

SINFONIA Nº 10 – AMERÍNDIA
[SUMÉ, PATER PATRIUM]

[1] I. A TERRA E OS SERES

[2] II. GRITO DE GUERRA

(coro feminino)

Hum! Hum!....

A VOZ DA TERRA

(solo [baixo])

- lá só Pindorama,
itamárana po añantin,
yara "rama ae recê"!

[3] III. SCHERZO: IURUPICHUNA

[Os macacos de boca preta]

ÍNDIAS

(coro feminino)

Yurupichuna u quêre ramé yauary
raua recé u i u mutêre.

Petuna ramé uitu aiua
amana uaçu aintá
raira meri etá u yuchió;
u çacema irucanga irumo.

Yavé teñen aintá maña.

Aetá paia uêhê:

- Orandé curi yá muñan yandé ruca.

Amu çuachara:

- Orandé teñen curi.

Cuema ramé aintá u ñehé:

- Ya çu ana yá muñan yané ruca?

Amu çuachara:

- Cha çu maú miri ráin.

Amu etá u çuachara:

- Ichê iuire.

Amu etá u ñehé:

- Ichê iuire,

ichê iuire,

ichê iuire.

U çu paus, inti ana u manduai

u muñan aítá ruca.

Mahy ramé iuêre amana

u quêre aetá manduare iuire:

- Yá muñan yaué ruca, yavé ruca.

Ne amu ara opé aetá muñan curi aetá ruca.

Yavé u muñan amu, apegaua etá.

ÍNDIOS

(coro masculino)

Niti ixé aputári kunhã

setima sakai uaá

Kurumu iaiumamana maiaué,

buia sakai maiaué.

Niti ixé aputári kunhã

sauapuku asu uaá

Kurumu ti umukanhimu ixé

Tiririka maiaué

ÍNDIAS E ÍNDIOS

(coro misto)

ixé amaã ramé kuri

teiú uiaxiú

aikué karakarai

serapiu aramé kuri

ixé amaã ramé kuri

ixé aiumburé piterupi

Aikué tatu membeka

ixé uiutima ramé kuri.

SYMPHONY No. 10 'AMERÍNDIA'
[SUMÉ, PATER PATRIUM]

I. THE EARTH AND ITS CREATURES

II. WAR CRY

(women's choir)

Hum! Hum!....

THE VOICE OF THE EARTH

(solo [bass])

- Let us march to Pindorama,
clutching our weapons.
We will be masters of the land!

III. SCHERZO: IURUPICHUNA

[Black-mouthed monkeys]

FEMALE INDIANS

(women's choir)

The black-mouthed monkeys sleep together
in the leaves of the javari palm.

On windy nights
in stormy weather,
their young cry
and shout out with cold.

Their mother does the same.

Their father says:

- Tomorrow we will make our house.

Another one replies:

- Tomorrow it is, then.

When dawn breaks they say:

- Are we going to make our house?

Another one replies:

- I'm going to eat a little bit more.

Another one replies:

- Me too.

The others say:

- Me too.

- Me too.

- Me too.

They all leave, and no longer remember
to make their house.

When the rains return and they are sleeping,
they will remember again:

- Let's make our house, our house ...

But they will never make their home,
like some men.

INDIGENOUS MEN

(men's choir)

I don't want a woman with
legs like dry branches,
so that I don't get coiled up in them
like a viper.

I don't want a woman with
long hair

like flat-sedge grass,
so I don't get lost in it.

INDIGENOUS WOMEN AND MEN

(Mixed choir)

When I see

the tegus lizard cry,

the caracara falcon

will screech.

When I find

myself lost,

there will be an idle armadillo

who will be able to bury me.

VOZ DA TERRA
(*Coro e baixo solo*)
- Oh! Oh! Oh!
- An! An! An! An!

AMERÍNDIO
(*Coro e solistas [baixo e barítono]*)
- An! An! An! An! An!

(*Coro feminino e solistas [baixo e barítono]*)
- An! An! An! An!
- An! An! An! An!

(*Coro misto*)
Aikué tatu membeka
ixé uiutima ramé kuri.
Ixé! Ixé! Ixé!
uiutuma ramé...

