

STEREO

Portuguese Vocals  
MFS-363

# Lisboa Antiga

MONITOR PRESENTS PORTUGAL'S GREAT YOUNG FADO SINGER

**Fernanda Maria**

**monitor**  
MUSIC OF THE WORLD

RECORDED IN LISBON

MFC 363

MONITOR PRESENTS

PORTUGAL'S GREAT YOUNG FADO SINGER

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# LISBOA ANTIGA

## Monitor Presents Portugal's Great Young Fado Singer FERNANDA MARIA



FERNANDA MARIA

In the highly competitive field of active Fadistas in Lisbon today, Fernanda Maria is now the generally acknowledged queen. This diminutive singer (she is just over five feet tall) has not only an extraordinary range, but she is also able to produce that unusual intensity of feeling which is so important in the singing of the Fado.

Fernanda Maria was born in the old Mouraria district of Lisbon in 1937. She began singing Fado at the age of 13 when she worked as a waitress in a restaurant in the Alfama district. Her family, against her wishes, persuaded her to give up being a waitress and singing the Fado when she was 16; but her first love finally prevailed, and she resumed singing at the age of 21. Her rise since then has been meteoric until today she is in constant demand for recordings, radio and television programs and personal appearances. She has also appeared in theatrical productions and has worked in three of the best Fado restaurants in Lisbon.

A few years ago she refused an offer from NBC to appear in the United States because she felt she was not yet ready. Her recordings are the largest selling Fado records in Portugal. With this Monitor record she makes her American phonographic debut.

### Jaime Santos (instrumentalist — Portuguese guitar)

Mr. Santos is considered the outstanding exponent of the Portuguese guitar and is a prolific composer.

Born 42 years ago in the Alfama district of Lisbon, he has already recorded 300 Fados composed by himself, and has made, in addition, five guitar solo records.

For eight years Jaime Santos was the private guitarist of Amalia Rodrigues and with that great star he toured a number of countries, including the United States.

Mr. Santos has earned the nickname "magic fingers" because of his virtuosity.

### Pais Da Silva (instrumentalist — Spanish guitar)

An outstanding exponent of Spanish guitar accompaniment for the Fado, Mr. da Silva was born in the northern Portuguese city of Oporto in 1908. In his extensive career he has accompanied virtually all of the leading Portuguese singers and with many of them he has toured a number of foreign countries. He has also made several phonograph recordings of his own solo work on the Spanish guitar.

## RETURN TO ARCHIVE

CENTER FOR FOLK LIFE PROGRAMS  
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### THE FADO

Just as Andalusia has its flamenco music, and Vienna its waltzes, so Portugal has its characteristic music — the Fado. The Fado is a style and a feeling and it is uniquely Portuguese.

Its sources spring from as far back as the troubadours of the Middle Ages who sang of "courtly love." It bears the mark of the Portuguese sailors returning from Brazil and Africa in the 18th Century who had imbibed the melancholy African rhythm and mood. But perhaps the most distinctive thing about the Fado, aside from the music and words themselves is its presentation and the almost institutional character it has achieved.

The Fado of Lisbon can best be heard and seen in the dozen or so Fado restaurants which are located in the Bairro Alto district of Lisbon. On a typical evening, a couple or a group might plan to have dinner in one of the Fado restaurants (all of which serve surprisingly excellent Portuguese food) at about nine o'clock. As dessert and coffee are being served, perhaps an hour later, the round of fados would begin. The singer takes her (or his) place beneath an old street-light, standing between two guitarists. One musician plays a Portuguese guitar and the other a Spanish guitar. The Portuguese guitar carries the melody while the Spanish guitar provides the rhythm accompaniment. Female singers (Fadistas) wear large black shawls which they wrap around their shoulders and neck.

When the singer is in place and the introduction has been played, the lights are dimmed, the singer remains stationary, and a hush falls over the dining room. Then the singer, with head back and the voice aimed at the ceiling, vents her feelings through the song. Each singer, in turn, sings a set of two or three numbers. Most Fado restaurants have four or five singers, three female and one or two male.

After hearing all the singers in the first restaurant, the listeners might move on to another Fado house, and, over coffee and Portuguese brandy, listen to another round. Fado houses remain open until 4:00 a.m. and the songs become more "triste" as the night wears on. In the early part of the evening, the Fados usually have a fast tempo and are almost folkloric in style. As the singers warm up, however, they may pass through several different styles such as Fado Victoria, Fado Faia, Fado Mouraria, until they reach the very melancholy Fado.

