PORTUGAL
MONITOR PRESENTS
PORTUGUESE FADOS AND FOLK SONGS
FEATURING MARIA MARQUES AND MANUEL FERNANDES

MFS 340
RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS AND CULTURE STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Monitor Presents Portuguese Fados and Folk Songs

THE FADO

If you would understand the fado, and for that matter the Portuguese people, you must first know about saudade.

Pronounced sou-de-dar, this distinctively Portuguese word means yearning or longing. But in the Portuguese language saudade has a deeper meaning that permeates the whole Portuguese attitude toward the past. It is a kind of wistful nostalgia for old and fondly remembered things now lost. Saudade touches on the full range of human emotions, but love—usually a lost love—is always the underlying theme.

The fado, the popular ballad of Portugal now sung almost exclusively in the small cafés around Lisbon and Coimbra, evolved as a musical expression of saudade. Traces of the fado go back at least to the 12th century in Portugal, but no two people will ever agree on how the songs originated. The nostalgic fatalism of the Moors who occupied Portugal at that time is readily apparent. There are hints of atonal Arabic music, some relation to the Spanish flamenco singing, and vague parallels with calypso when variations of the same tune serve for many songs and there is no obvious beat or rhythm.

Fados are the songs of fate, having actually derived their name from the Latin word for fate which is futum. They are sometimes jazzy, sometimes melancholy, and occasionally they are elegies or songs of praise. In some sections of Portugal, especially around the University town of Coimbra, where the fado singers are mostly students, the fado commonly has the qualities of light lyric poetry. In many cases the fado is descriptive of the times or customs, as, for example, the popular sport of bullfighting.

But the best known and most characteristic type of fado is the mournful lament that is heard at its best in Lisbon’s cantinas, the little cafés where song and music are even more important than food and wine. This is a song about the sorrow and strife of love and life.

The fado is always sung with deep emotion and represents more than just entertainment. Portuguese and foreigners alike listen to it seriously, often lost in profound and solemn contemplation. When the time for the song arrives in the crowded cantina, the lights dim. Waiters hurry to finish serving, then stand frozen against the walls. Hisses force noisy customers to become silent. The music starts up from two guitarists who usually sit at an ordinary white covered table. A Portuguese guitar, which looks somewhat like a banjo but has a much more fluid tone, carries the tune and a Spanish guitar fills in the chords.

The artists recorded by Monitor are among the most outstanding performers of the fado in Portugal today. MARIA MARQUES, a young and exciting fadista (one who sings the fado), was born in Lisbon in the old Moorish quarter of the city where most of the fado houses are now located. She was a child star, winning an award for singing her first fado before an audience when she was only 13 years old. A success from that night forward, Miss Marques has appeared in the movies and theaters in Portugal and currently entertains regularly over radio and tele- vision. She also appears nightly in a fado house in Lisbon where she prefers to sing Fado Castelo, which is the classical and oldest of the fados.

Also born in Lisbon, MANUEL FERNANDES has been singing the fado and Portuguese folk songs for about 18 years. During that time he has received international acclaim for his distinctive interpretation of Portuguese music. He toured Brazil in 1952 and Switzerland and Italy 5 years later, when he specialized in folk music. About 30 commercial recordings have been made of music by Mr. Fernandes. He has appeared in Portuguese movies and in the theater and on numerous television and radio programs. He prefers to sing the Fado Triste or the sad fado.

The musical accompaniment for all of the songs in this album is furnished by two artists who have worked in close collaboration for many years. FRANCISCO CARVALHINHO plays the Portuguese guitar. He has also composed music for the fado much of which is included in some 200 commercial recordings to his credit. MARTINHO DE ASSUNCAO plays the Spanish guitar or viola and has distinguished himself both in Portugal and abroad with his virtuosity. A notable composer, he has written many tunes for the fado.

