



Every Child Matters: Refugees and Immigrants in Education

3rd Transnational Project Meeting

Tendring Technology College

9th to 13th October 2017

The influence of emigration on art and music in Portugal



“Monumento ao emigrante” (Emigrants Statue) in Laúndos, Póvoa de Varzim

The beginning of emigration from Portugal dates from the 15th century, the start of the Portuguese period of overseas exploration, when many Portuguese settled in Africa, America and Asia.

Today, there are more than two million Portuguese emigrants, meaning that more than 20% of the Portuguese population lives outside our country.



In the late 1950s, Portuguese emigration increased towards destinations in the expanding economies of Northern and Central Europe, particularly France. In the next 15 years, up until 1974, more than 1.5 million Portuguese emigrated, trying to escape a poor economy and an oppressive dictatorship, to take up jobs in low-wage, low-productivity sectors.



**Emigrants carrying a “mala de cartão”
(luggage made of cardboard)**

In recent years, mainly since 2013, the number of Portuguese leaving Portugal has grown substantially and it is estimated that around 110.000 people, most of them with a college degree, leave our country every year.



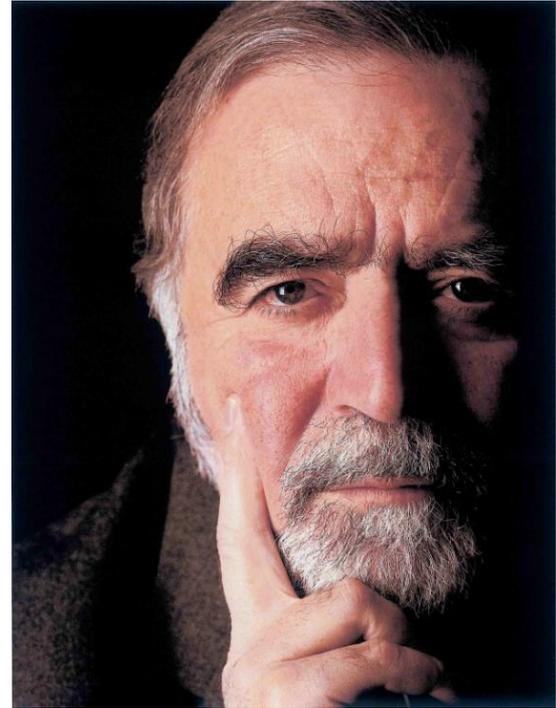
Emigration has important political, financial and social consequences in our society, and has influenced the work of many authors.

Manuel Alegre is one of those authors. He is a poet and a politician, who was forced into exile in 1964 because of his opposition to Salazar's dictatorial government.



Trova do imigrante

Manuel Alegre



Trova do emigrante

Parte de noite e não olha
Os campos que vai deixar
Todo por dentro a abanar
Como a terra em Agadir
Folha a folha se desfolha
Seu coração ao partir

Não tem sede de aventura
Nem quis a terra distante
A vida o fez viajante
Se busca terras de França
É que a sorte lhe foi dura
E um homem também se cansa

As rugas que o suor cava
Não são rugas são enganos
São perdas lágrimas e danos
De suor por conta alheia
Não compensa nunca paga
Quanto suor se semeia



Em vida vive-se a morte
Se o trabalho não dá fruto
Morre-se em cada minuto
Se o fruto nunca se alcança
Porque lhe foi dura a sorte
Vai para terras de França

Não julguem que vai contente
Leva nos olhos o verde
Dos campos onde se perde
Gente que tudo lhe deu
Parte mas fica presente
Em tudo o que não colheu

Verde campo verde e triste
Em ti ceifou e hoje foi-se
Em ti ceifou mas a foice
Ceifava somente esperança
Nem sempre um homem resiste
Vai para terras de França



Vai-se um homem vai com ele
A marca de uma raiz
Vai com ele a cicatriz
De um lugar que está vazio
Leva gravada na pele
Uma aldeia um campo um rio

Ficam mulheres a chorar
Por aqueles que se foram
Ai lágrimas que se choram
Não fazem qualquer mudança
Já foram donos do mar
Vão para terras de França.



