goodbye! I've on my mind that I want to find a wild spider. Hi! There's a tired, one-eyed guy!

Why do you lie so silently by my bike? Tell me why you're so frightened and shy! Vikings like me go hitch-hiking. Be my road-riding friend night and day, till the end!

∫-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 7

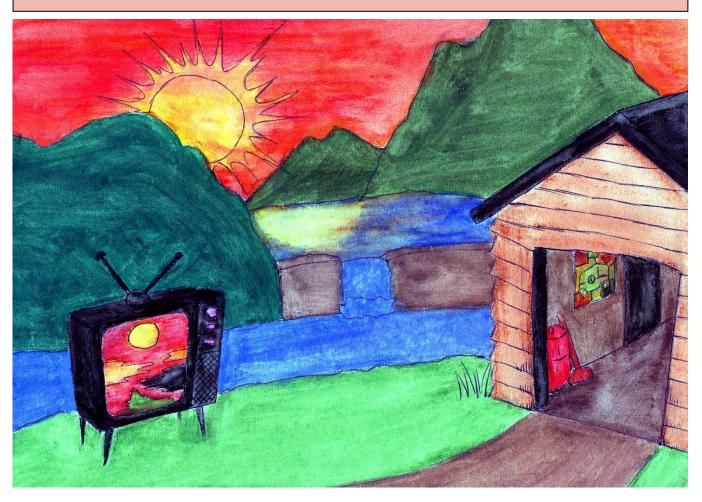


Egen melodi

Buy some sugar for a shilling! Wash the dishes, and be willing to go shopping at the shore! Shine your shoes and shut the door!

Don't **sh**rug **sh**oulders! It's a **sh**ame, Roy! **Sh**ift your **sh**abby **sh**irt and **sh**ave, boy! Bring my wi**sh**es, and don't pu**sh**! With affec**ti**on, Mother Bu**sh**.

3-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 8



Mel.: Ten little Indian boys

It's a pleasure to find a treasure. Television can cause division. See this version, this TV-version, but don't believe a mirage! It's illusion and a delusion! Take occasion to play invasion! This collage is a camouflage! I need my usual massage!

əひ-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 9, VERS 1-2



Egen melodi

I felt so old. It was so cold. My grown-up goat stole my old coat. I warmed my nose with my own hose. But no! My toe did touch the snow! I said: "I won't stay here! I don't like this old stove." So, then I drove back home to mow. I met a crow and said: "Hello, my fellow! Go!"

əひ-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 9, VERS 3-4



Egen melodi

I borrowed clothes at motor-roads. A wheelbarrow rolled coal, but oh: I met a ghost! I will not boast, but I did cope with my thick rope! I brought my mobile phone, you know. I sold my gold, as I was told. Then I woke up in Daddy's lap! It was a dream! Oh, I could scream!

t**J**-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 10



Egen melodi

Here's a picture of a match. Here's a charming child and such chickens who eat chocolate chips, chewing gum and cheese with dips.

Here's the ki**tch**en. We have lun**ch**. We eat pea**ch**es – a whole bun**ch**! There's the tea**ch**er whom you sea**rch**. She's made pa**tch**work for the chu**rch**.

d**3-LYD-VERS** – SANG NR. 11



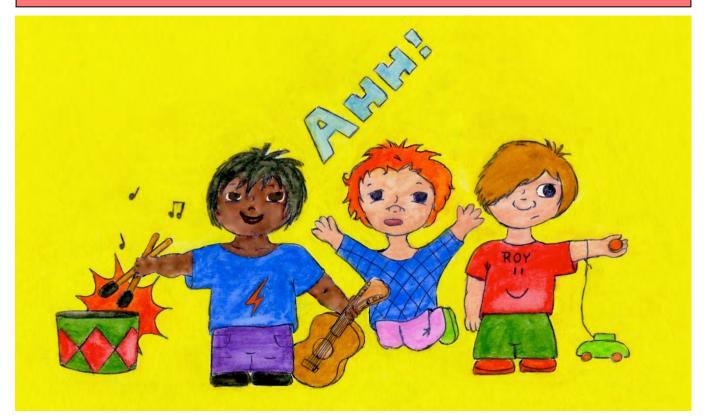
Mel.: Mange trær i skogen

There's a virgin, born in June. She made journeys to the moon. She wore jewellery and jeans. She just loved beans.

It was dangerous on the edge. In July she made a pledge. In the jungle, she ate jam and joined a lamb.

She had orange juice and tea, vegetables and porridge. She crossed the bridge in January with Joyce and me.