The word Fado comes from the Latin "fatum" meaning fate, but the Fado, in all its varieties, as felt, sung, and appreciated by the Portuguese people, is an expression of national sentiment. It symbolizes the continuum of Portuguese history, which sees the passage of time in decades and centuries rather than week or years.

monitor

MFS 363

For complete catalog write:

MONITOR RECORDS

156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10010

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Cover Design: David Chasman

For the care of your records check needle periodically; store away from heat; wipe with a damp cloth before playing. For playback on wide-range equipment use RIAA curve.

Printed in U.S.A.

### Side One

#### 1. LISBOA A NOITE - *Lisbon at Night*

Already Lisbon sleeps, a thousand candles are lighted on the alters of the seven hills . . .

#### 2. "ZE DA MELENA"

Where are you, Zé da Melena, that I cannot see you? Come to the alley in the silvery moonlight for I sing a fado of sad love.

#### 3. MARIA DO ROSARIO - *Mary of the Rosary*

Mary of the Rosary has a rosary of beads which she knows not how to count; she feels life has treated her badly because of empty-headed dreaming of pomp and circumstance. She has lost both love and faith.

#### 4. ERA ASSIM LISBOA - *Lisbon Was Like This*

Long, long ago Lisbon was a beautiful and saucy young maiden, full of airs and the moon was her balloon. She would come out into the street and sing for no reason at all. That's how gayly she lived — Old Lisbon.

#### 5. GENTE DO RIBATEJO - *People of the Ribatejo*

In the province of Ribatejo there are ardent courageous people who can wrestle a bull and sing a fado. They ride their horses while looking after the cattle but they also know how to love, sing and suffer.

#### 6. CIGANO DE TRIANA - *Gypsy of Triana*

My gypsy of Triana, put away your castanets and sing little Spanish ballads with all the grace of the gypsies.

### Side Two

#### 1. LISBOA ANTIGA - *Old Lisbon*

Old city of Lisbon, filled with charm and beauty, in other times there were royal bullfights, fiestas, traditional processions, cries of street vendors — that will never be again.

#### 2. ESTANTE VELHINA - *Old Bookshelf*

Lisbon, old bookshelf, the leaves are being torn from your book, one by one, day by day.

#### 3. DONA DESILUSANO - *Lady of Disillusion*

Don't tell me that my love was untrue to me! Oh, Lady of Disillusion, don't be cruel.

#### 4. LAMENTO FADISTA - *The Fadista's Lament*

It was a long time since I had been there. But when I passed there yesterday I felt sadness coming upon me! I couldn't sing; I cried!

#### 5. TUDO PERDI - *I Lost All*

For love of you I lost God. For love of you I lost myself and now I am alone — without God, without love, without you,

#### 6. AS PEDRAS DA MINHA RUA - *The Cobblestones of My Street*

The cobblestones of my street will know your steps. But if I should not be yours for all time may the stones of my street rise against you.

# Lisboa Antiga

MONITOR PRESENTS PORTUGAL'S GREAT YOUNG FADO SINGER

## Fernanda Maria

RECORDED IN LISBON



### SIDE 1

#### 1. LISBON AT NIGHT

I

Already Lisbon sleeps, a thousand candles are lighted  
On the altars of the seven hills  
Guitars little by little become silent  
The little windows were closed  
Lisbon slumbers peacefully  
In the voluptuous arms of her Tagus \*  
Covered by the blue blanket of a starlit sky  
And the breeze came timidly to kiss her

refrain:

Lisbon walked from side to side  
Went to a bullfight  
Then danced and drank  
Lisbon heard the fado sung  
And as the dawn broke  
She fell asleep

II

Lisbon didn't stop all night  
Unconventional, reckless but proud  
She went to the fair and ate broiled sardines  
And then went to see the last show

Later she climbed to the "Bairro Alto" \*\*  
In the sky the full moon shown  
She heard fado singing and she dreamt  
That the voice she heard was "saudade" \*\*\*

refrain:

Lisbon walked from side to side  
Went to a bullfight  
Then danced and drank  
Lisbon heard the fado sung  
And as the dawn broke  
She fell asleep

\* Tagus - (Tejo in Portuguese) One of the chief rivers of the Iberian Peninsula which flows eastward from Spain to Portugal. Lisbon is located on the banks of the Tagus at its estuary.