[4] IV. A VOZ DA TERRA E A APARIÇÃO DE ANCHIETA

AMERÍNDIO
(*barítono*)
- Quem canta?
- Quem fala?
- Quem chora?
- Quem geme?

VOZ DA TERRA
(*coro misto*)
- Ah! Ah! Ah!
- Ê! Ê!... !! !!
- An! An! An! Ah!....

AMERÍNDIO
(*barítono*)
- Que penumbra...
- Que luz obscura...
- Ah!

(*e coro misto*)
- Nan!.... Ah!

AMERÍNDIO
(*barítono*)
- Que penumbra...
- Que luz obscura...
- Aproxima-se...
- Iluminada...
- Aureolada...
- Um! Um! Um!
(*coro feminino*)
- Um!

A VOZ DA TERRA
(*baixo*)
- É José de Anchieta!
O taumaturgo!

AMERÍNDIO
(*barítono*)
- Tupã?! Anhangá?! Sumé?! Sumé?!
(*coro misto*)
- Sumé?! Sumé?! Sumé! Tupã? Tupã?
(*coro feminino*)
- Sumé? Sumé? Sumé? Tupã?

THE VOICE OF THE EARTH
(*choir and bass solo*)
- Oh! Oh! Oh!
- An! An! An! An!

AMERINDIAN
(*choir and soloists [bass and baritone]*)
- An! An! An! An! An!

(*women's choir and soloists [bass and baritone]*)
- An! An! An! An!
- An! An! An! An!

(*mixed choir*)
There will be an idle armadillo who will be able to bury me.
There will be an idle armadillo who will be able to bury me.
Me! Me! Me!
It will be able to bury me...

IV. THE VOICE OF THE EARTH AND THE APPEARANCE OF FATHER ANCHIETA

AMERINDIAN
(*baritone*)
- Who is singing?
- Who is talking?
- Who is crying?
- Who is groaning?

THE VOICE OF THE EARTH
(*bass*) (*mixed choir*)
- Ah! Ah! Ah!
- Ê! Ê!... !! !!
- An! An! An! Ah!....

AMERINDIAN
(*baritone*)
- What twilight...
- What dark light...
- Oh!

(*and mixed choir*)
- Nan!.... Ah!

AMERINDIAN
(*baritone*)
- What twilight...
- What dark light...
- It moves closer...
- Illuminated...
- Haloed...
- Hum! Hum! Hum!
(*female choir*)
- Hum!

THE VOICE OF THE EARTH
(*bass*)
- It's José de Anchieta!
The miracle worker!

AMERINDIAN
(*baritone*)
The spirits Tupã, Anhangá, Sumé????!!
(*Mixed choir*)
- Sumé?! Sumé?! Sumé! Tupã? Tupã?
(*female choir*)
- Sumé? Sumé? Sumé? Tupã?

AMERÍNDIO E VOZ DA TERRA
- Sumé! Tupã! Sumé! Tupã!

E VOZ DE ANCHIETA
(*coro feminino*)
- Sumé! Tupã! Sumé!

(*coro masculino*)
- Tupã! Tupã! Sumé!
- Sumé!...

(*coro misto*)
- Sumé? Sumé? Sumé?

VOZ DA TERRA
- Escutai-no!

VOZ DE ANCHIETA
(*tenor*)
- Tupã omongaraiba,
laué ara katu umeê peeme

(*fragmentos do Poema Mariano de José de Anchieta*)
vv. 133-148: ALEGRIA DO CRIADOR

(*coro*)
Maximus immenso lætatur amore Creator
Mira suæ spectat cum monimenta manus:
Continuos casto cum cernit in æquore motus
Et varia æquoreis ludere monstra viis,
Cum videt immotam tam grandi pondere terram
Cunctaque materno quæ fovet alma sinu,
Astrigeros pulchro cum temperat ordine cælos,
Innumeris florent quæ loca spiritibus;
Si de perfecto, quem verbo condidit, orbe
Ille opifex rerum gaudia summus habet;
Tu certe ex omni, speciosa puellula, parte
Gaudi eris summo maxima causa Patri.
Iubilat ille, fovens immoto gaudia corde,
Quod fecere suæ te sine labe manus.
Perfecit manuum super omnia facta suarum
Hoc unum, et reliquis prætulit Auctor opus.

