

01. Paixões diagonais*João Monge - Miguel Ramos*

What does the dawn speak of / The murmur of the pavement, / The silences of liquor. / What does homesickness speak of / Of a star disappeared, / They speak of us, my love. / What do the alleys know / And the memory of the balconies / Anchored in the sunset / What do the panes know / Of diagonal passions / They know of us, my love. / Why does this sadness come back, / Destiny to our table, / The silence of a leaving / Why does everything return to the sea, / Even when it does not have to / They return for us, my love. / What does everything leave one day / What used to burn the lips / Until we would be no-one / Everything is running water; / From each time it dies to us / There springs a little more, further on.

02. Ainda que*Carlos Drummond de Andrade - Amélia Muge*

Even though I hardly ask, / Even though you hardly answer; / Even though I hardly understand you, / Even though you hardly repeat; / Even though I hardly insist, / Even though you hardly forgive; / Even though I hardly express myself, / Even though you hardly judge me; / Even though I hardly show myself, / Even though you hardly see me; / Even though I hardly look at you, / Even though you hardly escape; / Even though I hardly follow you, / Even though you hardly turn; / Even though I hardly love you, / Even though you hardly know it; / Even though I hardly hold you; / Even though you hardly sacrifice yourself; / Even so I ask you / And burning myself in your breast, / I save myself and damn myself: love.

03. Triste sina*Jerónimo Bragança - Nóbrega e Sousa*

Sea of pain without tides / Where there is no sign of any port. / From end to end the sky is the colour of ash / And the world discomfort. / In the quadrant of this sea which tears / Horizons always the same in front of me / There is a dream suffering / Slowly, sadly. / Hands and arms for what? / And why my five senses / If we don't embrace, don't see each other, / Both lost. / Ship of life that carries me / Sinking in a sea of darkness / With my girl's dreams. / Sad destiny. / On the rocks the wave of this dream / Broke up and became lost; / Afterwards there was a fringe of foam / Dissolving into fog. / In the middle of smiling was furrowed / The sadness of not being kissed by you. / My lord of forever, / Being everything, you are nothing.

04. O corvo*João Monge - Carlos Neves*

I have a raven on the surface of my skin, / It lives on an open wound, / Wakes when I sleep / And takes wing in my breast / Always, always at the right time. / It visits that house / Where there remains a rosebush, / Goes to you by the sea, / Kisses you without waking you, / And then stays the whole night long. / It comes into my life / Like the moon in the garden, / Hangs everything possible / On the edge of a blade, / Brings me pieces of me. / I have a raven on the surface of my skin, / A brother of my age / Wakens when I sleep, / Takes wing in my breast; / It says it's called Saudade.

05. Fado triste*Vitorino Salomé - Vitorino Salomé*

Go, you setting sun, / Go and don't come back / Without bringing with the first ray / News of the one who went / On a bitter and sad dawn, / A ship ready to sail / Took everything I had kept. / In the hidden box of passions, / In the memory of the objects / Which decorated my bedroom, / Everything loses colour, shape and smell; / There remained only things which had / Forgotten the importance they had. / I always come back to the river / On Fridays to remember / Careless days, random nights. / I hope that the ship will always want / To bring back the whisper / Of your steps / In a Lisbon street.

06. A palavra dos lugares*Sérgio Godinho - José Antonio Sabrosa*

Here I am on my corner, / A woman once, now a girl, / By the arts of your loves, / Just waiting for you to appear, / Me to manage and you to deserve / Two remedying kisses. / It was in the city of Oporto / (If I name it, it's because I care about / The word of places) / That I loved you down the river. / River Douro, what is that I love? / Well do you speak of drying up. / I know that somewhere in the city / (I have the map and the freedom) / I shall find one to embrace me more / (But) all that is left to me / Is to look through this skylight / From which I can see your house. / Later I discover that life / Is sculpted in passions / And modelled in love. / I am a statue in the Avenue / What does this wound mean? / Where do I bury my sword? / If I wait for you, it is because I wanted / To have of the bronze the stubbornness / Of having you for a confidant. / The granite in the afternoon mirrors / The reason for which our love / Reddens in the setting sun. / It was in the city of Oporto / (If I name it, it's because I care / About the word of places) / That I will love you, down the river. / River Douro, what do I think? / You do well do dry up.