This recording was taped in Lisbon with the kind cooperation of the Emissora Nacional, Lisbon. Dr. Ruy Leitao and Mr. Emilio Mateus assisted with the arrangements and production of this recording, which was under the general supervision of Michael Stillman.

WILLIAM D. FORRESTER
Editor, Portugal Today Magazine

COMPLETE PORTUGUÉSE TEXT AND ENGLISH TRANSLATION ENCLOSED.

SIDE ONE

1. SAUDADE VAI-TE EMBORA Saudade Go Away
(Words and Music by Julio De Sousa)
This is a sad fado about a lost love when the image of "saudade" is painfully present. Everything reminds the singer of her lost love and she begs the "saudade" to depart from her tired heart.

2. ROSINHA DOS LIMOEOS Little Rose of the Lemons
(Words and Music by Artur Ribeiro)
A charming fado in which the singer, a man, speaks about his concealed love for a lovely young girl of the market place. He tells how she stole his heart, and the heart of everyone, with her captivating manner. Someday, when he can find the courage to approach her, he will tell her about his love and then they will be married.

3. TRISTEZAS Sadness
(Words by Jose Andre; Music "Fado Corrido")
This fado maintains that no one is truly lost when he loses himself, to love because love is the greatest of all human adventures. Yet it is very sad to love someone who doesn’t return your love.

4. IGREJA DE SANTA CRUZ Church of Santa Cruz
(Fado from Coimbra)
The Portuguese are a very devout people and much of their folklore speaks of beautiful churches and prayers to the saints. In this fado, which originated around Coimbra, two lovers join in silent prayer to the Blessed Virgin in the old Church of Santa Cruz.

5. LISBOA, DA BEIRA MAR Lisbon by the River Bank
(Music by Martinho Assuncao; Words by Alfredo Meca)
Lisbon is not only the capital city of Portugal, it is the spiritual mother of all of the Portuguese people. It is looked upon as a city with a heart and soul, capable of feeling all of the great emotions. This fado sings of the Great City and the traditional pride which permeates all of the fado districts.

6. FADO DE VILA FRANCA Fado of Vila Franca
This fado takes its name from one of the most colorful towns in Portugal, Vila Franca de Xira, in the province of Ribatejo, where most of the bulls are bred for the bullfights. In July and October, the bulls are let loose in the town on their way to the arena and everyone, who is daring enough, may try his skill as a "torero." This fado tells of Vila Franca and the pageants of the bullfights that are staged in that city by describing the crowds, the "campinos" (Portuguese cowboys) and the brave bulls.

7. DESTINO Destiny
(Words by Domingos G. Costa; Music: "Fado Menor")
This fado tells of a woman who had been one of the last to spurn endless declarations of love, but now she is a hopeless prisoner of love herself, bound to someone who doesn’t love her. In despair, she resigns herself to fate, admitting that she still loves him, even though he is untrue.

SIDE TWO

1. SEMPRE QUE LISBOA CANTA Whenever Lisbon Sings
(Anibal Nazare; Music by Carlos Rocha)
Love for the old city of Lisbon is again echoed in this tender ballad. This singer sings the city to teach him a simple song so that they might sing a duet. And it must be a fado, for whenever Lisbon sings, she sings only the fado.

2. LISBOA NAO SEJAS FRANCESA Lisbon, Don’t Be French
(William de Sobral; Music by Raul Ferrao)
In the nineteenth century, Napoleon’s army invaded Portugal and Lisbon was occupied by French soldiers. The un daunted Portuguese national pride found expression in many forms, including a humorous turn in this enchanting fado. Lisbon is depicted as a fickle young maiden, flirting with the French soldiers. Over and over again, the city is reminded that she belongs only to the Portuguese.

3. MENTIRAS DE AMOR Love’s Lies
(Words by Domingos G. Costa; Music by Joaquim Campos)
This is a fado about a young man who will not be disillusioned when his lady love passes by without looking at him. He tells her that she is only pretending not to see him because she does love him.