This poem talks about the feelings and thoughts of emigrants.

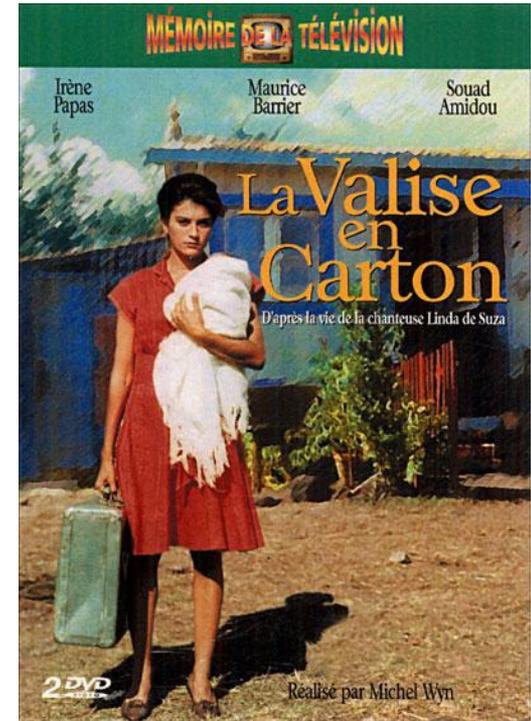
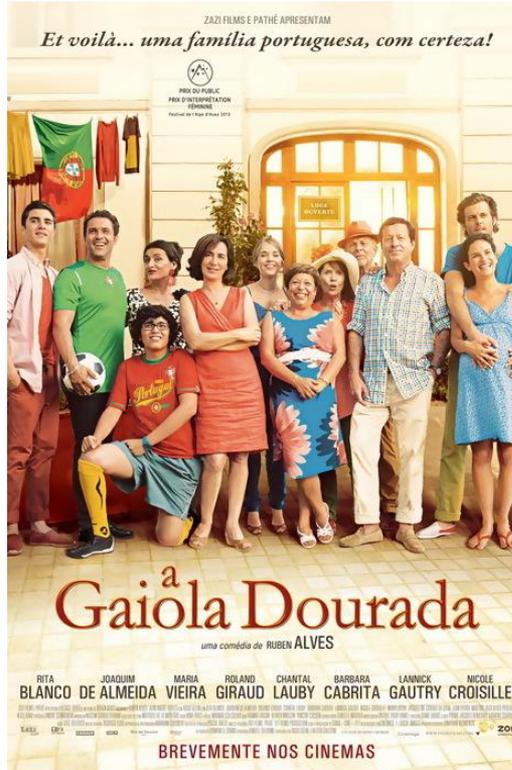
The poet begins by saying that emigrants leave their houses and villages at night, without looking at what they leave behind because it's too painful for them to do it.

Then, they start their journey to France, but they do it without any desire to discover new lands or start new adventures. They do it because they are forced by the economical crisis and because they want to try their luck.

However, all this journey is made with the memory of their villages and loved ones, who are at home crying.

Other Portuguese authors wrote books on emigration, created art works, produced films, wrote songs...

Rio Grande is a music band that launched, in 1996, a song entitled “Postal dos Correios”. “Postcard”, in English.



Postal dos correios, Rio Grande

This song talks about a man that is outside his home country and writes back to his parents to tell them a little bit about his life and also asks for his family situation.



Postal dos correios, Rio Grande



Dear mum, dear dad, how is everything?
We are finding it the way God wants us to
In between good and bad days
There is always one that gives us more to do

But let's talk about better things:
Laurinda makes custom-made dresses
The boy studies IT and computers
They say it's a job with a great future

The parcel arrived here safely
By the "expresso" that stopped at Piedade
Wheat bread and sausage for lunch
At least I have a taste of home

I hope you don't take long to reply
Send me any news by post

Does the stream run well or will it dry?
How are the olive trees of *Candeio*?

I have nothing more to write
Greetings to all the family
Sending my love and a big hug
I might go there for Christmas.



Thank you for your attention!