

Study Guide for *Musical Stories from Around the Globe*



Thank you for spending your Sunday afternoon with Orchestra Miami! Today's program will take us to some fascinating locations around the globe- through music!

Our stories hail from China, Pakistan, Mexico (from a Mayan folk tale), the Korea, via the USA!

All of these stories are told through music- either sung by a choir, or read by a narrator accompanied and illustrated by the instruments. Our choir is the Forest Glen Middle School Mixed Choir under the direction of Dr. Anthony Zoeller. Our musicians are all members of Orchestra Miami, and you will meet them below!

All of the compositions today (except for one!) are by NYC based composer and conductor [Victoria Bond](#).

Here are the pieces you will enjoy today!

Listen to the Wind- Lyrics by Susan Roth and Victoria Bond

Listen to the wind. Can you hear our voices?

We are the children of Korphe, we learn in the school that we built together.

Our mothers hauled water; our fathers raised the wall. Each son and daughter helped them, no one was too small.

Pakistan, ke paharon mayn. Hawa ki pukar soono. Hasmari dhi pukar soono.

Hum Korphe. Gaon ke bache hain. Hum oos school mayn parhte hain jisko humnekhud basnaya jisjo banaya humne khud.

All together up the mountain. Imam Sher Taki. All together up the mountain. Teacher Hussein.

All together up the mountain. Greg came back again. Julia, American librarian, mothers, fathers, girls and boys.

All together up the mountain. Porters carry books on their backs. All together up the mountain. Goats and sheeps, dzos and yaks. All together up the mountain. Korphe has a school!

"Listen to the Wind" is based on a children's book by Susan Roth called *The Story of Dr. Greg and Three Cups of Tea*, which tells Greg Mortenson's true story of his time building a school for the children in Korphe, Pakistan.

Where is Pakistan?

PAKISTAN LOCATION MAP



Pakistan is a country in South Asia and is the 5th most populous nation on the world! Its official name is The Islamic Republic of Pakistan, and has the world's 2nd largest Muslim population, just behind Indonesia. It is the 33rd largest country, about the size of France and the U.K put together, and the 2nd largest country in South Asia. Korphe is a small farming village at the foot of the Karakoram mountain range. Korphe has achieved international attention because of the work carried out by mountaineer [Greg Mortenson](#) and his [Central Asia Institute \(CAI\)](#) which specializes in raising money from all over the world in order to provide good quality schooling for the children of Korphe and similar villages throughout the region, including [Afghanistan](#). Here is a picture of Korphe:



Language and Culture

Pakistan is the site of many ancient cultures and gained its independence from British Indian Empire in 1947. Pakistan is a multicultural, multilinguistic, and multiethnic society. Urdu and English are the official languages of Pakistan. There is also a large [Pakistani diaspora](#) worldwide, numbering over seven million, which has been recorded as the sixth largest diaspora in the world.

Do you know any people from Pakistan? You might recognize this amazing woman!



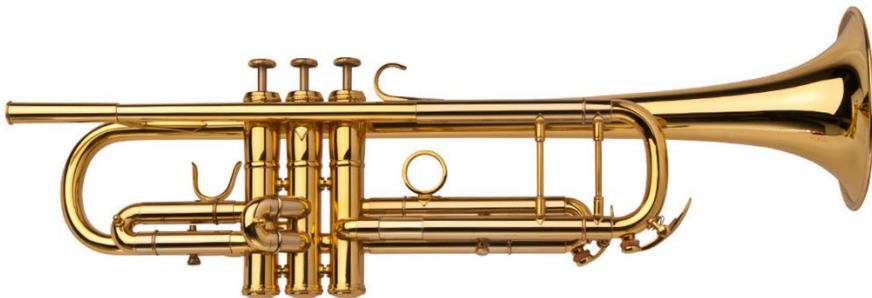
Malala Yousafzai is a Pakistani women's rights activist who became the youngest ever person to be awarded the 'Nobel Prize' when she won the 'Nobel Peace Prize' in 2014. Malala is mainly known for her advocacy of female education in her native Swat Valley, Pakistan. Born into a family of progressive thinkers and educationists, Malala started expressing her frustration over the restrictive practices of the Taliban in an anonymous blog when she was just 11 years old. Very mature and intelligent for her age, Malala wrote about how the Taliban were attempting to control the valley and trying to prevent girls from going to school. Her blog gained much prominence around the world and she soon became popular as an emerging activist who campaigned for girls' rights to education.