\*\* Bairro Alto - Means upper district and is one of the old quarters of Lisbon, famous for fado singing.

\*\*\* Saudade - Is a uniquely Portuguese concept. The word can be translated approximately as longing, yearning and nostalgia.

#### 2. "ZE DA MELENA"\*

From time to time  
from my garret,  
My eyes wander in search  
of the home of other eyes...

#### LISBOA A NOITE

I

Lisboa adormeceu já se acenderam  
Mil velas nos altares, sete colinas  
Guitarras pouco a pouco emudeceram  
Cerraram-se as janelas pequeninas  
Lisboa dorme um sono repousado  
Nos braços voluptuosos do seu Tejo  
Cobriu-a a colcha azul do céu estrelado  
E a briza veio a medo dar-lhe um beijo

refrain:

Lisboa, andou de lado em lado  
Foi ver uma toirada  
Depois bailou, bebeu  
Lisboa, ouviu cantar o fado  
Rompia a madrugada  
Quando ela adormeceu

II

Lisboa, não parou a noite inteira  
Boémia, estouvada mas bairrista  
Foi à sardinha assada lá na feira  
E à segunda sessão de uma revista

Depois, p'ro Bairro Alto então galgou  
No céu a lua cheia refulgia  
Ouviu cantar o fado e então sonhou  
Que era a saudade aquela voz que ouvia

refrain:

Lisboa, andou de lado em lado  
Foi ver uma toirada  
Depois bailou, bebeu  
Lisboa, ouviu cantar o fado  
Rompia a madrugada  
Quando ela adormeceu

#### ZÉ DA MELENA

De quando em quando,  
da minha água-furtada,  
Meus olhos vão procurando  
de outros olhos a morada...

I look around to see  
Along the still alley \*\*  
but catch no glimpse of the fadista  
or the fado of my life!

"Zé da Melena" \*  
where are you that I can't see you?...  
come, for the night is serene  
like the caress of a kiss...

Come to the alley \*\*  
for my voice cannot resist  
singing from the window  
a fado of sad love!

Come softly  
in the silvery moonlight,  
which lights the way  
of the nocturnal serenade...

Bring the guitar  
that has strummed in palaces,  
don't forget the "samarra" \*\*\*  
- for tomorrow it may rain...

"Zé da Melena",  
I wish it were true...  
but dreams are unrewarding  
as the price of "saudade" \*\*\*\*

"Zé da Melena",  
You belong to the past...  
- Why recall to the scene  
Reliques of the old fado?

This song was written exclusively for FERNANDA MARIA and is only sung by her.

- \* "Zé da Melena" - "Zé" is the familiar nickname for José - Joseph.  
"Melena" means long hair or a shock of hair and implies old age.  
\*\* Alley (Viela in Portuguese) - Is a narrow winding lane between buildings which usually connects 2 streets.  
\*\*\* "Samarra" - Is a sheep-skin jacket worn in Portugal as protection from the rain.  
\*\*\*\* "Saudade" - Is a uniquely Portuguese concept. The word can be translated approximately as longing, yearning and nostalgia.

### 3. MARY OF THE ROSARY

Mary of the Rosary  
Has a rosary of beads  
Which she knows not how to count;  
She feels life has gone badly  
Because of empty-headed  
Dreaming of pomp and circumstance!  
Living in this Purgatory  
Suffering many indignities  
Unable to avoid them!

refrain:

I'm not saying  
For what reason  
She runs  
From hand to hand  
Without knowing  
Where are  
Her Happy dreams!  
She is even unaware  
That she loved anyone!  
Love and faith  
She also lost!  
What she is,  
For me there is not,  
Not any mystery!

Vagueio a vista  
P'la viela adormecida  
mas nem sombra do fadista  
do fado da minha vida!

Zé da Melena,  
onde estás que não te vejo?...  
vem que a noite está serena  
como a carícia de um beijo...

Vem à viela,  
que a minha voz não resiste  
a atirar-te da janela  
o fado de um amor triste!

Vem de mansinho  
por sob o luar de prata,  
que te ilumina o caminho  
da nocturna serenata...