N.º 18 / vv. 735-9: DOCE MELODIA
(Aos pés da Virgem)

(*coro feminino*)
Surgo gravis mentem multorum mole malorum,
Et vetus in tumido corpore torpor erat;
Deiectusque caput, faciemque tegente pudore
Vix veni ante oculos, Virgo benigna, tuos;
Nec visus oculis nec erat data copia fletus,
[...]

vv. 745-54: O GEMIDO DE UMA ORAÇÃO

(*coro*)
Captabam sola divinas aure loquelas,
Dulce tuo flueret si quid ab ore mihi.
Ecce labris prodit (nisi falsa illius imago
indignum) talis vox mihi nota tuis:
"Surge, veni mecum sacrata in templa Tonantis!
Tu mihi, perpetuo tempore, servus eris"
... mecum sacrata in templa Tonantis!
(*naípe de tenor*)
"Tu mihi, perpetuo tempore, servus eris"
Audi, et, vita simul ac sermone resumpto:
"Ecce sequor, dixi, quo benedicta venis!
Mors odiumque meis sanctisque aversio vultus
Poenaque debetur non moritura malis.

AMERINDIAN AND THE VOICE OF THE EARTH
- Sumé! Tupã! Sumé! Tupã!

THE VOICE OF ANCHIETA
(*women's choir*)
- Sumé! Tupã! Sumé!

(*men's choir*)
- Tupã! Tupã! Sumé!
- Sumé!...

(*mixed choir*)
- Sumé? Sumé? Sumé?

THE VOICE OF THE EARTH
Listen to him!

THE VOICE OF ANCHIETA
(*tenor*)
God bless you,
and grant you peace.

(*fragments of the Marian Poem by José de Anchieta*)
vv. 133-148: THE JOY OF THE CREATOR

(*chorus*)
The supreme creator feels joy and immense love
when he looks upon his wonderful works:
the continuous movements in the chaste sea
and several creatures playing in the waves,
when he sees the land, heavy and still,
and all the things that it nurtures in its maternal bosom.
When he sprinkles the skies with stars,
places where countless spirits flourish.
If the perfect universe, created with words,
delights the supreme Creator,
you, beautiful little girl, who are undoubtedly part of everything,
will be the greatest source of joy for the supreme Father.
He will be full of jubilation, keeping all his joy in his heart,
because his hands made you unblemished.
You were the only creature finished to perfection,
and that is why you are your maker's favourite.

N.º 18 / vv. 735-9: SWEET MELODY
(At the feet of the Virgin)

(*women's choir*)
Weighed down with sins, I elevate my spirit.
In this swollen body, an old torpor;
head and face lowered, covered in shame.
I have put myself before your eyes, oh, kindly Virgin
and my eyes have not been granted vision, nor an abundance of tears,
[...]

vv. 745-54: THE MOAN OF A PRAYER

(*choir*)
I would capture your divine words in my ear,
if something flowed in my direction from your sweet mouth.
Behold then from your lips, if this unworthy soul has not
been deceived by a false image, this voice, my friend:
"Get up! Come with me to the temples of God!
You, for the rest of your life, will be my servant.
Come with me to the temples of God!"
(*tenor section*)
"You, for the rest of your life, will be my servant."
I heard this and, having regained both life and speech, said:
"Behold I will follow you wherever you go, blessed one!
Death, hatred, this face turned towards my saints
and the never-ending punishments are due to my sins.

[...]"

N° 24/vv. 1020-9: O PAI ETERNO

(coro feminino)

Servili culpæ conditione, premi;
Promissumque, suo qui mundet sanguine mundum,
Vincula captivis demat et arcta, ducem:
Ingemis, et, iusto pectus concussa dolore,
Virgineos lacrimis et madefacta sinus,
Attolis cælo palmas, pedibusque voluta
Divina his oras vocibus ora piis:
"Quam, Pater alme, diu capet te oblivio nostri,
Exardensque tuus zelus, ut ignis, erit?
Cur tua ab antiquis immanis regna tyrannus [...]"

