

# Cal Performances Presents

---

Tuesday, October 23, 2007, 8pm  
Zellerbach Hall

## Mariza



*Cal Performances' 2007–2008 Season is sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank.*

# Program

---

## MUSICIANS

<i>vocals</i>	Mariza
<i>Portuguese guitar</i>	Luís Guerreiro
<i>acoustic guitar</i>	António Neto
<i>acoustic bass</i>	Vasco Sousa
<i>percussion</i>	João Pedro Ruela

## PROGRAM

Joaquim Frederico de Brito & Júlio Campos Sousa	<i>Loucura</i>
Jorge Fernando	<i>Chuva</i>
David Mourão-Ferreira & Alain Oulman	<i>Maria Lisboa</i>
Fernando Pessoa & Mário Pacheco	<i>Há uma música do Povo</i>
Caco Velho-Piratini & David Mourão-Ferreira	<i>Barco Negro</i>
José Luis Gordo/traditional <i>fado</i> (Zé Negro)	<i>O Silêncio da Guitarra</i>
Paulo de Carvalho	<i>Meu Fado Meu</i>
	Instrumental
João Linhares Barbosa & Pedro Rodrigues	<i>Duas Lágrimas de Orvalho</i>
Fernando Pessoa & Mário Pacheco	<i>Cavaleiro Monge</i>
Mário Rainho & José Magala (Fado Magala)	<i>Recusa</i>
Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso	<i>Transparente</i>
Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso	<i>Feira de Castro</i>
Alberto Janes	<i>Senhor Vinho</i>
David Mourão Ferreira & Pedro Rodrigues	<i>Primavera</i>

*Please note that there will be no intermission. The performance should last approximately 90 minutes.*

*Mariza is represented exclusively by  
Tobias Tumarkin, Vice President  
Columbia Artists Management LLC  
[www.cami.com](http://www.cami.com)*

# Texts and Translations

---

## Loucura

*Joaquim Frederico de Brito & Júlio Campos Sousa*

Sou do fado, Como sei  
Vivo um poema cantado  
De um fado que eu inventei

A falar,  
Não posso dar-me  
Mas ponho a alma a cantar  
E as almas sabem escutar-me

Chorai, chorai  
Poetas do meu país  
Troncos da mesma raiz  
Da vida que nos juntou

E se vocês  
Não estivessem a meu lado  
Então não havia fado  
Nem fadistas como eu sou

Nesta voz,  
Tão dolorida  
É culpa de todos vós  
Poetas da minha vida

É loucura,  
Oíço dizer  
Mas bendita esta loucura  
De cantar e de viver

## Chuva

*Jorge Fernando*

As coisas vulgares que há na vida  
Não deixam saudade  
Só as lembranças que doem  
Ou fazem sorrir

Há gente que fica na historia  
Da historia da gente  
E outros de quem nem o nome  
Lembramos ouvir

São emoções que dão vida  
À saudade que trago  
Aqueles que tive contigo  
E acabei por perder

## Madness

I was made for song (*fado*†),  
How do I know I live a poem sung  
From a ballad that I wrote

To speak of it,  
I cannot do  
But let my soul sing out  
And souls know how to hear me

Cry out, cry out  
Poets of my country  
Trunks of the same root  
Of life that does unite us

And as for all of you  
If you were not beside me  
There would be no song  
Nor singers such as I

That my voice  
Is so mournful  
Is the fault of all of you  
The poets in my life

It's madness  
I have heard it said  
But blessed is the madness  
To sing and to live

† *Fado* (ballad): a popular Portuguese song or melody, usually plaintive.

## Rain

Things that are ugly in life  
Leave us with no longings,  
It's only memories  
That make us cry or smile.

There are people who remain a part of us  
And become part of our own story  
While there are others  
Whose names we hardly remember.

It's feelings which give life  
To this nostalgia I carry  
Of the many I held close  
And then somehow lost

# Texts and Translations

Há dias que marcam a alma  
E a vida da gente  
E aquele em que tu me deixaste  
Não posso esquecer

A chuva molhava-me o rosto  
Gelado e cansado  
As ruas que a cidade tinha  
Já eu percorrera

Ai, meu choro de moça perdida  
Gritava à cidade  
Que o fogo do amor sob a chuva  
À instantes morrera

A chuva ouviu e calou  
Meu segredo à cidade  
E eis que ela bate no vidro  
Trazendo a saudade

## **Maria Lisboa**

*David Mourão-Ferreira & Alain Oulman*

É varina, usa chinela,  
Tem movimentos de gata;  
Na canastra, a caravela,  
No coração, a fragata...

