Thursday, November 19, 2009, 8pm
Zellerbach Hall

Mariza

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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 heen 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 acústica, 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 feet 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 sentimento 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 em nós importa o que ele nos concede,
Regressando, febris, àquela sede
Onde só vale o que os sentimentos dão.

Now It’s Left Me

Yearening 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

It’s gone right away
The yeareening 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

Yearening is not always sad
Nor always weeping in pain
If yearening’s a payback
Yearening 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 yearenings
More yearenings 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
Gaiotas 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…

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…

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
Aquelas 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 percorrerá

Ai, meu choro de moça perdida
Gritava à cidade

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
À 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

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

Quando 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

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
Beijo de Saudade
B. Leza

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

Nas tuas ondas cristalinas
Deixa-me beijar um beijo
Na tua boca de menina
Deixa-me beijar um beijo, oh 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
Aquele 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 falho 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
À 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
Cavo 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
Aireia nos vidros;
Na água que canta;
No fogo mortiço;
No calor do leito;
Nos bancos vazios;
No meu próprio peito
estás sempre comigo.

Cavalerio 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 inviôs 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.

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 sono 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.

Vozes do Mar (so Diogo)
Florbela Espanca & Diogo Clemente

Quando o sol vai caindo sobre as águas,
Num nervoso delíquio de oiro 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,
Faldas de caravelas encantadas
Que dormem em seu 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 cavalgades?
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.

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
Ponha 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

My Soul

Oh Soul! My Soul
Tell me I am
Oh Soul! My Soul
Tell me where I’m bound

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?

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.
E jurei para mais não…
O meu fado é o futuro mas eu juro
Que namoro o meu passado
Sem lhe dizer onde vou
Alma aí! 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’ta comprar um par de meias
Vim de lá e’umas chanatas
E dois brincos nas orelhas

As minhas ricas tamancas
Pediram 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 bailaçao
Aí que me deu um fanico
Nos braços dum manganão

Vai acima, vai abaixo
Nos braços dum manganão
Ai que me deu um fanico
A modos que bailação

Primavera
David Mourão-Ferreira & Pedro Rodrigues

Todo o amor que nos prendera
Como se fora de cera
Se quebrava e desfazia
Aí funesta primavera

Quem me dera, quem nos dera
Ter morrido nesse dia

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

Alma aí! 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

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Por vias deste calor

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Sem entrar no bailarico

Sem entrar no bailarico
A modos que bailaçao
Aí que me deu um fanico
Nos braços dum manganão

Vai acima, vai abaixo
Nos braços dum manganão
Ai que me deu um fanico
A modos que bailação

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Todo o amor que nos prendera
Como se fora de cera
Se quebrava e desfazia
Aí funesta primavera

Quem me dera, quem nos dera
Ter morrido nesse dia

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 respeio do vinho
A folha solta a brincar ao vento
Fui raio de sol, no firmamento
Que trouxe à lua 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 pagua, eu cá sou assim

Vossa mercê tem razão
É ingratiadão falar mal do vinho
E a prova o que digo
Vamos meu amigo, a mais um copinho.

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.)
And condemned I was
To have weeping living with me
To live, to live and without you
Living and not, however,
Forgotten 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 not one speak of spring
How I wish, how we wish
To have died that day.

Oh, People of My Land
Tiago Machado & Amália Rodrigues

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 tavern 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 as 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 taverns, 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 “Melo” Lewis—Spanish flamenco guitarist Javier Limón and Spanish percussionist Pirána (Paco de Lucía’s favorite percussionist). Mariza’s voice blends perfectly with those of Cape Verdian 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* candidacy 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.”