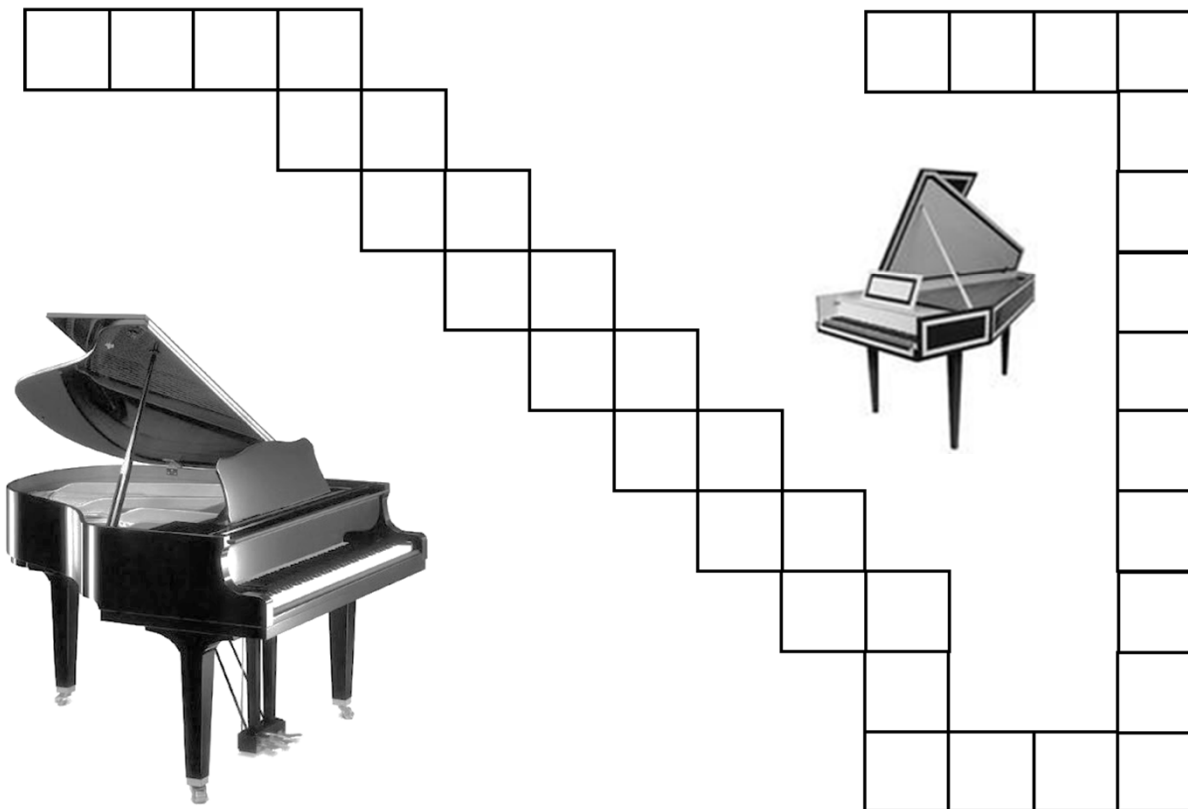


Bach

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 1

Prelude No. 1

Start here



Bach The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 1

Prelude No. 1

Start here

0:00

0:15

1:53

1:24

1:09



Bach

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 1

Prelude No. 1

Start here

1			
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2	
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7	6	5	
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4

3			
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1. We are going on a journey.
2. We are going down the mountain.
3. We've arrived, let's stretch our legs now.
4. Keep it steady, we're returning.
5. We are almost back, we're getting closer to our destination.
6. We had such a good time with our friends, but we're so tired and now we're
7. Home.

Bach

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 1

Prelude No. 1

Start here

0:00



0:15

1. We are going on a journey.
2. We are going down the mountain.
3. We've arrived, let's stretch our legs now.
4. Keep it steady, we're returning.
5. We are almost back, we're getting closer to our destination.
6. We had such a good time with our friends, but we're so tired and now we're
7. Home.

7

6

5

1:53



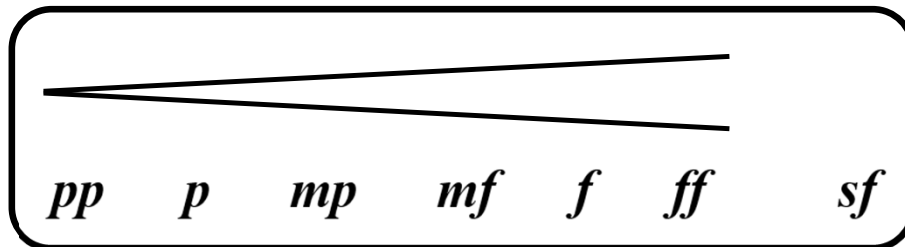
1:24

1:09

Beethoven
Symphony No. 1
Movement 3



Allegro molto e vivace



do'



ti



la



sol



fa



mi



re



do



Beethoven
Symphony No. 1
Movement 3

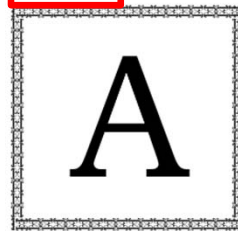
0:00



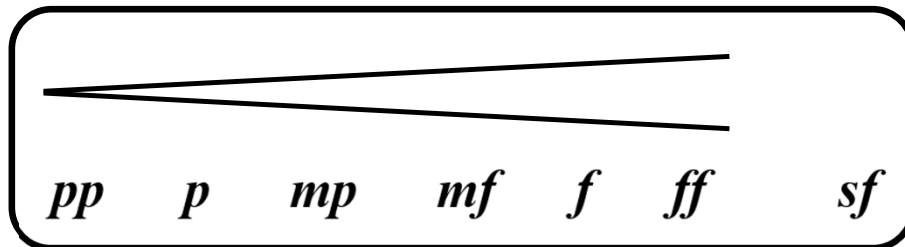
1:24



2:33



Allegro molto e vivace



do'