Em vez de corvos no xaile  
Gaivotas vêm pousar...  
Quando o vento a leva ao baile  
Baila no baile com o mar...

É de conchas o vestido,  
Tem algas na cabeleira,  
E nas veias o latido  
Do motor de uma traineira...

Vende sonhos e maresia,  
Tempestades apregoa...  
Seu nome próprio: Maria...  
Seu apelido: Lisboa...

## **Há uma música do povo...**

*Fernando Pessoa & Mário Pacheco*

Há uma música do Povo,  
Nem sei dizer se é um fado—  
Que ouvindo-a há um ritmo novo  
No ser que tenho guardado...

Ouvindo-a sou quem seria  
Se desejar fosse ser...

There are days that leaves marks on the soul  
And in the life of the people  
And the one that you have left me  
I cannot forget

The rain wets my body  
So cold and so tired  
The many streets in the city  
Each one I have wandered

With the tears of a lost child  
Echoed back from the city,  
The fire of love quickly put out  
In the rain

The rain listened and whispered  
My secret to the city  
And now when it taps on my window  
It still brings that sad nostalgia

A fisherman's wife, she wears slippers  
And moves like a cat  
With her basket, to the caravel,  
But in her heart, to the frigate...

Instead of ravens on her veil  
Seagulls come to rest...  
When the wind invites her to dance  
She dances the waltz of the sea...

Her dress is made of sea shells,  
She has seaweed in her hair,  
And in her veins still throbs  
The engine of the trawler...

She sells dreams and salt sea spray  
Storms cry out her name...  
Her real name is Maria...  
But she is known as Lisboa...

## **There's a song of the people...**

There's a song of the people,  
I don't know whether to call it a *fado*—  
Hearing it there is a new rhythm  
In the being which I have sheltered...

Hearing it I am who I would be  
If I could be what I wish

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

---

É uma simples melodia  
Das que se aprendem a viver...

Mas é tão consoladora  
A vaga e triste canção...  
Que a minha alma já não chora  
Nem eu tenho coração...

Sou uma emoção estrangeira,  
Um erro de sonho ido...  
Canto de qualquer maneira  
E acabo com um sentido!

## Barco Negro

Caco Velho-Piratini & David Mourão-Ferreira

De Manhã, que medo  
Que me achasses feia!  
Acordei, tremendo  
Deitada na areia...  
Mas logo os teus olhos  
Disseram que não  
E o sol penetrou  
no meu coração

Vi depois numa rocha, uma cruz  
E o teu barco negro  
Dançava na luz...  
Vi teu braço acenando,  
Entre as velas já soltas...  
Dizem as velhas da praia que não voltas  
São loucas!  
São loucas!  
Eu sei meu amor:  
Nem chegaste a partir  
Tudo, em meu redor,  
Me diz que estás sempre comigo.  
No vento que lança  
Areia nos vidros;  
Na água que canta;  
No fogo mortiço;  
No calor do leito;  
Nos bancos vazios;  
No meu próprio peito  
estás sempre comigo

## O Silêncio da Guitarra

*José Luis Gordo/Fado tradicional (Zé Negro)*

O silêncio da guitarra  
Que à minha alma se agarra  
Como se fora de fogo

It is a simple melody  
Like those that teach you to live...

But it's so soothing  
This vague sad song...  
That my soul no longer weeps  
Nor do I have a heart...

I am a foreign emotion  
An error of a dream that's gone.  
Somehow I sing  
And end up with a feeling!

## Black Boat

At daybreak, what fear  
That you would find me ugly!  
I awoke, trembling  
Still lying in the sand...  
But soon your eyes  
Tell me it is not so  
And the sun penetrates  
My heart

Later, I saw a cross on a rock  
And your dark boat  
Dancing in the light...  
I saw your arms waving  
Between the billowing sails...  
On the beach the old women say you  
will never return  
They're crazy! They're crazy!  
I know my love:  
You have never ever left  
Everything around says that  
You will always be with me.  
In the wind that blows  
Sand against the windows;  
In the water that sings;  
In the fire's dying embers;  
In the warmth of the bed;  
On the empty benches;  
Deep in my heart  
You will always be with me.

