

**27 JUL**

**Sábado / Saturday**

**16:00 Marvão, Igreja de N. Sra. da Estrela / N. Sra. da Estrela Church**

**CORO DO FESTIVAL DE MARVÃO / MARVÃO FESTIVAL CHORUS**

**MARVÃO FESTIVAL CHORUS**

**NOVUS STRING QUARTET**

**Jaeyoung Kim, Violino**

**Young-Uk Kim, Violino**

**Kyuhyun Kim, Viola**

**Wonhae Lee, Violoncelo**

**Hariolf Schlichtig, Viola**

**Rodrigo Gomes, Piano**

**Pedro Teixeira, Direcção**

***“A Poesia na Música” / “Poetry in Music”***

**Miguel Jesus (n. 1984)**

*Liberdade*

**Morten Lauridsen (n. 1943)**

*Nocturnes*

1. *Sa nuit d'Été*
2. *Soneto de la Noche*
3. *Sure on this shining night*
4. *Epilogue - Voici le soir*

**Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)**

*Quinteto de Cordas Op. 87, Si bemol maior*

*Allegro Vivace*

**Fernando Lopes-Graça (1906-94)**

*Senhora do Livramento*

**Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)**

*Quinteto de Cordas Op. 87, Si bemol maior*

*Allegretto scherzando*

**Eric Whitacre (n. 1970)**

### *Five Hebrew Love Songs*

5. *Temuná (A Picture)*
6. *Kalá, Kallá (Light Bride)*
7. *Lárov (Mostly)*
8. *Éyze Shéleg! (What Snow!)*
9. *Rakút (Tenderness)*

### **Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)**

*Quinteto de Cordas Op. 87, Si bemol maior*  
*Adagio e lento*

### **Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)**

*Salmo 43: "Richte mich, Gott"*

### **Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)**

*Quinteto de Cordas Op. 87, Si bemol maior*  
*Allegro molto vivace*

## **A Poesia na Música**

Este concerto explora a relação entre poesia e música. Devido à pureza e à imediatez da voz humana, as peças *a cappella* (sem acompanhamento) em particular, como as de Miguel Jesus, Morten Lauridsen, Fernando Lopes-Graça e Mendelssohn, oferecem ao compositor a oportunidade suprema de expressar as palavras em som. Mas, como provam as **Five Hebrew Love Songs** de Eric Whitacre, o poder evocativo da poesia cantada pode também ser incitado por uma combinação de voz e cordas. Com quatro compositores contemporâneos no programa, este concerto demonstra como o esplendor da voz humana é imparável e intemporal.

De todos os instrumentos, os das cordas são os mais frequentemente comparados à voz humana. Para destacar isto e para criar uma experiência auditiva diferente, as peças vocais são intercaladas com os quatro andamentos do **Quinteto de Cordas N.º 2** de Mendelssohn.

O concerto abre com duas peças para coro *a cappella* baseadas em poemas de uma das maiores poetisas de Portugal, Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen (que era também avó do Maestro Martim Sousa Tavares, que conduzirá logo à noite a Orquestra do Algarve nas Ruínas da Cidade Romana de Ammaia). Em 1999, foi a primeira mulher a ganhar o prestigiado Prémio Camões. Os seus restos mortais estão sepultados no Panteão Nacional em Lisboa.

No seu curto poema **Liberdade**, celebra a praia, com as suas ondas incessantemente batendo, como um lugar onde o tempo e a liberdade se encontram. A noção de liberdade faz deste poema e da sua expressão musical por Miguel Jesus (n. 1984) uma escolha popular para as celebrações e comemorações anuais do 25 de Abril, o dia em que, em 1974, a ditadura chegou ao fim.

## Poetry in Music

This concert explores the relationship between poetry and music. Because of the purity and the immediacy of the human voice, the (unaccompanied) *a cappella* pieces in particular, like the ones by Miguel Jesus, Morten Lauridsen, Fernando Lopes-Graça and Mendelssohn, give the composer the ultimate opportunity to express the words in sound. But as Eric Withacre's Five Hebrew Love Songs prove, the evocative power of sung poetry can also be incited by a combination of voice and strings. With four contemporary composers on the program, this concert demonstrates how the splendour of the human voice is unstoppable and timeless.

Of all the instruments, the strings are most often likened to the human voice. To highlight this and in order to create a different listening experience, the vocal pieces are interspersed with the four movements of Mendelssohn's String Quintet N°. 2.

The concert opens with two pieces for an a cappella choir on poems by one of Portugal's foremost poets, Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen (who was also the grandmother of Martim Sousa Tavares, who is conducting the Orquestra do Algarve tonight at the Ammaia Archaeological Site). In 1999 she was the first woman to win the prestigious Prémio Camões. Her remains are entombed in the National Pantheon in Lisbon.