ti



la



sol



fa



mi



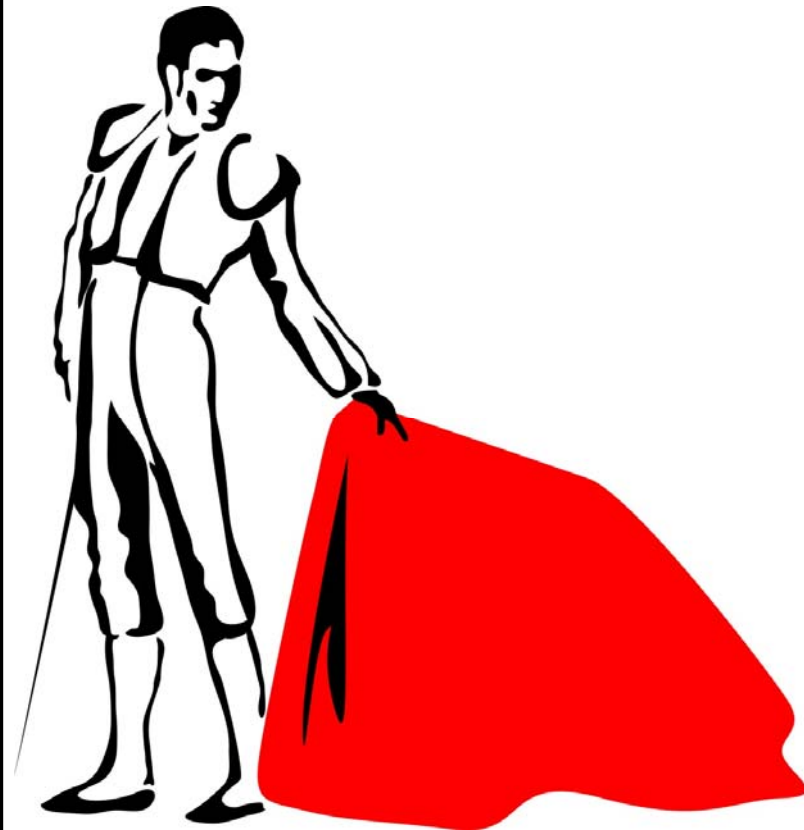
re



do



Bizet
Carmen
Toreador Song



Translation:

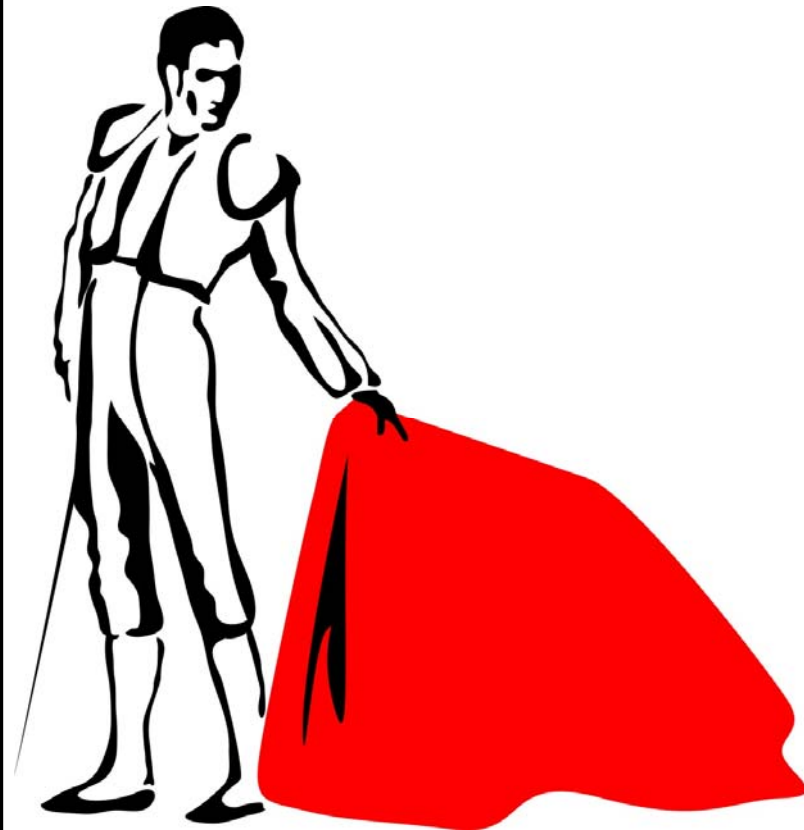
To your toast, I reply with great delight.
We bullfighters understand you soldiers,
For our pleasure is also in the fight.
The arena is full, from top to bottom.
The crowds go mad, waiting for the fight.
People shout, yell, and holler!
The din tears the place apart
In the celebration of courage and heart!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And as you fight, think of the dark eyes
That watch and send you promises of love!

All at once, the crowd is silent!
Oh, what is happening?
More shouting! This is it!
The bull is rushing into the ring!
He charges! A horse falls,
Dragging down a picador!
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" the crowd cries!
The bull goes on, charging once more.
Now, shaking the spears in his neck,
He runs, enraged, across the bloody arena.
People flee, saving themselves.
Now it's your turn for center stage!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And as you fight, think of the dark eyes
That watch and send you promises of love!
Toreador! Toreador! Love awaits you! Love!

Bizet
Carmen
Toreador Song



0:19

Translation:

To your toast, I reply with great delight.
We bullfighters understand you soldiers,
For our pleasure is also in the fight.
The arena is full, from top to bottom.
The crowds go mad, waiting for the fight.
People shout, yell, and holler!
The din tears the place apart
In the celebration of courage and heart!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

1:21

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And as you fight, think of the dark eyes
That watch and send you promises of love!

