

Thursday, November 19, 2009, 8pm  
Zellerbach Hall

# Mariza



Isabel Pinto

*This performance is made possible, in part, by Patron Sponsors Dayna and John Ziegler.*

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## MUSICIANS

<i>vocals</i>	Mariza
<i>Portuguese guitar</i>	Angelo Freire
<i>acoustic guitar (viola de fado)</i>	Diogo Clemente
<i>acoustic bass</i>	Marino de Freitas
<i>drums, percussion</i>	Vicky
<i>piano, trumpet</i>	Simon James

## PROGRAM

David Mourão-Ferreira & Tiago Machado	<i>Recurso</i>
Artur Ribeiro & Max	<i>Já Me Deixou</i>
Alain Oulman & David Mourão-Ferreira	<i>Maria Lisboa</i>
Jorge Fernando	<i>Chuva</i>
Carlos Te & Rui Veloso	<i>Morada Aberta</i>
B. Leza	<i>Beijo de Saudade</i>
Paulo de Carvalho	<i>Meu Fado Meu</i>
Caco Velho-Piratini & David Mourão-Ferreira	<i>Barco Negro</i>
	Instrumental
Fernando Pessoa & Mário Pacheco	<i>Cavaleiro Monge</i>
Florabela Espanca & Diogo Clemente	<i>Vozes do Mar (so Diogo)</i>
Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso	<i>Tasco da Mouraria</i>
José de Jesus Guimarães & Resende Dias	<i>Rosa Branca</i>
Paulo de Carvalho	<i>Minh'alma</i>
Paulo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso	<i>Feira de Castro</i>
Alberto Janes	<i>Oiça Lá Ó Senhor Vinho</i>
David Mourão-Ferreira & Pedro Rodrigues	<i>Primavera</i>
Tiago Machado & Amalia Rodrigues	<i>Ó Gente da minha Terra</i>

*Please note that there will be no intermission.*

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### What is *fado*?

It has been said that Mariza is the reigning “queen of *fado*.” But what exactly is *fado*? The word itself translates as “destiny” or “fate” and the often mournful tone of the music has led to *fado* being called the “Portuguese blues.” As a musical form it has been around at least since the early 19th century, although some scholars believe its origins to be much older. But perhaps it is best to let Mariza take up the story in her own words. “It was the music of Portuguese sailors, of African slaves, of Brazilians. It was a fusion of cultures. Our sailors and explorers spread Portuguese culture abroad, but they brought some back too.”

Central to the spirit of *fado* is the notion of *saudade*. The word is almost impossible to translate but Mariza has her own simple but eloquent explanation. “It’s a fantastic word about separation and reconnection. *Saudade* is when you miss something. It could be in a happy way or a sad way. It could be a person, a country, a house, a smell. You could have *saudade* about many things.”

The means, she says, that *fado* does not always have to be melancholic. “It’s realistic rather than sad and it takes you deep into the soul of a human being. In *fado* we sing about many things, God, love, death and sadness—but happiness, too.”

Yet among younger people, *fado*’s popularity had begun to fade. For a brief moment, it seemed that perhaps the music would die with its great star. Inspired by Amália Rodrigues’s example, however, a new group of youthful *fado* singers, led

by Mariza, set about reinvigorating *fado* as a fresh and vibrant form. Since her first recording seven years ago, Mariza has taken *fado* to a new and younger audience, not only in Portugal but around the world. “When I give concerts, I see people cry who don’t speak Portuguese,” she says. “They might not understand the words. But they recognize that the feelings in the music can speak to everyone.”

### The Portuguese guitar

You will notice that Mariza’s backing group play two different kinds of guitar. The more familiar-looking instrument is a standard acoustic guitar (*guitarra acustica*, in Portuguese), just like those you will find being played by folk groups all over the world—including the famous flamenco guitarists of neighboring Spain. The unfamiliar model with its more rounded shape, which makes it look rather like a lute, is a unique instrument known as the Portuguese guitar (*guitarra Portuguesa*). As well as its distinctive shape, there are several other important differences, too. The most significant is that while the standard acoustic guitar has six strings, the Portuguese guitar has 12 strings, positioned across the fret board in six sets of two. The 12 strings give a much sharper, ringing tone, as you will notice in Mariza songs. The resonant, unmistakable sound is one of the defining characteristics of *fado*, counterbalanced by the softer strumming of the more universally familiar acoustic guitar.