4. FADO FAIA The Fadista’s Fado
(Music by Martinho De Assuncao; Words by Joao Linhares Barbosa)
The title of this fado is translated as the fadista’s fado. It speaks about the jealousy of a fadista for a woman of high society who has stolen the fadista’s loved one away from her. The fadista cautions that if love for the fado is only used as a pretext, a great sin is committed. But if it is true love that brings her to the fado, may God grant her happiness.

5. MEU ALENTEJO My Alentejo
(Word and Music by Joao Camilo)
Homesickness is the prevailing theme of this fado about a person who longs to return to the province of Alentejo where he was born and lived most of his life.

6. DESGARRADA (The Singing Contest)
"Desgarrada" is not only the name of this particular fado, it is a type of singing where the song itself is developed through a kind of singing contest. The verses are usually sung by different people and each succeeding verse is meant to both answer and improve on what went before it. Groups of farmers might sing this type of song to pass the time of day while they are tilling the soil. In the fado “Desgarrada” included in this recording, two singers engage in a charming interplay about their love for each other.

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PORTUGAL:
FADOS AND FOLK SONGS

The fado might rightly be said to be a fundamental art form developed by the Portuguese people themselves, conveying ideas and feelings which are, in some respects, distinctive to the Portuguese language. Music is a form of expression that is not hindered by any language barrier, but the lyrics of the fado do not lend themselves easily for translation into English. While we have always tried to make the meaning clear in these translations, in some instances the structure of the verses may appear to be a bit awkward, lacking in meter and uniformity. The failure is not in the composition of the lyrics, but in its translation into English.

SAUDADE VAI-TE EMBORA
Olho a terra, olho o ceu
E tudo me fala de ti
Do teu amor que perdi
Quando a minha alma se perdeu
Sim a unica verdade
Presente no nosso amor
tem como imagem a cór
tao bela e triste da saudade

Saudade vai-te embora
deu meu peito tão cansado
Leva para bem longe
Este meu fado
Ficou escrita no vento
Esta paixão
À noite o vento e meu irmão
Anda a esquecer a tempestade
Também quero olvidar
Esta saudade
Ai de mim que o não consigo
Volta amor porque é verdade

Vai-se a dôr Volta a alegria
Vai-se o amor fica a amizade
Só não parte do meu peito
Esta profunda saudade
Porque será que não vêns
Espreguiça-te nos meus braços
Porque será que me tens
Na poeira dos teus passos.

ROSAH DAS LIMÕES
Quando ela passa
Franzina e cheia de graça
Há sempre um ar de chalaça
No seu olhar festíveio

Lá vai catita
Cada dia mais bonita
E o seu vestido de chita
Tem sempre um ar dominguiero

Passa ligeirinha
Alegre e namoradeara
E a sorrir pra rua inteira
Vai semeando ilusões.

"SAUDADE" GO AWAY
I look at the earth and at the sky
And everything reminds me of you
When I lost your love
I lost every reason for living
There is only one truth
Remaining in our love:
It is the image of "saudade",
Beautiful but colored with sadness.

"Saudade" go away
Depart from my tired heart
Take it to distant lands
This fado of mine
This love of mine is now
Written on the wind:
At night my brother is the wind
Trying to forget the storm
As I long to forget
This "saudade".
But alas, I can not
Come back my love to me.

The pain goes and gaiety returns:
Love dies and friendship remains;
Only this profound "saudade"
Will not from my heart depart.
Please come back my love
Let me hold you in my arms.
Why do you keep me distant,
Knowing that I long to be near you?

LITTLE ROSE OF THE LIMONS
When she walks by,
So delicate and charming,
She has an air of merriment
in her bewitching look.

There she goes so elegantly
More beautiful every day
And her simple home made dress
Always looks like a party dress.

She always walks quickly
With a gay and saucy air
And smiling to everyone
Captive each heart.

