



**MONITOR PRESENTS PORTUGAL'S GREAT
AMALIA RODRIGUES**



MCD 61442
Recorded
"Live"
at the
Olympia Theatre
in Paris

A Monitor International Compact Disc

PORTUGAL'S GREAT AMALIA RODRIGUES

Recorded Live at the Olympia Theatre, Paris
With Domingos Camarinha (Portuguese Guitar)
Santos Moreira, Viola (Spanish Guitar)

1. UMA CASA PORTUGUESA A Portuguese House

In a Portuguese house there is always bread and wine on the table and no matter how humble may be the person who knocks at the door, he will be invited to share what there is. The great wealth that the poor have is to know how to give joyfully, and the people are always faithful to this ideal.

Four whitewashed walls, with a St. Joseph above the entrance, a few bunches of grapes, two roses in the little garden, a sun that is always springlike, two arms which wait with a promise of kisses... Ah, that's truly a Portuguese house! —

2. NEM AS PAREDES CONFESSO I Don't Confess It, Even to the Walls

I don't want you to love without my asking you. Your openheartedness may suffer if I don't deserve your love, and I don't want you to be able to say that I was to blame.

I shall not confess to a soul, not even to the walls the name of him whom I love. I shall not swear either that I love anyone. You may implore me with tears, with smiles: I will remain mute. Not even the walls will know my secret.

It may be you, it may be somebody else. I am the only one to know it. Do not think that you can get it out of me. I will say nothing.

3. AI MOURARIA Mouraria

Mouraria—nightingales on the roofs, processions, guitars. Mouraria—memories of yesteryear and dresses cool and bright, like the young girls who wear them.

Mouraria, where I lost my heart; I gave it to a man whom I came across in the street, a man whom I adore in spite of all his lies. He is gone and the wind carried away our love. But I shall always remember it and think of it every moment.

4. PERSEGUIÇÃO Pursuit

You are rich and elegant but your flowers and jewels will not make me your mistress. I refuse them and shall always refuse them. I am married, I love my husband. The two of us are poor: the nobility of his soul is worth more than all your riches. Don't write to me, I will tear up all your letters. I am capable of only one love, of a kind that you do not know, the one that I have given to my husband forever.

5. TUDO ISTO É FADO That's the Fado

If you want to become my lover and to have me for yourself forever don't speak to me only of love, speak to me also of the fado. I'll tell you what it is, since you don't know it. Never forget that the fado is all that I say it is and also everything that I don't know how to put into words.

The fado—it's the nights you waste in the old quarters of Lisbon and the shadows of the houses where voices sob to the rhythm of guitars; the fado—it is love and jealousy, ashes and fire too, sorrow and sin. The fado—it's all that excites, all that is sad. That's what the fado is.

6. FADO CORRIDO

Untranslatable words, where the singer, in a play of words marked by a taste for the baroque always present in a Portuguese soul, hurls defiance at the rich man who pretends not to notice her because he realizes that his wealth would not win for him the heart of his "beauty."

7. BARCO NEGRO from the film "Les amants du Tage" Black Boat

It is the anguished cry of a woman who refuses to believe the death of her lover—a fisherman lost at sea.

She sees clearly a black cross on a rock which fills her with fear, and the old women on the beach tell her firmly that he will never return anymore. She refuses to believe them; they are mad, mad.

Here is his black boat, which is dancing on the waves, and his upraised arm which is saying goodbye to her. He is everywhere, everywhere; in the rising wind, in the singing waves, in the now empty house, in the deepest part of herself. He is always here. They are mad, mad.

8. COIMBRA

This is the original version of APRIL IN PORTUGAL, the song that conquered two continents. It speaks to us of Coimbra, the old Portuguese university town whose University dates back to 1306.

The song teaches us that Coimbra, famous for its Chopal Park, will always be the capital of love in Portugal. In this city of songs, the real teachers are the singers, who teach us the lessons of dreams. The faculty is on the moon and the books are beautiful women. Every good student should study them in order to pass his examinations.

Coimbra is also the place where tears have sealed in sorrow the story of the loves of Pedro and Ines, the Dead Queen.

9. SABE-SE LÁ Does One Ever Know?

Does one ever know what tomorrow will bring? Life is always good or bad, and in a few moments an honorable career can find itself broken, if you don't watch out.

No one can know when he is born the fate that life will give to him.

You must be brave—to be brave and fear nothing. Luck always comes at last, for luck is not something special given only to the few. Let us not fear the surprises of fate. Even the lowliest may be chosen for the highest roles.

10. TENDINHA The Little Bistro

In the heart of Lisbon there is always a bistro—"The Little Tavern"—which is a part of the everyday history of the big city. Under its commonplace, almost vulgar appearance, it preserves a large part of the tradition of former days. In fact, it was there that artists and aristocrats used to meet after luncheons in the country and the gala afternoon bullfights. They used to chat and sing together, and together they would drain a last little glass before starting a new week of work.