## The Silence of the Guitar

The silence of the guitar  
That clings to my soul  
Like fire it was

# Texts and Translations

Em meu peito se demora  
Qu' a alegria também chora  
E apaga tanto desgosto

Este silêncio do Tejo  
Sem ter boca para um beijo  
Nem olhos para chorar  
Gaivota presa no vento  
Um barco de sofrimento  
Que teima sempre em voltar

Lisboa, cais de saudade  
Onde uma guitarra há-de  
Tocar-nos um triste fado  
Quando a alma se agiganta  
A tristeza também canta  
Num pranto quase parado

## Meu Fado Meu

*Paulo de Carvalho*

Trago um Fado no meu canto,  
Canto a noite até ser dia  
Do meu povo trago o pranto  
No meu canto a Mouraria

Tenho saudades de mim  
Do meu amor mais amado  
Eu canto um país sem fim  
O mar, a terra, o meu Fado

Meu Fado Meu

De mim só me falto eu  
Senhora da minha vida  
Do sonho, digo que é meu  
E dou por mim já nascida

Trago um Fado no meu canto  
Na minh'alma vem guardado  
Vem por dentro do meu espanto  
Á procura do meu Fado

Meu Fado Meu

## Instrumental

And lasts in my bosom  
For the happiness also weeps  
And washes away the grief

This silence of the Tejo  
Without a mouth for a kiss  
Neither eyes to weep  
Seagull caught in the wind  
A ship of suffering  
Always returning back.

Lisboa harbor of the *saudade*†  
Where a guitar shall play  
To us a sad *fado*  
When the soul becomes immense  
The sadness also sings  
In an almost still weeping.

† *Saudade*: an untranslatable word meaning a Portuguese state of mind that longs for the times, places and things of the past in a most nostalgic way.

## My Own Fado

I bring a *fado* into my song  
I sing the night until it turns to day  
I bring my people's tears  
Into my song Mouraria

I have a yearning for myself  
For my most beloved of loves  
I sing of a land without end  
The sea, the earth, my *fado*

My own *fado*

About me I miss only myself  
Mistress of my life  
About the dream, I say it is mine  
And find myself born already

I bring a *fado* into my song  
It comes shielded in my soul  
It comes from inside my own wonder  
In search of my *fado*

My own *fado*

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

---

## Duas Lágrimas de Orvalho

*João Linhares Barbosa & Pedro Rodrigues*

Duas lágrimas de orvalho  
Caíram nas minhas mãos  
Quando te afaguei o rosto  
Pobre de mim pouco valho  
P'ra te acudir na desgraça  
P'ra te valer no desgosto

Porque choras não me dizes  
Não é preciso dize-lo  
Não dizes eu adivinho  
Os amantes infelizes  
Deveriam ter coragem  
Para mudar de caminho

P'lo amor damos a alma  
Damos corpo damos tudo  
Até cansarmos na jornada  
Mas quando a vida se acalma  
O que era amor é saudade  
E a vida já não é nada

Se estás a tempo, recua  
Amordaça o coração  
Mata o passado e sorri  
Mas se não estás, continua  
Disse-me isto minha mãe  
Ao ver-me chorar por ti

## Cavaleiro Monge

*Fernando Pessoa & Mário Pacheco*

Do vale à montanha,  
Da montanha ao monte,  
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.  
Por casas, por prados,  
Por quintais, por fontes,  
Caminhais aliados.

Do vale à montanha,  
Da montanha ao monte,  
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.  
Por penhascos pretos,  
Atrás e de frente,  
Caminhais secretos.

Do vale à montanha,  
Da montanha ao monte,  
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.

## Two Drops of Dew

Two drops of dew  
Fell into my hands  
As I caressed your face  
Poor worthless me  
To help you in your affliction  
To support you in your sorrow

You do not tell me why you weep  
And you don't have to  
You don't tell me, I can guess  
Unhappy lovers  
Should have the courage  
To change their path

For love we give our souls  
We give our bodies, our all  
Until we tire at the day's end  
But when life is over  
What was love is but a yearning  
And life is now nothing

You have time, draw back  
Stifle your heart  
Kill the past and smile  
But if not, go on  
My mother told me  
As she saw me weep for you

## Monk Rider

From the valley to the mountain,  
From the mountain to the hill,  
Horse of shadow, monk rider.  
Through houses, through meadows,  
Through gardens, through fountains,  
In alliance you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,  
From the mountain to the hill,  
Horse of shadow, monk rider.  
Through black cliffs,  
Behind and ahead,  
In secrecy you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,  
From the mountain to the hill,  
Horse of shadow, monk rider.