### Recurso

David Mourao-Ferreira & Tiago Machado

Apenas quando as lágrimas me dão  
Um sentido mais fundo ao teu segredo  
É que eu me sinto puro e me concedo  
A graça de escutar o coração.

Logo a seguir (porquê?), vem a suspeita  
De que em nós os dois tudo é premeditado.  
E as lágrimas então seguem o fado  
De tudo quanto o nosso amor rejeita.

Não mais queremos saber do coração,  
Nem nos importa o que ele nos concede,  
Regressando, febris, àquela sede  
Onde só vale o que os sentidos dão.

### Já Me Deixou

Artur Ribeiro & Max

A saudade andou comigo  
E através do som da minha voz  
No seu fado mais antigo  
Fez mil versos a falar de nós  
Troçou de mim à vontade  
Sem ouvir sequer os meus lamentos  
E por capricho ou maldade  
Correu comigo a cidade  
Até há poucos momentos

Já me deixou  
Foi-se logo embora  
A saudade a quem chamei maldita  
Já nos meus olhos não chora  
Já nos meus sonhos não grita  
Já me deixou  
Foi-se logo embora  
Minha tristeza chegou ao fim  
Já me deixou mesmo agora  
Saíu pela porta for a  
Ao ver-te voltar p’ra mim

Nem sempre a saudade é triste  
Nem sempre a saudade é pranto e dor  
Se em paga saudade existe  
A saudade não doi tant amor  
Mas equanto tu não vinhas  
Foi tão grande o sofrimento meu  
Pois não sabia que tinhas  
Em paga às saudades minhas  
Mais saudades do que eu

### Recourse

Only when tears give me  
A deeper sense of your secret  
Do I feel pure and do I grant  
The grace of listening to the heart.

Right away (why?), the suspicion arises  
That in the two of us everything is premeditated.  
And tears then follow the *fado*  
Of all that our love rejects.

We no longer wish to know of the heart  
Nor is what it gives important to us,  
Returning, febrile, to that thirst  
Where all that matters is what feelings give.

### Now It’s Left Me

Yearning was always with me  
In the sound of my voice  
That in its most ancient of *fados*  
Made a thousand verses about us  
Sapping my will through mockery  
Without even hearing my lamentations  
And through caprice or malice  
Traversed the city with me  
Until a few moments ago

Now it’s left me  
It’s gone right away  
The yearning I called accursed  
No longer weeps through my eyes  
Nor shouts in my dreams  
It’s left me now  
It’s gone right away  
My sorrow has come to an end  
It’s left me right now  
It went out through the door  
When it saw you come back to me

Yearning is not always sad  
Nor always weeping in pain  
If yearning’s a payback  
Yearning hurts less than love  
But while you did not come  
My suffering was so great  
As I didn’t know that you had  
as payback for my yearnings  
More yearnings than I

(Please turn the page quietly.)

**Maria Lisboa***Alain Oulman & David Mourão Ferreira*

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

Em vez de corvos no xaile  
Gaiivotas 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...

**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 história  
Da história 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

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

**Maria Lisboa**

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...