When she walks by
She's on her way to buy lemons
And they lovingly call her
Little Rose of the lemons.

When she walks along
And passes my window
My eyes always follow her
All the way down the street.

With a roguish air
She walks very fast
Smiling at everyone
And even at me.

When she walks by
Saying: lemons for sale,
While I am sitting at my window
I think only to myself:

One of these days, just for fun,
I'll find the courage
To buy lemons from her
And then I'll marry her.

TRISTEZAS
Perder-se de amor a gente
Há lá ventura maior
Sô se perde quem não sente
Que se perdeu por amor.

Mais triste do que a cegueira
Dos ceguinhos de pedir
È eu pedir que me queira
E ele não querer ouvir.

Chamou-me doida um doído
Que é mais doído que ninguém
Sou doida mas é por ele
Que é doído não sei por quem.

Sobre uma cruz eu jurei
Nunca mais p'ra ti olhar
E cumpri meu juramento
Porque ceguei a chorar.

When she does not listen to me
As I beg for his love,
It is sadder by far than blindness,
Even worst than a beggar's blindness.

An insane man called me mad
But he is madder than anyone;
Yes, I am mad, but only for him
And he loves, I don't know whom.

I once vowed before the cross
That I would never look at you again
And I have kept my vow--
My tears have made me blind,
IGREJA DE SANTA CRUZ
Igreja de Santa Cruz
Feita de pedra morena
Igreja de Santa Cruz
Feita de pedra morena
Dentro de ti vao rezar
 Uns olhos que me fazem pena
Quando estavas na igreja
A teus pés aojelei
Quando estavas na igreja
A teus pés aojelei
A Virgem por mim rezavas
A Virgem por ti rezei!

LISBOA, DA BEIRA MAR
Tu tens o Linda Lisboa
Alfama no coração
Tens na alma a Madragoa
A quem deve gratidão
Bairro Alto e Mouraria
São a tua companhia
Se cantas a soluçar
Em Alcantara, tens no fado,
A saudade do passado
Numa guitarra a chorar
Estrébulo
Lisboa, da beira-mar
Sabez sorrir
Subes cantar
Sabe sofrer
Com emoção
Em todo o bairro faista
Há sempre em vista,
Ser baixista
Por amor à tradição
Tens na Graça um lindo fado
Na graça das raparigas
Que passam de braço dado
Cantando lindas cantigas
E nas marchas da cidade
Todo o bairro tem vaidade
Nas noites do Sáo João
Vai Alfama à Bela-Vista
P'ra ver a graça faista
Presa à graça dum balão

CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ
Church of Santa Cruz
Built of tawny stone
Church of Santa Cruz
Built of tawny stone
Where sorrowful eyes
Speak plaintively in prayer.
While you were there in prayer
I, too, knelt in prayer.
While you were there in prayer
I, too, knelt in prayer.
You prayed to the Virgin for me
As I prayed for you.

LISBON BY THE RIVER BANK
You, O beautiful Lisbon
Have Alfama* in your heart;
Madragoa* in your soul --
Be grateful to both.
Bairro Alto* and Mouraria*
Accompany you;
And if you wish to sing a mournful ballad
In Alcantara* you have the fado:
A yearning for the past
In a weeping guitar
Refrain
Lisbon by the river bank
You know how to sing with emotion;
How to smile;
How to suffer.
In all of the fado districts
Pride in you
Is part of our tradition.
In Graça* you have a beautiful fado
In the gracefulness of young girls
Walking arm in arm
Singing beautiful songs.
And when the city celebrates
The festival of St. John's day,
The entire district joins with pride.
Alfama goes to Bela Vista*
To watch the graceful faista**
Join in the celebrations.

FAVO DE VILA FRANCA
Barrête sobre a oreilha
Cinta vermelha
Bem apertada
Do alto firme o pampilho
Quando o novilho
Foge à manada
Com o colete encarnado
Jacket and a menor braçante
Camperos toiros e fado
Esperas de gado
Eis Vila Franca.