07. Se soubesse o que sentias*Amélia Muge - Amélia Muge*

If I had known that you felt / The love in my voice / I wouldn't have minded / Populating this fado / With an unfinished sense / With a delayed conversation, / I wouldn't have minded at all. / Ah, so much love which remains / As a defective poem, / So much soul which abdicates, / Like an unused rhyme. / If I had known that you were involved, / From this fate I would not have fled, / Nor from this failed fado. / If I had known that you felt, / If I had known that you felt / I don't know how to show / That I'm speaking from my heart / If I don't say heart. / Said that way its becomes / More banal than talking like this. / If I had known that you felt / But if that way your attention / Is caught by my singing, / I don't mind if this fado / Is of the most ordinary kind, / If I had known that you were involved, / From this fate I would not have fled, / Nor from this failed fado. / If I had known that you felt, / If I had known that you felt, / If I had known that you felt

08. Minha alma de amor sedenta, sequiosa*António dos Santos - Alfredo Marceneiro*

My soul thirsty for love, dry, / Boat with no route and no God, outside the world / At the mercy of the terrible storm, / Of this sea of your eyes, dark and deep. / This total giving, almost mad, / Which you ask hourly of me, at each moment, / Is what my soul gives you, with nothing in exchange / When for love of you it cries, sobbing. / If I lose you one day, in my life / I will swear to the sky, to the sun and the moon / The pardons which God gives me, repentant, / My love, are all yours, as I am yours. / It is a lost cause, for it should / Not be forbidden to love, and desire. / Whoever loses a love in life, which is so short, / Should never sing, or even dream.

09. Nascimento de Vénus*Rosa Lobato de Faria - Ricardo J. Dias*

Come slowly / In the foam of the tides / And discover that the best of me / Is more that what you see here. / Come very slowly / Unveil nakedness. / Sounds of the sea, resonances / Of music in your hands and salt on your feet. / Conch which contains / The song of the winds, / The womb of the poem, the swell of the wave, / The memory of the sand which caresses me. / And if you stretch out your hand, / Perhaps you can touch, perhaps, I say, / The cobalt blue heart fleetingly, / The knot which entangles sleep / and which you do not see.

10. Par rêve*Fernando Pessoa - Amélia Muge*

What if you loved me a little? Through dreaming, / Not through love... / Nothing... The love which one manages / Is heavy. / Make one of me. Who loves you, / Not who I am. / When the dream is beautiful, the day itself / Smiles. / Whether I am sad or ugly - it's the shadow... / So that the day / Is cool for you, I will make this shadow / An abode.

11. Liberdades poéticas*Sérgio Godinho - Sérgio Godinho*

Forgive me this fado is made with / Poetic licences. / It's not so much the rhyme or the sound, / Or the asymmetrical phrases; / It's just that the violent jealousy / Of which fado so often sings / In this fado is just a light / Much slower, much softer, / Making the throat velvet. / I didn't want to put a new sound in this fado, / Or poetic licences. / Give me the entry, guitarist, give me the note, / Your style is my aesthetic. / I shan't put a single complaint in my voice. / If they knew of my fado, / My love left me one day, / I put my hand on the cold stone, / And left it for buried. / But there's no fado which is not made with / Poetic licences, / Without searching in the difference the same sound / And feeling in another metre / And so even though sad, this happiness / Accompanies my trilling, / Strikes the hour at midday, / Keeps me good company / So I can sing fado at night. / Forgive me this fado is made with / Poetic licences. / It's not so much the rhyme or the sound, / Or the asymmetrical phrases. / My open ear runs through the streets. / Where is my beloved? / Don't leave me This bitterness don't leave me; / It is lighter than madness / And it's only for that I sing fado.

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