

01. Garras dos sentidos*Agustina Bessa-Luis – Popular*

I don't want to sing of loves; / Loves are stray steps, / Cold rays of sunlight, / Feelings' green claws. / Each loves is a racehorse / With iron and lead wings / Fallen into the deep sea. / I don't want to sing of loves. / Forbidden paradises, / Unjust satisfactions, / Glad adversity- / Loves are stray steps. / They're a gaze's madness, / A feast of weeping, / An obedient frenzy, / Cold rays of sunlight. / Protected from bad luck, / Prudent people have / On their awesome hands / Feelings' green claws. / I don't want to sing of loves / Or speak of their motives.

02. Dança de Mágaos*Fernando Pessoa – Raúl Ferrão*

Like a uselessly full glass / Which no one lifts from the table, / My unsad heart overflows / With a sorrow not its own. / It acts out sorrowful dreams / Just to have to feel them / And thus be spared the grief / It pretended to be dreading. / Fiction on a stage not of boards, / Dressed up in tissue paper, / It mimics a dance of sorrows / So that nothing will occur.

03. Estátua falsa*Mário de Sá-Carneiro – Armando Machado*

My eyes are gilded with false gold; / I'm a sphinx without mystery in the sunset. / The sadness of all that never was / Has secretly settled in my soul. / In my grief, swords of anguish snap; / Buds of light dot the darkness. / The shadows I cast do not endure; / Today, for me, is as distant as Yesterday. / The unknown no longer makes me tremble; / I pale at nothing, am startled by nothing; / Life flows over my head in war, / And I don't feel one shiver of fear! / I'm a drunken star that lost its skies, / A mad mermaid that left the sea; / I'm a crumbling temple with no god, / A false statue still raised in the air.

04. Fado do retorno I*Lídia Jorge – Armandinho*

Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / You're here, you've come back / Entering just like always / Slowing down your steps / And stopping on the rug / May a light therefore burn / And the fire warm up / Our fingers tightly joined / By so much urgency / Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / You're back, and I'm back / Too, and anxious to give / The kiss you ask for / Against this wall / May the shadows flutter / So that their image makes / Both of our faces / Touched by grace / Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / Love, what will be / Surer than the future / If the future harbours / The choice of what's purest / Now we smoke our smoke / Now our blanket fully covers us / And now sleep has come / To close our throats / May our eyelashes see / And may this house be / Autumn's tree / Covered with cherries.

05. Nenhuma estrela caíu*José Saramago – Franklin Rodrigues*

Windows between me / And the cold evening wind / In this quiet corner / Where the gestures of thought / Are the girders of a bridge / I build without ceasing / Night comes with its message / Its black nature / Perhaps the moon will come out / Or there'll be a shower of stars / It's enough that sleep awaken / The dream that lets us see them / At last I open the windows / And the cold wind is forgotten / Not a single star fell / Nor did the moon help me / But behind the bridge / The reddish dawn shimmers.

06. Litania*Mário Cláudio – José António Sabrosa*

It could be the icy night, / A scream in the street, / Or the door of life / Shut to the moon's shimmer. / It could be a wound in the side, / The mirror of the river, / Or a tattered shawl / That protects us from the cold.. / It could be the voice that sums up, / The shadow of a face, / Or a carnation of light / That is drowned in the wine. / It could be a lit candle, / It could be a polar star, / It could be a handkerchief / Or a prayer that comes to kill us.

07. Não me chamem pelo nome*António Botto – José António Amaral*

Who is it that hugs my body / In the twilight of my bed? / Who is it that kisses my face, / Who is it that bites my breast? / Who is it that speaks of death / So softly in my ear? / "It's you, lord of my eyes / Who is always in what I feel." / I don't know why I do / Everything you ask. / You wanted me to sing... / I started to sing, and cried. / Don't ask me for more songs, / Because singing makes me suffer; / I'm like an altar's candles / That give light and slowly die. / Don't call me by the name / I was given at birth; / I'm like the fallen leaf / That never really lived. / There was someone for whom / My eyes shed endless tears, / But now they weep for no one. / "It's enough that they weep for me." / What does the fountain whisper? / What will the fountain say? / "Ah, love, if there is fortune, / Don't tell me where it lies."

08. Sete luas*Natália Correia – Renato Varela*

There are nights made of my arms / and a silence common to violets / and seven moons that are seven sketches / of seven nights that were never made. / There are nights we carry round our waist / like a belt of giant butterflies. / And a bloody slit in our dark flesh / from the sword of a comet's sheath. / There are nights that leave us behind / wound up in our disenchantment / and white swans that only compare / to the remotest wave of their song. / There are nights that take us to where / the ghost of ourselves is nearer; / it's always our voice that answers, / and only our name was right.

09. Sou de vidro*Lídia Jorge – Armando Machado*

My friends, I'm made of glass / I'm made of dark glass / I veil the light that's in me / Not because I'm ugly or fair / But because I was born that way / I'm made of dark glass / But because I was born that way / Don't grab me don't touch me / My friends, I'm made of glass / I'm made of dark glass / I have smoke for my dress / And a belt of darkness / But there's a transparency / Wrappeded in what I say / My friends, I'm made of glass / So don't mistreat me / Don't break or shatter me / My friends, I'm made of glass / I have smoke for my dress / But because I was born that way / Not because I'm ugly or fair / Wrapped in what I say / I veil the light that's in me / My friends, I'm made of glass / Not because I'm ugly or fair / But because I was born that way / I have smoke for my dress / Don't break me don't shatter me / Don't grab me don't touch me / My friends, I'm made of glass.

10. Fado do retorno II*Lídia Jorge – Armandinho*

Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / You're here, you've come back / Entering just like always / Slowing down your steps / And stopping on the rug / May a light therefore burn / And the fire warm up / Our fingers tightly joined / By so much urgency / Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / You're back, and I'm back / Too, and anxious to give / The kiss you ask for / Against this wall / May the shadows flutter / So that their image makes / Both of our faces / Touched by grace / Love, it's very early / And late is but a word / Night is a memory / That darkens nothing / Love, what will be / Surer than the future / If the future harbours / The choice of what's purest / Now we smoke our smoke / Now our blanket fully covers us / And now sleep has come / To close our throats / May our eyelashes see / And may this house be / Autumn's tree / Covered with cherries.

11. Da vida quero os sinais*Mário Cláudio – Joaquim Campos*

O God of the minor fado, / O God who rules inside me, / Fill sorrow's cup / With a ripe wine / To kill my thirst for the end. / From life I want the signs / Of a seagull in the sand, / The scent of an orange field, / And the death that best preserves / A love that has no home. / In the blank mirror that enchants me, / May a swirl of snow remain, / And may a star ascend / Whenever this fado is sung, / And the earth, to me, will feel light.