FAVO DE VILA FRANCA
A berret over his ear,
A well tightened red belt,
Holding the goad high and firm
To curb the bullock
When it tries
To bolt the herd;
With the red waistcoat,
A jacket and white socks,
Campinos*, bulls and fado,
The waiting for the bullocks:
This is Vila Franca

Ó terras do Ribatejo
Cheias de sol e alegria
O gente sem ambições
Que dã lícopes de valentia
O terra de Vila Franca
Onde tanta e tanta vez
Sem temer uma colhida
Se arrisca a vida
Com altives
Um lavrador de samarra
Uma guitarra
Bem dedilhada
Campinos* à sun rise
Firmes sem medo
Sobre a montada
E se uma pega é valente
Ninguém da praça os arranca
Vibra a gente entusiasmada
Numa tourada
Em Vila Franca

DESTINO
Eu que voltei ao despezo
Juras de amor sem ter fim
Trago hoje meu amor preso
A quem nã o gosta de mim
Seu desem faz-me chorar
Poe minha alma em desatino
Mas eu so passo gosar
De quem me impos o destino
São roros os seus abraços
Sua termura e sombria
Mas so presa nos seus abraços
Sinto do amor a magia
Magia tão vaga e fria
Que dura um breve segundo
Mas que por ele daria
Toda a grandezda do mundo
O meu destino e daquele
Que me mente e eu quero bem
Mas meu Deus so gosto dele
So dele e de mais ninguem.

SEMPRE QUE LISBOA CANTA
Lisboa cidade antiga
Que és meu berço de embalar
Ensina-me uma cantiga
Das que tu sabes cantar
Uma cantiga singela
Daquelas de enfeitizar
P'ra cantar à janela
Quando o meu amor passar
Sempre que Lisboa canta
Não sei se canta
Não sei se reza
A sua voz com carinho
Canta baixinho
Sua tristeza
Sempre que Lisboa canta
A gente encontra
Sua beleza
O land of the Ribatejo
Full of sun and gaiety,
Where brave and valient people
Teach daring feats.
O land of Vila Franca,
Where over and over again
Without any fear
Even life is risked
With pride.
A farmer wearing a sheep skin garment,
A well played guitar,
Campinos* on horseback
Sitting firm and without fear.
And if the bull is brave
The campinos will fight to the end.
The crowds always cheer wildly
At the bull fights
In Vila Franca.

* campinos - Portuguese cow-boys

DESTINY
I was the one who always spurned
Endless declarations of love;
And now I am a prisoner of love,
Bound to someone who doesn't love me.
His disdain makes me cry
My heart is lost in grief;
Yet I can only love
The one fate intended for me.
He seldom holds me in his arms,
His tenderness seems so distant;
Yet it is only in his arms
That I feel the magic of love: --
A magic so vague and cold
That only lasts for a moment;
Yet all the wealth in the world
I would give for this one moment.
My destiny belongs to him;
I love him even though he is untrue;
Oh God I love only him --
Him and no one else.

WHENEVER LISBON SINGS
Old city of Lisbon
That has been mine since birth
Teach me a song
That only you can sing --
A simple song
A bewitching ballad
To sing from my window
When my love walks by.
When Lisbon sings
I don't know whether she sings
Or whether she prays --
Her voice is so tender:
She sings so low
Her sadness.