Traze a guitarra  
que aos palácios foi gemer,  
não te esqueças da samarra,  
- de manhã pode chover...

Zé da Melena,  
quem dera fosse verdade...  
- Mas sonhar não vale a pena  
com as penas da saudade...

Zé da Melena,  
Tu pertences ao passado...  
- Para quê trazer à cena  
Relíquias do velho fado?...

### MARIA DO ROSÁRIO

A Maria do Rosário  
Tem um rosário de contas  
E já nem sabe contá-las;  
Andou-lhe a vida ao contrário  
Só porque as cabeças tontas  
Sonham com pompas e galas!  
A viver neste calvário  
Sofrendo muitas afrontas  
E sem poder evitá-las!

refrain:

Não vou dizer  
Porque razão  
Anda a correr  
De mão em mão  
Sem já saber  
Aonde estão  
Seus sonhos ledos  
Não sabe até  
Se amou alguém!  
Amor e fé  
Perdeu também!  
O que ela é,  
P'ra mim não tem,  
Não tem segredos!

Among her rosaries,  
She had one of troubles  
She recounted crying;  
She left home alone  
And joined some friends  
Who challenged her;  
The outcome is easily guessed;  
Always trusting in songs,  
She continued her erring ways!

refrain:

#### 4. LISBON WAS LIKE THIS

##### I

Long, long ago  
During the festivals of St. John  
Lisbon was  
a saucy young maiden  
a beautiful young maiden  
so full of airs  
the moon was her balloon  
She would come to the street  
and sing for no reason at all

She always walked gayly  
bedecked with flowers  
and ornaments  
She would dance in the fiestas  
and to flirtatious remarks  
she blushing smiled

##### II

She would pridefully join the parades  
Gayly dressed  
never standing still  
Skipping, singing and laughing  
from Mouraria\*  
to Esperança\*\*  
And wild artichokes she would burn\*\*\*  
for she enjoyed  
being a child

She would walk night and day  
in this merrymaking way  
always gay  
Old and young would dance  
everyone would play  
happily

##### III

She would play ring-around-the-rosy  
for it was in vogue  
to dance like this  
She would jump the bonfires  
ever agile  
and without fear  
She would leave the dances  
with "manjericos"\*\*\*\*  
and boy-friends  
She would offer with rapture  
to each Saint  
a Song  
and that's how  
gayly she lived  
Old Lisbon

Entre os rosários que tinha,  
Teve um rosário de intrigas  
Que ela desfiou chorando;  
Saiu de casa sózinha  
Juntou-se a outras amigas  
Que a andavam desafiando;  
O resto já se adivinha:  
Sempre a fiar-se em cantigas,  
Foi andando e tropeçando!

refrain:

#### ERA ASSIM LISBOA

##### I

Em tempos que já lá vão  
P'lo São João  
era Lisboa  
uma garota ladina  
linda menina  
cheia de prôa  
tinha por balão a lua  
vinha p'ra rua  
cantar à toa

Andava sempre garrida  
tôda florida  
e enfeitada  
dançava nos arraiais  
e aos madrigais  
ria corada

##### II

Ia nas marchas vaidosa  
muito vistosa  
sem ter parança  
pulava, cantava e ria  
da Mouraria  
até à Esperança  
e alcachofras queimava  
porque gostava  
de ser criança

Andava de noite e dia  
nessa folia  
sempre contente  
velhos e novos dançavam  
todos brincavam  
alegremente

##### III

Fazia danças de roda  
pois era moda  
esses bailados  
ia saltar a fogueira  
sempre ligeira  
e sem cuidados,  
Saía dos bailaricos  
com manjericos  
e conversados  
Of'recio com encanto  
a cada santo  
Uma cantiga  
e era assim que vivia  
com alegria  
Lisboa Antiga

\* Mouraria - A district of Lisbon, in the old part of the city.

\*\* Esperança - A district of Lisbon.

\*\*\* To burn wild artichokes - Wild artichokes are thistle plants (cardo). They are indispensable to the June festivals in Portugal. When the bonfire dies out, but there are still some embers, young maidens burn the thistles and then stick them on the

ground near the bonfire. Tradition has it that if the burnt thistle is again green the following day, it means that the young maiden will find her Prince Charming soon. If the thistle isn't restored, she will never marry. Eye-witnesses insist that some times the thistles do bloom the following day!

