Renée Fleming
Hartmut Höll, Piano

WHEN:  
WEDNESDAY,  
JANUARY 31, 2018  
7:30 PM

VENUE:  
BING CONCERT  
HALL

Photo: Decca/Andrew Eccles
Program

George Frideric Händel (1685–1759)
“Ombra mai fu” from Serse
Text by Nicola Minato and Silvio Stampiglia

“Bel piacere e godere” from Agrippina
Text by Cardinal Vincenzo Grimani

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Mondnacht, WoO 21
Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

Ständchen from 5 Lieder, Op.106
Text by Franz Kugler (1808–1858)

Die Mainacht from 4 Songs, Op.43
Text by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)

Da unten im Tale from 49 Deutsche Volkslieder, WoO 33
Text by Anonymous

Meine Liebe ist grün from 9 Lieder and Songs, Op.63
Text by Felix Schumann (1854–1879)

Wiegenlied from 5 Lieder, Op.49
Text by German folk poems (Das Knaben Wunderhorn) and Georg Scherer (1824–1909)

Vergebliches Ständchen from 5 Romances and Songs, Op.84
Text by Anton von Zuccalmaglio (1803–1869)

Caroline Shaw (1982–)
Text by Mary Jo Salter (1954–)
“Aurora Borealis”
“Bed of Letters”

—INTERMISSION—
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Clair de lune. Op. 46 No 2
Text by Paul-Marie Verlaine (1844–1896)

Mandoline from Cinq mélodies "de Venise," Op. 58
Text by Paul-Marie Verlaine (1844–1896)

Rufus Wainwright (1973– )
Les feux d’artifice t’appellent from Prima Donna
Text by Rufus Wainwright and Bernadette Colomine

Oscar Straus (1870–1954)
Je t’aime quand même from Trois Valses
Text by Paul Knepler (1879–1967) and Armin L. Robinson (1900–1985);
French translation by Léopold Marchand (1891–1952) and Albert Willemetz (1887–1964)

TRIBUTE TO BARBARA COOK

Robert Meredith Willson (1902–1984)
"Till There Was You" from The Music Man
Text by Robert Meredith Willson (1902–1984)

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)
"I Whistle a Happy Tune" from The King and I
Text by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960)

Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)
Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala (Songs My Mother Taught Me)
from Cigánské melodie
Text by Adolf Heyduk (1835–1923)

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém (Song to the Moon) from Rusalka
Text by Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)

This program is generously supported by Helen and Peter Bing.
Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, she spearheads a collaboration with the National Institutes of Health focused on music, health, and neuroscience.

Renée's most recent album Distant Light was released in January by Decca. Recipient of 14 Grammy nominations to date, she has recorded everything from complete operas and song recitals to indie rock, jazz, and the soundtrack of The Lord of the Rings.

Among Renée's awards are the Fulbright Lifetime Achievement Medal, Germany's Cross of the Order of Merit, Sweden's Polar Music Prize, and France's Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and honorary doctorates from Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Duke University, Carnegie Mellon, the Eastman School of Music, and The Juilliard School. www.reneefleming.com.

Hartmut Höll, piano

Hartmut Höll's performances are instantly distinctive for emotion, sensitivity, and the ability to think beyond sounds to create atmosphere, experiences and feelings within the sound landscape. More than 70 CD releases have won universal acclaim and received international prizes. From 1982 to 1992, Höll was the regular performance partner of the legendary baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, acclaimed in recitals at the Salzburg and Edinburgh Festivals, Florence, Munich, Berlin, and New York’s Carnegie Hall. For over four decades, Hartmut Höll has worked closely with Mitsuko Shirai on the lieder repertory. For nearly two decades, Höll has accompanied Renée Fleming in concerts across Europe, Australia, Asia, and North America.

Höll has also performed with other singers, including Thomas Hampson, Jochen Kowalski, René Pape, Hermann Prey, and Jadwiga Rappé, as well as the violist Tabea Zimmermann and clarinetist Sabine Meyer. Currently a professor at the University of Music Karlsruhe, Höll has taught at Frankfurt, Cologne, Helsinki and the Salzburg Mozarteum University, and given master classes at the Weimar International Music Seminar, the Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival, and in Jerusalem, Cairo, and the US. He has lectured on lied interpretation at the Zurich University of the Arts. Since 2007, he has served as rector for the University of Music Karlsruhe.