When Lisbon sings
One is bewitched
By her beauty:
Pois quando Lisboa canta
Canta o fado com certeza
Eu quero dar-te um castigo
Por tanto te ter amado
Quero que cantes comigo
Os versos do mesmo fado
Quero que Lisboa guarde
Tantos fados que cantei
Para cantar-me mais tarde
Os fados que lhe ensinei

**LISBOA NÃO SEJAS FRANCESA**

Não namores os franceses
Menina Lisboa,
Portugal é meu às vezes
Mas certas vezes não perdoa
Vê-te bem num espelho
Deste honrado e velho
Como o teu exemplo atrai...
Vai...
Segue o teu leal concelho
Não dês desgostos a teu pai

Lisboa não sejas francesa
Com toda a certeza
Não vais ser feliz
Lisboa que ideia daninha
Vaidosa alfainha
Casar com Paris
Lisboa tens cá namorados
Que dizem coitados
Com a alma na voz
Lisboa não sejas francesa
Tu és Portuguesa
Tu és só p'ra nós

Tens amor às lindas fardas
Menina Lisboa
Vê lá bem p'ra quem te guardas
Donsela recatada enxoa
Tens ai tenentes
Bravos imponentes
Nados e criados cá... vá...
Tenha modos mais decentes
Menina caprichosa e má

**MENTRINHAS DE AMOR**

Passas-te airoso por mim
O teu olhar desviando
Olhando as coisas a esmo...
Ao ver-te passar assim
Fiquei para mim pensando
Que mantias a ti mesmo!

O teu olhar, minha qu'rida
Longe de me molestar
Mereceu esta resposta:
Há muita gente na vida
Que aparenta desprezar
Aquele de que mais gosta!

Mas confessa francamente
Que essa forma de pensar
Apenas te traz abrigo
Olha-me pois, bem de frente
E se o coração mandar
Desvia então os teus olhos!

Se o meu amor não quizesse
Não passavas linda flor
Por mim, tão calma e serena...
Mas passas porque obedientes
À lei, forte do amor
Que o teu coração ordena!

For when Lisbon sings
She sings the fado.

Lisbon, I beg a pledge from you
For having loved you so much;
I want you to sing the verses
Of the same fado with me.

Keep in your heart, Lisbon
All the fados that I sang
So that you will someday
Sing them all back to me.

Lisbon don't be French
Don't flirt with the French
O maiden Lisbon.
Father Portugal is tender sometimes
Although sometimes he is unforgiving.
Observe yourself in a mirror
And see how bad your example is
For Portugal, honorable and old.
Lisbon, be loyal to yourself
Lost your father's grief.

Lisbon isn't French
As you will surely
Not be happy.
Lisbon, you vain alfainha*
What a wicked idea
To get married to Paris.
Lisbon, you have your inamoratos here:
Poor creatures
Who plaintively sing:
Lisbon don't be French!
You are Portuguese
You belong only to us.

Damael Lisbon,
We know you love beautiful uniforms,
But take care for whom you wait
Impatient maiden;
There are brave
And handsome Lieutenants
Born and raised here;
So, act with decorum
You capricious and naughty girl.

* alfainha - a resident of Lisbon

Lovers' Lies
You walked by me gracefully
Not looking at me
Just looking around...
But seeing you walk that way
I couldn't help thinking
That you were untrue to yourself.

But your look, my dear
Instead of hurting me
Only made me think:
There are many people in life
Who only pretend to despise
The people they love most.

But be frank and confess
That this way of thinking
Only brings you unhappiness.
Let our eyes meet
And only if your heart tells you
Then turn away.

If you didn't long for my love
You would not stroll by so casually,
So calm and serene. O beautiful maiden.

But it is the power of love
That comes from your heart
That makes you do it.

So, if you love me --
And my love is stronger
Than this apparent disdain --
Let us make this pledge: you will be mine
And I will be yours forever.

