

Society for the Performing Arts

Presents

MARIZA

Thursday, November 12 at 8 p.m.

Jones Hall

Mariza

Angelo Freire

Diogo Clemente

Marino de Freitas

Vicky

Simon James

Vocals

Portuguese Guitar

Acoustic Guitar (Viola de Fado)

Acoustic Bass

Drums & Percussions

Piano & Trumpet

The Program and Translations

1- Recurso

David Mourao-Ferreira/Tiago Machado

Apenas quando as lágrimas me dão
Um sentido mais fundo ao teu segredo
É que eu me sinto puro e me concedo
A graça de escutar o coração.

Logo a seguir (porquê?), vem a suspeita
De que em nós os dois tudo é premeditado.
E as lágrimas então seguem o fado
De tudo quanto o nosso amor rejeita.

Não mais queremos saber do coração,
Nem nos importa o que ele nos concede,
Regressando, febris, àquela sede
Onde só vale o que os sentidos dão.

2- Ja Me Deixou

Artur Ribeiro/ Max

A saudade andou comigo
E através do som da minha voz
No seu fado mais antigo
Fez mil versos a falar de nós
Troçou de mim à vontade
Sem ouvir sequer os meus lamentos
E por capricho ou maldade
Correu comigo a cidade
Até há poucos momentos

Já me deixou
Foi-se logo embora
A saudade a quem chamei maldita
Já nos meus olhos não chora
Já nos meus sonhos não grita
Já me deixou
Foi-se logo embora

Minha tristeza chegou ao fim
Já me deixou mesmo agora
Saíu pela porta for a
Ao ver-te voltar p'ra mim

1- Recourse

Only when tears give me
A deeper sense of your secret
Do I feel pure and do I grant
The grace of listening to the heart.

Right away (why?), the suspicion arises
That in the two of us everything is premeditated.
And tears then follow the *fado*
Of all that our love rejects

We no longer wish to know of the heart
Nor is what it gives important to us,
Returning, febrile, to that thirst
Where all that matters is what feelings give.

2- Now it's left me

Yearning was always with me
In the sound of my voice
That in its most ancient of fados
Made a thousand verses about us
Sapping my will through mockery
Without even hearing my lamentations
And through caprice or malice
Traversed the city with me
Until a few moments ago

Now it's left me
It's gone right away
The yearning I called accursed
No longer weeps through my eyes
Nor shouts in my dreams
It's left me now
It's gone right away

My sorrow has come to an end
It's left me right now
It went out through the door
When it saw you come back to me

Nem sempre a saudade é triste
Nem sempre a saudade é pranto e dor
Se em paga saudade existe
A saudade não doi tant amor
Mas equanto tu não vinhas
Foi tão grande o sofrimento meu
Pois não sabia que tinhas
Em paga às saudades minhas
Mais saudades do que eu

Yearning is not always sad
Nor always weeping in pain
If yearning's a payback
Yearning hurts less than love
Bur whilst you did not come
My suffering was so great
As I didn't know that you had as payback for my
yearnings
More yearnings than I

3- Maria Lisboa

Alain Oulman-David Mourao Ferreira

É varina, usa chinela,
Tem movimentos de gata;
Na canastra, a caravela,
No coração, a fragata ...

Em vez de corvos no xaile
Gaivotas vêm pousar ...
Quando o vento a leva ao baile
Baila no baile com o mar ...

É de conchas o vestido,
Tem algas na cabeleira,
E nas veias o latido
Do motor de uma traineira ...

Vende sonhos e maresia,
Tempestades apregoa ...
Seu nome próprio : Maria ...
Seu apelido: Lisboa ...

3- Maria Lisboa

A fisherman's wife, she wears slippers
And moves like a cat
With her basket, to the caravel,
But in her heart, to the frigate...

Instead of ravens on her veil
Seagulls come to rest...
When the wind invites her to dance
She dances the waltz of the sea...