From 1985 to 2007, Höll was artistic director of the International Hugo Wolf Academy, Stuttgart. In 1990, he was awarded the Robert Schumann Prize of the city of Zwickau. An honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1997, together with Mitsuko Shirai he received the ABC International Music Award. He was appointed Chairman of the Robert Schumann Competition in Zwickau, and has judged the Naumburg Competition, the ARD International Music Competition in Munich, and the Nadia and Lili Boulanger Competition in Paris. In 2018 Höll will be in the jury of Concours Musical International de Montréal/Chant.

Renée Fleming, soprano

Renée Fleming is one of the most acclaimed singers of our time. In 2013, President Obama awarded her America’s highest honor for an artist, the National Medal of Arts. She brought her voice to a vast new audience in 2014, as the first classical artist ever to sing the National Anthem at the Super Bowl. Winner of the 2013 Grammy Award (her fourth) for Best Classical Vocal Solo, Renée has sung for momentous occasions from the Nobel Peace Prize ceremony to the Diamond Jubilee Concert for Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace. In 2008 Renée became the first woman in the 125-year history of the Metropolitan Opera to solo headline an opening night gala.

Renée’s recent tour schedule has included concerts in New York, London, Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Tokyo, and Beijing. She is heard on the soundtracks of the current films The Shape of Water and Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri, and she will soon be heard as the singing voice of Roxane, played by Julianne Moore, in the film of the best-selling novel Bel Canto. Renée will appear on Broadway this spring in a major new production of Rodger’s and Hammerstein’s Carousel. As Artistic Advisor to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, she spearheads a collaboration with the National Institutes of Health focused on music, health, and neuroscience.

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## Texts & Translations

**George Frideric Händel (1685–1759)**

*“Ombra mai fu” from Serse*
Text by Nicola Minato and Silvio Stampiglia

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ombra mai fu</th>
<th>Never Was a Shade</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ombra mai fu</td>
<td>Never was a shade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>di vegetabile,</td>
<td>of any tree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cara ed amabile,</td>
<td>dearer and more lovely,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soave più.</td>
<td>or more sweet.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**George Frideric Händel (1685–1759)**

*“Bel piacere e godere” from Agrippina*
Text by Cardinal Vincenzo Grimani

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bel piacere e godere</th>
<th>Nice Pleasure and Enjoyment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bel piacere è godere fido amor!</td>
<td>To know true love is such a delight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>questo fa contento il cor.</td>
<td>it brings the heart happiness!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Di bellezza non s’apprezza</td>
<td>The splendor of beauty is of no value</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lo splendor;</td>
<td>if it comes not from a faithful heart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Se non vien d’un fido cor.</td>
<td>To know true love is such a delight, etc.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)**

Text by Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mondnacht (WoO 21)</th>
<th>Moonlit Night</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Es war, als hätt’ der Himmel</td>
<td>It was, as if the sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Erde still geküßt,</td>
<td>Has kissed the earth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daß sie im Blüentschimmer</td>
<td>That she in the glimmering flowers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Von ihm nun träumen müßt’.</td>
<td>Only must dream of him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Luft ging durch die Felder,</td>
<td>The air went through the fields,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Ähren wogten sacht,</td>
<td>The ears waving softly,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es rauschten leis die Wälder,</td>
<td>The quiet roar of the woods,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So sternklar war die Nacht.</td>
<td>So starry was the night.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und meine Seele spannte</td>
<td>And my soul spanned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weit ihre Flügel aus,</td>
<td>Its wings out wide,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flog durch die stillen Räume,</td>
<td>To fly through the quiet space,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Als flöge sie nach Haus.</td>
<td>Flying toward home.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ständchen
Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Die Mainacht
Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl’ ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllt von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!

Serenade
The moon is over the mountain,
so right for people in love;
in the garden purrs a fountain;
otherwise—silence far and wide.

By the wall, in shadow,
there three students stand,
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and sing and play.

The music steals softly into
the loveliest lady’s dreams;
at her blond lover she gazes,
and whispers, “Remember me!”

Die Mainacht
Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl’ ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllt von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!

Die Mainacht
Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl’ ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllt von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!

