

Maré De Água Viva

"A Tide of Living Water"

Dedicated To Mezzo-Soprano Nihan Devicioglu

Music By C. ASSAD
Portuguese Lyrics By D. BASILIO
English Translation by Steve Schroeder

Freely, with expression ♩ = 80

pp

Use Pedal

8

p

poco rall. . . . **A Tempo**

15

poco cresc. . . . *mp*

poco accel. *poco rit.*

20

mf

Movendo, faster than the original tempo

2 [25]

Musical score for measures 25-28. The piece is in a minor key. Measure 25 starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with a triplet in measure 28. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. A tempo instruction *poco a poco accel, becoming more intense* is written above the staff.

[29] More urgent, a bit faster

Musical score for measures 29-33. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

[34] poco rall. Tempo Primo ♩ = 80

Musical score for measures 34-39. The tempo slows down (*poco rall.*) and then returns to the original tempo (*Tempo Primo*) at a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The dynamic is marked *p*.

poco accel. With More Intensity

[40] ♩ = 90

Musical score for measures 40-44. The tempo increases (*poco accel.*) to a quarter note equal to 90 beats per minute. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

[45]

Musical score for measures 45-49. The right hand features a melodic line with a long note in measure 47. The left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

50

57

poco rall. poco accel

poco rit. Tempo Primo ♩ = 80

p

63

rit.

Maré De Água Viva

Nunca me dei por vencida
 A verdade é que a vida
 Não sabe esperar
 Vivo em constante armadilha
 Maré de água-viva
 Canção de ninar

Meu labirinto
 vai e vem
 Parece, a espuma
 Me esconder outra canção,
 Alguém,
 Um coração... Ah!
 Fundo, água-marina
 Aperta a minha mão

Vivo entre as idas e vindas;
 Manhãs de Coimbra,
 Alagado Leblon
 Não sei mais calar um som
 Sei de cor guardar o amor
 O amor...

A Tide of Living Water

Never have I admitted defeat
 The truth is that life
 does not know how to wait
 I live in an unremitting snare
 A tide of living water
 A lullaby

My labyrinth
 comes and goes,
 Foam, it seems,
 conceals another song,
 A heart... Ah!
 Deep, aquamarine
 Hold my hand

I live in between comings and goings;
 mornings in Coimbra
 flooding in Leblon,
 I don't know sounds' silence
 but I preserve the color of love
 The color of love...