Her dress is made of sea shells,

She has seaweed in her hair,
And in her veins still throbs
The engine of the trawler...

She sells dreams and salt sea spray
Storms cry out her name...
Her real name is Maria...
But she is known as Lisboa...

4- Chuva

Jorge Fernando

As coisas vulgares que há na vida
Não deixam saudade
Só as lembranças que doem
Ou fazem sorrir

Há gente que fica na historia
Da historia da gente
E outros de quem nem o nome
Lembramos ouvir

São emoções que dão vida
À saudade que trago
Aqueles que tive contigo
E acabei por perder

Há dias que marcam a alma
E a vida da gente
E aquele em que tu me deixaste

4- Rain

Things which are distasteful in life
Leave us with no longing
Only the memories which hurt
Or make us smile

There are people who make history
In the history of people
And others we can't even
Remember their names

They are emotions that give life
To the longing I carry
Those which I had with you
And ended up losing

There are days that mark the soul
And life of people
And the day you left me

Não posso esquecer

A chuva molhava-me o rosto
Gelado e cansado
As ruas que a cidade tinha
Já eu percorrera
Ai, meu choro de moça perdida
Gritava à cidade

Que o fogo do amor sob a chuva
 Á instantes morrera

A chuva ouviu e calou
 Meu segredo à cidade
 E eis que ela bate no vidro
 Trazendo a saudade

5- Morada Aberta

Carlos Te/ Rui Veloso

Diz-me o rio que conheço
 Como não conheço a mim
 Quanta mágoa vai correr
 Até o desamor ter fim

Tu nem me ouves lanceiro
 Por entre vales e montes
 Matando a sede ao salgueiro
 Lavando a alma das fontes

Vi o meu amor partir
 Num comboio de vaidades
 Foi à procura de mundo
 No carrossel das cidades

Onde o viver é folgado
 E dizem, não há solidão
 Mas eu no meu descampado
 Não tenho essa ilusão

Se eu fosse nuvem branca
 E não um farrapo de gente
 Vertia-me aguaceiro
 Dentro da tua corrente

E assim corria sem dor
 Sem de mim querer saber
 E como tu nesse rumor
 Amava sem me prender

Vai rio, que se faz tarde
 Para chegares a parte incerta
 Espalha por esses montes
 Que tenho morada aberta

I cannot forget

The rain drenched my face
 Cold and tired
 The streets of the city
 Each one I have wandered
 Oh, my lost child lament
 Cried out to the city
 That love's fire under the rain
 Had died instants ago

The rain heard and kept
 My secret from the city
 And listen to how it beats on the glass
 Bringing that nostalgia back

5- Open House

Tell me of the river that I know
 As I don't know myself
 How much pain will flow
 Until the hatred ends

You can't even hear me lancer
 Amongst the valleys and hills
 Quenching your thirst at the willow tree
 Washing your soul at the springs

I saw my love leaving
 On a train of vanities
 Going in search of the world
 On the carousel of the cities

Where the living is loose
 And where, they say, there's no solitude
 But I in my wilderness
 Do not have that illusion

If I were a white cloud
 Rather than a human speck
 I would release a shower of rain
 Into your current

And so I'd run with no pain
 Without wishing to know of me
 And like you in that babble
 Would love without taking hold

Go river, so it is late
 When you arrive at the uncertain part
 Spread amongst these hills
 Where I have an open house

6- Beijo De Saudade

B. leza

Ondas sagradas do Tejo
 Deixa-me beijar as tuas águas
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo
 Um beijo de mágoa
 Um beijo de saudade
 Pra levar ao mar e o mar à minha terra

Nas tuas ondas cristalinas
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo
 Na tua boca de menina
 Deixa-me dar-te um beijo, óh Tejo
 Um beijo de mágoa
 Um beijo de saudade
 Pra levar ao mar e o mar à minha terra