2:02

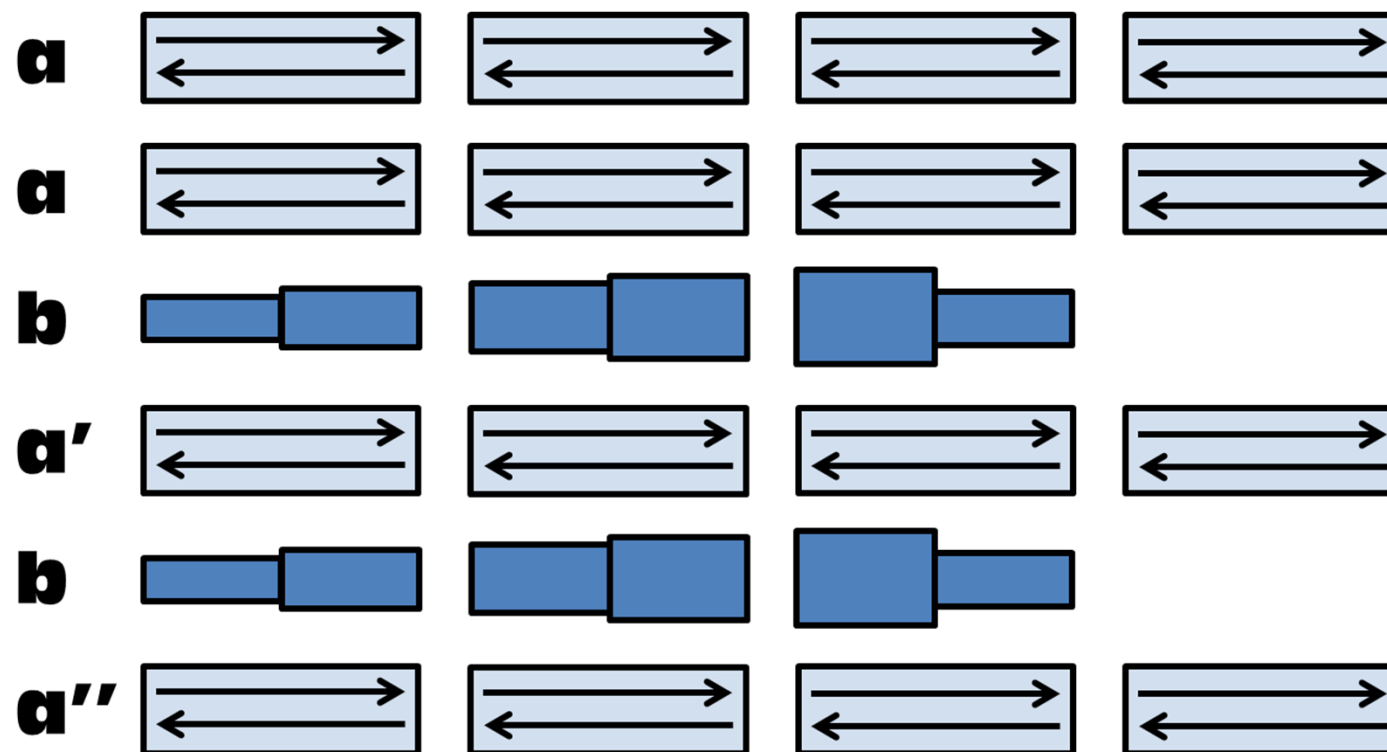
All at once, the crowd is silent!
Oh, what is happening?
More shouting! This is it!
The bull is rushing into the ring!
He charges! A horse falls,
Dragging down a picador!
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" the crowd cries!
The bull goes on, charging once more.
Now, shaking the spears in his neck,
He runs, enraged, across the bloody arena.
People flee, saving themselves.
Now it's your turn for center stage!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Ah!

3:04

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And as you fight, think of the dark eyes
That watch and send you promises of love!
Toreador! Toreador! Love awaits you! Love!

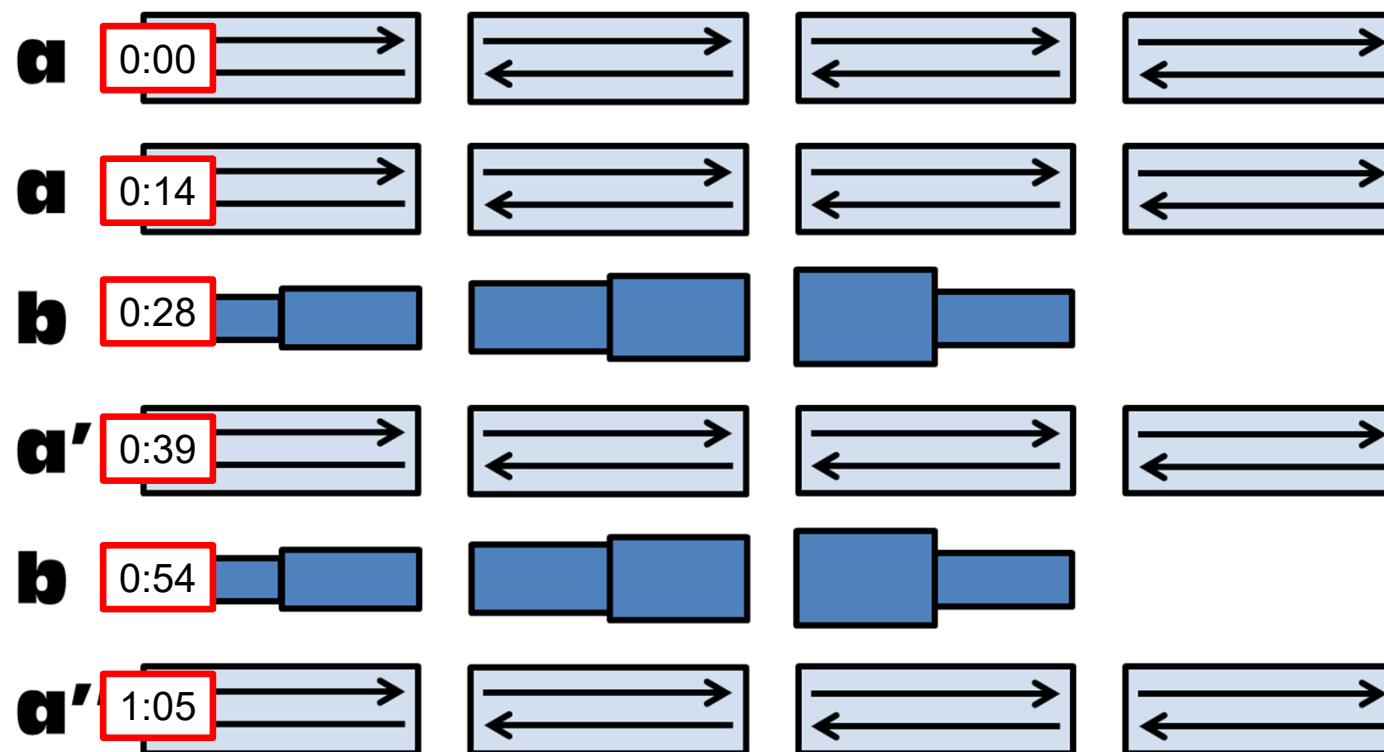
Brahms

Waltz in A-Flat Major



Brahms

Waltz in A-Flat Major



Brahms

Waltz in A-Flat Major



a 0:00

a 0:14

b 0:28

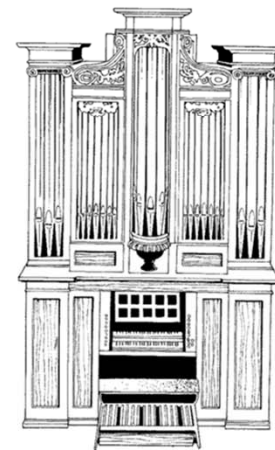
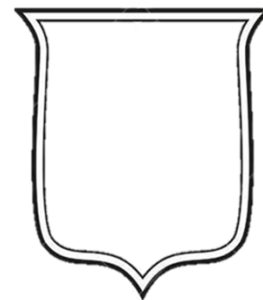
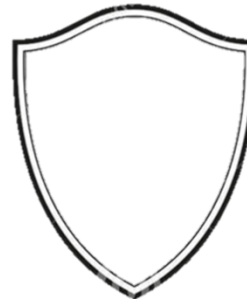
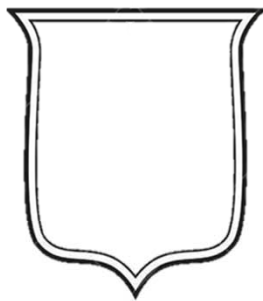
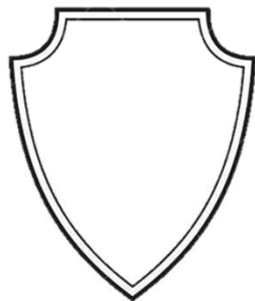
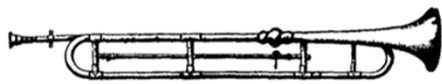
a' 0:39