The May night
When the silver moon flashes through the shrubs
And scatters his slumbering light over the lawn,
And the nightingale flutes,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

A pair of doves were in a bush,
His delight was in front of me; but I turn around,
Searching the darker shadows,
And a lone tear flows.

When, a smiling picture, which like the red of morning
Through the soul shines, I find you on Earth?
And the lonely tear,
Burns more hotly down my cheek!

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Text by Franz Kugler (1808–1858)
from Fünf Lieder, Op. 106

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Text by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)
from Vier Gesänge, Op 43
Da unten im Tale (WoO 33)
Da unten im Tale
Läuft’s Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir’s net sagen,
    I hab’ di so lieb.
Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu’,
Und a bissele Falschheit
    Is auch wohl dabei.
Und wenn i dirs zehnmal sag,
    Daß i di lieb,
Und du willst nit verstehn,
    Muß i halt weiter gehn.
Für die Zeit, wo du gliebt mi hast,
    Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dir’s anderswo
    Besser mag gehn.

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Text by Anonymous
from 49 Deutsche Volkslieder

Meine Liebe ist grün
Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
    Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
    Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.
Meine Selle hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
    Und wies sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und Jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
    Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Text by Felix Schumann (1854–1879)
from Neun Lieder und Gesänge, Op.63

My love is green
My love is green as the lilic arbor,
    And my love is as beautiful as the sun;
It glitters happily down on the lilac arbor
    And fills it with aroma and delight.
My soul soars like a nightingale
    And sways itself in blossoming lilacs,
And rejoices and sings from the intoxicated aroma
    Like many love-struck songs.
**Wiegenlied**

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
mit Rosen bedacht,
mit Näglein besteckt,
schlupf unter die Deck!
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
wirst du wieder geweckt.

**Lullaby**

Good evening, good night,
With roses covered,
With cloves adorned,
Slip under the covers!
Tomorrow morning, when God wills,
You will wake once again.

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
von Englein bewacht,
die zeigen im Traum
dir Christkindleins Baum.
Schlaf nun selig und süß,
schau im Traum's Paradies.

**Vergebliches Ständchen**

Er:
Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie:
Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

**Futile Serenade**

He:
Good evening, my darling,
Good evening, my child!
I come in love to you
Oh, open the door,
Open the door!

She:
My door is closed,
I will not let you in;
Mother, smartly advised me,
If I was to completely let you in,
It would be all over for me!

Er:
So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfrüht,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

He:
The night is so cold,
So icy the wind,
That my heart freezes to death,
My love will go out;
Open to me, my child!
Sie:
Löschet dein' Lieb';
lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

She:
Extinguish your love;
Let it extinguish now!
Extinguish it completely,
Go home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my boy!

Caroline Shaw (1982–)
Texts by Mary Jo Salter (1954–)

Aurora Borealis
An arc of searchlight,
and (as such) a not quite accurate
way of going about it:

if you were looking
for some lost thing
in the ring
of dark circling

the earth,
if the path
of light you hunted with
(emerging from underneath

the horizon, and trained
not by you but a hand seen) ended
with a sideways bend,

if its torch forked
and flickered
as if overworked,
if it torqued
inside itself with a wow
and a flutter, a now
you see it now
you don't, how

long would it take
before you'd make
the leap?—Would you look
at those freak

streaks in the sky
forever before saying, “I see the light:
this is what I sought tonight”?
Bed of Letters
Propped like a capital letter at the head of what was once our bed,
or like a letterhead — as if your old address were printed on my face —
I'm writing you this note folded in sheets you lay on them, but sleeplessly
night after night, a man whose life became about the fear of being found out.

Rarely a cross word between us, although today I see the printer's tray of your brain, the dormant type sorted in little rooms to furnish anagrams,
fresh headlines, infinite new stories in nice fonts. Give her what she wants,
you must have thought, and brought home seedlings to transplant in flower beds, unmeant
to bloom into such tall tales — which even you can't unsay or undo.

And yet it's true that long ago, two lovers dozed naked and enclosed one history between covers. We woke and, shy and proud, read our new poems aloud.

—INTERMISSION—
Clair de lune (Op. 46 No 2)
Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune.

