

01. Não Guardo Saudade à vida*Helder Moutinho – Daniel Martins*

I bring forgotten Saudade (Longing) / Kept in old poetry / Almost dead, sleeping / In the street of my sins / And now I sing to the courage / To sing until death / Like a river which has no banks / And does not stop flowing / I sing the stars and the sea / I sing sun that warms the pain / And it's in sighing lightly / That I don't forget Love / And now it is already forgotten / This Saudade for loving / I don't long for life / That taught me to sing.

02. Xaile de silêncio*Mário Cláudio – Carlos Gonçalves*

You knew the narrow bed of the fishwives / The bowl, the kiss, the dream of the harvests / The shadow of lovers on the corners / The flight of the most perfect seagull / To the Portuguese angel, white tempest / That cradled your Fate. You prayed a chaplet / And the boats loaded with pepper / Would become for you our cradle / The mothers in you sang sweetly / Pained by the flame of bitterness / And the heather of the pine groves blossomed ready / In the ground which had been a tomb to them / What a shawl of silence you left us / What a strange way of living / Oh voice that burns in the shadow, thorn and stem / Handkerchief beckoning at each dusk.

03. Duas luas*João Monge – José Magala*

I live with two moons / They are my companions / They are both crossed / And neither of them illuminates me / Behind my window / In the sheets in which I lie / There is a moon that watches / Hidden in my breast / They say the other one's yours / She was born in your heart / And that's why this moon / Only shines in your hand / How long will you insinuate yourself / When you call me softly / I live with two moons / Crossed in my path.

04. Desespero*J.C. Ary dos Santos – Amadeu Ramin*

We love and we lose, without knowing / If what we love is worth so much pain / Or if loving is only learning / That losing is one of the forms of love / We die for the dead who kill us / We live trying to resuscitate / And we learn at the hands which undo themselves / That remaining does not mean staying / We already know, in everything we attempt / That we know nothing but the act of trying / And we learn that when we despise / We are only renouncing / Among so many attempts and temptations / Blinded by light and replete with fear / All we have left to do is decide: / A quick death or long love!

05. Decisão*Manuela de Freitas – Alberto Correia*

They weren't my eyes looking at you / Or this exhausted body which I undressed / Or the thirsty lips which rested upon / The most secret that exists in you / They weren't my fingers which touched / Your false beauty in which I did not see / More than the vices that one day begot me / And have persuaded me since I was born / It was not I who wanted you. And it is not I / Who today aspires to you rocks you moans and begets / Possessed by this anger given me / By the great solitude I expect from you / In this bitter desert of my surprise / Is at the shadow of the hate that I want you / The voice with which I call you is disenchantment / And the semen which I give you is despair.

06. Cor de Lua*Susana Aguiar – Carlos Gonçalves*

Without fados that teach me to live / Without a shawl to embrace me in this cold / Without a sea to cry until I forget / Without a house with windows and ships / I go haltingly through the streets / I am none of the names they call me / I am just a dark, moon-coloured cloth / A sad Fado when somebody loves me / This lake of Longing has no bottom / This repeated vertigo has no end / No candles on the alter of reality / No crosses to save me from this life.

07. Formiga*Rosa Lobato Faria – Alves Coelho Filho*

Feet obstinately walking / Hands broken from effort / I went to harvest other destinies / Other sounds other tendernesses / To carry them on my back / I arrived half-way up the hill / Dragging my house / Then I could drink from the fountain / Feel the horizon / Wash the blackness from my wing / I lit the spotlights / I ordered the guitar to play / To show the gentlemen / That I forget all pain / When the ant is a cicada.

08. O verso em que peço*Maria João Damaso – Fernando Freitas*

I found myself lost / In the sky of the dark night / In which I invented you / In the stars which I didn't see / The sleeping night / Spilled tenderness / In my lawless body / In my arms without you / Its immensity / Entwined me in a caress / Of a silence greater / Than the nakedness of mortals / Such as the one I carry within me / Made of solitude / Where pain abounds / Through not knowing you more / Then I shouted your name / Breaking with my shout / The vacuum mirrored / In the waters in quietude / The sound disintegrated me / My desperate love / Suffocated long ago / Sang in a rougher voice / Love come and set me free / From this echoless night / Where I am alone / With it and with my fate / Before I am shrouded / Bring the verse in which I sin / In your sweet voice / Which blesses the sin.

09. Lágrima*Amália Rodrigues – Carlos Gonçalves*

Full of sorrow / Full of sorrow I lie down / And with more pity / With more pity I get up / In my breast / It's already in my breast / This way / This way of wanting you so much / Despair / I have for my despair / Inside me / Punishment inside me / I don't want you / I say that I don't want you / And at night / At night I dream of you / If I think that one day I'll have to die / In the despair I'm in through not seeing you / I stretch out my shawl / I stretch out my shawl on the floor / I stretch out my shawl and let myself fall asleep / If I knew / If I knew that dying / You would / You would cry for me / For a tear / For one of your tears / How happily I would die.

10. Mistério lunar*João Monge – Armandinho*

Solitude does not / Make me sad / When I lie down / As though there were / Some other reason / In my breast / As if somebody leaved / The blue of the sea / Between us two / And took me / To find you / Days later / But let it go / They say that there is / In our solitude / Some hope or other / A lunar mystery / But let it go / Even if one day passion / Comes through the door without knocking / It will leave the promise on its way / All this sky / Doesn't make me sad / To find you / As though there were / Something of yours / everywhere / I don't know of anyone / Who once loved / Without pain / But woe to anyone / Who never dreamed / In order not to suffer.

11. Ainda assim*João Monge – Casimiro Ramos*

It still wasn't pain and it was hurt / It still wasn't hope and it was faith / It still wasn't the barge and it was planks / It still wasn't and it was already what it is / It still wasn't the voice and it was longing / It still wasn't the sea and it was song / Before it was even willingness / It still wasn't anything and it was so much / It was still night and it was parting / It still wasn't love and you smiled / It still wasn't anything and it was life / It still wasn't dream and it already exists.

12. Á beira da minha rua*João Monge – Popular*

In the nearness of my street / Beat a tiny sea / It was the Moon's lap / At the edge of my destiny / I folded my voice with the wounds / And made a little boat of it / They're waters, Lord, they're waters / Leave this my path / I closed my eyes to the sea / For it leads me to lose / This way of singing / It has this way of seeing / The boat goes so far / That even the sea continues / Leaves and returns by itself / In the nearness of my street.

13. Vivendo sem mim

Amália Rodrigues – Mário Pacheco

Ah life that lasts / Living without me / Let me sing / That way I cry / Among seaweed I go / Stretching out my arms /
Among the dunes my steps remained / And the ribbons fell from my hair / In my heart remained tirednesses / I lost
my embraces / Among the solitude / They told me stars / And I wanted to have them / They told me the sky / And the
sky was mine / They told me Love / I knew pain / They told me brother / And it was betrayal / They told me moon /
And I slept in the street / They told me God / Ah my sins / Girl, little girl, / Spring flower / Who gave you the fate /
That was already yours / My heart / In the palm of a hand / Let it be / It fell on the floor / It fell on the floor / Let it be
/ For without a heart / One cannot love.