Minha terra é aquela pequenina
 É Cabo Verde terra minha
 Aquela que no mar parece criança
 É filha do oceano
 É filha do céu
 Terra da minha mãe
 Terra dos meus amores

7- Meu Fado Meu

Paulo de Carvalho

Trago um Fado no meu canto,
 Canto a noite até ser dia
 Do meu povo trago o pranto
 No meu canto a Mouraria

Tenho saudades de mim
 Do meu amor mais amado
 Eu canto um país sem fim
 O mar, a terra, o meu Fado

Meu Fado Meu

De mim só me falto eu
 Senhora da minha vida
 Do sonho, digo que é meu
 E dou por mim já nascida

Trago um Fado no meu canto
 Na minh'alma vem guardado
 Vem por dentro do meu espanto
 Á procura do meu Fado

Meu Fado Meu

6- Kiss of Yearning

Sacred waves of the Tagus
 Let me kiss your waters
 Let me give you a kiss
 A kiss of sorrow
 A kiss of yearning
 To take out to sea and over the sea to my home

In your crystalline waves
 Let me give you a kiss
 On your sweet girl's mouth
 Let me give you a kiss, oh Tagus
 A kiss of sorrow
 A kiss of yearning
 To take out to sea and over the sea to my home

My homeland is that small one
 Cabo Verde is my home
 Like a child in the sea
 The daughter of the ocean
 The daughter of the sky
 Land of my mother

Land of my loves

7-My Own Fado

I bring a Fado into my song
 I sing the night until it turns to day
 I bring my people's tears
 Into my song Mouraria

I have a yearning for myself
 For my most beloved of loves
 I sing of a land without end
 The sea, the earth, my Fado

My own fado

About me I miss only myself
 Mistress of my life
 About the dream, I say it is mine
 And find myself born already

I bring a Fado into my song
 It comes shielded in my soul
 It comes from inside my own wonder
 In search of my Fado

My own Fado

8- Barco Negro

Caco Velho-Piratini/ David Mourão-Ferreira

De Manhã, que medo
 Que me achasses feia!
 Acordei, tremendo
 Deitada na areia...
 Mas logo os teus olhos
 Disseram que não
 E o sol penetrou
 no meu coração

Vi depois numa rocha, uma cruz
 E o teu barco negro
 Dançava na luz...
 Vi teu braço acenando,
 Entre as velas já soltas...
 Dizem as velhas da praia que não voltas
 São loucas!
 São loucas!
 Eu sei meu amor:
 Nem chegaste a partir
 Tudo, em meu redor,
 Me diz que estás sempre comigo.

No vento que lança
 Areia nos vidros;
 Na água que canta;
 No fogo mortífero;
 No calor do leite;
 Nos bancos vazios;

No meu próprio peito
estás sempre comigo

9- Instrumental

10- Cavaleiro Monge

Mario Pacheco/Fernando Pessoa

Do vale à montanha,
Da montanha ao monte,
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.
Por casas, por prados,
Por quintais, por fontes,
Caminhais aliados.

Do vale à montanha,
Da montanha ao monte,
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.
Por penhascos pretos,
Atrás e de frente,
Caminhais secretos.

Do vale à montanha,
Da montanha ao monte,
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.
Por prados desertos,
Sem ter horizontes,

8-Black Boat

At daybreak, what fear
That you would find me ugly!
I awoke, trembling
Still lying in the sand...
But soon your eyes
Tell me it is not so
And the sun penetrates
My heart

Later, I saw a cross on a rock
And your dark boat
Dancing in the light...
I saw your arms waving
Between the billowing sails...
On the beach the old women say you
will never return
They're crazy! They're crazy!
I know my love:
You have never ever left
Everything around says that
You will always be with me.

In the wind that blows
Sand against the windows;
In the water that sings;
In the fire's dying embers;
In the warmth of the bed;
On the empty benches;

Deep in my heart
You will always be with me.

