

Where Our Songs Came From

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

You, my dear readers, as you hum or sing your favorite song, or listen to someone singing or playing a piece of music on some instrument, did you ever stop for a moment and ask yourself or somebody who knows how music originated and how early people came to learn music and to sing? If you did, many and varied would be the answers.

In olden days some people believed that the planets as they revolved in the heavens produced sounds which they called "music of the spheres," and which the good gods were said to have handed down as a gift to the early people on earth. Be that as it may, it is a fact that our ancestors must have learned their first music from the traits of nature. The sky, the sun, moon, stars, clouds, the air, wind, and tempest, vales, mountains, streams, seas, trees, flowers, and creatures of earth and sky with their various sounds and beauty must have suggested to man his first songs and caused him later on to device musical instruments. These whims of na-

ture have been an endless source of inspiration to the great composers and poets, for music, following the moods of nature, is able to express various feelings and emotions; such as, love, anger, devotion, calm, terror, passion, happiness, gloom, hope, despair, patriotism, and the like.

There is no doubt, however, that, as claimed by the ancient masters, our friends the birds taught the early people their first songs. Do you know our common Philippine birds and can you recognize them by listening to their songs?

Here is a little song suggested by a lively Philippine bird which is an early riser. It haunts bamboo groves and bushes in or about provincial towns. Its plumage is gray or brown with a patch of light yellow on the breast and it has a red bill. It feeds on moths, grubs, and other forms of small insect life harmful to plants, and is, therefore, a friend of gardeners and farmers. The

cheerful song of this sweet-voiced singer any special gift in music, and he is usually heard from early morn to late grateful to our little feathered friend, afternoon, particularly during the summer season. The writer does not claim the *Pipit*, for this little tune has been suggested by its charming song.

PIPIT

Words and Music by
FRANCISCO CARBALLO

1. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, with wings- so light, From
2. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, with down----y breast, At
3. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, you bus-----y bird, You

tree to tree you flit, I hear you sing from
day you hard---ly sit, You work the most and
teach me do my, bit, You are the best wee

morn----- till night, I love your song, Pi-----pit.
sing----- the best, Your tune---ful song, Di-----pit.
bird----- I've heard, With your sweet song, Pi-----pit.