\*\*\*\* Manjericos - Basil. This is another plant commonly used in the June festivals in Portugal. Young maidens are offered bunches of this plant wrapped around a paper carnation in which some poetic rhymes, mostly love declarations, are written.

## 5. PEOPLE OF THE RIBATEJO\*

I like to see a man wearing a sombrero and a "samarra"\*\*\*  
Riding a sorrel horse through the fields  
And who knows how to really play a guitar  
And sing this dreamy song  
And under his smartly placed hat a shock of hair  
Protrudes and seems to be saying  
I am a fadista\*\*\* I am bold and under the gentle moonlight  
I know how to love, how to sing, how to suffer

refrain:

In Ribatejo\*  
Kissed by the beautiful Tagus  
Where the wheat are kernels of gold  
On its blessed soil  
There are people of this kind:  
So ardent and courageous  
Who know how to wrestle a bull  
And know how to sing the fado

\*\*\*\*  
I also like to see a "campino" riding on the marsh  
Charging with his large goad  
With a cigarette pressed between his lips, smiling while  
singing

A fado that for him is more than an anthem  
While his alert eyes carefully follow  
The cattle that are grazing nearby  
And under the burning sun, under the wind or rain  
You see him always riding gaily

refrain:

In Ribatejo\*  
Kissed by the beautiful Tagus  
Where the wheat are kernels of gold  
etc. ...

\* Ribatejo - A province in continental Portugal.

\*\* Samarra - Is a sheep-skin jacket worn in Portugal as protection from the rain.

\*\*\* Fadista - A singer of fados.

\*\*\*\* Campino - A Portuguese cowboy.

## 6. GYPSY OF TRIANA\*

My gypsy of Triana\*  
put away your castanets  
and sing little Spanish ballads  
with all the grace of the gypsies

Look at the golden sun that burns  
Drink your "manzanilha"\*\*\*  
Let's worship Seville  
from the top of the "Giralda"\*\*\*\*

Today you will go to "Maestranza"\*\*\*\*  
and with art and grace  
make a "Miura" bull\*\*\*\*\*  
into the toy of a child!

I would like to see the entire bullring  
in the greatest astonishment  
see you carried away on shoulders  
with all the grace of bullfighting

## GENTE DO RIBATEJO

Gosto de ver um homem de chapéu largo e samarra  
Montando um alazão p'los campos fora  
Que saiba em qualquer parte dedilhar uma guitarra  
Cantando esta canção tão sonhadora  
E que sob o chapéu posto a rigor uma melena  
sobressaia porém como a dizer  
Sou faia, sou audaz, e com o luar em noite amena  
Sei amar, sei cantar, sei sofrer

refrain:

No Ribatejo  
Beijado p'lo lindo Tejo  
Onde o trigo é bagos d'ouro  
No seu solo abençoado  
Há desta gente  
Tão fervorosa e valente  
Que sabe pegar um toiro  
E sabe cantar o fado

Também gosto de ver sôbre a lezíria cavalgando  
De vara larga em riste um bom campino  
Beata presa ao lábio, sorridente vai cantando  
Um fado que para êle é mais que um hino  
Enquanto o seu olhar de bom vigia segue atento  
O gado que ali perto anda a pastar  
E sob o sol que abraza, seja à chuva seja ao vento  
É vê-lo sempre alêgre a cavalgar

refrain:

No Ribatejo  
Beijado p'lo lindo Tejo  
Onde o trigo é bagos d'ouro  
etc. ...

## CIGANO DE TRIANA

Meu cigano de triana  
guarda as tuas castanholas  
canta coplas espanholas  
com toda a graça de guitana

Olha o sol d'oiro que escalda  
bebe a tua "manzanilha"  
vamos adorar Sevilha  
Cá do alto da Giralda

Hoje irás à "Maestranza"  
com toda a arte e finura  
fazer dum toiro "Miura"  
um brinquedo de criança!

Eu quero que a praça inteira  
no maior dos assombros,  
te veja sair em ombros  
com toda a graça toureira!

Gypsy, beware  
don't listen any more to "charras" songs\*\*\*\*\*  
come and listen to strumming guitars  
for I want to sing the fado!