10-Monk Rider

From the valley to the mountain,
From the mountain to the hill,
Horse of shadow, monk rider.
Through houses, through meadows,
Through gardens, through fountains,
In alliance you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,
From the mountain to the hill,
Horse of shadow, monk rider.
Through black cliffs,
Behind and ahead,
In secrecy you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,
From the mountain to the hill,
Horse of shadow, monk rider.
Through desert meadows,
Without horizons,
Caminhais libertos.

Do vale à montanha,
Da montanha ao monte,
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.
Por ínvios caminhos,
Por rios sem ponte,
Caminhais sozinhos.

Do vale à montanha,
Da montanha ao monte,
Cavalo de sombra, cavaleiro monge.
Por quanto é sem fim,
Sem ninguém que o conte,
Caminhais em mim.

Por penhascos pretos
Por rios sem ponte
Caminhais em mim

11- Vozes Do Mar (so Diogo)

Florbela Espanca/Diogo Clemente

Quando o sol vai caindo sobre as águas,
Num nervoso delíquio de oiro intenso,
Donde vem essa voz cheia de mágoa,
Com que falas à terra oh mar imenso?

Tu falas de festins e cavalgadas?
De cavaleiros errantes ao luar,
Falas de caravelas encantadas
Que dormem em teu seio a soluçar?

Tens cantos de epopeias? Tens anseios
De amarguras? Tu tens também receios

Oh mar cheio de esp'rança e majestade

Donde vem essa voz oh mar amigo?
Talvez a voz de um Portugal antigo
Chamando por Camões numa saudade.

12- Tasco Da Mouraria

Paolo Abreu Lima/ Rui Veloso

Cresce a noite pelas ruas de Lisboa
E os meninos como eu foram dormir
Só eu fico com o sonho que já voa
Nesta estranha minha forma de sentir.

Deixo o quarto com passinhos de menina
Num silêncio que respeita o mais sagrado
Quando o brilho de meus olhos na cortina
Se deleitam ao ouvir cantar o fado.

Meu amor, vai-te deitar, já é tarde
Diz meu pai sempre que vem perto de mim
Nesse misto de orgulho e de saudade
In freedom you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,
From the mountain to the hill,
Horse of shadow, monk rider.
Through trackless ways,
Through rivers without bridges,
In solitude you walk.

From the valley to the mountain,
From the mountain to the hill,
Horse of shadow, monk rider.
For it is endless
And accounted by no one,
In me you walk.

Through black cliffs,
Through rivers without bridges,
In me you walk.

11- Voices from the Sea

When the sun sinks over the waters
In a nervous deliquescence of gold intense
Whence comes this voice full of pain,
With which you speak to the earth oh immense
sea?

Do you speak of banquets and cavalcades?
Of knights errant in the moonlight,
Do you speak of enchanted caravels
Which sleep and weep on your breast?

Do you sing of epic deeds? Do you have unease
About pain? Do you too have fears
Oh sea full of hope and majesty

Whence comes this voice oh friendly sea?
Perhaps the voice of an ancient Portugal
Summoned by Camões in an act of yearning.

12- Tavern in Mouraria

Night draws on in the streets of Lisbon
And boys like me have gone to sleep
Only I have the dream that I'm flying
In my own strange way of feeling

I leave my bedroom with the step of a girl
In a silence which respects what is most sacred
When my eyes as they shine on the curtain
Delight in the *fado's* song

My love, go to bed, it's late
My father always said it came close to me
In that mixture of pride and yearning
De quem sente um novo amor no meu jardim.

E adormeço nos seus braços de guitarra
Doce embalo que renasce a cada dia
Esse sonho de cantar a madrugada
Que foi berço num tasco da Mouraria.