**Rain**

Things which are distasteful in life  
Leave us with no longing  
Only the memories which hurt  
Or make us smile

There are people who make history  
In the history of people  
And others we can't even  
Remember their names

They are emotions that give life  
To the longing I carry  
Those which I had with you  
And ended up losing

There are days that mark the soul  
And life of people  
And the day you left me  
I cannot forget

The rain drenched my face  
Cold and tired  
The streets of the city  
Each one I have wandered

Oh, my lost child lament  
Cried out to the city

Que o fogo do amor sob a chuva  
Á instantes morrera

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

**Morada Aberta***Carlos Te & Rui Veloso*

Diz-me o rio que conheço  
Como não conheço a mim  
Quanta mágoa vai correr  
Até o desamor ter fim

Tu nem me ouves lanceiro  
Por entre vales e montes  
Matando a sede ao salgueiro  
Lavando a alma das fontes

Vi o meu amor partir  
Num comboio de vaidades  
Foi à procura de mundo  
No carrossel das cidades

Onde o viver é folgado  
E dizem, não há solidão  
Mas eu no meu descampado  
Não tenho essa ilusão

Se eu fosse nuvem branca  
E não um farrapo de gente  
Vertia-me aguaceiro  
Dentro da tua corrente

E assim corria sem dor  
Sem de mim querer saber  
E como tu nesse rumor  
Amava sem me prender

Vai rio, que se faz tarde  
Para chegares a parte incerta  
Espalha por esses montes  
Que tenho morada aberta

That love's fire under the rain  
Had died instants ago

The rain heard and kept  
My secret from the city  
And listen to how it beats on the glass  
Bringing that nostalgia back

**Open House**

Tell me of the river that I know  
As I don't know myself  
How much pain will flow  
Until the hatred ends

You can't even hear me lancer  
Amongst the valleys and hills  
Quenching your thirst at the willow tree  
Washing your soul at the springs

I saw my love leaving  
On a train of vanities  
Going in search of the world  
On the carousel of the cities

Where the living is loose  
And where, they say, there's no solitude  
But I in my wilderness  
Do not have that illusion

If I were a white cloud  
Rather than a human speck  
I would release a shower of rain  
Into your current

And so I'd run with no pain  
Without wishing to know of me  
And like you in that babble  
Would love without taking hold

Go river, so it is late  
When you arrive at the uncertain part  
Spread amongst these hills  
Where I have an open house

*(Please turn the page quietly.)*

**Beijo de Saudade***B. Leza*

Ondas sagradas do Tejo  
 Deixa-me beijar as tuas águas  
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo  
 Um beijo de mágoa  
 Um beijo de saudade  
 Pra levar ao mar e o mar à minha terra

Nas tuas ondas cristalinas  
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo  
 Na tua boca de menina  
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo, óh Tejo  
 Um beijo de mágoa  
 Um beijo de saudade  
 Pra levar ao mar e o mar à minha terra

Minha terra é aquela pequenina  
 É Cabo Verde terra minha  
 Aquela que no mar parece criança  
 É filha do oceano  
 É filha do céu  
 Terra da minha mãe  
 Terra dos meus amores

**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

**Kiss of Yearning**

Sacred waves of the Tagus  
 Let me kiss your waters  
 Let me give you a kiss  
 A kiss of sorrow  
 A kiss of yearning  
 To take out to sea and over the sea to my home

In your crystalline waves  
 Let me give you a kiss  
 On your sweet girl's mouth  
 Let me give you a kiss, oh Tagus  
 A kiss of sorrow  
 A kiss of yearning  
 To take out to sea and over the sea to my home

My homeland is that small one  
 Cabo Verde is my home  
 Like a child in the sea  
 The daughter of the ocean  
 The daughter of the sky  
 Land of my mother  
 Land of my loves

**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*

**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 leite;  
 Nos bancos vazios;  
 No meu próprio peito  
 estás sempre comigo.

**Cavaleiro Monge***Mario Pacheco & Fernando Pessoa*

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.

**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.

**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.

*(Please turn the page quietly.)*

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

### Voices do Mar (so Diogo)

*Florbelá Espanca & Diogo Clemente*

Quando o sol vai caindo sobre as águas,  
Num nervoso delíquio de ouro intenso,  
Donde vem essa voz cheia de mágoa,  
Com que falas à terra oh mar imenso?

Tu falas de festins e cavalgadas?  
De cavaleiros errantes ao luar,  
Falas de caravelas encantadas  
Que dormem em teu seio a soluçar?