Encouraged by her father to freely express her thoughts, she became more vocal in voicing her opinion of women's rights to education. This angered the Taliban which issued a death threat against her. She was shot by a gunman when she was returning from school. The gutsy girl survived the horrific attack and returned to activism even more determined than before.

The Corn in the Rock- Text adapted by Bob Sander from a Mayan Folk Tale

Based on a Mayan Folktale, *Corn in the Rock* brings to life a story of the animal kingdom and how, through community effort, they solve the mystery of their missing corn. One morning, all of the animals wake to discover that their corn has been stolen. After gathering together they notice that the only animal missing is Coyote. One by one they volunteer to sneak up to the suspect's cave to see if he is, indeed, the culprit. Finally, it is the lightning bug who sheds his light, illuminating a mountain of glowing corn hidden in greedy Coyote's cave. With the help of the Thunderbolts, the cave is cracked open, releasing a river of golden, red, and orange—what we now know as Indian corn. The work is interactive as the narrator enlists children from the audience as characters in the story. Instruments and sound effects engage young audiences, demonstrating the significance of teamwork and harmony.

Instruments performing The Corn on the Rock



Can you name this instrument?

How about these??



- Answers: B flat Trumpet, French Horn, Bass Trombone, Percussion

Who were the ancient Maya?

The **Maya** people are remembered for **amazing creations**, like their spectacular buildings and beautiful objects made from **jade**, a rare and valuable material.

They also **invented** groundbreaking ideas which have helped shape the way we live our lives today. For example, it's thought that the Maya invented the idea of '**zero**'.

The Maya civilisation began long ago in a place called **Mesoamerica**. This huge area is **made up of Mexico and part of Central America**.

Today, there are an estimated seven million people of Mayan descent living in MesoAmerica. The largest populations of contemporary Maya inhabit Guatemala, Belize, and the western portions of Honduras and El Salvador, as well as large segments of population within the [Mexican states](#) of [Yucatán](#), [Campeche](#), [Quintana Roo](#), [Tabasco](#), and [Chiapas](#).

Babies Can't eat Kimchee

This fun piece is sung by choir, accompanied by the piano. The words are by Susan L. Roth and Nancy Patz. It's based on their children's book, which is a heartwarming story of two Korean sisters, celebrating a universal bond between a tiny baby sister and her loving big sister.

Text:

Babies, babies, babies, babies can't eat kimchee!

And they can't eat popcorn, pancakes, pizza, pretzels, potato chips, peanut butter!

Babies can't eat lots of things!

And they can't eat chocolate, cupcakes, candies, cookies, crackers, custard!

Babies don't know how to dance, babies don't know how to dress, babies don't know how to draw.

They don't know how to hop or stand on their toes, and they can't wear big girl dress up clothes, they don't know how to skip, or twirl, or jump, and they can't even draw a camel's hump, and they don't even know what an elephant is, or a tiger or a duck or a snake that goes "hiss"!

Babies don't know a lot, they don't act like us, and they yell and scream and make a big fuss!

Because they are very little.

Babies, babies, babies, babies!

Babies get big, babies will talk, some day I'll teach my baby to walk. And I'll teach my baby to look both ways at the corner.

When we have ice cream I'll teach her not to make a mess. And on her first birthday I'll help her with her dress. I'll teach my baby to dance and leap and strut, we'll swing high! And do you know what?

Early in the morning when they're all asleep, we'll whisper so softly, we won't make a peep! We'll read funny stories. It will be sweet and then if we want we both can eat kimchee!!!!

babies cry- girl: "Well, maybe some day!"

What is [Kimchi](#)?? (in the song, spelled kimchee)

Kimchi is a spicy dish from Korea, made out of salted and fermented vegetables, such as Napa cabbage and Korean radish. It is eaten as a side dish with almost every Korean meal! Because it is fermented, it often has a very strong smell, so many Korean households have a special "kimchi refrigerators" to keep it from fermenting more and having the smell infuse the other foods in the refrigerator!

Where is Korea?



The Long-Haired Girl- Text by Susan Grizzell

This is a beautiful story from China- below is the complete text of the story:

In Guizhou province, on a certain high mountain, a long waterfall pours over the cliffs. The falling water looks like incredibly long, white hair flowing down the mountainside. The local people call it White Hair Falls, and this is the story of how it came to be.