13- Rosa Branca

Jose de Jesus Guimaraes/ Resende Dias

De rosa ao peito na roda
Eu bailei com quem calhou
Tantas voltas dei bailando
Que a rosa se desfolhou

Quem tem, quem tem
Amor a seu jeito
Colha a rosa branca
Ponha a rosa ao peito

Ó roseira, roseirinha
Roseira do meu jardim
Se de rosas gostas tanto
Porque não gostas de mim?

14- Minh'alma

Paulo de Carvalho

Alma ai! Minh'Alma
Diz-me quem eu sou
Alma ai! Minh'Alma
Diz-me para onde vou

Lisboa vem namorar-me lá vou eu
Pelas ruas do passado a correr
O meu fado é o futuro mas eu juro
Meu amor
Que namoro o meu passado
Sem lhe dizer para onde vou

Alma ai! Minh'Alma...

Quando saio de ao pé de mim eu sou o mar
 Doutras terras, doutras gentes que não vi
 O meu canto é o meu sonho não morreu
 Meu amor
 Meu amor eu sou o povo
 Sou mais longe do que eu

For the one who feels a new love in my garden.

And I sleep in your guitar arms
 Sweet rocking reborn with each day
 That dream of singing the dawn
 That was born in a tavern of Mouraria

13- White Rose

With a rose at my breast on the dance-floor
 I danced with whoever was there
 I danced so much
 That the rose fell to pieces

Whoever has, whoever has
 The gift of love
 Picks the white rose
 Puts it at their breast

Oh rose bush, little rose
 Rose bush in my garden
 If you love roses so much
 Why don't you love me?

14- My Soul

Oh Soul! My Soul ...
 Tell me who I am
 Oh Soul! My Soul
 Tell me where I'm bound

Lisbon, make love to me, that's where I'm bound
 Running through the streets of the past
 My *fado* is the future but I vow
 My love
 That I will make love to my past
 Without saying where I'm bound

Oh Soul! My Soul...

When I get away from myself I am the sea
 Of other lands, of other people who I've never
 seen
 My song and my dream have not died
 My love
 My love I am the people
 I am farther from me

15- Feira De Castro

Paulo Abreu Lima/ Rui Veloso

Eu fui à Feira de Castro

P'ra comprar um par de meias
 Vim de lá c'umas chanatas
 E dois brincos nas orelhas

As minhas ricas tamancas
 Pediam traje a rigor
 Vestido curto e decote
 Por vias deste calor

Quem vai à Feira de Castro
 E se apronta tão bonito
 Não pode acabar a Feira
 Sem entrar no bailarico

Sem entrar no bailarico
 A modos que bailação
 Ai que me deu um fanico
 Nos braços dum manganão

Vai acima, vai abaixo
 Mais beijinho, mais bejeca
 E lá se foi o capacho
 Deixando o velho careca

Todo o testo quer um tacho
 Mas como recordação
 Apenas trouxe o capacho
 Qu'íludiu meu coração

Eu fui à Feira de Castro
 Eu vim da Feira de Castro
 E jurei para mais não...

16- Oica La O Senhor Vinho

Alberto James

Oiça lá ó senhor vinho
 Vai responder-me, mas com franqueza
 Porque é que tira toda a firmeza
 A quem encontra no seu caminho?

Lá por beber um copinho a mais
 Até pessoas pacatas
 Amigo vinho em desalinho
 Vossa mercê faz andar de gatas

É mau procedimento e há intenção
 Naquilo que faz
 Entra-se em desequilíbrio
 Não há equilíbrio que seja capaz

As leis da física falham
 E a vertical, de qualquer lugar

15-The Fair at Castro

I went to the fair at Castro
 To buy a pair of stockings
 I came out with a pair of clogs

And two rings in my ears

My beautiful wooden shoes
Required formal attire
Low necked and short dress
Due to this heath

Who goes to the fair at Castro
And so beautifully attired
Cannot finish the fun
Without a bit of dacing

Without a bit of dacing
More like a sort of a ball
I almost fainted
In the arms of a certain trickster

Going up, going down
One more kiss, one more pint
Out went the wig
Bold the old man became

Any cover asks for a pot
But as a souvenir
I only brought the wig
Bold the old
That deluded my heart

I went to the fair of Castro
I came from the fair at Castro
And swore never more...