N° 29/vv. 1733-50: O DRAGÃO DO INFERNO

(solo barítono)

Sed novus ecce draco squamato pectore terram
Verrit, et ingenti concavat orbe sinus.
Taliane, ambiguum, telluris monstra cavernæ
An nigra Cocyti stagna lacusque vomant.

(coro)

... ambiguum, telluris! Ah!...

(solo barítono)

Credo equidem talem stygio de gurgite pestem
Prodisse et foedis ex Acherontis aquis.
Pandit hians fauces (pecudes procul ite!) cruentas.
Ne vos sanguineo bellua dente necet.
Letifer e tetro prodit Calvinus Averno,
Mortiferosque affert de Phlegethonte cibos.
Quem cibatur ille, perit; procul hinc, procul este, perennem
Qui cupis vitam! quem cibatur ille, perit.

N° 32

(coro)

"Cedite, tartareo flagrans sitit igne chelydrus,
Viroso strages edit et ore graves;
Nec terræ parcat, supero nec parcat Olympo,
Nec tibi, summe Deus, nec, sacra Virgo, tibi.
Si parcat carnis, mentis tamen ille pudori,
[...]"

[5] V.

vv. 2673-89: GLÓRIA NO CÉU E PAZ NA TERRA!

(coro)

His blandire piæ, mater dulcissima, proli,
Vixque animo claudis gaudia tanta illo.
Parvulus in foeno recubat, tua gloria, natus,
Tu iuxta æthereo lumine plena sedes.
Sidereum plaudit divinis vocibus agmen,
Natalem domini concelebratque sui.
Ingeminat laudes, resonat vox clara per auras:
"Sit decus in superis, gloria, lausque Deo,
Et placidæ tellus exsultet munere pacis,
Mittitur e cælo mentibus illa piis."
Diffugiunt tenebræ, fulget splendoribus aer,
Et vero exoritur sole oriente dies.
Pastores currunt, natumque recenter adorant,
Quem vox cælestis dixerat esse Deum.
Hæc te lætitia cumulant, hæc laudibus ornant,
Omniaque hæc servas pectore verba tuo.
Si sinis, ipse etiam nati ad præsepia regis
[...].

[...]"

N° 24/vv. 1020-9: THE ETERNAL FATHER

(women's choir)

Oppressed by the servile condition of guilt;
waiting for the prince who would purify the world with his blood
and would release captives from their shackles,
you cry, your chest injured by this just pain
and your virginal breasts bathed in tears.
You raise your hands to heaven and, kneeling,
you pray to the divine realm, with these devout words:
"For how long, our Father the Creator, will you forget about us,
and will your zeal, burning like a fire, exist?
Why is it that since ancient times, a cruel tyrant
occupies your kingdoms?"

N° 29/vv. 1733-50: THE DRAGON OF HELL

(baritone solo)

But behold a new dragon with a scaly chest is prowling the earth,
and digging a hole with his enormous body.
Oh Talion, it is impossible to know if such monsters are vomited up
from the earth's caves or from the black lagoons and lakes of Cocytus.

(choir)

It is impossible to know! Oh!...

(baritone solo)

I believe, for my part that this scourge emerged from the lake of Styx
or from the horrific waters of Acheron.
It displays its bloody throat. Go far away, dear flock,
or the beast with bloodthirsty teeth will devour you!
The deadly Calvin emerges from gloomy Averno,
and brings with him deadly food from Phlegethon.
Whoever he feeds dies. Get away from here, get away from him,
you who seek an everlasting life! Whoever he feeds dies.

N° 32

(choir)

"Withdraw, the serpent in the fire of Tartarus is thirsty,
and its infected mouth causes serious harm;
it does not spare the earth, nor does it spare the supreme Olympus,
nor you, God of gods, nor you, Holy Virgin.
If the serpent spares the dignity of the flesh,
it does not spare that of the mind [...]"

V.

vv. 2673-89: GLORY IN HEAVEN AND PEACE ON EARTH!