b 0:54

a' 1:05

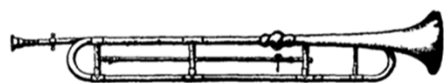
Clarke

The Prince of Denmark's March



Clarke

The Prince of Denmark's March



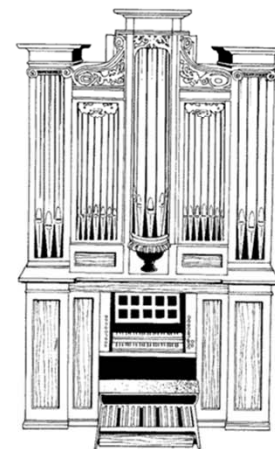
2:24

1:48

1:12

0:36

0:00



Debussy *Clair de Lune*

1. Draw a moon.

Translation of "*Clair de Lune*" by Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and bergamaskers go,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

All sing in a minor key
Of victorious love and the opportune life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

With the still moonlight, sad and beautiful,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among marble statues.

3. Listen to the music and draw your impression of moonlight.

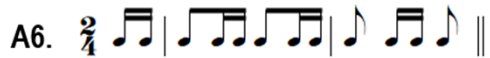
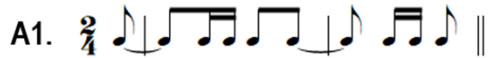
2. Read the poem above and draw your impression of moonlight.

Elgar

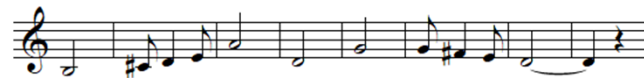
Pomp and Circumstance

March No. 1

A Section



B Section (Trio)



A B A B A'

Elgar **Pomp and Circumstance** March No. 1

A Section

0:00 1:41

A1. 2/4 0:08 0:16 0:46 0:54

A2. 2/4 0:24 0:32 1:02 1:10

A3. 2/4 0:28 0:36 1:06 1:14 1:24 1:50

A4. 2/4 0:40 1:18

A5. 2/4 1:39

A6. 2/4

A7. 2/4 6:12

Section (Trio)

1:55 2:50 4:56

4:44

3:49 3:57 6:03

4:05 4:13

4:09 4:17 4:27

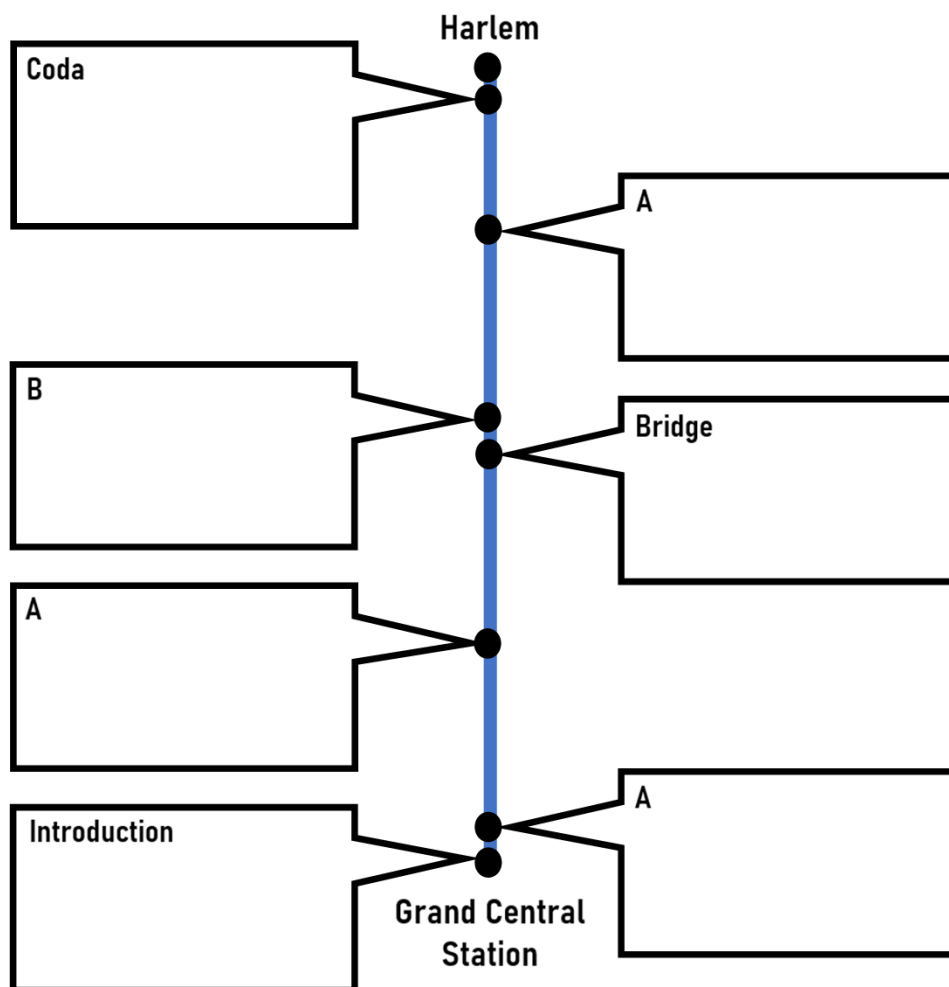
4:21 6:07

4:42

A B A B A'

