

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.

*Mariza is represented exclusively by
Tobias Tumarkin, Vice President,
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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 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,
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 heath

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."