Long ago, the mountain area had no water source. All those who lived in the village at the mountain's foot collect rainwater to drink and irrigate their fields. In times of no rain, they must carry water over two miles from the closest stream. In that village lived a girl whose beautiful raven black hair grew down to her ankles. Everyone called her the Long-Haired Girl. She worked from before the sun rose until after it set, taking care of her sick, bed-ridden mother and the small pigs that she raises. Every day she carried buckets of water from the far away stream and climbed the mountain to collect wild grasses and herbs to feed her pigs as well as her mother and herself.

One day, while gathering herbs about half-way up the mountainside, she found a large wild turnip growing between the stones. "That would make a good soup with these herbs" she thought, and she decided to pick it. Pulling out the turnip was much harder than she expected, but after much effort, it came free. Water began to spill from the hole it left. What really surprised her, though, was that when she set it down, the turnip leaped right back into the hole and stopped the water flow. Again she pulled on the turnip, but it wouldn't come out.

STORYTELLER TO THE AUDIENCE:

She needed some help. Can you help her? (Storyteller mimes pulling on turnip.) Everyone, reach out and grab hold of the turnip's leaves. Are you ready? Now PULL! A little harder...it's coming loose! Just a bit more... It's out! THANK YOU.

Once the turnip was pulled free, she managed to bend and drink some of the water before the turnip leaped back to its place. The water was sweet and cool, delicious! But before she had time to think, a sudden wind swept her off the cliff, and the next thing she knew she stood in a cave in front of a huge, hairy man.

"I am the god of the mountain," he growled at her, "and you have stolen my water!" "I'm sorry," she said. "I meant no harm. But there is no water in my village below the cliffs. If you only knew how the village people suffer and how hard they work to carry..." "The water is MINE!" he roared angrily. "If you ever tell another soul about my secret spring and others come to steal my water, I will kill you! Mark my words; you have been warned!" A gust of wind rose around her and she found herself at the foot of the mountain. Still shaking, she made her way home, saying nothing about the hidden spring.

Day after day she remained silent. She saw how hard her neighbors worked in the dry, sun parched fields. She watched men, women, and children make the long trip to and from the far off stream, sweating in the heat and staggering under the weight of the buckets and jars they carried. Days became weeks, weeks became months. Never once did she mention the mountain spring, but as the days stretched on she sometimes bit her lips until they bled in order to keep from revealing what she knew. The secret weighed heavily on her heart and mind; she stopped eating or sleeping. She grew thin; her long, beautiful hair became brittle, lost its luster, and one morning, she awoke to discover her black hair was now snow white. She left the house and saw an old, stooped man struggling up the road with a full water bucket. He stumbled on a loose stone and fell, spilling the precious water. He held his now-bleeding leg and wept as he watched the water he had worked so hard to carry home soak into the dry earth.

"What a coward I am!" she told herself as she hurried to help the man. "So what if I die. I can't live seeing my people suffer like this. Giving water to the village is worth dying for." She tied a strip of her tunic around the

man's leg, took his hands in hers and then she spoke aloud. "Grandfather," she said, "There is a spring in the mountain nearby. I have seen it!" She ran through village laughing and shouting to all she met, "I have found a spring on the mountain! Bring your chisels and picks, and sharp knives! Follow me, I'll take you there!" Everyone knew her to be an honest girl, and neighbors grabbed tools and followed her up the mountain. She took them to where the turnip grew, and told them that once they pulled it out, some of them must quickly cut it into tiny pieces so it could not fly back into the hole and block up the spring again. While those people cut the turnip, the others must take their tools and chip away the stone to enlarge the hole so the water can flow faster.

STORYTELLER TO AUDIENCE:

The only way they can get that turnip out is if we all work together. Remember what to do? (Storyteller mimes pulling on plant as she leads audience in pulling) Grab those leaves, now, on the count of three. One, two, three, PULL!! Harder, harder; one last big pull now. YES!! Now quickly! You on right side of the room, (Teller mimes chopping turnip into tiny bits.) take your chopping knives, cut the turnip into tiny pieces before it can block the spring. Keep chopping! You on the left, take your chisels and chip the stone, make the hole larger for the water! Quickly pointing to the right: Smaller! Teeny tiny! Pointing to the left: Bigger! The size of a teacup, a bowl! Right: Until you can't even see it! Left: The size of a washtub, a bathtub! Signaling the audience to stop: You DID it! Water is rushing from the spring and down the cliff!