Tens cantos de epopeias? Tens anseios  
De amarguras? Tu tens também receios  
Oh mar cheio de esp'rança e majestade

Donde vem essa voz oh mar amigo?  
Talvez a voz de um Portugal antigo  
Chamando por Camões numa saudade.

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

### Voices from the Sea

When the sun sinks over the waters  
In a nervous deliquescence of gold intense  
Whence comes this voice full of pain,  
With which you speak to the earth oh immense sea?

Do you speak of banquets and cavalcades?  
Of knights errant in the moonlight,  
Do you speak of enchanted caravels  
Which sleep and weep on your breast?

Do you sing of epic deeds? Do you have unease  
About pain? Do you too have fears  
Oh sea full of hope and majesty

Whence comes this voice oh friendly sea?  
Perhaps the voice of an ancient Portugal  
Summoned by Camões in an act of yearning.

### Tasco da Mouraria

*Paolo Abreu Lima & Rui Veloso*

Cresce a noite pelas ruas de Lisboa  
E os meninos como eu foram dormir  
Só eu fico com o sonho que já voa  
Nesta estranha minha forma de sentir.

Deixo o quarto com passinhos de menina  
Num silêncio que respeita o mais sagrado  
Quando o brilho de meus olhos na cortina  
Se deleitam ao ouvir cantar o fado.

Meu amor, vai-te deitar, já é tarde  
Diz meu pai sempre que vem perto de mim  
Nesse misto de orgulho e de saudade  
De quem sente um novo amor no meu jardim.

E adormeço nos seus braços de guitarra  
Doce embalo que renasce a cada dia  
Esse sonho de cantar a madrugada  
Que foi berço num tasco da Mouraria.

### Rosa Branca

*José de Jesus Guimarães & Resende Dias*

De rosa ao peito na roda  
Eu bailei com quem calhou  
Tantas voltas dei bailando  
Que a rosa se desfolhou

Quem tem, quem tem  
Amor a seu jeito  
Colha a rosa branca  
Ponha a rosa ao peito

Ó roseira, roseirinha  
Roseira do meu jardim  
Se de rosas gostas tanto  
Porque não gostas de mim?

### Minh'alma

*Paulo de Carvalho*

Alma ai! Minh'Alma  
Diz-me quem eu sou  
Alma ai! Minh'Alma  
Diz-me para onde vou

### Tavern in Mouraria

Night draws on in the streets of Lisbon  
And boys like me have gone to sleep  
Only I have the dream that I'm flying  
In my own strange way of feeling.

I leave my bedroom with the step of a girl  
In a silence which respects what is most sacred  
When my eyes as they shine on the curtain  
Delight in the *fado's* song.

My love, go to bed, it's late  
My father always said it came close to me  
In that mixture of pride and yearning  
For the one who feels a new love in my garden.

And I sleep in your guitar arms  
Sweet rocking reborn with each day  
That dream of singing the dawn  
That was born in a tavern of Mouraria.

### White Rose

With a rose at my breast on the dance-floor  
I danced with whoever was there  
I danced so much  
That the rose fell to pieces

Whoever has, whoever has  
The gift of love  
Picks the white rose  
Puts it at their breast

Oh rose bush, little rose  
Rose bush in my garden  
If you love roses so much  
Why don't you love me?

### My Soul

Oh Soul! My Soul  
Tell me who I am  
Oh Soul! My Soul  
Tell me where I'm bound

*(Please turn the page quietly.)*

Lisboa vem namorar-me lá vou eu  
 Pelas ruas do passado a correr  
 O meu fado é o futuro mas eu juro  
 Meu amor  
 Que namoro o meu passado  
 Sem lhe dizer para onde vou

Alma ai! Minh'Alma...

Quando saio de ao pé de mim eu sou o mar  
 Doutras terras, doutras gentes que não vi  
 O meu canto é o meu sonho não morreu  
 Meu amor  
 Meu amor eu sou o povo  
 Sou mais longe do que eu

### 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 brinco nas orelhas

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

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

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

Vai acima, vai abaixo  
 Mais beijinho, mais bejeca  
 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...