Cigano, toma cuidado,  
não oiças mais canções "charras"  
vem ouvir gemer guitarras  
que eu quero cantar o fado!

Note: Repeat each two lines

- \* Triana - Is a gypsy quarter of Seville.
- \*\* Manzanilha - A dry sherry wine of Spain.
- \*\*\* Giralda - Tower of the Cathedral at Seville, a Spanish landmark.
- \*\*\*\* Maestranza - Famous bullring at Seville, Spain
- \*\*\*\*\* Miura - A very fierce bull used in the bullfightings.
- \*\*\*\*\* Charras - Spanish songs, typical of Salamanca, on the northwestern part of Spain, near the Portuguese border.

## SIDE 2

### 1. OLD LISBON

#### I

Old city of Lisbon  
Filled with charm and beauty  
Ever smiling prettily  
Always elegantly dressed  
The white veils of "saudade" \*  
Covers your face, oh beautiful princess

refrain:

Look, Gentlemen  
This Lisbon of other times  
Of the crusades, of the expectations  
Of the royal bullfights  
Of the fiestas  
Of the traditional processions  
Of the cry of the street vendors  
That will never return

#### II

Lisbon of gold and silver  
I can see none more beautiful  
Eternally singing  
And dancing with gaiety  
Your countenance is reflected  
In the crystal blue of the Tagus \*\*

refrain:

Look, Gentlemen  
This Lisbon of other times  
Of the crusades, of the expectations  
Of the royal bullfights  
Of the fiestas  
Of the traditional processions  
Of the cry of the street vendors  
That will never return

\* "Saudade" is a uniquely Portuguese concept. The word can be translated approximately as longing, yearning and nostalgia.

\*\* Tagus (Tejo in Portuguese) - One of the chief rivers of the Iberian Peninsula which flows eastward from Spain to Portugal. Lisbon is located on the banks of the Tagus at its estuary.

### 2. OLD BOOKSHELF

Lisbon, Old bookshelf  
From your book -- Mouraria\*  
The leaves are being torn away  
One by one, day by day.

You have been the primer for fado  
Oh Moorish woman, sad and sincere  
Little note book that  
Belonged to Severa\*\*

### LISBOA ANTIGA

#### I

Lisboa velha cidade  
Cheia de encanto e beleza  
Sempre formosa a sorrir  
E no vestir sempre airosa  
O branco véu da saudade  
Cobre-te o rosto linda princesa

refrain:

Olhai senhores  
Esta Lisboa d'outras eras  
E das cruzadas das esperas  
E das toiradas reais  
Das festas  
Das seculares procissões  
Dos populares pregões matinais  
Que já não voltam mais

#### II

Lisboa d'oiro e de prata  
Outra mais linda não vejo  
Eternamente a cantar  
E a dançar de contente  
O teu semblante se retrata  
No azul cristalino do Tejo

refrain:

Olhai senhores  
Esta Lisboa d'outras eras  
E das cruzadas das esperas  
E das touradas reais  
Das festas  
Das seculares procissões  
Dos populares pregões matinais  
Que já não voltam mais

### ESTANTE VELHINHA

Lisboa, estante velhinha  
Do teu livro, a Mouraria  
Andam arrancar-te as folhas  
Uma a uma dia a dia

Foste a cartilha do fado  
Moirama triste e sincera  
Livrinho de apontamentos  
Que pertencem a Severa

Men are destroying you  
They are like those children  
That rend without pity  
A catalog of memories.

You are a booklet without a cover  
If they persist in destroying you  
They will steal the most beautiful page  
The street of the Chaplain

Pray to God for this good fortune:  
No matter how much is changed  
They will keep intact the gilt edge page  
of Our Lady of Health.

\* Mouraria - An old district of Lisbon, in the old part of the city.  
\*\* Severa - A famous woman fado singer who lived 100 years ago.

### 3. LADY OF DISILLUSION

I used to have a quiet life,  
Unlike anybody else,  
That peace of soul  
That is so refreshing  
And my eyes were closed;  
But it's quite different now  
Since cares began  
And my peace of soul left me!

Refrain:

Oh Lady of Disillusion,  
Don't tell me anything  
Even if it is the truth  
Let me be wrong  
You will be just  
But I suppose  
You don't know how it feels  
To see a dream fall to ashes!  
Don't tell me that my love  
Was untrue to me!  
Oh Lady of Disillusion,  
Don't be cruel.

