

Prelude: Goldberg Variations: *Aria*

Healing through Music

Healing emotional and spiritual wounds

by use of emotional, spiritual, and mathematical remedies:

Adding music to our first aid kits, survival kits, productivity kits, and our well-being kits.

I. What do we already know about music and healing?

And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my church. For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads. D&C 25:11-12 (To Emma Smith)

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives. Matthew 26:30 (Following Last Supper and before the Garden of Gethsemane.)

And they shall be filled with songs of everlasting joy. D&C 133:33

If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God with supplication, that your souls may be joyful. D&C 136:28-29 (Music is one form of supplication.)

...be filled with the Spirit; Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; Ephesians 5:18-19

II. A Fail and a Success

Fail: The time I tried to cover trauma with Tabernacle Choir hymns—only way to keep my mind away from horrifying thoughts. (Bad associations later, plus, it didn't really work.)

Success: the day I was lost in Greensborough and arrived an hour late for a conference. I wondered what had possessed me to come in the first place. I dragged myself in to the only remaining event of the first day, a cello recital. I did NOT want to be there. And then ... 6 inches off the floor.

Discuss: Why did my hymn listening backfire?

(My only explanation is to compare it to a badly broken leg, which someone attempts to heal by dumping 10 gallons of antibiotics on top of it, then calling it good. (I was skipping a few steps.)

III. How does it work?

Melodic shape and function of scale tones.

Cello: scale note functions (D Major)

Cello: Mozart: *Ach, ich's fuhls* (g minor) for melodic **shape** (large intervals and rising high notes) and **function** (home is G—relationships of long notes to home, passing up home only to return too soon—not ready! Return to tension with m3, M2, back to the highest note (G), and then the agonizing m3 even higher.

Explain Baroque **Doctrine of the Affections**—only ONE emotion per piece (150 years before Mozart's music).

Intonation—**MATH**

Compare to drawing on graph paper.

Cello: intonation and overtones with sympathetic vibrations

Tonal purity and resonance (overtones)

Harmonic interest

Rhythmic Interest

IV. Examples

Renaissance (Listen: tonal clarity, intonation, resonance, purity of sound)

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, *Si Ignoras Te*

Tomás Luis de Victoria, *O Magnum Mysterium*

Carlo Gesualdo, *Tribulationem et Dolorem*

Baroque (Listen: The Doctrine of Affections)

Johann Sebastian Bach, Violin Partita No. 3 in E Major, *Preludio*

Johann Sebastian Bach, Goldberg Variations, *Aria*

Domenico Scarlatti, *Sonata in b minor, 2nd movement*

Classical

Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven (explore on your own)

Romantic (Listen: melody, rich and full harmony, fullness of sound—large choir, large orchestra—chromaticism)

Johannes Brahms, Ein Deutsches Requiem, *Wie Lieblich Sind deine Wohnungen...*

Gabriel Fauré, *Romance for cello and piano*

Contemporary (Listen: harmony, tonality, chromaticism, rhythm, purity of sound, dissonance)

Benjamin Britten, A Ceremony of Carols, *This Little Babe* and

In Freezing Winter Night

Hymns and Spirituals

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing, traditional American melody, text by

Robert Robinson.

Let Us Break Bread Together on our Knees, African American Spiritual

Amazing Grace, Edwin O. Excell, text by John Newton.

Pop, Eclectic

Barbra Streisand, *Somewhere* from Bernstein's Westside Story

Shirim Klezmer Orchestra, From Klezmer Nutcracker, *Kozatsky 'til You Dropsky*

and *Dance of the Dreydls*

Anthony Wakeman, Native American Flute, *Little Butterfly*.

Smooth Jazz All Stars, Kpop, *Deja-Boo*.

Beatles, *I Will* and *Blackbird*

English text for the Brahms, Ein Deutsches Requiem:

How lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts! For my soul, it longeth, yet fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out, yea, for the living God. O blest are they that dwell within Thy house; they praise Thy name evermore! (Psalm 84)

Text of the Britten Ceremony of Carols:

This Little Babe, words by Robert Southwell, c.1561-1595.

This little Babe so few days old is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmèd wise the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field, his naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries, his arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall, his bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystacks his stakes; of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels' trump alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight, stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward, this little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

In Freezing Winter Night, words by Robert Southwell

Behold, a silly tender babe in freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies; alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full, no man will yield this little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beast, in crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State;
The beast are parcel of his pomp, this wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire his royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from Heav'n; this pomp is prizèd there.

With joy approach o Christian wight, do homage to thy King;
And highly praise his humble pomp, wick he from Heav'n doth bring.

Postlude: