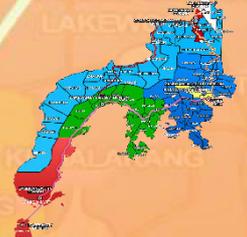




Republic of the Philippines
Department of Education
 Regional Office IX, Zamboanga Peninsula



3



Zest for **P**rogress
 Zeal of **P**artnership

MUSIC

Quarter 2, Wk. 1 - Module 1
 Makalikha Muli Ng Simpleng Pattern at
 Contour Ng Isang Melodiya



Name of Learner: _____

Grade & Section: _____

Name of School: _____

JANUARY	<i>Makugihon</i>
FEBRUARY	<i>Mahigugmaon</i>
MARCH	<i>Matinabungan</i>
APRIL	<i>Matinahuron</i>
MAY	<i>Mahapsay og Malimpyo</i>
JUNE	<i>Maabik og Masunod sa Dhaklong Oras</i>
JULY	<i>Maantigo og Maabilidad</i>
AUGUST	<i>Maginhuhunoon para sa Uban</i>
SEPTEMBER	<i>Madaginaton</i>
OCTOBER	<i>Matinud-anon</i>
NOVEMBER	<i>Masaligan</i>
DECEMBER	<i>Maalampon</i>



I. Alamin

Ang mga **Melodiya** ay kumikilos sa iba't ibang direksyon. Ang ibang nota ay kumikilos nang pataas o pababa, at mayroon melodiya na hindi nababago o manatili sa kanyang lebel.

Maaari din itong nakaporma sa hugis burol, bundok, kapatagan, lambak at talampas. Ang paggalaw ng tono ay tinatawag na **Melodic Contour**.

Sa Modyul na ito, inaasahan na Makakamit mo ang mga sumusunod na mga layunin:

- A. Maiuugnay ang mga paggalaw sa mga antas ng pitch. **(MU3ME-IIa-1)**
- B. Maitutugma ng boses na may mga pitches ng isang himig. **(MU3ME-IIa-2)**
- C. Makakalikha ng mga simpleng pattern at contour ng isang melody. **(MU3ME-IIb-5)**



Subukin

Panuto: Kilalanin ang sumusunod na hand signal. Isulat ang iyong sagot sa patlang.

____ 1.



____ 2.



____ 3.



Pamamaraan

A. Balikan:

TAMA o MALI: Isulat ang **TAMA** kung ang pahayag ay Tama at **MALI** kung Hindi. Isulat ang iyong sagot sa patlang bago ang numero.

- _____ 1. Pitch ang tawag sa kataasan at kabaan ng tono.
- _____ 2. Ang Kodaly Method isang konsepto ng musika na nilikha ni Zoltan Kodaly.
- _____ 3. Ang isang dynamiko ay binubuo ng iba't ibang tono o pitches.

B. Gawain:

Pagmasdang mabuti ang larawan. Anu – ano ang inyong nakikita?



C. Suriin:

1. Ano ang makikita sa bundok, gubat, dagat at kapatagan?

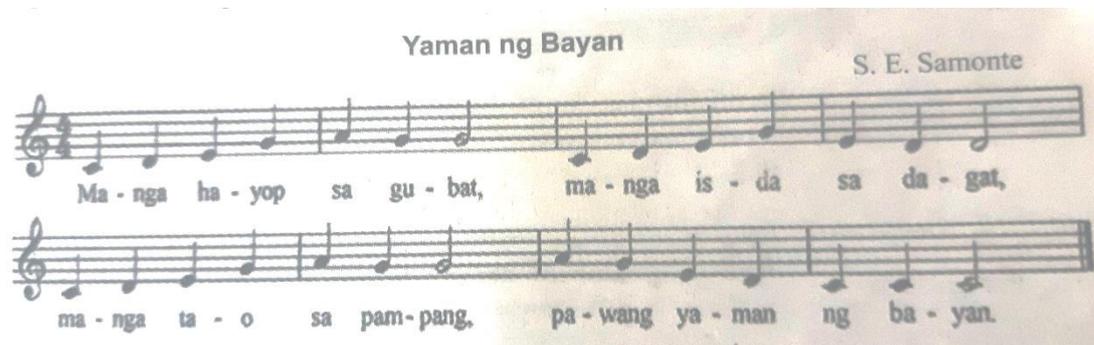
2. Ano ang tawag sa taong nagtatrabaho Sa mga lugar na ito?

