

01. Ese momento (That moment)*Armando Manzanero*

That moment / When your footsteps sound / On the stairs / I go crazy / My blood boils and my pulse / Races / And I imagine the moistness / Of your awaited breathing / And I shiver from knowing / How I will conquer you / That moment / Which I consider so / Selfishly mine / That moment / Where expressions / And words end / When your hands / Are placed in the fever / Of my time / That moment, / I don't believe one can / Describe it, / Is crying, laughing, full life, / A way of dying / That moment / I consider you selfishly mine / That moment / I always await it / Each afternoon / I look at the door, that space / Where you will appear, / That moment / I consider you so / Selfishly mine / That moment / I await it / Always each afternoon / I look at the door that space / Where you will appear / That moment / I consider you / So selfishly / Mine / Mine

02. Te Extraño (I long for you)*Armando Manzanero*

I long for you / As starless nights make one long / As beautiful mornings make one long / Christ it hurts not being with you. / I long for you / When I walk when I cry when I laugh / When it grows cold when the sun starts to shine / Because I feel you as something so much mine. / I long for you / As trees long for autumn / On those nights when I cannot dream / You cannot imagine love how I long for you / I long for you / With each step that I feel lonely / Each moment that I live daily / I am dying love because I miss you. / I long for you / When the dawn reveals its first colours / With all of your virtues and all of your errors / Whatever the reason I long for you.

03. Fireworks by Miranda Richardson*Vasco Graça Moura – Fontes Rocha*

When fireworks are kindled in us / And, body to body, the sparks fly, / My body starts burning in your lit body, / Our bodies blaze, and the bursting light / Goes on killing us / Until it dwindles, / And then the darkness / Is illuminated / And all is forgetfulness, / So violent and so soft. / The light shakes our startled being / And, devastated, we do what it commands. / In that glowing prison the world loses its meaning, / And the flames flicker in the firework pattern / From which passion and bliss / Gradually break loose, / Fluttering in a flight / Of kisses so reckless / We don't know when / They're fire, or water, or wind / Fluttering in a flight / Of kisses so reckless / They elude even the power / Of forgetfulness.

04. Fogo Preso (Fireworks)*Vasco Graça Moura – Fontes Rocha*

When fireworks are kindled in us / And, body to body, the sparks fly, / My body starts burning in your lit body, / Our bodies blaze, and the bursting light / Goes on killing us / Until it dwindles, / And then the darkness / Is illuminated / And all is forgetfulness, / So violent and so soft. / The light shakes our startled being / And, devastated, we do what it commands. / In that glowing prison the world loses its meaning, / And the flames flicker in the firework pattern / From which passion and bliss / Gradually break loose, / Fluttering in a flight / Of kisses so reckless / We don't know when / They're fire, or water, or wind / Fluttering in a flight / Of kisses so reckless / They elude even the power / Of forgetfulness.

05. Anjo Inútil (The Useless Angel)*Luis Macedo*

An angel passed by, frayed and torn, / In the jungle of my life / His blood still dripping from the thorns / Remains his proof of life / He left his wings behind so he / Could carry me still further / And for the love he showed to me / I loved him like no other

06. Fado do Lugar-Comun (Commonplace Fado)*Vasco Graça Moura – Fado Bailado*

A bitter life has been my lot / Misfortunes without rhyme / Ruled by this unyielding plot / A bitter life has been my lot /
 Of love and wasted time / Sad words swaying in the wind, / As if within a dance, / Spoke of what I'd left behind / Sad
 words swaying in the wind / Composed this game of chance / My eyes are full and watery / And with melancholic tinge
 / Like pain that can be flowery / My eyes are full and watery / And ride the ocean's fringe / Crying as I recognize /
 Such a foreign heart / Stripped suddenly before my eyes / Crying as I recognize / The voice that sings my part / My
 sorry contentment / My nerves have now undone / As moment after moment / My sorry contentment / Fades, a
 chimera having gone / Ah, fado, you are commonplace / You sustain my heart / Without the promises of grace / Ah,
 fado, you are commonplace / And contradiction from the start

07. E se a Morte me Despisse (And If Death Were To Strip Me Bare)*Natália Correia – Mário Pacheco*

Words that wander through the night / Tired of calling for me / I have salt water on my lips / On my tongue the taste
 of the sea / The once sealed door is open now / Not thinking I am thought / If the muse remains this quiet / How can
 silence be wrought / Useless are my rings / Which I have sold for poems / If pages shall be trifling things / Let them
 with my feathers fly / I only know it is my fate / To chase after the unknown / And of the steps not taken yet / So
 weary have I grown / Between us lies the time that's left / A time we can't outlive / A swallow's gift of spring is all / A
 swallow has to give / Death lay fallen on the ground / It fell before its time / And a statue lay divided / Down the
 heart's unerring line / There are days on which I am a nun / Others on which I am a woman / Bewitched within the
 bonfire / That with my love lives on / It is as if I had been there / Before the sun and moon / And if death were to strip
 me bare / I still would not feel naked / And when at last my life is over / Not a tear shall fall / Because I keep a four-
 leaf clover / Hidden beneath my tongue / And nothing of biography / Except what the new moon gave / To one in
 starry lettering / Upon an earthen grave