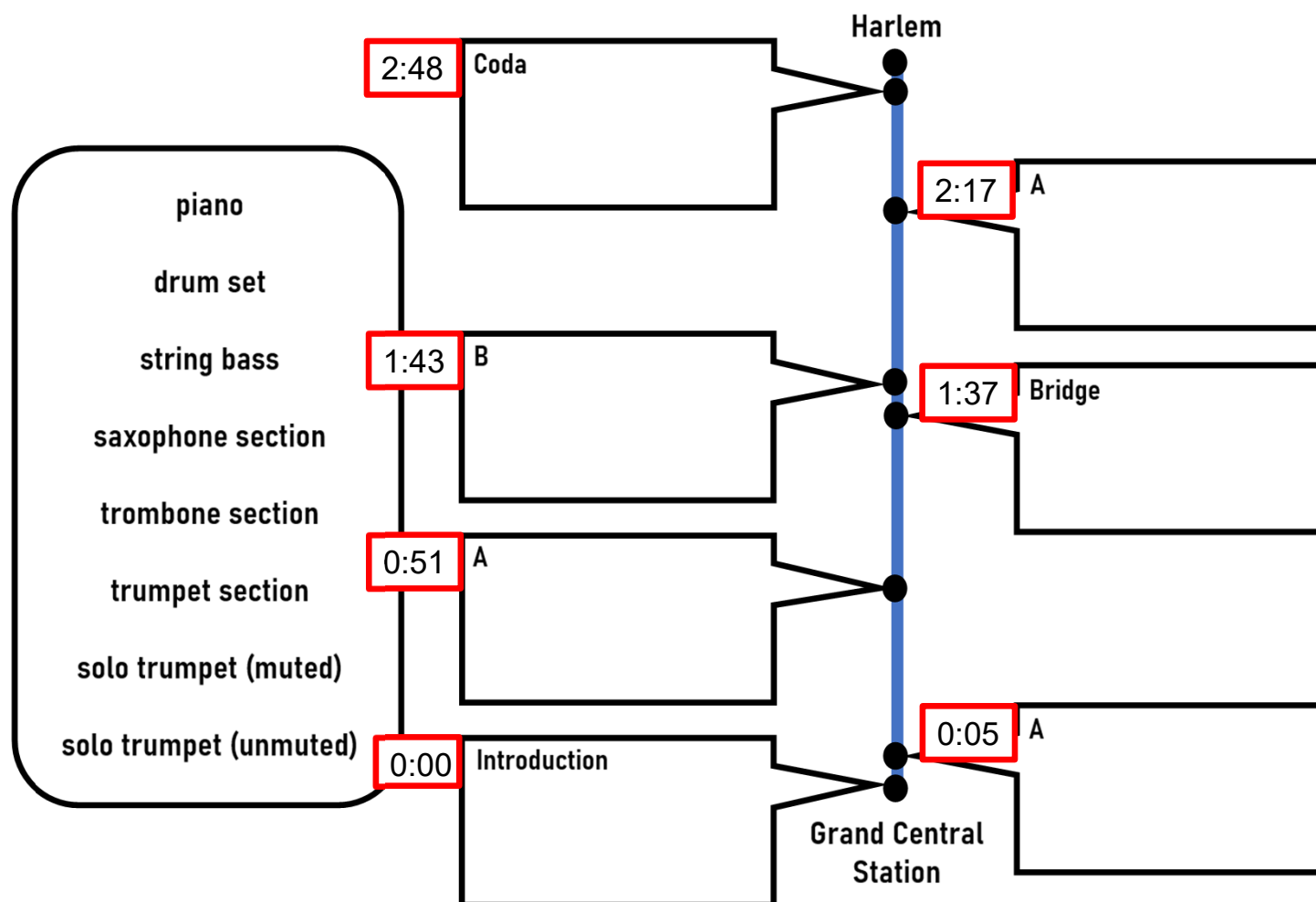
Ellington/Strayhorn

Take the "A" Train



Ellington/Strayhorn

Take the "A" Train





Lassus



O la, o che bon eccho (Echo Song)

O la, o che bon eccho! Pigliamo ci, piacere!

Oh, what a lovely echo! Let's try it. Pleased to meet you!

Ha ha ha ha ha! Ridiamo tutti!

Ha ha ha ha ha! Let's all laugh!

O bon compagno! Che voi tu? Voria che tu cantassi una canzona.

Oh my good friend! What do you want? I'd like you to sing a song.

Perchè? Perchè sì? Perchè no? Perchè non voglio. Perchè non voi?

Why? Why should I? Why not? Because I don't want to. Why don't you want to?

Perchè non mi piace! Taci dico!

Because I don't feel like it! Now be quiet!

Taci tu! O gran poltron! Signor, sì!

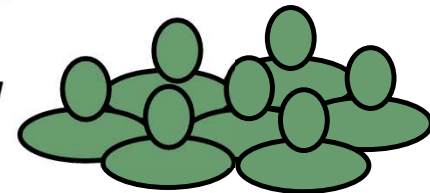
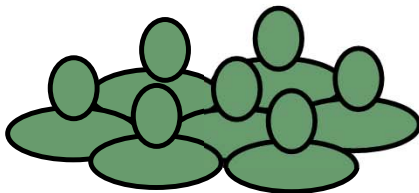
Be quiet, you big fool! Yes Sir!

Or su non più! Andiamo! Addio, bon eccho!

Come on, no more! Let's go! Goodbye, good echo!

Rest' in pace! Basta! Basta! Basta! Basta!

Peace be with you. That's enough, enough, enough, enough!



Mozart
The Magic Flute
Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja



Translation:

The birdcatcher, that's me,
Always cheerful, hooray!
As the birdcatcher I'm well known
To old and young throughout the land.
I know how to set traps,
And how to play my pipes.
That's why I can be happy and merry,
For all these birds belong to me.

The birdcatcher, that's me,
Always cheerful, hooray!
As the birdcatcher I'm well known
To old and young throughout the land.
I'd like a net for catching girls,
I'd catch them by the dozen for myself!
Then I'd lock them up in my house,
And all the girls would belong to me.

If all the girls belonged to me,
I'd barter them for sugar,
And give that sugar right away
To the one who I liked the best.
And if she were to give me a tender kiss,
She'd be my wife and I her husband.
She'd fall asleep by my side,
I'd cradle her like a child.

Mozart
The Magic Flute
Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja



Translation:

0:44

The birdcatcher, that's me,
Always cheerful, hooray!
As the birdcatcher I'm well known
To old and young throughout the land.
I know how to set traps,
And how to play my pipes.
That's why I can be happy and merry,
For all these birds belong to me.

1:25

The birdcatcher, that's me,
Always cheerful, hooray!
As the birdcatcher I'm well known
To old and young throughout the land.
I'd like a net for catching girls,
I'd catch them by the dozen for myself!
Then I'd lock them up in my house,
And all the girls would belong to me.

2:08

If all the girls belonged to me,
I'd barter them for sugar,
And give that sugar right away
To the one who I liked the best.
And if she were to give me a tender kiss,
She'd be my wife and I her husband.
She'd fall asleep by my side,
I'd cradle her like a child.

Mozart

The Magic Flute

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja



Introduction (orchestra)

⤿... ⤿... ⤿... ⤿...

⤿... ⤿... xx  xx 

⤿... ⤿... ⤿... ⤿...

 xx  xx ⤿...

Verse (baritone, orchestra)

⤿... ⤿... ⤿... ⤿... ⤿...

⤿... ⤿... xx  xx 

⤿... ⤿...  xx  xx ⤿...