**FADO FAIA**

Vieram dizer-me há pouco
Que andavas louco
Por certa dama
Muito nobre e muito bela
Ias com ela
Ali p'ra Alfama*
Não adivinhou quem era
Não teve inveja
Mas dá nos vistos
Que uma senhora tão chic
Ande ao despique com osfadistas
Nesses bêcos e travessas
Não são p'ra essas senhoras finas
Alfama é das cantadeiras...
Das contureiras e das varinhas
Se é só p'ra te agradar
Que anda a cantar
Diz-lhe que não
Que não pratique o pecado
De usar o fado como Brasão

A guitarra nos teus dedos
Tem mil segredos e faz feitico
A ela todas se prendem
Todas se rendem sem dar por isso
Se foi a tua guitarra
Bruxa bizarra que ao fado a trouxe
Que seja muito feliz
Já que Deus quis
Que eu o não fosse

Fado Faia

Somebody told me recently
That you were madly in love
With a certain lady --
Very noble and very beautiful.
You were seen with her in Alfama*;
But I am not jealous.
I don't want to know who she was;
It is clear to me that such a
Sophisticated woman only walks
Among the fadistas** for spite.
These narrow winding streets
For fine ladies are not meant:
Alfama* belongs to singers
To dress makers and varinhas***
If she sings just to please you,
Tell her to stop!
She should not commit the great sin
Of using the fado as a shield.

But, the bewitching guitar
Has a thousand secrets in your fingers
And every woman is held spellbound,
Surrendering unknowingly.
So, if it is your guitar
That enticed her to the fado district,
May she be very happy
Because God does not wish
That I should be.

* a district in Lisbon
** - fadista: a singer of fados
*** - varina: the wife of a Portuguese fisherman from Ovar.
MEU ALENTEJO

Eu não sei que tenho em Évora
Que de Évora me estou lembrando
Quando chego ao Rio Tejo
As ondas me vão levando!

Abalei do Alentejo
Olhei para traz chorando
Alentejo da minha alma
Tão longe me vais ficando

Alentejo da minha alma
Tão longe me vais ficando
Céifeira que andas a calma
À calma, céifando o trigo...
Céifa as penas da minha alma,
Céifa-as e leva-as contigo!

Abalei do Alentejo, etc., etc.

* Tejo - Tagus River
** Alentejo - a province in Continental Portugal
*** Évora - a city in Alentejo

MY ALENTEJO

When I reached the Tejo* River
The waves carried me back to Évora**
What is it about Évora***
That always keeps it in my mind!

After I had left the Alentejo**
I looked back and wept.
Alentejo*** of my soul
You are drifting so far away.

Alentejo*** of my soul
You are drifting so far away.

O young girl of the Alentejo**,
As you quietly harvest the wheat,
Harvest the grief in my soul
So that it may leave me forever.

After I had left the Alentejo**, etc., etc.

DESARGARRADA

Pobre da desgarrada
Desgarrada singular
Ao abrigo da desgarrada
Desgarrada singular
Com a garganta afinada
Maria vamos cantar
E com a garganta afinada
Maria vamos cantar

Cartas de amor que são?
Serão cartas de jogar?
Cartas de amor que são?
Serão cartas de jogar?

Quando o trunfo
é coração
perde-se em vez de ganhar
Quando o trunfo
É coração
Perde-se em vez de ganhar.

Teus olhos luz e ferinos
brilham mais que a própria lua
Teus olhos luz e ferinos
Brilham mais que a própria lua
São dois faróis pequeninos
A dar brilho à tua rua
São dois faróis pequeninos
A dar brilho à tua rua.

Quero muito aos teus olhos
Mas muito mais quero aos meus
Quero muito aos teus olhos
Mas muito mais quero aos meus
Se não fossem os meus olhos
Não podia ver os teus
Se não fossem os meus olhos
Não podia ver os teus

THE SINGING CONTEST

Singers of the desgarrada* --
A unique desgarrada*
In the guise of a desgarrada*
But a unique desgarrada*

Maria, let us sing well
And in tune.
Maria, let us sing well
And in tune.

What are love letters --
Are they playing cards?
What are love letters --
Are they playing cards?

But if the trump is hearts
You lose instead of winning.
But if the trump is hearts
You lose instead of winning.

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