BURDICK The King of the Birds



For Narrator
Flute
Violin
and
Harpsichord

Opus 59(1990)

The King of the Birds

For Narrator, Flute Violin and Harpsichord

Richard Burdick Opus 59

c. 1990

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All performance must be reported to ASCAP

For more information on the work visit:

http://www.i-ching-music.com/opus59.html

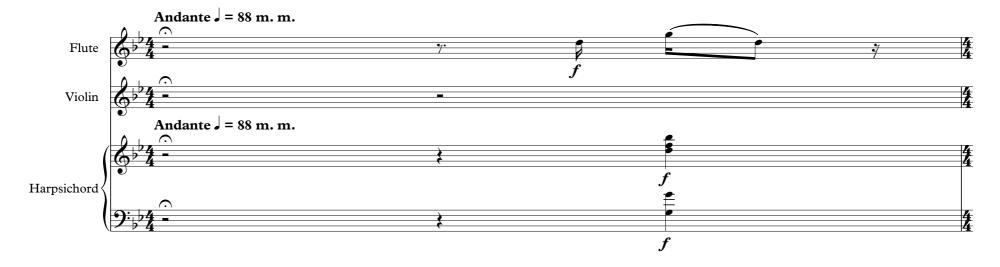
The King of the Birds, Op. 59

for narrator, flute, violin and harpsichord

Richard O. Burdick

Op. 59 Davis, Calif: 1990

Narrator: Long ago, when the Mayans were living in the Mountains of what is now Peru on the west coast of South America, things were different. Flowers, birds, trees and animals wore other colors and shapes than those we see today.



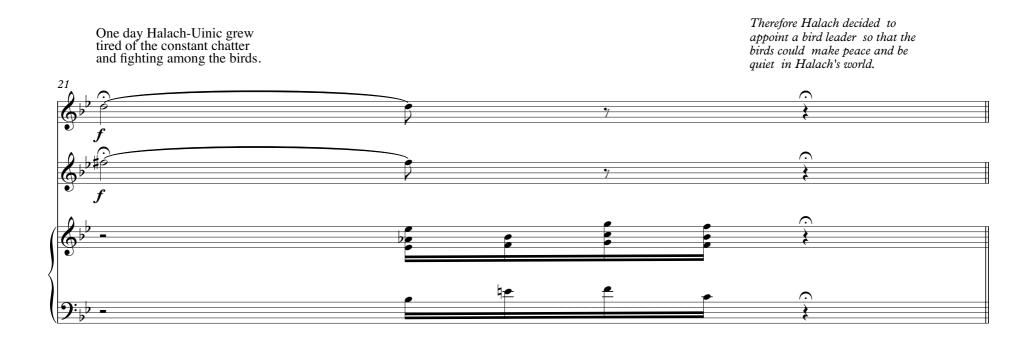




The great spirt, Halach-Uinic (ha lak u nic) guarded all Mayaland, and his word was law.

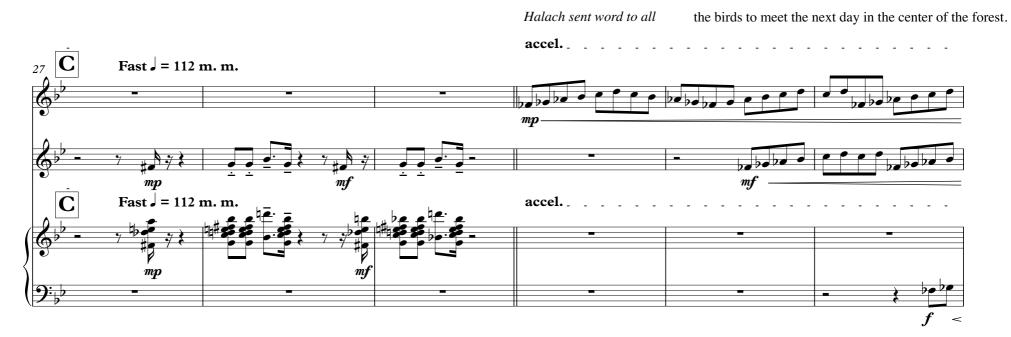








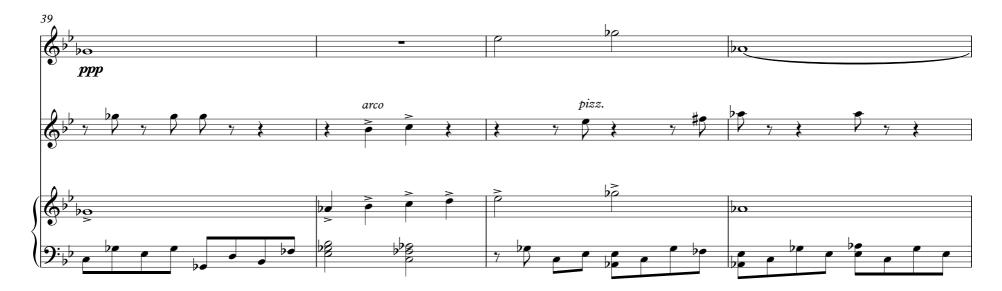
Calling for Xtun-tun-kinil (Sh-tun-tun-ke-nel) the roadrunner, chief of the messengers,



