



Bernard Dewagtere

France, SIN LE NOBLE

Portuguese National Anthem - A Portuguesa Keil, Alfredo

About the artist

Doctor in musicology, conductor and composer.

Compositions and arrangements from all eras, in all styles or musical genres and for any instrument or vocal training.

Qualification: PhD Musicology

Associate: SACEM - IPI code of the artist : 342990

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-bernard-dewagtere.htm>

About the piece



Title: Portuguese National Anthem - A Portuguesa
Composer: Keil, Alfredo
Arranger: Dewagtere, Bernard
Copyright: Copyright © Bernard Dewagtere
Publisher: Dewagtere, Bernard
Instrumentation: Voice, piano (or organ)
Style: National Anthems

Bernard Dewagtere on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

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Hymne National Portugais

A Portuguesa

Keil, Alfredo (1890)

Transc. : Bernard Dewagtere

Marcial

mf

He-rois do mar, no — bre

Piano *ff* *mp*

6

po — vo, Na-ção va - len - te, — i - mor - tal, Le - van - tai ho - je de no - vo O/es-plen-

11

mf

dor — de — por-tu - gal! En - tre/as bru-mas da me-mo - ria, O Pa - tria sen - te - se/a

11

mp

16 *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

voz, Dos teus e - gré - gios a - vos, Que ha de gui - ar te à vi -

16 *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

20 *f* *ff*

to ria! As ar - mas, as ar - mas! So-bre/a Ter - ra, so - bre/o

20 *f* *ff*

24 *ff* *fff* 3

mar, As ar - mas, as ar - mas! Pe - la Pa - tria lu -

24 3 3 *ff* *fff* 3

28

tar Con - tra os canhoes mar - char, mar - char!

28

Paroles en portugais

Heróis do mar, nobre povo,
 Nação valente e imortal
 Levantai hoje de novo
 O esplendor de Portugal !
 Entre as brumas da memória,
 Ó Pátria, sente-se a voz
 Dos teus egrégios avós
 Que há-de guiar-te à vitória !

Às armas, às armas !
 Sobre a terra, sobre o mar,
 Às armas, às armas !
 Pela Pátria lutar !
 Contra os canhões marchar, marchar !

Desfralda a invicta Bandeira,
 À luz viva do teu céu !
 Brade a Europa à terra inteira :
 Portugal não pereceu !
 Beija o solo teu, jucundo,
 O oceano, a rugir de amor,
 E o teu Braço vencedor
 Deu mundos novos ao mundo !

Às armas, às armas !
 Sobre a terra, sobre o mar,
 Às armas, às armas !
 Pela Pátria lutar !
 Contra os canhões marchar, marchar !

Saudai o Sol que desponta
 Sobre um ridente porvir ;
 Seja o eco de uma afronta
 O sinal de ressurgir.
 Raios dessa aurora forte
 São como beijos de mãe,
 Que nos guardam, nos sustêm,
 Contra as injúrias da sorte.

Às armas, às armas !
 Sobre a terra, sobre o mar,
 Às armas, às armas !
 Pela Pátria lutar !
 Contra os canhões marchar, marchar !

Traduction en français

Héros de la mer, noble peuple,
 Nation vaillante et immortelle
 Montrez aujourd'hui de nouveau
 La splendeur du Portugal !
 Entre les brumes de la mémoire,
 Ô Patrie, résonne la voix
 De tes illustres aïeux
 Qui te mènera à la victoire !

Aux armes, aux armes !
 Sur la terre, sur la mer,
 Aux armes, aux armes !
 Pour la Patrie, lutter !
 Contre les canons marcher, marcher !

Déploye l'invincible drapeau,
 À la lumière vive de ton ciel !
 Que l'Europe clame à la Terre entière :
 Le Portugal n'a pas péri !
 Embrasse ton sol, magnifique,
 L'océan, rugissant d'amour,
 Et ton bras vainqueur
 Donna de nouveaux mondes au monde !

Aux armes, aux armes !
 Sur la terre, sur la mer,
 Aux armes, aux armes !
 Pour la Patrie, lutter !
 Contre les canons marcher, marcher !

Saluez le soleil qui se lève
 Sur un avenir radieux ;
 Que l'écho d'une offense
 Soit le signal de ressurgir.
 Les rayons de cette forte aurore
 Sont comme les baisers d'une mère,
 Qui nous gardent, nous préservent,
 Contre les injures du sort.

Aux armes, aux armes !
 Sur la terre, sur la mer,
 Aux armes, aux armes !
 Pour la Patrie, lutter !
 Contre les canons marcher, marcher !

Traduction en anglais

Heroes of the sea, noble people,
 Valiant and immortal nation,
 Raise once again today,
 The splendor of Portugal!
 Among the haze of memory,
 Oh Fatherland, one feels the voice
 Of your distinguished forefathers,
 That shall lead you to victory!

To arms, to arms!
 Over land, over sea,
 To arms, to arms!
 For the Fatherland, fight!
 Against the cannons, march on, march on!

Hoist the undefeated flag,
 In the lively light of your sky!
 May Europe cry out to the whole Earth:
 Portugal has not perished
 Kiss your merry ground
 The ocean, roaring with love,
 And your victorious arm
 Gave new worlds to the world!

To arms, to arms!
 Over land, over sea,
 To arms, to arms!
 For the Fatherland, fight!
 Against the cannons, march on, march on!

Salute the Sun that rises
 Over a gleeful future;
 Let the echo of an offense
 Be the sign for a comeback.
 Rays of this strong dawn
 Are like a mother's kisses,
 That keep us, sustain us,
 Against the injuries of fate.

To arms, to arms!
 Over land, over sea,
 To arms, to arms!
 For the Fatherland, fight!
 Against the cannons, march on, march on!