# Texts and Translations

Por prados desertos,  
Sem ter horizontes,  
Caminhais libertos.

Do vale à montanha,  
Da montanha ao monte,  
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.  
Por ínvios caminhos,  
Por rios sem ponte,  
Caminhais sozinhos.

Do vale à montanha,  
Da montanha ao monte,  
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.  
Por quanto é sem fim,  
Sem ninguém que o conte,  
Caminhais em mim.

Por penhascos pretos  
Por rios sem ponte  
Caminhais em mim

## Recusa

*Mário Rainho & José Magala (Fado Magala)*

Se ser fadista é ser lua  
É perder o sol de vista  
Ser estátua que se insinua  
Então eu não sou fadista.

Se ser fadista é ser triste  
É ser lágrima prevista  
Se por mágoa o fado existe  
Então eu não sou fadista.

Se ser fadista é, no fundo,  
Uma palavra trocista  
Roçando as bocas do mundo  
Então eu não sou fadista

Mas se é partir à conquista  
De tanto verso ignorado  
Então eu não sou fadista  
Eu sou mesmo o próprio fado!

## Transparente

*Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso*

Como a água da nascente  
Minha mão é transparente  
Aos olhos da minha avó.

Through desert meadows,  
Without horizons,  
In freedom you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,  
From the mountain to the hill,  
Horse of shadow, monk rider.  
Through trackless ways,  
Through rivers without bridges,  
In solitude you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,  
From the mountain to the hill,  
Horse of shadow, monk rider.  
For it is endless  
And accounted by no one,  
In me you walk.

Through black cliffs,  
Through rivers without bridges,  
In me you walk.

## Refusal

If to be a singer of *fado* is to be the moon  
To lose sight of the sun  
To turn oneself into a statue  
Then I'm not a singer of *fado*

If to be a singer of *fado* is to be sad  
To be on the edge of tears  
If the *fado* exists for pain and hurt  
Then I'm not a singer of *fado*.

If to be a singer of *fado* is  
In the end, a term of scorn  
Skimming over the mouths of the world  
Then I'm not a singer of *fado*

But if it's to set off on the conquest  
Of so much disregarded verse  
Then I'm not a singer of *fado*  
But the very *fado* itself!

## Transparent

Like water from the spring  
My hand is transparent  
To my grandmother's eyes.

*please turn page quietly*



# Texts and Translations

---

Entre a terra e o divino  
Minha avó negra sabia  
Essas coisas do destino.

Between the earth and the divine  
My black grandmother knew  
Those things about destiny.

Desagua o mar que vejo  
Nos rios desse desejo  
De quem nasceu para cantar.

The sea that I see runs  
Into the rivers of that desire  
Of someone born to sing.

Um Zambéze feito Tejo  
De tão cantado q' invejo  
Lisboa, por lá morar.

The Zambeze becomes the Tagus  
So celebrated in song that I envy  
Lisbon, for being on its banks.

Vejo um cabelo entrançado  
E o canto morno do fado  
Num xaile de caracóis.

I see a head of plaited hair  
And the cradling song of the *fado*  
In a shawl of curls.

Como num conto de fadas  
Os batuques são guitarras  
E os coqueiros, girassóis.

As in a fairy tale  
The African drums are guitars  
And the coconut palms sunflowers.

Minha avó negra sabia  
Ler as coisas do destino  
Na palma de cada olhar.

My black grandmother knew  
How to read destinies  
In the palm of each glance.

Queira a vida ou que não queira  
Disse deus à feiticeira  
Que nasci para cantar.

Whether life wants it or not  
Said god to the enchantress  
I was born to sing.

