



## Farm with old house with sea view in Monchique



### Information de l'agent

Nom:	Pera Premium Properties
Nom de compagnie:	
Pays:	Portugal
Experience since:	
Type de service:	Selling a Property
Specialties:	
Property Type:	Apartments, Houses
Téléphone:	
Languages:	English, Portuguese
Site web:	<a href="https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt">https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt</a>

### Détails de l'annonce

Propriété à:	Vendre
Prix:	EUR 350,000

#### Location

Pays:	Portugal
État/Région/Province:	Faro
Ville:	Monchique
Adresse:	Monchique
Soumis:	29/04/2026

#### Description:

The property includes land with 18,680 square meters, an old semi-detached house with 96 square meters in need of renovation, allowing you to adapt the space to your needs whether for your own home, second residence or tourist project.

With excellent sun exposure, it benefits from excellent light throughout the day and sea views. The land has a functional and usable configuration, with fertile soil, old cork oaks, granite stone and spring water.

Located in a quiet area, with neighbours nearby, it is accessed by tarmac road and is located on a cul-de-sac, ensuring little movement and greater privacy.

There is the possibility of expanding the existing construction, subject to technical feasibility and approval, which allows solutions such as rural tourism or agritourism to be considered.

A solid option for those looking to invest, develop their own project for housing or rural tourism, ideal for those looking for quality of life, fresh air and a genuinely natural environment, without giving up



access and proximity.

Beauty is also tiring because of what it conveys to us in emotion. It is enough for the color to be a scream, it is enough for the mutations to clash with each other. Let us therefore flee from the blues, the reds, the yellows, let us comfort our tired spirits a little. Only green will serve as a balm and Monchique will be the next point to reach.

The mountains, seen from afar, are nothing more than a good photographic background, Stop looking at these salty lands. They are sad and barren like death.

The Boia stream runs to the left and the ground begins to convulse. The hills gradually take height, join each other in deep folds and the road winds between shale barriers like a reptile buffeted by the sun.

The vegetation thickens. Profiled acacia trees flank the black tarmac strip, and the small patches of pine forest descend to us.

Now, acacias, cedars and eucalyptus almost intertwine defying the sun's rays to pass through their compact foliage. A two-dozen meter branch takes us to the hot springs.

Let us descend into Paradise. A vault of foliage protects us and the clear stream runs softly surrounding pebbles sometimes black, sometimes reddish. Small sun eyes mark luminous circles on the brown earth. A bridge... A small waterfall... The cicadas sing and everything is green around us.

The water digs up the schist extracts, it gets deeper and deeper and the path tightens, it strangles. Below is a disjointed dam, beyond the arch of a bridge.

A small note. Blue hydrangeas... A snob pond garden... Three eucalyptus trees in whose trunks romantic girls carved hearts and wrote verses... A stone table... A source... The source of Love.

Some large stones, which stopped when they encountered any obstacle, resemble the wells sown in the Zêzere valley. On the way to Monchique, the terraced slopes sometimes look like Roman amphitheatres.

Once the climb to Foia began, let's look around. In front, the soft green patch of chestnut groves that rise on both sides of the Serra stream; at our feet the steps of a monumental staircase that descends to the Foot of the Cross and to the north the village that seems to lie on the edge of a hill.

Where he found an inch of arable land, man erected walls of defense against erosion and planted gardens. How painful his effort... Water runs everywhere. It makes us want to fall on our backs in a prayer to the earth...

The afforestation decreases in density as we climb, the sharp edges of the masses of stone are daggers that try to hurt us, the air becomes purer, the temperature drops and the mountain welcomes us contemptuously.

A wide curve... The pyramid of Foia...

We lose track of distances, it seems that we are leaning over a map in relief. The Alentejo, in its vastness,



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as if stretching... The cut of the coast appears clear, creased... Clear stains of many houses together. Portimão... Dawn... Lagos... The sands of Meia Praia... Farther away, Sagres and S. Vicente... And to the sides of Aljezur the hills look like full bellies. - REF: JE040 MO

Nouveau: Non  
Condition: Must be reformed

## Commun

Chambres: 1  
Salle de bains: 1  
Pied carré fini: 97 m<sup>2</sup>  
Dimensions du lot: 18780 m<sup>2</sup>

## Lease terms

Date Available:

## Contact information

IMLIX ID: JE040 MO