16- Listen here, Senhor Wine

Listen here, Senhor Wine
Tell me now, quite frankly
Why do you take all steadiness
From those you meet in your path?

Just one small glass too much
And even the mildest of men
Become deranged on friend wine
Rewarded by walking on all fours.

It's a dirty trick, but there's a purpose
In all that you do
One becomes unbalanced
With no equilibrium to be found.

The laws of physics fail
And the vertical, all around

Oscila sem se deter
E deixa de ser perpendicular

Eu já fui respão do vinho
A folha solta a brincar ao vento
Fui raio de sol, no firmamento
Que trouxe á uva doce carinho
Ainda guardo o calor do sol
E assim eu até dou vida

Aumento o valor seja de quem for
Na boa conta, peso e medida

E só faço mal a quem
Me julga ninguém, faz pouco de mim
Quem me trata como agua
É ofensa pagua, eu cá sou assim
Vossa mercê tem razão
É ingratição falar mal do vinho
E a provar o que digo
Vamos meu amigo, a mais um copinho

17- Primavera

David Mourao-Ferreira/ Pedro Rodrigues

Todo o amor que nos prendera
Como se fora de cera
Se quebrava e desfazia
Ai funesta primavera
Quem me dera, quem nos dera
Ter morrido nesse dia

E condenaram-me a tanto
Viver comigo meu pranto
Viver, viver e sem ti
Vivendo sem no entanto
Eu me esquecer desse encanto
É somente o que nos dão

O que nos dão a comer
Que importa que o coração
Diga que sim ou que não
Se continua a viver

Todo o amor que nos prendera
Se quebrara e desfizera
Em pavor se convertia
Ninguém fale em primavera
Quem me dera, quem nos dera
Ter morrido nesse dia

Sways you can't help it -
And you are no longer upright

I was once the keeper of wine
The lonely leaf playing in the wind
I was the sunbeam on the earth
Caressing the sweet grape
I still hold the warmth of the sun
And thus even life I give
Enriching it's quality for everyone
In number, weight and size.

I only harm those
Who think I am nothing, who belittle me
And who treat me like water -
For this they pay, that's how I am
Your Grace, you are right
It's so ungrateful to speak badly of wine

And to prove to you what I say
Come my friend, let's have another glass!

17-Spring

All the love that seized us
As if made of wax it was
Was broken and undone
Ah, fatal spring
How I wish, how we wish
To have died that day

And condemned I was
To have weeping living with me
To live, to live and without you
Living and not, however,
Forgetting that enchantment
That I lost in that day

It's the only thing we get
What matters if the heart
Says yes or says no
If it keeps on living

All the love that seized us
Was broken, was undone
In fear was converted
Let no one speak of spring
How I wish, how we wish
To have died that day.

18- Ó Gente Da Minha Terra

Tiago Machado/ Amalia Rodrigues

Ó Gente da minha Terra
Agora é que eu percebi
Esta tristeza que trago
Foi de vós que recebi

É meu e vosso este fado
Destino que nos amarra
Por mais que seja negado
Às cordas de uma guitarra

Sempre que se ouve um gemido
Duma guitarra a cantar
Fica-se logo perdido
Com vontade de chorar

E pareceria ternura
Se eu me deixasse embalar
Era maior a amargura
Menos triste o meu cantar

18- Oh people of my land

Oh people of my land
It's only now that I perceive
This sadness which I carry
Was from you received

This ballad is both yours and mine
United by our destiny
No matter how much is denied
By the strings of a guitar

Whenever we hear a lament
Of a guitar playing
We are soon filled
With a longing to weep

It would seem a kindness
If I were able to soothe it
And by releasing the sorrow
Make my song less melancholy

About Mariza

With her striking looks and even more striking voice, Mariza has in a few short years gone from singing in the backroom of a Lisbon bar to selling out the world's top concert halls, from New York to Moscow and from the Sydney Opera House to the Barbican.