Just as the turnip was uprooted, the mountain god swept away the Long-Haired Girl. The villagers were so busy it took them some minutes to realize she was gone. They thought she must have run to tell her mother the good news, that the village now had fresh, sweet water. But you know where the Long-Haired Girl was, for the mountain god was furious. "You disobeyed me," he growled, "and now you must die a slow and painful death! You will lie on the cliff below the spring. The falling water will forever pound and pour over you." "I am not afraid to die," she said, "but I ask one favor. Allow me to go home and arrange for a neighbor to care for my sick mother and my animals. Then I will gladly accept your punishment." Angry as he was, the god was impressed by her bravery and gave her time to go home. "When you return, go straight to the cliff and lay beneath the water. Don't bother me again. If you are not there by dark, I will stop up the spring and kill the entire village!"

Doomed as she was, the girl smiled to see the spring water flowing to her village. From now on, life would be much easier for all. She asked one kind neighbor to look after her mother, and another to keep the pigs. She did not tell her mother her fate, but asked instead if she might visit friends in another village. Her mother gladly gave permission. As she walked out of the village, she passed her favorite banyan tree. "Goodbye dear tree," she said, "Thank you for all your shade." Suddenly an old man stepped from behind the tree. He was dressed all in green; his eyes were green, even his hair and beard were a pale green. "Where are you going, Long Haired Girl?" he asked. Startled, she told him everything, of the turnip and the spring, and how she must now die beneath the very water that will save her village. He smiled broadly and told her everything will be fine. "Look here," he said, "see what I have made." There, behind the tree, he showed her a stone statue of a girl exactly like her in very detail, except for the long hair. "It only lacks the hair," he said. "If you can bear a little pain now, I can save you and your village. Let me take your hair for the statue. I will lay the stone girl on the cliff, and the long white hair in the falling water will trick the god of the mountain."

What choice does she have? Once she agreed, the old man grasped her hair near her head and pulled, hard. She gasped as her long hair came out by the roots. He placed the white hair on the statue's head, where it immediately took root and began to grow. "Wait here," he said, "until I tell you it is safe." Carrying the statue over his shoulder like it weighed nothing, the man climbed the mountain. Her head began to itch, and when she touched her scalp, she discovered hair had begun to grow. In a short time, beautiful, raven black hair reached down to her ankles once more. The girl waited for a long time, but the old man never returned. A cool breeze rustled the leaves of the tree where she stood. In the sound of the leaves, she heard a voice saying, "Our plan

has worked! The statue has fooled the mountain god. Go home and live happily.” The Long-Haired Girl touched the tree gratefully, and smiling, danced home with her long hair swinging behind.

Instruments performing The Long-Haired Girl



***Violin- Viola- Cello- Double Bass- but they all look the same?!**

What makes them different? The smaller the instrument the higher the sound or pitches that they can play. Can you guess which instrument plays the highest notes? The lowest?



This beautiful instrument- the HARP- is a member of the string family. It has one or two (or sometimes more!) rows of strings, and several foot pedals, which change the key according to how they are pressed. There are many different kinds of harps, used in lots of different cultures! You may have seen them often in folk music, Celtic or Irish music or in many other cultures.

We Will Sing the World Whole Again- Words & Music by Mark Burrows

This beautiful song, sung by the choir, is about how we can make our world a better place by being kind to each other. Here is a note from the composer:

Dear Friend: Before we sing our song together, I want to ask you a difficult question. Have you ever been told something or called a name to make you feel discouraged, unworthy, or like you didn't belong? If so I'm sorry for that.

Words of exclusion, spoken out of fear and hate, can hurt deeply. They can even pull whole communities apart by having people believe the least of each other and themselves. You deserve better. You are meant for more.

At the beginning of our song, you will have the opportunity to say the word or phrase that has hurt you. As you say the word or phrase, understand that you are not giving it power. Those words can't have power *if you do not believe them*. Believe instead in the amazing power you have to overcome those words with your kind heart, your courageous spirit, and your beautiful, powerful voice.

You are a healer. you are a helper. And you are part of a community of healers and helpers – a choir. You belong here. And here would not be the same without you. Now let's make our sing together!

Mark Burrows