Lisbon, make love to me, that's where I'm bound  
 Running through the streets of the past  
 My *fado* is the future but I vow  
 My love  
 That I will make love to my past  
 Without saying where I'm bound

Oh Soul! My Soul...

When I get away from myself I am the sea  
 Of other lands, of other people who I've never seen  
 My song and my dream have not died  
 My love  
 My love I am the people  
 I am farther from me

### 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

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

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

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

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...

### Oiça Lá Ó Senhor Vinho

Alberto James

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 á 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 agua  
 É ofensa pagua, eu cá sou assim  
 Vossa mercê tem razão  
 É ingratição falar mal do vinho  
 E a provar o que digo  
 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

### Listen Here, Senhor 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 it's 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  
 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

*(Please turn the page quietly.)*

E condenaram-me a tanto  
 Viver comigo meu pranto  
 Viver, viver e sem ti  
 Vivendo sem no entanto  
 Eu me esquecer desse encanto  
 É somente o que nos dáo

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.

### Ó Gente da minha Terra

*Tiago Machado & Amália Rodrigues*

Ó Gente da minha Terra  
 Agora é que eu percebi  
 Esta tristeza que trago  
 Foi de vós que recebi

É meu e vosso este fado  
 Destino que nos amarra  
 Por mais que seja negado  
 Às cordas de uma guitarra

Sempre que se ouve um gemido  
 Duma guitarra a cantar  
 Fica-se logo perdido  
 Com vontade de chorar

E pareceria ternura  
 Se eu me deixasse embalar  
 Era maior a amargura  
 Menos triste o meu cantar

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

It's the only thing we get  
 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.

### Oh, People of My Land

Oh, people of my land  
 It's only now that I perceive  
 This sadness which I carry  
 Was from you received

This ballad is both yours and mine  
 United by our destiny  
 No matter how much is denied  
 By the strings of a guitar

Whenever we hear a lament  
 Of a guitar playing  
 We are soon filled  
 With a longing to weep

It would seem a kindness  
 If I were able to soothe it  
 And by releasing the sorrow  
 Make my song less melancholy

With her striking looks and even more striking voice, **Mariza** has, in just a few short years, gone from singing in the backroom of a Lisbon bar to selling out the world's top concert halls, from New York to Moscow and from the Sydney Opera House to the Barbican.

Today, she is recognized the world over as the queen of the Portuguese musical style known as *fado*. Yet she was not born in Portugal, but in Mozambique. "My father is Portuguese but my mother is African," she explains. "We moved to Portugal when I was three, but I still have a few memories from Mozambique." She recalls this early life in Africa in some of her songs, such as *Transparente*.

In the Portuguese capital of Lisbon, her family took over a small taverna in a neighborhood called Mouraria. It's an area with a long and rich association with *fado*'s history and at weekends, her father would employ *fado* musicians to entertain customers. "I fell in love with the sound of the Portuguese guitar coming up through the floor and I started to sing *fado* when I was five years old," Mariza recalls.

As she grew older, her school friends told her that *fado* was old-fashioned and she tried singing in pop, jazz and soul styles. But her love of *fado* had taken deep root and she soon returned to it. Singing in Lisbon's *fado* bars and tavernas, she began to develop a following, although she never had any ambition to become a global superstar. She was well into her twenties before she recorded her first album, 2001's *Fado em Mim*. Even then, thoughts of international success were far from her mind. "I made the first record as a gift to my father," she says.

The record became a bestseller in Portugal and was then released around the world. Rave reviews and further award-winning recordings followed. Within an astonishingly short time, Mariza found that she had become the global superstar she had never set out to be.