There they would elect a leader;

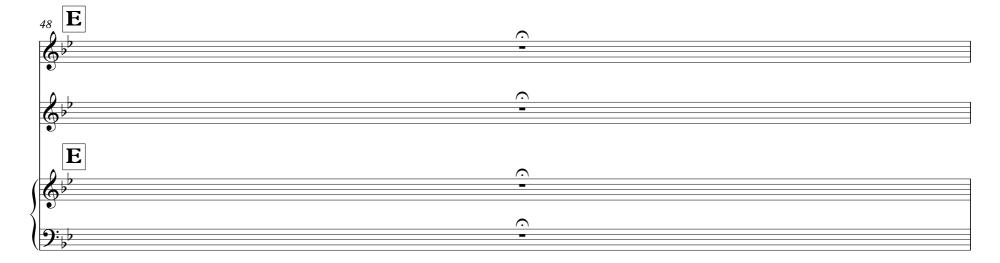


a strong ruler who would keep things quiet for the great spirit.





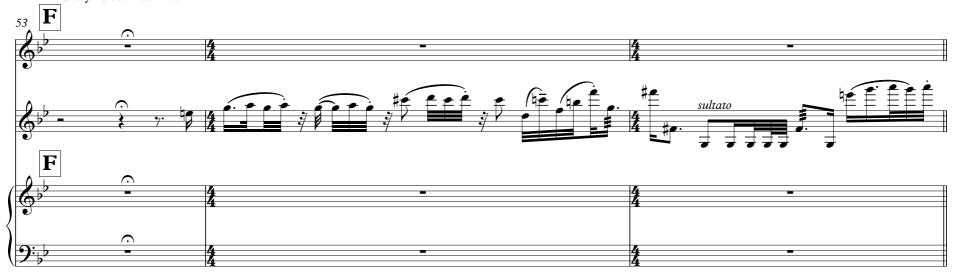
As each bird learned of the election they all began to boast of their best qualities. Col-pol-che (kol pol che) the cardinal sang "Look at me! No one else is bright red and as beautiful as I. All the birds admire me. I should be queen" And she strutted before her audience fluttering her wings and raising her crest .

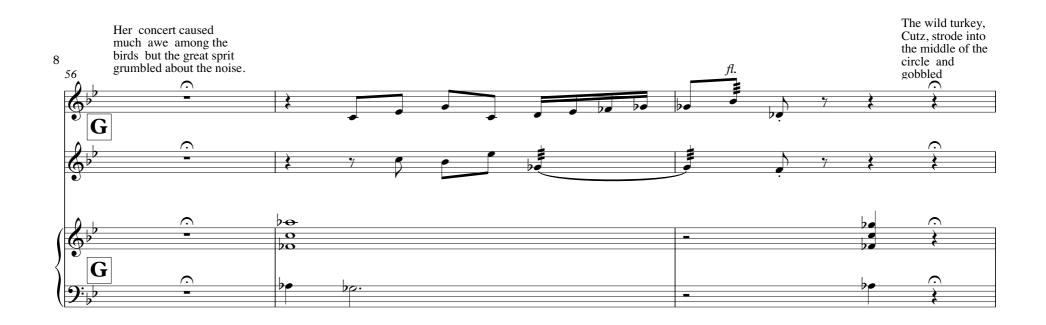






X-col-col-chek (she col col chek) the mockingbird trilled "I'm the only bird with such a lovely voice. Listen . . ."