Mozart

The Magic Flute

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja



Introduction (orchestra) 0:00



Verse (baritone, orchestra) 0:44 1:25 2:08



Mussorgsky
Pictures at an Exhibition
Promenade

Start Here

trumpet
brass
strings
woodwinds

brass

woodwinds

Price
Symphony No. 1
Movement 4. Finale



<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>D</i>	
<i>E</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>Coda</i>

Price
Symphony No. 1
Movement 4. Finale

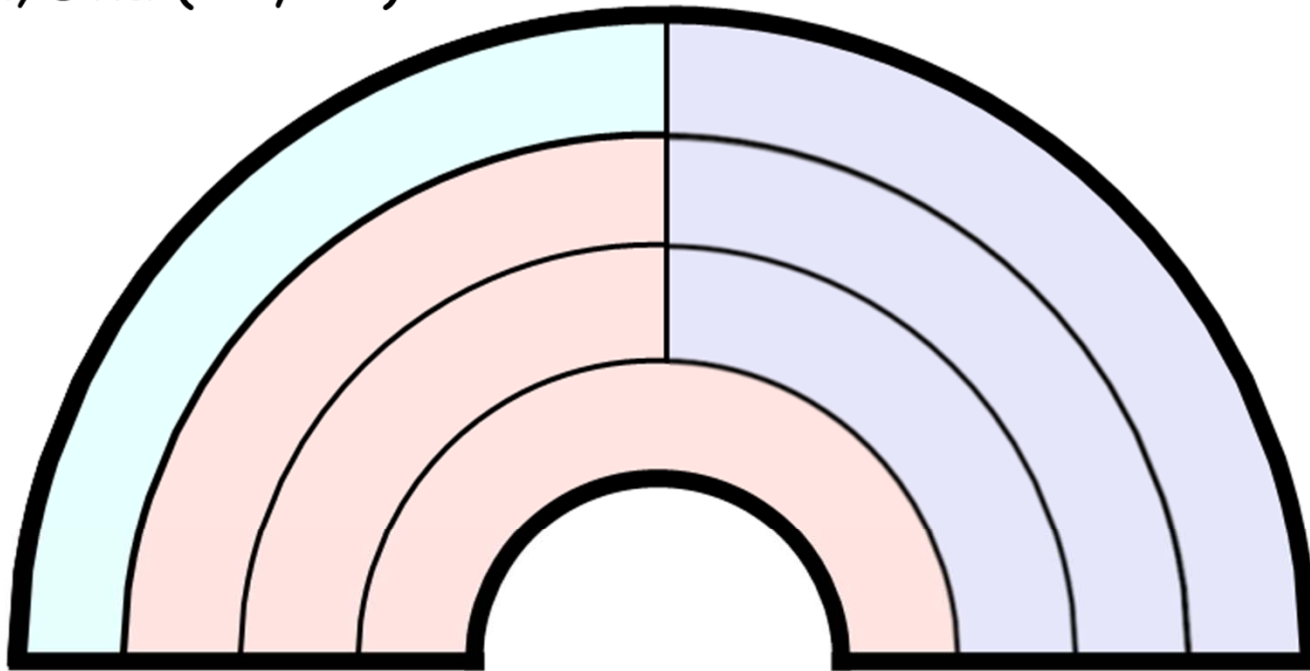


A 0:00 strings flutes brass	B 0:24 strings solo flute	A 0:37 woodwinds strings	C 0:50 violins brass	A 1:03 trombones strings timpani	D 1:17 strings solo flute solo French horn	
E 1:45 strings <i>pizz.</i> solo clarinet solo French horn strings <i>arco</i> solo trumpet solo flute solo oboe	A 2:35 strings woodwinds brass	F 2:48 strings woodwinds trombone tuba timpani <i>tutti</i>	A 3:28 strings solo flute solo clarinet brass solo oboe strings	G 3:53 solo flute solo clarinet strings woodwinds	A 4:04 violins solo clarinet woodwinds low brass strings	Coda 4:18 <i>tutti</i> cymbals bass drum Large African drum timpani low brass

Alfred Reed

Armenian Dances (Part 1)

Gna, Gna (Go, Go)



piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, saxophone

trumpet, cornet, French horn, trombone, baritone, tuba

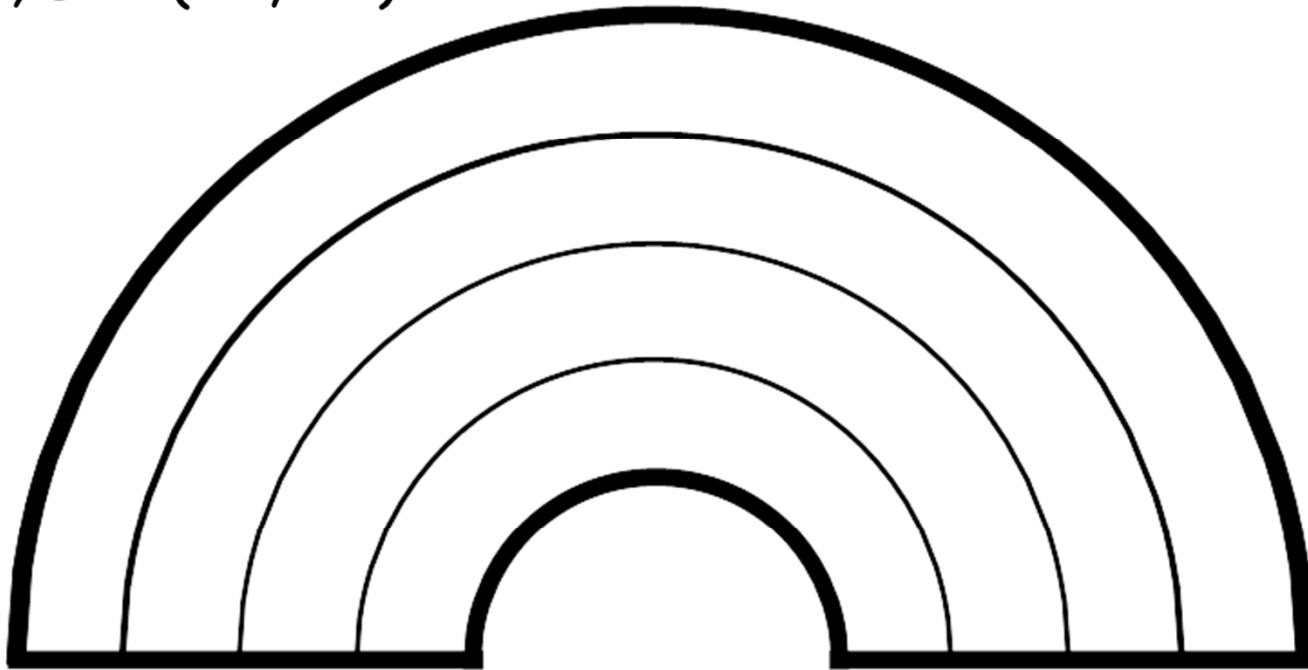
snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, suspended cymbal, tambourine, bells, xylophone, vibraphone

string bass

Alfred Reed

Armenian Dances (Part 1)

Gna, Gna (Go, Go)






piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, saxophone



trumpet, cornet, French horn, trombone, baritone, tuba


















































































































snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, suspended cymbal, tambourine, bells, xylophone, vibraphone

string bass

Zitti, zitti, piano, piano

			<u>Zitti, zitti,</u>	<u>Per la scala</u>	<u>Piano</u>	<u>Per la scala</u>
	<u>Zitti, zitti,</u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u>Per la scala</u>	<u>Piano</u>	<u>Per la scala</u>
		<u>Zitti, zitti,</u>	<u> </u>	<u>Per la scala</u>	<u>Piano</u>	<u>Per la scala</u>


   	<i>Zitti, piano, zitti, piano</i>	                             	<i>Per la scala</i>	              	<i>Presto, via</i>	<i>via di qua.</i>
   	<i>Zitti, piano, zitti, piano</i>	                             	<i>Per la scala</i>	              	<i>Presto, via</i>	<i>via di qua.</i>
   	<i>Zitti, piano, zitti, piano</i>	                             	<i>Per la scala</i>	       		

Translation:

Zitti, zitti, piano, piano, non facciamo confusione;

Hush, hush, quiet, quiet, don't make a disturbance;

Per la scala del balcone presto andiamo via di qua.

Let's go down the balcony and quickly away from here.



Rosina



Count



Figaro

Verdi

Requiem

Dies Irae

*Dies iræ! Dies illa!
Solvēt sæclum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sibylla!*

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!*

The day of wrath! That horrible day
When the world will turn to ashes
As foretold by David and the Sibyl!

There will be great terror
When the Lord returns
On that final judgment day!

Verdi

Requiem

Dies Irae

0:03

*Dies iræ! Dies illa!
Solvēt sæclum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sibylla!*

1:59

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!*

The day of wrath! That horrible day
When the world will turn to ashes
As foretold by David and the Sibyl!

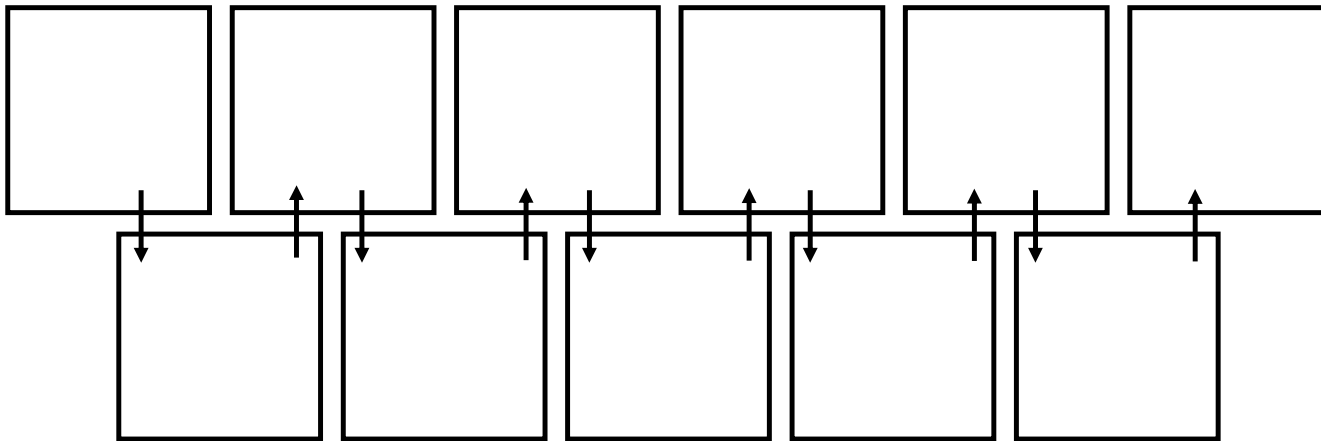
There will be great terror
When the Lord returns
On that final judgment day!

Vivaldi

The Four Seasons

Autumn, Movement 3

Start here.



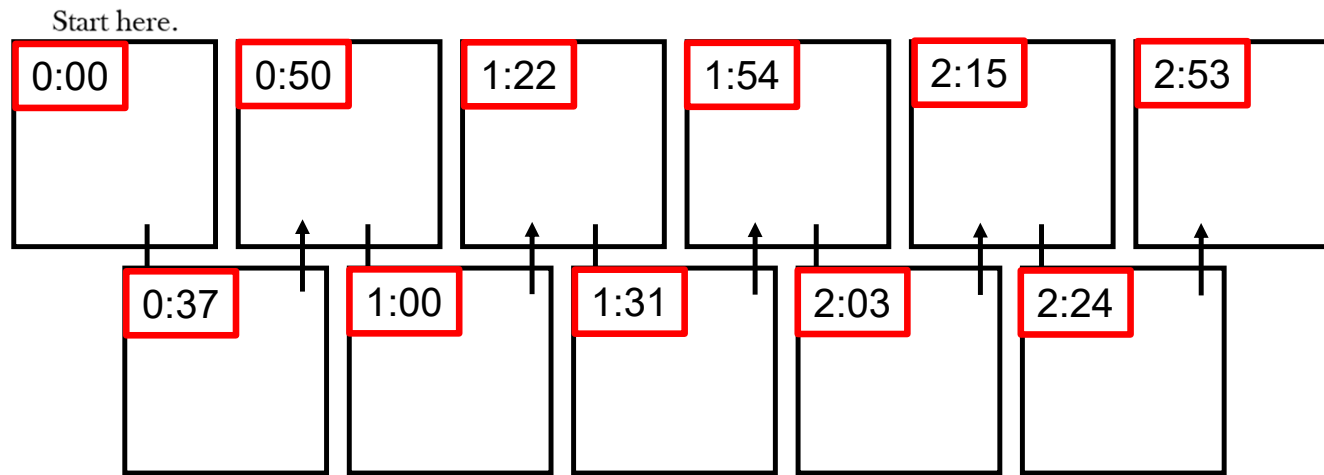
The Hunt

The hunters are ready at dawn.
With horns and dogs and guns they depart.
The beast flees and they follow its trail.
Terrified and tired from the great noise
Of guns and dogs, and wounded,
The beast tries to escape, but it struggles and dies.

Vivaldi

The Four Seasons

Autumn, Movement 3



The Hunt

The hunters are ready at dawn.
With horns and dogs and guns they depart.
The beast flees and they follow its trail.
Terrified and tired from the great noise
Of guns and dogs, and wounded,
The beast tries to escape, but it struggles and dies.