## Feira de Castro

*Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso*

Eu fui à Feira de Castro  
P'ra comprar um par de meias  
Vim de lá c'umas chanatas  
E dois brincos nas orelhas

## The Fair at Castro

I went to the fair at Castro  
To buy a pair of stockings  
I came out with a pair of clogs  
And two rings in my ears

As minhas ricas tamancas  
Pediam traje a rigor  
Vestido curto e decote  
Por vias deste calor

My beautiful wooden shoes  
Required formal attire  
Low necked and short dress  
Due to this heat

Quem vai à Feira de Castro  
E se apronta tão bonito  
Não pode acabar a Feira  
Sem entrar no bailarico

Who goes to the fair at Castro  
And so beautifully attired  
Cannot finish the fun  
Without a bit of dancing

Sem entrar no bailarico  
A modos que bailação  
Ai que me deu um fanico  
Nos braços dum manganão

Without a bit of dancing  
More like a sort of a ball  
I almost fainted  
In the arms of a certain trickster

# Texts and Translations

Vai acima, vai abaixo  
Mais beijinho, mais bejeica  
E lá se foi o capacho  
Deixando o velho careca

Todo o testo quer um tacho  
Mas como recordação  
Apenas trouxe o capacho  
Qu'iludiu meu coração

Eu fui à Feira de Castro  
Eu vim da Feira de Castro  
E jurei para mais não...

## Senhor Vinho

*Alberto Janes*

Oiça lá ó senhor vinho  
vai responder-me, mas com franqueza  
porque é que tira toda a firmeza  
a quem encontra no seu caminho?

Lá por beber um copinho a mais  
até pessoas pacatas  
amigo vinho em desalinho  
vossa mercê faz andar de gatas

é mau procedimento e há intenção  
naquilo que faz  
entra-se em desequilíbrio  
não há equilíbrio que seja capaz

as leis da física falham  
e a vertical, de qualquer lugar  
oscila sem se deter  
e deixa de ser perpendicular

eu já fui respão do vinho  
a folha solta a brincar ao vento  
fui raio de sol, no firmamento  
que trouxe até à uva doce carinho  
ainda guardo o calor do sol  
e assim eu até dou vida  
aumento o valor seja de quem for  
na boa conta, peso e medida

e só faço mal a quem  
me julga ninguém, faz pouco de mim  
quem me trata como água  
é ofensa paga, eu cá sou assim  
vossa mercê tem razão  
é ingratição falar mal do vinho  
e a provar o que digo

Going up, going down  
One more kiss, one more pint  
Out went the wig  
Bold the old man became

Any cover asks for a pot  
But as a souvenir  
I only brought the wig  
That deluded my heart

I went to the fair of Castro  
I came from the fair at Castro  
And swore never more...

## Mr. Wine

Listen here, Senhor Wine  
Tell me now, quite frankly  
Why do you take all steadiness  
From those you meet in your path?

Just one small glass too much  
And even the mildest of men  
Become deranged on friend wine  
Rewarded by walking on all fours.

It's a dirty trick, but there's a purpose  
In all that you do  
One becomes unbalanced  
With no equilibrium to be found.

The laws of physics fail  
And the vertical, all around  
Sways—you can't help it—  
And you are no longer upright.

I was once the keeper of wine  
The lonely leaf playing in the wind  
I was the sunbeam on the earth  
Caressing the sweet grape  
I still hold the warmth of the sun  
And thus even life I give  
Enriching its quality for everyone  
In number, weight and size.

I only harm those  
Who think I am nothing, who belittle me  
And who treat me like water—  
For this they pay, that's how I am  
Your Grace, you are right  
It's so ungrateful to speak badly of wine  
And to prove to you what I say

*please turn page quietly*

# Texts and Translations

---

vamos meu amigo,  
a mais um copinho.

## Primavera

*David Mourão Ferreira & Pedro Rodrigues*

Todo o amor que nos prendera  
Como se fora de cera  
Se quebrava e desfazia  
Ai funesta primavera  
Quem me dera, quem nos dera  
Ter morrido nesse dia

E condenaram-me a tanto  
Viver comigo meu pranto  
Viver, viver e sem ti  
Vivendo sem no entanto  
Eu me esquecer desse encanto  
Que nesse dia perdi

Pão duro da solidão  
É somente o que nos dão  
O que nos dão a comer  
Que importa que o coração  
Diga que sim ou que não  
Se continua a viver

Todo o amor que nos prendera  
Se quebrara e desfizera  
Em pavor se convertia  
Ninguém fale em primavera  
Quem me dera, quem nos dera  
Ter morrido nesse dia

Come my friend,  
let's have another glass.