While I was in my revery  
Everything I did  
Ruined my life  
But I was still happy.  
But I was told the truth  
With scorn  
And after this wickedness  
I never had peace again.

refrain:

### 4. THE FADISTA'S LAMENT

It was a long time since I had been there  
But when I passed by there yesterday  
I felt sadness coming upon me!  
I couldn't sing; I cried!

Remembering the old fado,  
I went to Mouraria\*  
to remember the past.  
It was a long time since I had been there.

Remembering was my purpose  
And I became filled with "saudade"\*\*\*  
Not because of what I was told  
But because I was there yesterday.

Mouraria\* was the  
sadness I felt!  
Just to remember her was  
enough to make me sad.

Os homens te mutilam  
Sao como aquelas crianças  
Que rasgam sem piedade  
Uma agenda de lembranças

És um livrete sem capa  
Se teima a destruição  
Roubam-te a mais linda página  
A rua do capelão

Pede a Deus esta ventura  
Por muito que tudo mude  
Conservem a luminura  
da Senhora da Saúde

### DONA DESILUSÃO

Eu tinha uma vida calma  
como ninguém,  
aquele sossego de alma  
que nos faz bém;  
e tinha os olhos fechados  
como já não tenho agora  
mas vieram os cuidados  
e a paz d'alma foi-se emboral

Refrain:

Ai Dona desilusão,  
nunca me digas mais nada,  
mesmo que tenha razão,  
deixa-me andar enganada!  
Você será justa  
mas como eu suponho,  
não sabe o que custa  
ver queimar um sonho!  
não diga que um coração  
me foi infiel!  
Ai, Dona Desilusão,  
Não seja cruel!

Enquanto andei iludida,  
Tudo o que eu fiz,  
dava-me cabo da vida  
e era feliz.  
Mas contaram-me a verdade  
com o maior desapêgo  
e depois dessa maldade  
nunca mais tive sossego!

refrain:

### LAMENTO FADISTA

Há muito que lá não ía,  
mas quando ontem lá passei  
senti fugir a alegria!  
não pude cantar, chorei!

Lembrando o antigo fado,  
passei pela Mouraria,  
Para recordar o passado.  
Há muito que lá não ía.

Recordar era o meu fito  
e mais saudosa fiquei;  
Não p'lo que me haviam dito,  
mas quando ontem lá passei.

A Mouraria era aquela  
Tristeza que em mim sentia!  
Porque eu só ao lembrar-me dela,  
Senti fugir a alegria.



E em minha casa, à vontade,  
numa guitarra peguei.  
E ao querer cantar a saudade,  
não pude cantar, chorei!

\* Mouraria - A district of Lisbon, in the old part of the city.  
\*\* Saudade - Is a uniquely Portuguese concept. The word can be translated  
approximately as longing, yearning and nostalgia.

5. I LOST ALL

I

For love of you I lost God  
For love of you I lost myself  
and now I am alone  
Without God, without love, without you

II

This love that today I curse  
did not have heaven's blessing  
And as my punishment  
for loving you I lost God

III

Those moments were fatal  
when I lost myself in your eyes  
And believing those thousands oaths  
I lost myself for loving you

IV

It lasted but an instant  
then like a dream it vanished  
Taking away my heart  
and now I am alone

V

Forever thinking and suffering  
not enough have I suffered  
Because I cannot live  
Without God, without Love, without You

6. THE COBBLESTONES OF MY STREET

If this life goes on  
For a few more days  
The cobblestones of my street  
Will know your steps.

And when you pass, take care:  
For there are enough stones on the ground  
That when you come you need not carry  
Seven stones in your hands! \*

If from any quarrel  
Our love should end,  
I shall have, with God's will,  
Many stones to throw at you!

But, too, should I not be yours  
Yours for all time,  
May the stones of my street  
Rise against you!!!

\* Seven stones in your hands (Sete pedras na mão, in Portuguese) - This is  
a Portuguese idiomatic expression which means one who receives  
another in a rude or scornful manner.

English translations: Hilda Wickerhauser, John M. Reed, William D. Forrester

And at home when I relaxed  
I got hold of a guitar  
And when I tried to sing "saudade"\*\*\*  
I couldn't sing; I cried!