JI-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 12

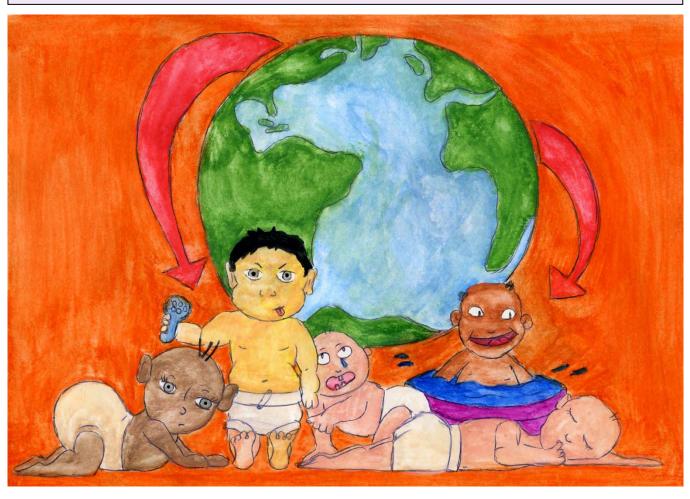


Egen melodi

There were two boys who made some noise. A boy did join them with his coin. He tried to make an appointment. It was a great disappointment.

His name was R**oy**. He had a t**oy**. He tried to p**oi**nt and stretched his j**oi**nt. He didn't get an app**oi**ntment. It was a great disapp**oi**ntment.

Θ -LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 13



Egen melodi

Both north and south upon our Earth, each month one thousand thieves give birth to healthy babies, thin and thick, who throw some toys, suck thumbs and lick.

And we **th**ink: "Such a **th**orough **th**irst!" They have a ba**th**. They're **th**rilled at first! But with a **th**ud they hurt a **th**igh. They show their **th**ree white tee**th** and cry!

\tilde{O} -LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 14

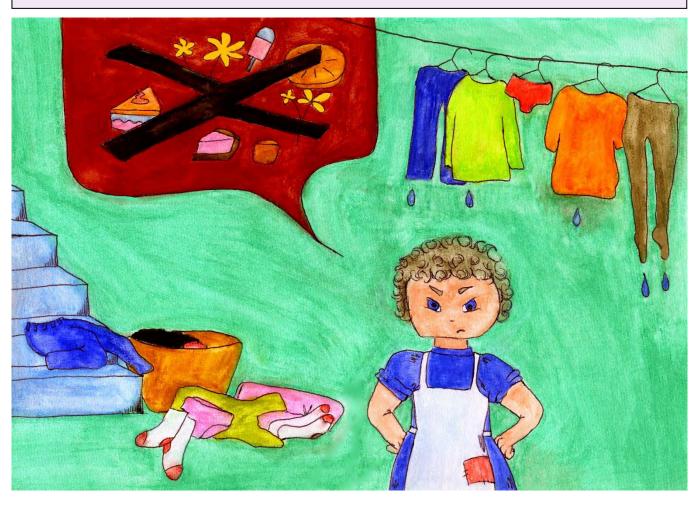


Egen melodi

These four people stay together: Father, Mother, Brother, Heather love each other without doubt. They are blithe. They bathe and shout.

Now breathe smoothly! Ask the father whether Brother's clothes are rather dirty, although they are new! That's what Heather says is true.

Z-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 15, VERS 1



Mel.: Og mannen ville fra nissen flytte

Are these clothes his, hers, yours, theirs, or ours? You'll have no pies, no dessert, no flowers! This busy mum isn't pleased because your trousers are on the stairs! Now, pause! I will not praise you nor give applause.

Z-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 15, VERS 2



Mel.: Og mannen ville fra nissen flytte

Go right upstairs, and please zip your zippers! There'll be no zest, xylophone or slippers! 'Cause Santa Claus is a zealous guy. You don't deserve a surprise, so why should he give presents to you? Goodbye!

\mathbf{v} ອ/j \mathbf{v} ອ ELLER **ງ**:/j**ງ**:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 16-17



Egen melodi

I'm not sure: Is this cure pure or just a dangerous lure? I am really curious, and I may be furious! With assurance of insurance I'll endure this cure.

STUM GH FORAN T-VERS — SANG NR. 18



Egen melodi

I was frightened in the night. I sat upright, lit the light, fought and thought: "I must sit straight!" I sought comfort – felt my weight.

It was right that I had bought flashlights, as my mother taught. I was going through a fight. My emotions were not bright.

\ominus -LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 19



Egen melodi

"Why do you stare? Why don't you care? Repair my hair! I'm in despair! I need some air! It's hard to bear. I'm bare! It isn't fair!" We went upstairs and sat in chairs. She shared a pear, which I did tear. The fairy took my scary look! My hair is really there!