Dvořák

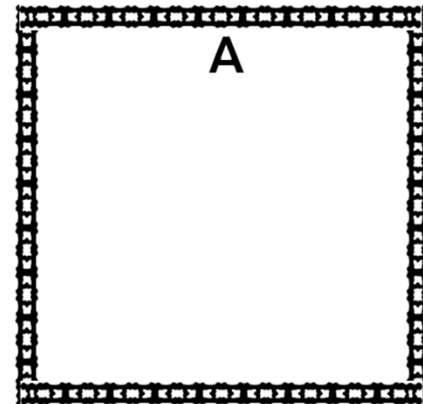
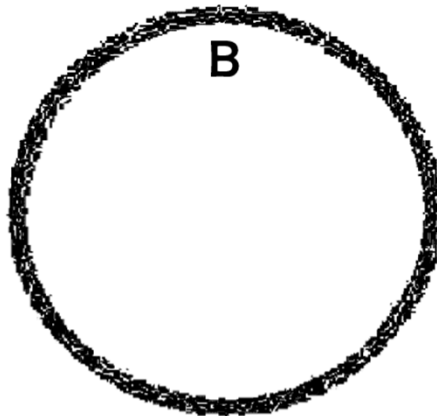
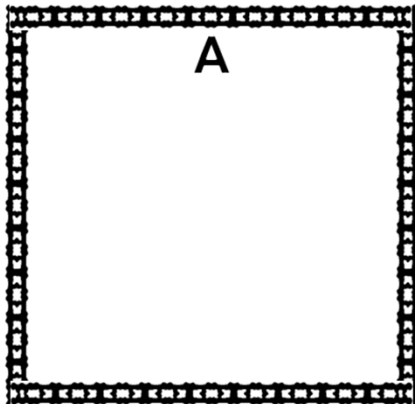
Serenade for Wind Instruments

Movement 1

Tempo. *Moderato quasi Marcia* *ritardando (rit.)* *a tempo*

Dynamics. *pp p mp mf f ff crescendo (cresc.) diminuendo (dim.)*

Articulation. *trill (tr)* *staccato (•)* *legato (—)* *accent (>)* *marcato (▲)*
tenuto (—) *fermata (⤿)* *fortepiano (fp)* *forzando (fz)*



Dvořák

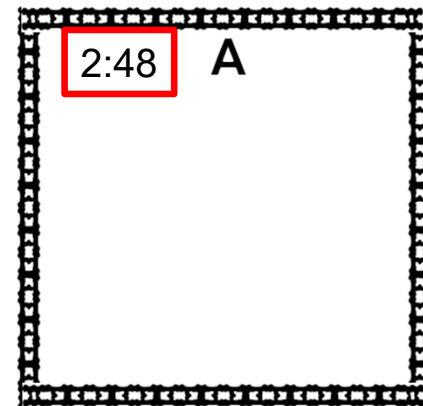
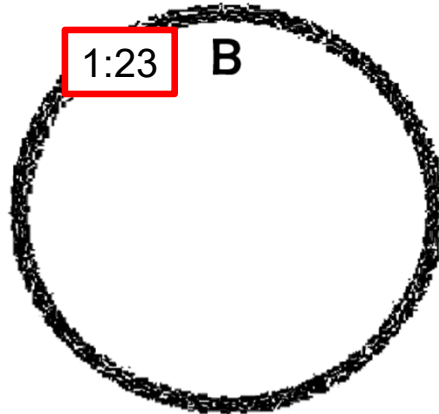
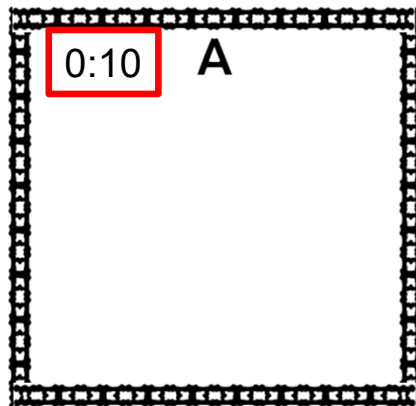
Serenade for Wind Instruments

Movement 1

Tempo. *Moderato quasi Marcia* *ritardando (rit.)* *a tempo*

Dynamics. *pp p mp mf f ff crescendo (cresc.) diminuendo (dim.)*

Articulation. *trill (tr)* *staccato (•)* *legato (—)* *accent (>)* *marcato (▲)*
tenuto (—) *fermata (⤵)* *fortepiano (fp)* *forzando (fz)*



Falla

El Amor Brujo

Ritual Fire Dance

Trills



Main Theme



Theme 2



Falla

El Amor Brujo

Ritual Fire Dance

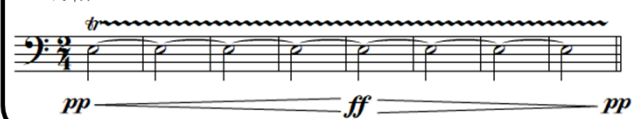
0:00

0:56

2:04

2:58

Trills



0:23

0:38

1:33

1:48

2:27

2:41

3:35

3:47

Main Theme



1:11

3:13

Theme 2



Schubert

Erlkönig

N = narrator

F = father

S = son

E = Erlkönig

- ☐ *Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.*
- ☐ *"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht"*
- ☐ *"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"*
- ☐ *"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."*
- ☐ *"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."*
- ☐ *"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"*
- ☐ *"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."*

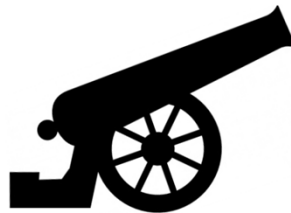
- ☐ *"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehen?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."*
- ☐ *"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"*
- ☐ *"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."*
- ☐ *"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."*
- ☐ *"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"*
- ☐ *Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.*

Tchaikovsky 1812 OVERTURE

The Battle of Borodino
Battle Theme



"La Marseillaise"
French National Anthem



"O Lord, Save the People"
Russian Orthodox Church hymn



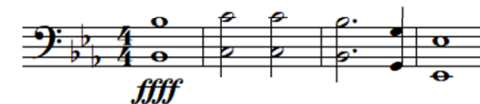
Melody from Russian opera, *The Voyevoda*



"At the Gate," Russian folk song



"God, Save the Czar"
Russian Empire's National Anthem



Tchaikovsky

1812 OVERTURE

3:28 13:39 14:20

The Battle of Borodino
Battle Theme



5:06 8:44 9:40 11:12 11:45

"La Marseillaise"

French National Anthem



0:04 12:36

"O Lord, Save the People"

Russian Orthodox Church hymn



6:19 10:05

Melody from Russian opera, *The Voyevoda*



7:51 10:51

"At the Gate," Russian folk song



13:50

"God, Save the Czar"

Russian Empire's National Anthem