3. Paano sila nakakatulong sa atin?

D. Pagyamanin:

Gawain 1:

Awit: **Yaman ng Bayan**



Yaman ng Bayan S. E. Samonte

Ma - nga ha - yop sa gu - bat, ma - nga is - da sa da - gat,
ma - nga ta - o sa pam - pang, pa - wang ya - man ng ba - yan.

Awitin ito gamit ang iba't ibang pamamaraan:

- a. Hand signs na may so-fa syllables.
- b. Kantahin ang lyrics ng kanta.
- c. Kumanta sa pamamagitan ng parirala.
- d. Kantahin ang buong kanta.
 - Tingnan ang musical na marka na nasa itaas.

1. Ano ang masasabi mo tungkol sa paggalaw ng mga nota?

2. May nakikita ka bang nota na nakasulat sa parehong antas?

3. Ano ang mga salitang may kaparehong antas ng nota?



IV. Isaisip

1. Ano ang Melodiya?

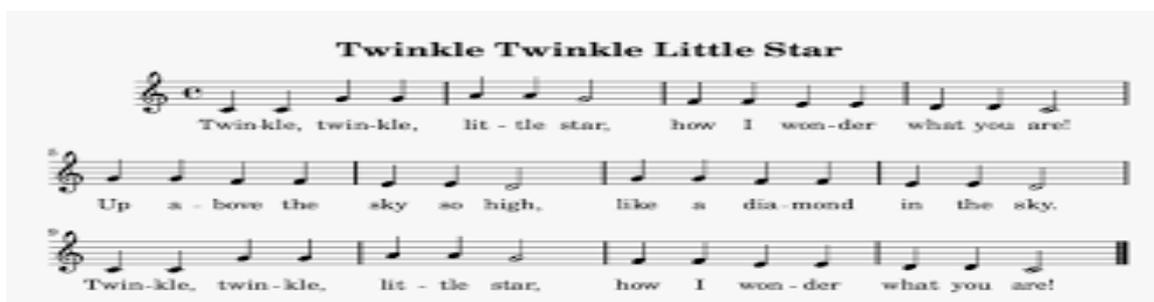
2. Ano ang tawag sa paggalaw ng tono?



V. Isagawa

Gamit ang musical score na “Twinkle Twinkle Little Star”, iguhit ang melodic contour gamit ang colored pen o crayons.

Gawing basehan ang **rubric** para sa pagbibigay ng iskor sa iyong gawain.



PAMANTAYAN:

Mga Gawain	Pinakamahusay	Mas Mahusay	Mahusay
1. Nakikilala ang music contour.			
2. Naawit sa tamang tono.			
3. Nakakaguhit sa musical lines gamit ang musical score.			
4. Nagagawa ng maayos ang Gawain.			



VI. Tayahin

Panuto: Piliin ang letra ng tamang sagot. Isulat ang letra sa patlang bago ang numero.

___1. Ito ay kumikilos sa iba't ibang direksyon.
a. Dynamiko b. Pitch c. Melodiya

___2. Ano ang tawag sa paggalaw ng tono?
a. Melodic Contour b. Kodaly Method c. Pitch

___3. Ang sumusunod ay halimbawa ng porma ng isang melodic contour, maliban sa isa.
a. burol b. tatsulok c. lambak

___4. Alin sa mga sumusunod na pahayag ay tama tungkol sa Melodiya?
a. Kumikilos ito ng pababa o pataas.
b. Hindi humihinto sa parehong lebel.
c. Kumikilos ng paliko at pakanan.

___5. Ano ang kahalagahan ng melodic contour sa musika?
a. Napapaganda ang ating tinig.
b. Naayos ang mga lyriko ng kanta.
c. Naikakanta ng wasto ang mga awitin.

Region IX: Zamboanga Peninsula Hymn – Our Eden Land

Here the trees and flowers bloom
Here the breezes gently Blow,
Here the birds sing Merrily,
The liberty forever Stays,

Gallant men And Ladies fair
Linger with love and care
Golden beams of sunrise and sunset
Are visions you'll never forget
Oh! That's Region IX

Cebuanos, Ilocanos, Subanons, Boholanos, Ilongos,
All of them are proud and true
Region IX our Eden Land

Here the Badjaos roam the seas
Here the Samals live in peace
Here the Tausogs thrive so free
With the Yakans in unity

Hardworking people Abound,
Every valleys and Dale
Zamboanguenos, Tagalogs, Bicolanos,

Region IX
Our...
Eden...
Land...