Mariza's latest album *Terra* is the first masterpiece of a new breathing cycle. Mariza sums it all up in one word: "truth." And she adds: "During seven years of international tours, I had the chance of discovering other peoples and cultures. I watched and I listened. I learned. This is my moment. This is my truth. I've always been true to

myself, and I've always been true to my fans. And I wanted this album to show them my progress as a singer and a human being. My two previous albums, *Transparente* and *Concerto em Lisboa*, were like the end of a cycle to me. This new album, I've decided to call it *Terra*. Why? Maybe because I always have my feet firmly planted on the ground, and also because recording it was like going on a musical journey. Inevitably..."

Mariza is a *fado* singer, but she keeps experimenting with new ways of singing it, and her fans have always accompanied her on her journey. All of her previous albums—*Fado em Mim* (2001), *Fado Curvo* (2003), *Transparente* (2005) and *Concerto em Lisboa* (2006), plus the DVD *Live in London* (2004)—went platinum. With Amália Rodrigues gone, Portugal has looked for a new voice to express the national soul and has found Mariza.

On *Terra*, the Portuguese *fado* guitar is joined by British guitarist Dominic Miller (one of Sting's supporting musicians for the last 20 years), three piano players—Brazilian Ivan Lins and Cubans Chucho Valdés and Ivan "Melon" Lewis—Spanish flamenco guitarist Javier Limón and Spanish percussionist Piraña (Paco de Lucía's favorite percussionist). Mariza's voice blends perfectly with those of Cape Verdean Tito Paris and Afro-Hispanic Concha Buika. After working with Jorge Fernando, Carlos Maria Trindade and Jacques Morelenbaum, Mariza chose Javier Limón as the producer for *Terra*. But in this cosmopolitan mixture of flamenco and *morna*, jazz and folk music, we hear a consistently Portuguese sound.

Over the course of her career, Mariza has garnered numerous international awards and accolades. In 2001, Mariza won an award for Most Outstanding Performance in Quebec. In 2003, she received the Gold Medal from the Portuguese Tourist Board, was elected Artist of the Year by the Portuguese Marketing Executives Association, won the German Press Deutscheschallplattenkritik Award for Best Ethnic, Folk and World Music Album for *Fado Curvo* (*Fado em Mim* won in the same category in 2001), and was elected Best European Artist by BBC Radio 3 (winning again in 2005 and 2006). In 2004, Mariza won the European Border Breakers Award (an award sponsored by the European Union) for the best-selling

album *Fado em Mim*, was voted Person of the Year by the Foreign Press Association of Portugal, and was nominated as ambassador for *fado*'s candidature to UNESCO'S Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity program.

In 2005, Mariza was nominated as ambassador for the Hans Christian Andersen bicentennial celebrations, and she was named a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador. She also won the Amália Rodrigues Foundation's International Award for "making Portuguese music known worldwide."

In 2006, President Jorge Sampaio from Portugal awarded Mariza the Order of Henry the Navigator. Mariza won Portugal's Golden Globe for Best Individual Performer, and she was nominated for the Australian Helpmann Awards in the category of Best International Contemporary Concert for her performances at the Sydney Opera House. "Ó Gente da minha Terra" (from *Fado em Mim*) became the title song for Pang Ho-cheung's film *Isabella*, winner of the Silver Bear for best soundtrack at the 56th Berlin Film Festival.

In 2007, Mariza was nominated for the Finnish "Emma Gaala" Awards for Best International Artist, together with Robbie Williams, Andrea Bocelli, Basshunter, Iron Maiden and Red Hot Chili Peppers. She was invited by German photographer Bettina Flitner to participate in the "100 most important women in Europe" project, sponsored by the German government and presented in the European Parliament. Mariza was nominated as ambassador for the Portuguese Tourism Institute, in appreciation for her worldwide efforts on behalf of the Portuguese culture. She became the first Portuguese artist to be nominated for the Grammy Awards, and *Concerto em Lisboa* was nominated by the Latin Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for best folk album.

In May 2008, the Paris Academy of Arts, Sciences and Letters awarded Mariza the prestigious Medaille de Vermeil, for "her relevant services to the arts and culture." The seeds were sown, says Mariza, "and the fruits will be plentiful and diverse."