

À Meia Noite Ao Luar
(At Midnight By Moonlight)

At midnight by moonlight
goes through the streets singing
the bohemian dreamer.

And the shy maiden
slowly the window
comes to hear the love songs.

Oh! How beautiful it is,
The light from the moon,
To hear the Fado in streets
And the singer,
Love stricken,
Plays the strings singing Fado.

You hear the 12 rings of the bell
As you listen to the guitars
under a silver moonlight.

And the shy maiden
slowly the window
comes to hear the serenade.

Oh! How is beautiful,
The light from the moon,
To hear the Fado in streets
And the singer,
Love stricken,
Plays the strings singing Fado.

Cantiga Para Quem Sonha (Song For Those Who Dream)

You who has 10 coins of love and hope
Shout out loud that you want to live.
Buy bread and wine but steal a flower
All that is beautiful must not be sold:

They don't sell waves of sea
Nor breezes or stars,
Sun or full moon,
They don't sell lovely ladies
Nor certain windows in dunes of sand.

Sing, sing like a bird or a river,
Give your arm to the ones that dream.
He who brings open hands or a whistle
Doesn't even have to know how to sing.

You who believes in a bigger and better world
Shout out loud that the sky is here.
You who sees brothers, just brothers around
Believe that that world starts with you.

Bring a guitar, a poem
A dance move, a mature dream.
Sing remembering this theme:
In each child there is pure man.

Sing, sing like a bird or a river,
Give your arm to the ones that dream.
He who brings open hands or a whistle
Doesn't even have to know how to sing.

Canção das Lágrimas (Song of the Tears)

Tears that we cry
And suffocate our wailings
Tears that we cry
And suffocate our wailings

Let them go away
That they go and won't return
Let them go away
That they go and won't return

So much pain, so much bitterness
Sulking beautiful faces
So much pain, so much bitterness
Sulking beautiful faces

And so much pure water
Cleaning dirty alleys
And so much pure water
Cleaning dirty alleys

Fado dos Olhos Claros
(Fado of the Lucent Eyes)

The light of your lucent eyes
Is a shimmering star
The light of your lucent eyes
Is a shimmering star

I can see it in the sky
I can see it in the sea
I can see it in the sky
Oh I can see it in the sea

In the eyes of clarity,
The eyes of moonlight and water
In the eyes of clarity,
The eyes of moonlight and water

Sacred mirror where I can see
The shadow of my sorrow
Sacred mirror where I can see
The shadow of my sorrow

Balada do Outono
(Ballad of Autumn)

Waters that passed through the river
Won't wake up my dreamless slumber

Be silent, fountain waters!
Oh creeks, weep!
For I will not sing again

Rivers that flow towards the sea
Allow my eyes to dry

Be silent, fountain waters!
Oh creeks, weep!
For I will not sing again

River waters flowing
Sunsets dying near the sea

Be silent, fountain waters!
Oh creeks, weep!
For I will not sing again

Rivers that flow towards the sea
Allow my eyes to dry

Be silent, fountain waters!
Oh creeks, weep!
For I will not sing again

Balada do Rei Vadio
(Ballad of the Vagrant King)

At night I am the vagrant king
The moon even makes rags shine
And I wash my eyes in the river
But the memory of the toads hurts me

The toads don't drool upon the stars
But sometimes they taint a man
If they touch the most beautiful things
That the hunger and the cold don't eat

At night the city is a world
The river paints its rags with silver
I pass and I'm the vagabond king
But the memory of the toads hurts me

The toads don't drool upon seagulls
But they taint me after all
I am a seagull with tattered wings
May tomorrow's day be the same

Trova do Vento que Passa
(Song of the Wandering Wind)

I ask the Wandering wind
For news of my country
And the wind silences the misery
The wind says nothing to me

But there is always a flame
Within the misery itself
There's always someone sowing
Songs in the passing wind

Even during the saddest of nights
In times of servitude
There's always someone resisting
There's always someone saying no

Balada da Despedida do V Ano Jurídico de 88/89
(Parting Ballad of the 5th Year of Law of 88/89)

You feel that time has ended
Sleeping spring of flowers
Something that flew and won't return
That was a river, a sea in your life

And you keep in yourself
The weep of a ballad
Memories of a past
Of the ringing of the bell

Dark capes of longing
In the moment of departure
Secrets of this city
I take with me for life

You know that the sketch of a farewell
Is a fire that burns us slowly
And in the slow closing of your eyes
You keep the hope of someday coming back

And you keep in yourself
The weep of a ballad
Memories of a past
Of the ringing of the bell

Dark capes of longing
In the moment of departure
Secrets of this city
I take with me for life