08. Gaivota Doente (The Sick Seagull)*Vasco Graça Moura – Mário Pacheco*

I once asked the salty sea / For the seagull that was ill / That flew above the whitened crests / Of the waves arriving
 still / Its beak would dip to touch the froth / And on its wings would shine / A whiteness fluttering like a moth / That
 the sun and mist illumine / It dwelled among the wind rose / In the sea wind and its haze / And among the cotton
 greys / Of the clouds when these arose / But the sea no longer mirrors itæ / Its likeness or its flight / It no longer rides
 the winds / Or walks the sands at night / To the sea I offer this reply: / Its fate remains unknown / Nor within me can
 it fly / Since my love has flown

09. Se o Nosso Mundo Anositeceu (If Our World Has Nightward Turned)*José Luis Peixoto – Fontes Rocha*

If our world has nightward turned, / I shall ask the shuttered doors / For all that has been burned / In the fires of the
 silent hours. / The shadows now surrounding / Reply with distant echoes, / Muted voices igniting / The pain that, like
 water, flows / We harbor this illusion / Tides of an invisible sea, / Grown lonely as it darkens / In this night that none
 can see. / The secrets of tears and hours / Where waves and rock are churned / Where once a country perished / If our
 world has nightward turned.

10. Cicatrizes (Scars)*Rosa Lobato Faria – Carlos Manuel Proença*

On my skin, in my soul, deeper still than this / Life has marked me with its claws / And deceived me with its artfulness
 / With biting chains and iron laws / With mistakes and truth and wisdom / And tears and laughter and easy songs / I
 have tried the taste of freedom / Pitting poems against wrongs / And since the shades of the soul are white / And since
 my skin was soft as velvet / I have kept these scars not to forget / Having burned these hands night after night / Your
 kisses wetting each crooked line / May at least refresh their damaged pores: / The marks of what I've been are there /
 But, having scarred, I shall not suffer more.

11. Fado Adivinha II (Riddle)*José Saramago – Mário Pacheco*

One who gives one who refuses / One who seeks one who achieves / One who defends one who accuses / One who expends one who relieves / One who ties knots one who loosens / One who dies one who revives / One who believes one who questions / One who gives life one who deprives / One who affirms one who withdraws / One with regrets one who has none / One who is happy one without cause / One who is heart heart is the one

12. Coração Agulha (I should have been you)*Paulo José Miranda – Carlos Manuel Proença*

I should have been you / With that heart like a needle / Emptying out the eyes / Of one who meant you well / I should have been you / With those feet belonging to none / That trample all before them / Except a single grape / I should have been you / Calling me a well / And coming up beside me / With your passion of never falling / I should have been you / With that cup in your hand / And all full of smiles / Toasting to the next in line / Yes, I should have been you / And be here with me / With these hands upon my face / And my tears not hurting at all

13. Naranjo en Flor (Orange Tree in Bloom)*Virgilio Expósito – Homero Expósito*

It was softer than water, / Than soft water, / It was cooler than the river, / Orange tree in bloom. / And in that summer street, / That lost street, / It left behind a piece of life / And went away... / First you must learn to suffer, / Then to love, then to leave / And last to live without thinking... / The scent of an orange tree in bloom, / A love's vain promises / That vanished with the wind. / Afterwards... What does afterwards matter? / All my life is that yesterday / Which keeps me in the past, / Old and eternal youth / That has left me a coward / Like a bird without light. / What have my hands done? / What have they done / To leave in my chest / So much pain? / The pain of an old tree grove, / A song on the street corner / With a piece of life, / Orange tree in bloom.

14. Los Mareados (The Topsy)*Juan Carlos Cobián – Enrique Cadícamo*

Strange... / As lit up / I found you drinking / Beautiful and deadly... / You drank / And amidst the clamor of champagne, / Crazy, you laughed so as not to cry... / Pity / I felt on finding you / As, looking at you, / I saw your eyes / Shining / With an electric energy, / Your beautiful eyes that I so adored... / Tonight, my friend, / Alcohol has made us drunk... / What does it matter that they laugh / And call us the tipsy / Everyone has his burdens / And we have ours... / Tonight we drink / Because never again / Will we see each other... / Today you will become a part of my past, / Of the past of my life... / My wounded soul bears three things: / Love... Sorrow... Pain... / Today you will become a part of my past / And today we shall take new paths... / How great our love has been! / And yet, alas, / Look at what remains...

15. Yo soy Maria (I am Maria)*Horácio Ferrer – Astor Piazzola*

I am Maria / From Buenos Aires / From Buenos Aires Maria / Don't you see who I am? / Maria tango, Maria from the outskirts / Maria night, Maria fatal passion / Maria of the love of Buenos Aires that's me / I am Maria / From Buenos Aires / If someone from the neighbourhood asks who I am / Then, very well, they shall know / The females who envied me / And every male at my feet / like a mouse / ready to fall into my trap / I am Maria / From Buenos Aires / I am the most witchlike singing and loving too / If the bandoneon provokes me... taratata / I will bite down hard... taratata / With the blossoming of the spasms / I keep within my being / I always tell myself: / Let it out Maria! / When a mystery climbs up my throat / And I sing a tango / That no one has ever sung / And I dream a dream / That no one has ever dreamed / Because tomorrow is today / Followed by yesterday, Che / I am Maria / From Buenos Aires / From Buenos Aires Maria I am my city / Maria tango, Maria from the outskirts / Maria night, Maria fatal passion / Maria of love, from Buenos Aires / That's me!