## Spring

All the love that seized us  
As if made of wax it was  
Was broken and undone  
Ah, fatal spring  
How I wish, how we wish  
To have died that day

And condemned I was  
To have weeping living with me  
To live, to live and without you  
Living and not, however,  
Forgetting that enchantment  
That I lost in that day

The dry bread of solitude  
It's the only thing we get  
The only thing to be fed on  
What matters if the heart  
Says yes or says no  
If it keeps on living

All the love that seized us  
Was broken, was undone  
In fear was converted  
Let no one speak of spring  
How I wish, how we wish  
To have died that day

## About the Artist

Mariza's latest album, *Transparente*, in which she reveals even more than in her earlier work, represents "the turning of a page" for her. It is not as though her passion for singing the words of poets has changed; she still makes them her own through the emotion of her interpretation. It is in the work of poets that she seeks the words that she can make her own within a traditional form of music which is undergoing constant renewal: "*Fado* is not limited...but it must be treated with the utmost care."

"I lived in a traditional Lisbon neighborhood and have always sung the *fado*—I know what it is, I understand myself through it." Mariza is a Mozambican whose soul was forged in the old Mouraria district of Lisbon. It was there that she first heard *fado* singers, lots of them—so many that their names and faces have merged into the mist of memory; but these "reminiscences live on in my singing." Hence, the tributes to Fernando Maurício, Carlos do Carmo and Amália Rodrigues on *Transparente* come as no surprise. She has always been involved in *fado*, even when she was experimenting with other rhythmic forms—the distance from Lisbon perhaps making *fado* stronger than ever for her.

The titles of her albums are always revealing, evident right from the start with her first album, *Fado em mim* ("Fado in Me"), released in 2001. Triple-platinum in Portugal, the album thrust her onto the international scene. The foreign press had no hesitation in proclaiming that a star is born.

Mariza is enthusiastically welcomed on stages around the world. She sees the stage as her "living-room, where she entertains her friends," and audiences have felt this warmth. As early as 2002, at the Quebec Summer Festival, she received the first award for Most Outstanding Performance. She performed in New York's Central Park, the Hollywood Bowl, at the Womad Festival, and at sold-out shows at the Belém Cultural Centre in Lisbon and the Purcell Room in London's South Bank Centre.

The same year, Mariza was named by BBC Radio 3 as Best European World Music artist. At that time, her second album, *Fado Curvo* ("Curved Fado") was released, winning the Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik for a second time and reaching No. 6 on the *Billboard* World

Music chart. In Portugal, it achieved double-platinum status, despite the recession that had hit the market (a fall of 39% in just two years). No other contemporary *fado* singer managed to sell a sixth of what Mariza achieved, and she emerged as one of the best loved artists of her homeland. Stages she has performed on in Europe and North America include the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, the Alte Oper in Frankfurt, the Belém Cultural Centre in Lisbon and the Théâtre de la Ville in Paris. Journalists in Portugal recognized her for "excellence in the spreading of Portuguese culture in its most characteristic manifestation: the *fado*," and voted her 2003 Personality of the Year.

In 2004, she released her first DVD, recorded at a London performance. She was recognized at MIDEM, where she received the European Border Breakers Award. She also contributed to *Unity*, the official album of the Olympic Games, on which she sang "A Thousand Years" with Sting.

Mariza has performed concerts on four continents to great success and full houses. She opened the season with the Los Angeles Philharmonic at Walt Disney Concert Hall; performed at the Albeniz Theatre in Madrid; greeted the enthusiastic applause of 20,000 concert-goers at Rock in Rio in Lisbon; sang at the Teatro Grec in Barcelona; was applauded by an audience of 30,000 in Aveiro, Portugal; was the guest of honor at the Cairo International Song Festival; returned to Lisbon to perform for 22,000 people in Monsanto Park; took part in the Chicago World Music Festival and the San Francisco Jazz Festival; and sang at the Macau Cultural Centre and at Moscow's House of Music.

In 2005, she was chosen by the Kingdom of Denmark as one of the international ambassadors of the work and spirit of Hans Christian Andersen. She was chosen both for her fame in Portugal and abroad, but also because the *fado*, rather like the work of Hans Christian Andersen, has a certain poetic melancholy that makes its appeal universal.

As the poet wrote, *fado* makes its way in the world through the transparency of its lyrics, and these Mariza sings with all her heart. She just wants to feel "free to sing," she says. "The voice that I have is stubborn." It has within it a yearning which is constantly seeking its own *fado*.