My Final Farewell

Farewell, dear Fatherland, clime of the sun caress'd
Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost!
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's best,
And were it brighter, fresher, or more blest
Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

On the field of battle, 'mid the frenzy of fight,
Others have given their lives, without doubt or heed;
The place matters not—cypress or laurel or lily white,
Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyrdom's plight,
T is ever the same, to serve our home and country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break,
Through the gloom of night, to herald the day;
And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take,
Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake
To dye with its crimson the waking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me,
My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat high,
Were to see thy lov'd face, O gem of the Orient sea
From gloom and grief, from care and sorrow free;
No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning desire,
All hail! cries the soul that is now to take flight;
All hail! And sweet it is for thee to expire;
To die for thy sake, that thou mayst aspire;
And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long night.

If over my grave some day thou seest grow,
In the grassy sod, a humble flower,
Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul so,
While I may feel on my brow in the cold tomb below
The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's warm power.

Let the moon beam over me soft and serene,
Let the dawn shed over me its radiant flashes,
Let the wind with sad lament over me keen;
And if on my cross a bird should be seen,
Let it trill there its hymn of peace to my ashes.

Let the sun draw the vapors up to the sky,
And heavenward in purity bear my tardy protest
Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate sigh,
And in the still evening a prayer be lifted on high
From thee, O my country, that in God I may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died,
For all who have suffered the unmeasur'd pain;
For our mothers that bitterly their woes have cried,
For widows and orphans, for captives by torture tried
And then for thyself that redemption thou mayst gain

And when the dark night wraps the graveyard around
With only the dead in their vigil to see
Break not my repose or the mystery profound
And perchance thou mayst hear a sad hymn resound
'T is I, O my country, raising a song unto thee.

And even my grave is remembered no more
Unmark'd by never a cross nor a stone
Let the plow sweep through it, the spade turn it o'er
That my ashes may carpet earthly floor,
Before into nothingness at last they are blown.

Then will oblivion bring to me no care
As over thy vales and plains I sweep;
Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and air
With color and light, with song and lament I fare,
Ever repeating the faith that I keep.

My Fatherland ador'd, that sadness to my sorrow lends
Beloved Filipinas, hear now my last good-by!
I give thee all: parents and kindred and friends
For I go where no slave before the oppressor bends,
Where faith can never kill, and God reigns e'er on high!

Farewell to you all, from my soul torn away,
Friends of my childhood in the home dispossessed!
Give thanks that I rest from the wearisome day!
Farewell to thee, too, sweet friend that lightened my way;
Beloved creatures all, farewell! In death there is rest!

I Am a Filipino, by Carlos P. Romulo

I am a Filipino—inheritor of a glorious past, hostage to the uncertain future. As such I must prove equal to a two-fold task—the task of meeting my responsibility to the past, and the task of performing my obligation to the future.

I sprung from a hardy race, child many generations removed of ancient Malayan pioneers. Across the centuries the memory comes rushing back to me: of brown-skinned men putting out to sea in ships that were as frail as their hearts were stout. Over the sea I see them come, borne upon the billowing wave and the whistling wind, carried upon the mighty swell of hope—hope in the free abundance of new land that was to be their home and their children's forever.

I am a Filipino. In my blood runs the immortal seed of heroes—seed that flowered down the centuries in deeds of courage and defiance. In my veins yet pulses the same hot blood that sent Lapulapu to battle against the first invader of this land, that nerved Lakandula in the combat against the alien foe, that drove Diego Silang and Dagohoy into rebellion against the foreign oppressor.

The seed I bear within me is an immortal seed. It is the mark of my manhood, the symbol of dignity as a human being. Like the seeds that were once buried in the tomb of Tutankhamen many thousand years ago, it shall grow and flower and bear fruit again. It is the insignia of my race, and my generation is but a stage in the unending search of my people for freedom and happiness.

I am a Filipino, child of the marriage of the East and the West. The East, with its languor and mysticism, its passivity and endurance, was my mother, and my sire was the West that came thundering across the seas with the Cross and Sword and the Machine. I am of the East, an eager participant in its spirit, and in its struggles for liberation from the imperialist yoke. But I also know that the East must awake from its centuries sleep, shake off the lethargy that has bound his limbs, and start moving where destiny awaits.

I am a Filipino, and this is my inheritance. What pledge shall I give that I may prove worthy of my inheritance? I shall give the pledge that has come ringing down the corridors of the centuries, and it shall be compounded of the joyous cries of my Malayan forebears when first they saw the contours of this land loom before their eyes, of the battle cries that have resounded in every field of combat from Mactan to Tirad Pass, of the voices of my people when they sing:

"I am a Filipino born to freedom, and I shall not rest until freedom shall have been added unto my inheritance—for myself and my children and my children's children—forever."