(choir)

Thus you caress this devout progeny, oh, sweet mother,
And, with difficulty, in your heart you hold so much joy.
The new-born is resting in the hay, your glory.
You sit alongside, full of ethereal light.
A band of angels sings in praise with divine voices,
and celebrates the birth of the Lord.
A clear voice resonates through the air, repeating words of praise:
"Let there be honour, glory and praise to God amongst men,
let the earth rejoice with the gift of serene peace,
sent from heaven to the devout spirits."
The darkness dissipates, the air glistens,
the day dawns with the true rising sun.
The shepherds arrive, and adore the new-born infant,
whom the celestial voice has called God.
These wonders fill you with joy, crown you with praise,
and you keep all these words in your heart.
If you will permit me, I too will bow down before the crib
of the new-born King. [...]

vv. 3793-800: PRESSÁGIOS DE TREVAS E LUZ

(coro)

Tu rorem et mitem sparges pergentibus umbram,
Auxiliumque, levis, dira per arva feres;
Utque paret nobis, tua lux et gloria, Iesus
In superis sedes et loca digna polis,
Ipse sua vectus Patris petet atria nube,
Quam caro fecundæ Virginis alma dedit.
Ergo tua est nubes, qua tectus vivit et olim

Occidet, et surgens ætheris alta petet.

vv. 5087-94: VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS!

(coro)

Spiritus alme, veni, cælique elapsus ab arce,
Mitte bonus lucis lumina clara tuæ!
Huc ades, o inopum Pater optime, cuius egenis
Natorum ornari nomine præstat amor!
Huc ades, æthereis cumulas qui pectora donis,
Cordis inextinctum lumen et ignis edax!
Huc, animos miti recreans solamine, mentis
Dulce refrigerium, dulcis et hospes, ades!

vv. 5345-52: SOBRE TODOS OS SANTOS

(coro)

Qui te veridici post tempora longa prophetæ
Viscere clausuram præcinuere Deum,
Iam te divinis regnatem laudibus ornant,

Et cum prôle canunt te sine fine tua.
Turba Ducum ac Regum, seniorumque inclyta Patrum,
Imperiale tibi ducitur unde genus,
Te colit, et magni titulis exsultat honoris,
Te matrem Domini progenuisse sui.

FINAL

(coro)

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Ah! Ah! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Dia da Conversão de São Paulo!

(coro [uníssono])

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(coro)

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(coro e solistas)

São Paulo de Ipiratininga!

vv. 3793-800: OMENS OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT

(choir)

You sprinkle dew and welcome shadow for the travellers,
and you provide the hostile fields with first aid;
and so that Jesus, your glory and your light,
prepares for us adequate seats and places in the higher places,
he himself will look for the realm of the Father,
after being consecrated by the nourishing flesh of the fertile Virgin.
Then it will be your cloud that, hidden, he inhabits
and where one day he will die,
and re-emerging he will seek ethereal heights.

vv. 5087-94: COME FORTH, HOLY SPIRIT!

(choir)

All-providing Spirit, come forth and after leaving your celestial realm,
kindly send us the bright rays of your light!
Make your presence known here, Excellent Father of the poor,
thanks to whose love the needy are called your sons and daughters!
Make your presence known here, you who fills our hearts
with ethereal gifts, inextinguishable light and ardent fire!
Here, restoring our courage with gentle consolation
sweet mental relief, sweet and welcoming, make your presence known!

vv. 5345-52: ABOUT ALL THE SAINTS

(choir)

The true prophets that, after a long time,
foretold that God lies within your very being,
now decorate you, you who rules with divine praise,
and sing endlessly to you and your son.
The multitude of Commanders and Kings,
and the illustrious throng of ancestral elders,
from where your imperial lineage stems, are worshipping you,
and glorifying you with the most honourable titles,
mother of the Lord, for having given birth to him.

FINALE

(choir)

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Alleluia! Ah! Ah! Alleluia! Ah! Ah!
Conversion day in São Paulo!

(choir [unison])

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(choir)

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(choir and soloists)

São Paulo de Ipiratininga!

English translations by Lisa Shaw