$I \ominus$ -LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 20



Egen melodi

My dear reindeer, listen with your ear: Be near, stay here! Do not disappear! Wipe a tear and do not fear! It is clear: You follow my idea!

W-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 21



Mel.: Tyven, tyven

Once I wanted one whole week away from work – just anywhere! I went down to Wales. The weather was so warm! It was quite rare. It took quite a while, then I went to dial to my twenty-year-old wife at Wallasey Isle.

3:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 22



Mel: Mot i brystet

Journalist, a nurse with serpents! What's your first reaction?

Kern's got birds, some turtles, and a cattle herd.

It is her determined purpose and her satisfaction

to give work to urchin. Have you heard her word?

Kern's a perfect girl, certainly a pearl!

Come on Thursday, sir! It's worth a note.

Search to learn about her mercy and her first aid service!

Further info's in the church report she wrote.

F-LYD MED GH OG PH-VERS — SANG NR. 23



Mel.: Mange trær i skogen står

I must laugh: I feel so rough! So much laughter! I'm so tough! I must cough – now it's enough! It is enough!

Philip's a photographer,prophet and philosopher.A typhoon destroyed his phoneand saxophone.

Phantom Zoo has elephants, dolphins and amphibians close to Alpha Orphanage and Triumph Bridge.

J:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 24, VERS 1



Mel: Da klokka klang

We went to Heathrow Airport with our fourteen-year-old daughter, Sue. We wanted to explore the autumn waters of Peru. We sought a fortnight's pause, that's all. I was exhausted. So was Paul. Our horse had just been slaughtered. I felt sore. I had to bawl.

C:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 24, VERS 2



Mel: Da klokka klang

We walked through airport halls at dawn. There was no morning transport there. Paul yawned. He was so warm and bored. The corridor was bare. The doors and walls were ten feet tall. So therefore we felt short and small. We brought enormous wardrobes! I was worn out. So was Paul.

O:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 24, VERS 3



Mel: Da klokka klang

We already had bought our tickets, so, we boarded and took off. I watched recorded football. The reporter had a cough. I heard a short performance, too: A quartet with four horns – it's true – and then a boring orchestra. The audience was few.

O:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 24, VERS 4



Mel: Da klokka klang

Now we are here in Lima. In the salty water we swim crawl. We organize our mornings well. We draw, do sports and call. A northern storm hit Lima's shore. But we were cautious – as before. My story's neither long nor short. I can't talk anymore.

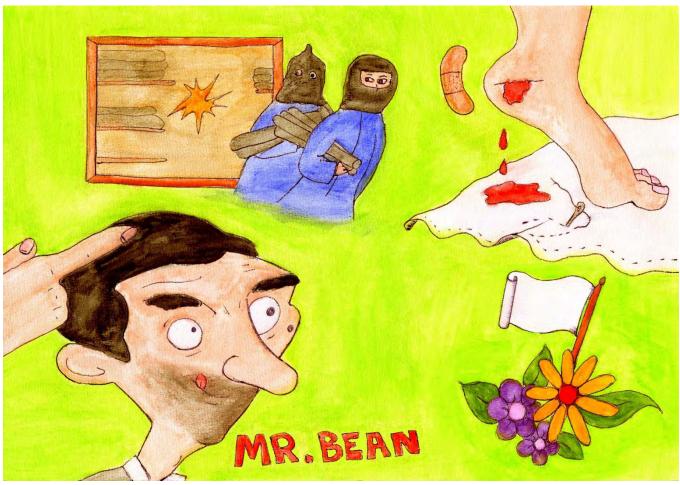
I :- LYD I HOMOFONE PAR-VERS — SANG NR. 25, VERS 1



Mel: I en skog en stue lå

Teacher, rent this *sweet*, old *suite*! Let us *meet* and eat some *meat*! Will you *see* me by the *sea*? Wow! That *flea* did *flee*! I feel really *weak* each *week*. Tea pots *leak*! Please eat your *leek*! *Peel* your peach! The church bells *peal*. Green, *we'll* keep this *wheel*.

I ∶-LYD I HOMOFONE PAR-VERS — SANG NR. 25, VERS 2



Mel: I en skog en stue lå

Don't be *mean*! I *mean* to dream. Eve, you *seem* to sew a *seam*. Leaders seek to *steal* some *steel*. *Heal* my bleeding *heel*! Now I need a *piece* of *peace*! *Seize* the thief! See what he *sees*! Have you *seen* the evil *scene*? *Bean*, where have you *been*?