11. LÁ VAI LISBOA **Lisbon on Parade**

The month of June is a month of big happy celebrations in Portugal. It is the month of the popular saints: St. Anthony, St. John, St. Peter. People dance under the lanterns and everybody follows the folk processions (young men and women in holiday costumes carrying decorated and beribboned festoons and going about through the whole city singing songs specially composed for this occasion.)

It is holiday time in Lisbon, Lisbon the golden and silver, Lisbon, very old and still very young. She has many sweethearts, for as they see her, so beautiful with her swirling skirt, every section of the city wants to have the honor of marrying her.

12. QUE DEUS ME PERDÔE **May God Forgive Me**

May God forgive me for what I am doing, be it a crime or a sin. I sing because I cannot say that I suffer in the depths of my heart. But I don't know how to escape from the fado; I would be running away from myself if I could run away from it. My song hides my tears and I convince myself that all that I sing is true. I believe in happiness and no longer see sadness. And if to love the fado is a sin, then may God forgive me, but I do not know how to act otherwise.

13. LISBOA ANTIGA **Old Lisbon**

This song evokes the splendor of Lisbon of bygone days: the conquest by the Crusaders, the bullfights that the kings offered to the people, the solemn processions, the festivals, the cries of the vendors. A very ancient Lisbon, which refuses to grow old because the centuries only add to her charm and gaiety, is not fading away with the passing of time.

14. AMÁLIA

God wished me to be called Amalia: It is a very popular name and I can't help thinking it amusing when I hear, "Amalia, sing me a fado!"

Amalia—this word taught me that it was the will of the Lord that I find love along the way. To love is to suffer: I knew then that I would have to weep while I sang as my calling in life demands.

One day someone said to me "Amalia," with a very special tenderness, I thought I was hearing this name for the first time, so beautiful was his way of calling me by name.

He has gone away and you look for him everywhere without great hope. Somebody stole him from me, and he has already been seen with another girl. He even answered when he heard my name, "Amalia, who's that?"

Translations by D.J. ROSENBAUM

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Recorded Live at the Olympia Theatre, Paris
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Santos Moreira, Viola (Spanish Guitar)

1. UMA CASA PORTUGUESA 2:52
A Portuguese House
2. NEM AS PAREDES CONFESSO 3:38
I Don't Confess It, Even to the Walls
3. AL MOURARIA 3:02
Mouraria
4. PERSEGUIÇÃO 2:55
Pursuit
5. TUDO ISTO É FADO 2:53
That's the Fado
6. FADO CORRIDO 2:07
7. BARCO NEGRO 4:05
(From the film "Les amants du Tage") Black Boat
8. COIMBRA 2:35
April in Portugal
9. SABE-SE LÁ 2:37
Does One Ever Know?
10. TENDINHA 2:17
The Little Bistro
11. LÁ VAI LISBOA 2:11
Lisbon on Parade
12. QUE DEUS ME PERDÕE 4:16
May God Forgive Me
13. LISBOA ANTIGA 2:46
Old Lisbon
14. AMÁLIA 2:49

This live recording was made on November 16, 1956. The original mono tape has been carefully transferred to digital masters by Mikhail Liberman/LRP Productions.



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Portugal's Great
AMALIA RODRIGUES

1. **UMA CASA PORTUGUESA**
(R. Ferreira and V.M. Sequeira - A. Fonseca)
2. **NEM AS PAREDES CONFESSO**
(Max-Ferre Trindade - A. Ribeiro)
3. **AI MOURARIA**
(Amadeu de Vale - F. Valério)
4. **PERSEGUIÇÃO**
(Avelino de Sousa - C. da Maia)
5. **TUDO ISTO É FADO**
(A. Nazaré - F. Carvalho)
6. **FADO CORRIDO**
(L. Barbosa - S. Moreira)
7. **BARCO NEGRO** from the film "Les
amants du Tage"
(C. Velho - Piratini and D.J. Ferreira)
8. **COIMBRA (April in Portugal)**
(J. Galhardo - P. Ferrão)
9. **SABE-SE LA**
(S. Tavares - F. Valério)
10. **TENDINHA**
(J. Galhardo - R. Ferrão)
11. **LA VAI LISBOA**
(N. de Araujo - R. Ferrão)
12. **QUE DEUS ME PERDÔE**
(S. Tavares - F. Valério)
13. **LISBOA ANTIGA**
(J. Galhardo - R. P. Portela)
14. **AMALIA**
(J. Galhardo - F. Valério)

Domingos Camarinha, Portuguese guitar
Santos Moreira, viola (Spanish guitar)

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