TUDO PERDI

I

Por te amar perdi a Deus  
Por teu amor me perdi  
e agora vejo-me so  
sem Deus, sem amor, sem ti

II

Esse amor que hoje maldigo  
não teve a benção dos Céus  
pois até p'ra meu castigo  
por te amar perdi a Deus

III

Foram fatais os momentos  
que em teu olhar me perdi  
e crente em mil juramentos  
por teu amor me perdi

IV

Foi de curta duração  
qual sonho desfeito em pó  
Mas levou meu coração  
e agora vejo-me só

V

Sempre a pensar e a sofrer  
já não basta o que sofri  
porque eu não posso viver  
sem Deus, sem Amor, sem Ti

AS PEDRAS DA MINHA RUA

Se esta vida continua  
Por mais uns dias escassos,  
As pedras da minha rua  
Já te conhecem os passos.

E quando passas, vê lá:  
Há tantas pedras no chão,  
Que escusas de vir para cá  
Com sete pedras na mão!

Se duma zanga qualquer  
o nosso amor acabar,  
hei-de ter, se Deus quiser,  
Muita pedra pr'a atirar!

Mas também se eu não for tua,  
Sempre tua até ao fim,  
Que as pedras da minha rua  
Se levantem contra ti!!!

# MUSIC OF PORTUGAL

MF 340 PORTUGAL: FOLK SONGS AND FADOS. Sung by Maria Marques and Manuel Fernandes. Saudade Vaite Embora; Rosinha Dos Limoes; Tristezas; Igreja de Santa Cruz; Lisboa da Beira Mar; Fado de Vila Franca; Destino; Sempre que Lisboa Canta; Lisboa nao Sejas Francesa; Mentiras de Amor; Fado Faia; Meu Alentejo; Desgarrada. Portuguese text included. Stereo: MFS 340.

MF 374 APRIL IN PORTUGAL: An Evening "A Severa". Sung by Maria Jose Da Guia, Valentina Felix, Jose Borges, Isabel Silva, Alfredo Duarte, Jr., Alice Maria Conceicao. Fado Coimbra; Barrete Verde; Uma Casa Portuguesa; Cantares do Minho; Rosas Brancas; Marcha de A Severa; Barcos do Tejo; Fado Nosse; Madragoa; Ola Vem do Mar; Varinas, Noivas do Mar; Desgarrada. Stereo: MFS 374.

MF 391 PETTICOATS OF PORTUGAL. Popular Portuguese Songs sung by Valentina Felix with the Cantares de Portugal Ensemble. Lisboa Antiga; Mar Eterno; Canto O Fado; O Nosso Vira; Nao e Nao; Lisboa e Linda; Petticoats of Portugal (Saias de Nazare); Barco Negro; April in Portugal (Fado Coimbra); Capas Negras ao Luar; Baile dos Quintalinhos; Marcha dos Centenarios. Portuguese text included. Stereo: MFS 391.

MF 393 LISBON BY NIGHT: A Severa, Vol. 2. Sung by Maria Jose Da Guia, Valentina Felix, Jose Borges, Isabel Silva, Alfredo Duarte, Jr., Alice Maria Conceicao, with The Cantares de Portugal Ensemble. Praia-Mar de Nazare; Fado Partiu; Tem Tanto; Nao Tentes; Aninhas; Cantares de Madeira; Alma do Ribatejo; Nem Tudo Mandaste; Sem Razao; Crieime na Malandragem; Sangue Toureiro; Melodies do Algarve. Stereo: MFS 393.

MF 396 FERNANDA MARIA. Lisboa Bairrista; Candeia; Bairros de Lisboa; Fica Sabendo; Fado e Lisboa; Ele Zangou-se Comigo; Velha Tendinha; Pregoes de Lisboa; Canoa de Vela Branca; Coracoes Loucos; Porque te Quero; Fado das Magoas. Portuguese text enclosed. Stereo: MFS 396.

MF 425 FERNANDA MARIA - FADISTA! E Festa, E Festa; Uma Historia; Velha Tipoa; Bairro Amado; Fado Das Touradas; Pragas; Fado Corridinho; Saudade, Canta Comigo!; Sonho; Recordacao; Fado Da Perdicao; Fados E Toiros. Portuguese text included. Stereo: MFS 425.

  
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