Today she is recognized the world over as the queen of the Portuguese musical style known as fado. Yet she was not born in Portugal, but in Mozambique. "My father is Portuguese but my mother is African," she explains. "We moved to Portugal when I was three but I still have a few memories from Mozambique." She recalls this early life in Africa in some of her songs, such as *Transparente*.

In the Portuguese capital of Lisbon, her family took over a small taverna in a neighborhood called Mouraria. It's an area with a long and rich association with fado's history and at weekends, her father would employ fado musicians to entertain customers. "I fell in love with the sound of the Portuguese guitar coming up through the floor and I started to sing fado when I was five years old," Mariza recalls.

As she grew older, her school friends told her that fado was old-fashioned and she tried singing in pop, jazz, and soul styles. But her love of fado had taken deep root and she soon returned to it. Singing in Lisbon's fado bars and tavernas, she began to develop a following, although she never had any ambition to become a global superstar. She was well into her twenties before she recorded her first album, 2001's *Fado em Mim*. Even then, thoughts of international success were far from her mind. "I made the first record as a gift to my father," she says.

The record became a best-seller in Portugal and was then released around the world. Rave reviews and further award-winning recordings followed. Within an astonishingly short time, Mariza found that she had become the global superstar she had never set out to be...

The Portuguese Guitar

You will notice that Mariza's backing group play two different kinds of guitar. The more familiar-looking instrument is a standard acoustic guitar (in Portuguese 'guitarra acustica'), just like those you will find being played by folk groups all over the world—including the famous flamenco guitarists of neighboring Spain. The unfamiliar model with its more rounded shape, which makes it look rather like a lute, is a unique instrument known as the Portuguese guitar ('guitarra Portuguesa'). As well as its distinctive shape, there are several other important differences, too. The most significant is that while the standard acoustic guitar has six strings, the Portuguese guitar has 12 strings, positioned across the fret board in six sets of two. The 12 strings give a much sharper, ringing tone, as you will notice in Mariza songs. The resonant, unmistakable sound is one of the defining characteristics of fado, counter-balanced by the softer strumming of the more universally familiar acoustic guitar.

What is Fado?

We have already said that Mariza is the reigning "queen of fado." But what exactly is fado? The word itself translates as "destiny" or "fate" and the often mournful tone of the music has led to fado being called the "Portuguese blues." As a musical form it has been around at least since the early 19th century, although some scholars believe its origins to be much older. But perhaps it is best to let Mariza take up the story in her own words. "It was the music of Portuguese sailors, of African slaves, of Brazilians. It was a fusion of cultures. Our sailors and explorers spread Portuguese culture abroad, but they brought some back too."

Central to the spirit of fado is the notion of *saudade*. The word is almost impossible to translate but Mariza has her own simple but eloquent explanation. "It's a fantastic word about separation and reconnection. *Saudade* is when you miss something. It could be in a happy way or a sad way. It could be a person, a country, a house, a smell. You could have *saudade* about many things."

This means, she says, that fado does not always have to be melancholic. "It's realistic rather than sad and it takes you deep into the soul of a human being. In fado we sing about many things, God, love, death, and sadness—but happiness, too."

Yet among younger people, fado's popularity had begun to fade. For a brief moment, it seemed that perhaps the music would die with its great star. Inspired by Amalia's example, a new group of youthful fado singers, led by Mariza, were determined to reinvigorate fado as a fresh and vibrant form. Since her first recording seven years ago, Mariza has taken fado to a new and younger audience, not only in Portugal but around the world. "When I give concerts, I see people cry who don't speak Portuguese," she says. "They might not understand the words. But they recognize that the feelings in the music can speak to everyone."