In her short poem *Liberdade* she celebrates the beach, with its incessantly pounding waves, as a place where time and freedom meet. The notion of freedom makes this poem and its musical expression by **Miguel Jesus** (b. 1984) a popular choice for the annual celebrations and commemorations of 25 April, the day on which in 1974 the dictatorship came to an end.

[Bart de Vries](#)

## Liberdade (Freedom)

Aqui nesta praia onde  
Não há nenhum vestígio de impureza,  
Aqui onde há somente  
Ondas tombando ininterruptamente,  
Puro espaço e lúcida unidade,  
Aqui o tempo apaixonadamente  
Encontra a própria liberdade.

*Here on this beach where  
There is no trace of impurity,  
Here where there is only  
Waves tumbling uninterruptedly,  
Pure space and lucid unity,  
Here the time passionately  
Finds its freedom.*

In Nocturnes **Morten Lauridsen** sets to music (for a *cappella* choir) four poems (by Rilke, Neruda and Agee), which all address aspects of the common theme of 'Night'.

## Sa nuit d'été (This Night of Summer)

Si je pourrais avec mes mains  
brûlantes  
Fondre ton corps autour ton cœur  
d'amante  
Ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente  
  
Le prenant pour un astre attardé  
Qui toujours dès le premier temps des  
mondes  
Était perdu et qui commence sa ronde  
  
Et tâtonnant de la lumière blonde  
  
Sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été

*If, with my burning hands, I could melt  
the body surrounding your lover's  
heart,  
  
ah! how the night would become  
translucent,  
taking it for a late star,  
which, from the first moments of the  
world,  
was forever lost, and which begins its  
course  
with its blonde light, trying to reach out  
towards  
its first night, its night, its summer  
night.*

Soneto de la noche (Night Sonnet, translation by Nicholas Lauridsen)

Cuando yo muera quiero tus manos en  
mis ojos:  
Quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos  
amadas  
Pasar una vez más sobre mí su  
frescura:  
Sentir la suavidad que cambió mi  
destino

Quiero que vivas mientras yo,  
dormido, te espero  
Quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el  
viento  
Que huelas el aroma del mar que  
amamos juntos  
Y que sigas pisando la arena que  
pisamos

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo  
Y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las  
cosas  
Por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida

Para que alcances todo lo que mi  
amor te ordena  
Para que se pasee mi sombra por tu  
pelo

Para que así conozcan la razón de mi  
canto  
*When I die I want your hands on my  
eyes:  
I want the light and the wheat of your  
beloved hands  
to pass their freshness over me one  
more time  
to feel the smoothness that changed  
my destiny.  
I want you to live while I wait for you,  
asleep,  
I want for your ears to go on hearing  
the wind,  
for you to smell the sea that we loved  
together  
and for you to go on walking the sand  
where we walked.  
I want for what I love to go on living  
and as for you I loved you and sang  
you above everything,  
for that, go on flowering, flowery one,*  
  
*so that you reach all that my love  
orders for you,  
so that my shadow passes through  
your hair,  
so that they know by this the reason  
for my song.*

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground

The late year lies down the north  
All is healed, all is health  
High summer holds the earth  
Hearts all whole

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars

Voici le soir

Voici le soir  
Pendant tout un jour encore  
Je vous ai beaucoup aimées  
Collines émues  
C'est beau de voir  
Mais: de sentire à la doublure  
Des paupières fermées  
La douceur d'avoir vu

*Here is the evening  
For one more day  
I loved you very much  
Hills seized with emotion  
It's beautiful to see  
But: to feel on the lining  
Of closed eyelids  
The sweetness of having seen*

*Senhora do Livramento* is an old folk song from Beira Alta, which was set to music by **Fernando Lopes-Graça** (1906-1994). *Senhora do Livramento* (or Our Lady of Good Deliverance) was invoked as a helper in all kinds of calamities and suffering, whether of a spiritual or material nature.

Senhora do Livramento

Senhora do Livramento,  
Livrai o meu namorado  
Que me vai deixar sozinha  
Ai meu Jesus, ai meu Jesus!  
Pela vida de soldado!  
As vossas tranças, Senhora,  
São loiras como as espigas;  
Senhora do Livramento,  
Ai meu Jesus, ai meu Jesus!  
Protegei as raparigas!  
Hei-de bordar a toalha,  
Senhora, do vosso altar,  
E a camisa do meu noivo  
Ai meu Jesus, ai meu Jesus!  
Quando me for a casar.  
Senhora do Livramento...  
Senhora do Livramento...