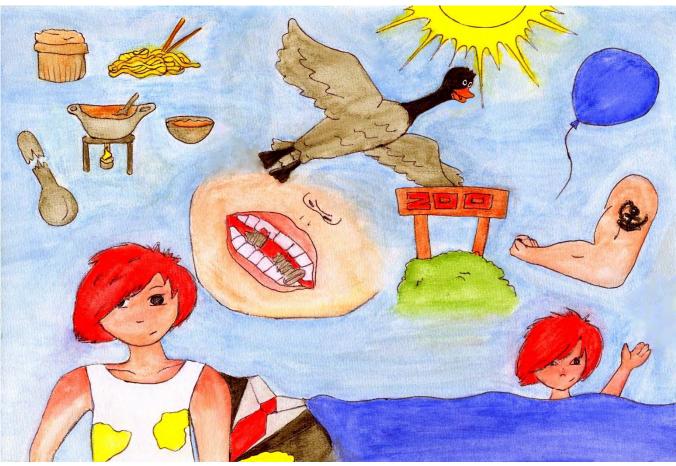
ju: **og** u: **-lyd-vers** — **sang Nr. 26, vers 1 med** ju:



Own melody: Ç-lyd med KJ-vers Lesekurs B

My music and computer teacher used to be a beauty. She knew our steward in her youth and told him news – her duty. She's usually quite popular. Her words are not accusing. She educates musicians, too. Her tunes are quite amusing. Students learn new musicals from Europe every Tuesday night at the UK University. The queue of pupils is huge! You've seen the sight.

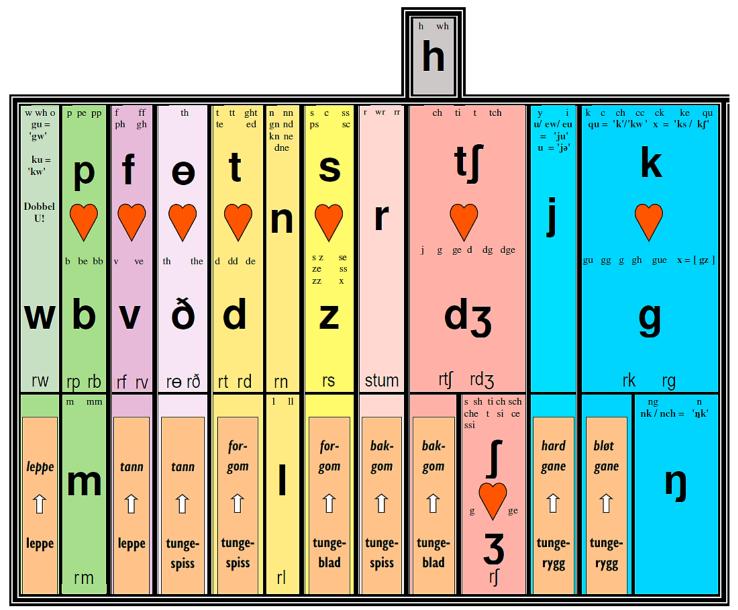
ju: OG u:-LYD-VERS — SANG NR. 26, VERS 2 MED u:



Own melody: Ç-lyd med KJ-vers Lesekurs B

This afternoon a blue balloon flew through the zoo. It's true, Sue. The pool was cool. A goose was loose. We saw a cool tattoo, too. Tom Bloomer bit a screw in two. He bruised a tooth. It's foolish! Our food was: Noodles and soufflé, some soup and a fondue dish. It was lukewarm but superb! I spilled some fruit juice on my suit, and I had no clue how to undo it. Then my spoon broke. I am a rude recruit!

Engelsk språklydhus med lydskrift



Hjertene symboliserer stemt-ustemt-par. Man former taleorganene likt i disse parene, men bare den ene lyden bruker stemmen.

De små bokstavene i hvert rom viser ulike måter vi skriver den aktuelle språklyden på.

Nederst i en del rom står lydskrifttegnet med en <u>r</u> foran. Dette betyr at i britisk-engelsk tale uttaler vi ikke r foran disse lydene, selv om man skriver r. For eksempel skriver vi <u>sharp</u>, men uttaler det: "ʃɑ:p"

Vokal	Fremre	Eksempel	Midtre	Eksempel	Bakre	Eksempel
Kort vokal	I (trykksterk)	in	٨	u p	ប	p u t
	e	e nd	 e (trykklett schwa) 	broth er	a	on
	æ	a nd, m a n			u (trykklett)	int o
	i (trykklett)	furious				
Lang vokal	i:	seal	3:	earn	u:	loose
					a:	father
					o:	saw
Diftong	ei	say	ູ ບອ, jບອ	s ure , p ure	៦ប	g o ld
	аі	hi	IƏ	hear, here	ลช	h ow
	JI	b oy	eə	hair		