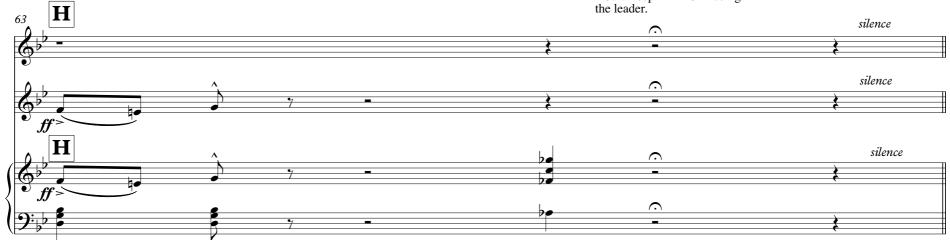


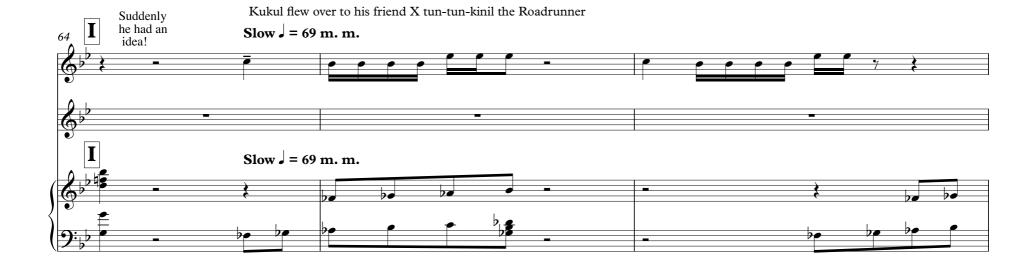
"There's no doubt I should be your ruler. Am I not the strongest Bird? With my size and strength, I can stop any fight and defend any bird in trouble."



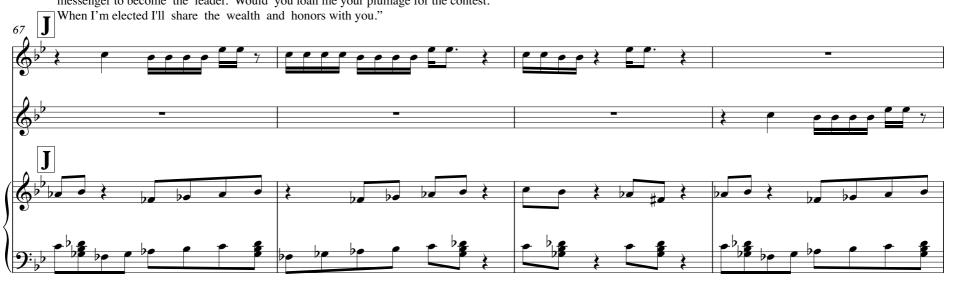
You need a powerful king and I'm the one!"

Kukul (koo kul) the quetzel bird remained quiet.
He listened patiently to each bird tell why each be leader but he didn't dare compete. Kukul was very ambitious and Proud. He had fine manners and a graceful body but his feathers were shabby and rather dull, and he thought his clothing would keep him from being the leader.





Kukul flew over to his friend Xtun-tun--kinil the Roadrunner and said "I would like to make you an offer. Your feathers are as handsome as any bird's here, but you are too busy with your work as a messenger to become the leader. Would you loan me your plumage for the contest.



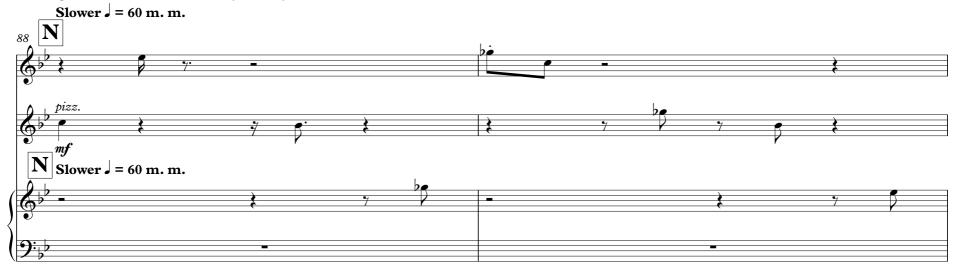








and he removed his feathers one by one and lent them to the clever quetzal who fixed them on his body as if they were his own.



Within minutes the quetzal was dressed in the most splendid costume. Kukul's tail hung in a sweeping curve of jade green plumes. His body shimmered with soft blues and greens like the Mayan sky and jungle. His breast blazed with the red of a tropical sunset. Swinging his lovely long tail in an arc, the bold bird promenaded into the clearing where all the birds of Mayaland were assembled.





His entrance caused a hush,



and then cries of Bravo,' "Hurrah, 'Oh," and "ah" filled the forest Some birds twitched their tails in envy

Halach-Uinic was pleased since he knew of kukul's deception and thought "he is a ruler whom I can control" The Great Spirit called the crowd to order and declared,

"I name the quetzal to be leader of the birds."





A loud flapping of wings followed this announcement as each bird fluttered over to Kukul to offer congratulations. Then a big party was given in kukul's honor, and after this all the birds flew home and left him to begin his new duties as leader.