**Eric Whitacre** (b. 1970) writes the following about the genesis of his Five Hebrew Love Songs.

“In the spring of 1996, my great friend and brilliant violinist Friedemann Eichhorn invited me and my girlfriend-at-the-time Hila Plitmann (a soprano) to give a concert with him in his home city of Speyer, Germany. We had all met that year as students at the Juilliard School, and were inseparable.

“Because we were appearing as a band of traveling musicians, ‘Friedy’ asked me to write a set of troubadour songs for piano, violin and soprano. I asked Hila (who was born and raised in Jerusalem) to write me a few ‘postcards’ in her native tongue, and a few days later she presented me with these exquisite and delicate Hebrew poems. I set them while we vacationed in a small skiing village in the Swiss Alps, and we performed them for the first time a week later in Speyer.

“In 2001, the University of Miami commissioned me to adapt the songs for SATB [soprano, alto, tenor, bass] chorus and string quartet...

“Each of the songs captures a moment that Hila and I shared together. **Kalá Kallá** (which means ‘light bride’) was a pun I came up with while she was first teaching me Hebrew. The bells at the beginning of **Éyze Shéleg!** are the exact pitches that awakened us each morning in Germany as they rang from a nearby cathedral.”

### Temuná (A picture)

Temuná belibí charuntá;  
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:  
Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach  
otá,  
Usaréch al paña'ich kach nófel.

*A picture is engraved in my heart;  
Moving between light and darkness:  
A sort of silence envelopes your body,  
And your hair falls upon your face just  
so.*

### Kalá Kallá (Light Bride)

Kalá kallá  
Kulá shelí,  
U've kalút  
Tishákhílí!

*Light bride  
She is all mine,  
And lightly  
She will kiss me!*

### Laróv (Mostly)

“Laróv,” amár gag la’shama’im,  
“Hamerchák shebeynéynu hu ad;  
Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna’im,  
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter echad”

*“Mostly,” said the roof to the sky,  
“the distance between you and I is  
endlessness;  
But a while ago two came up here,  
And only one centimeter was left  
between us.”*



### Éyze Shéleg! (What Snow!)

Ézye shéleg!  
Kmo chalomót ktaníim  
Noflíim mehashamá im.

*What snow!  
Like little dreams  
Falling from the sky.*

### Rakút (Tenderness)

Hu hayá malé rakút;  
Hi haytá kasha  
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,  
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,  
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,  
Veheníach Bamakóm hachí rach.

*And as much as she tried to stay thus,  
Simply, and with no good reason,  
He took her into himself,  
And set her down  
In the softest, softest place.*

*He was full of tenderness;  
She was very hard.*

In the Lutheran tradition, Psalm 43 belongs to the readings for Passion Sunday or the fifth Sunday in Lent, the Sunday before Easter. On this day, also known as Palm Sunday, Jesus made his grand entry into Jerusalem, which ended in his crucifixion some days later. **Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy** (1809-1847) set this Psalm to music for the Passion Sunday service in 1844.

### Psalm 43

Richte mich, Gott, und führe meine  
Sache  
wider das unheilige Volk  
und errette mich von den falschen und  
bösen Leuten.  
Denn du bist der Gott meiner Stärke;  
Warum verstößest du mich?  
Warum lässest du mich so traurig geh'n,  
wenn mein Feind mich drängt?  
Sende dein Licht und deine Wahrheit,  
daß sie mich leiten  
zu deinem heiligen Berge,  
und zu deiner Wohnung.  
Daß ich hineingehe zum Altar Gottes,  
zu dem Gott, der meine Freude und

*Do me justice, o God, and fight my fight  
against a faithless people;  
from the deceitful and impious man  
rescue me.  
For you, o God, are my strength.  
Why do you keep me so far away?  
Why must I go about in mourning,  
With the enemy oppressing me?  
Send forth your light and your fidelity;  
they shall lead me on  
And bring me to your holy mountain,  
to your dwelling place.  
Then will I go in to the altar of God,  
the God of my gladness and joy;  
Then will I give you thanks upon the*

Wonne ist,  
und dir, Gott, auf der Harfe danke, mein  
Gott.

Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele,  
und bist so unruhig in mir?

Harre auf Gott! Denn ich werde ihm  
noch danken,

daß er meines Angesichts Hülfe,  
und mein Gott ist.

*harp, my God*

*Why are you so downcast, o my soul?*

*And why do you sigh within me?*

*Hope in God! Then I will again give him  
thanks,*

*In the presence of my savior  
and my God.*