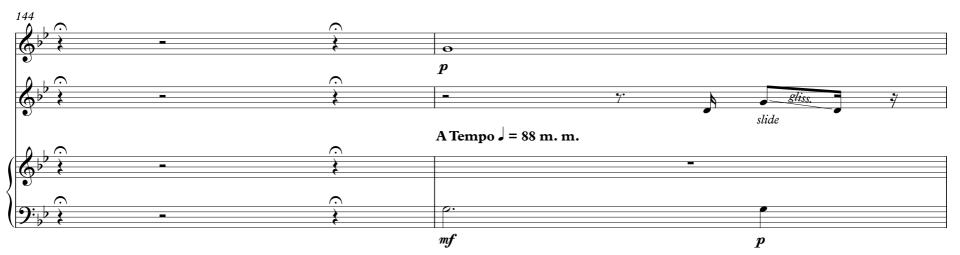




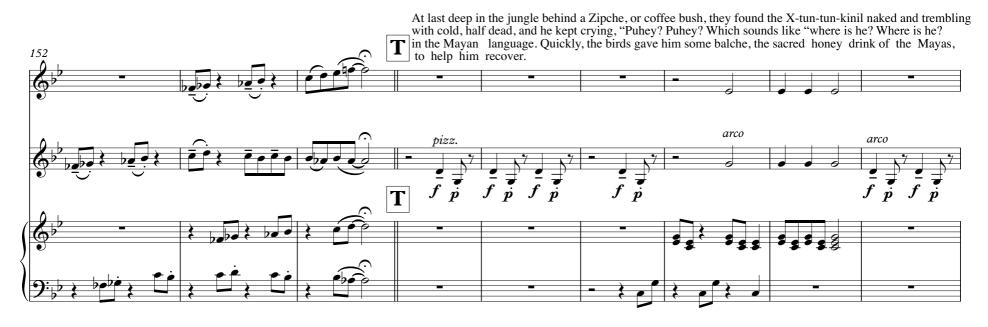
Kukul found himself so busy that he had no time to return the borrowed plumes. In fact he was afraid to take them off and soon forgot his promise to the roadrunner. For a while Kukul kept the birds from fighting and the forest was quiet for the Great spirit, BUT . . .

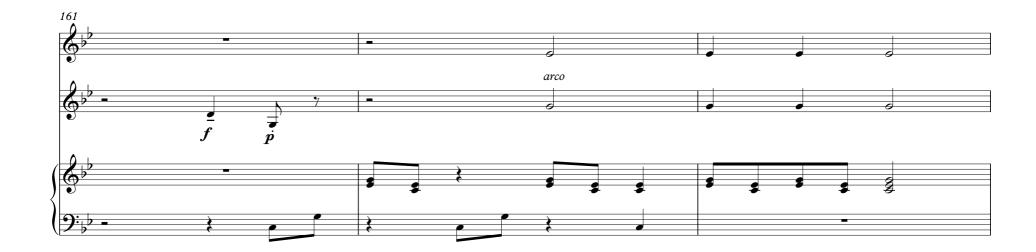
One day a group of the birds was meeting in a Chacah, or Gumbo limbo, tree. One of the noticed that Xtun-tun-kinil had not appeared. No one had seen him since the election. They began to suspect that Kukul had played some kind of trick and they immediately organized a search for the roadrunner.

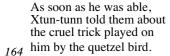
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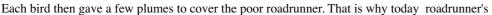


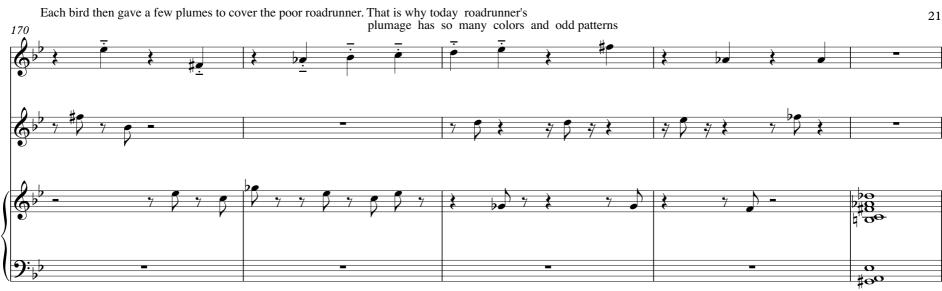


The birds felt sorry for the roadrunner. They went to kukul and told him that he should give back Xtun-tun's feathers and resign. The Great Spirit didn't want kukul out of office, he wanted kukul's clothing kept secret. It would be impossible for the leader to give his feathers back.











So the birds started singing and chattering all the time in protest of "Kukul the King."



To this day the birds sing and chatter all the time.

The Great Spirit has grown to love the music.