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Mandoline
Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C’est Tircis et c’est Aminte,
Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,
Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnent dans l’extase
D’une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Text by Paul-Marie Verlaine (1844–1896)
from Cinq mélodies "de Venise," Op. 58

Moonlight
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and bergamasquers go
Playing the lute and dancing
Almost sad under their whimsical disguise.

As they all sing in a minor key
About victorious love and timely life,
They don’t seem to believe in their happiness
And their song blends with the moonlight.

With the calm moonlight, melancholy and beautiful,
That makes the birds dream in the trees
And the streams sob with ecstasy,
The great narrow streams among the statues.

Mandolin
The serenaders
And the lovely listeners
Exchange idle banter
Beneath the singing branches.

There is Tircis and Aminte,
And the eternal Clitandre,
And there is Damis who made
So many tender verses for so many cruel women.

Their short silken jackets
And their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Twirl in the ecstasy
of a pink and gray moon,
and the mandoline chatters on
amidst the trembling breezes.
The Fireworks are Calling

The fireworks are calling
Go down into the streets
The Fireworks are calling
Go down into the streets
The Fireworks are calling

The colors from the sky
Explode over town
The fire once in the sky
Descends into the street
And love is no longer longed for

All is joy and cheer
All of Paris celebrates
I’m staying, I’m staying, I’m staying,
I’m watching, watching, watching

Young men descend with your girlfriends
Young women make the most of the time you have left
I’m staying, I’m staying, I’m staying, here
I’m watching from my large window

The fireworks are over
It didn’t last long
The fireworks are over
It didn’t last long
Je t'aime quand même
Tu es très volage, n'est-ce pas ton âge?
Ton coeur trop léger aime le partage
Et l'âme un peu folle, papillon frivol,
Tu ne peux pas t'engager à ne plus voltiger.

Je t'aime, quand même, éprise,
conquise, soumise,
je viens à toi dès que je vois tes yeux
J'hésite, mais vite,
cRAINTive, captive,
J'arrive, sítôt que ton regard me dit,
je veux!

Je tente ma chance , c'est de la démence,
Car j'en souffrirai,
je le sais d'avance Qu'importe,
je l'ose, oui je suis ta chose
Et sans penser aux regrets,
aux chagrins que j'aurai

Je t'aime, quand même, éprise,
conquise, soumise,
je viens à toi dès que je vois tes yeux.
J'hésite, mais, vite,
craithive, captive,
j'arrive car il n'est qu'un bonheur pour moi,
c'est toi.

I love you, all the same
You are very fickle, is it not your age?
Your heart too light likes to share love among many.
And your mind, a bit silly, frivolous butterfly
You cannot make yourself stop fluttering about!

I love you, all the same, smitten,
conquered, subdued,
I come to you as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but quickly,
timidly, captive,
I grasp right away what your glance tells me:
I want you!

I try my luck, it is insanity.
Because I will suffer for it, I know in advance
Who cares! I'll risk it, yes,
I am your property
And, without thinking of the regrets, and
sorrows I will have

I love you, all the same, smitten,
Conquered, subdued,
I come to you as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but quickly,
timidly, captive
I come because it is nothing but happiness for me,
It's you!
There were bells on the hill
But I never heard them ringing,
No, I never heard them at all
Till there was you.

There were birds in the sky
But I never saw them winging
No, I never saw them at all
Till there was you.

And there was music,
And there were wonderful roses,
They tell me,
In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn, and dew.

There was love all around
But I never heard it singing
No, I never heard it at all
Till there was you!
Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

I Whistle a Happy Tune
from The King and I
Text by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960)

Whenever I feel afraid,
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune,
So no-one will suspect
I'm afraid.

While shivering in my shoes,
I strike a careless pose
And whistle a happy tune,
So no-one ever knows
I'm afraid.

The result of this deception
Is very strange to tell,
For when I fool the people I fear,
I fool myself as well!

I whistle a happy tune,
And every single time
The happiness in that tune
Convinces me that I'm
Not afraid.

Make believe you're brave
And the trick will take you far;
You may be as brave
As you make believe you are!
Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)
Text by Adolf Heyduk (1835–1923)
from Cigánské melodie

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala
podivno, že často, často slzívala.
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat, hrát a zpívat učím!

Songs My Mother Taught Me
Songs my mother taught me, in the days long vanished;
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure,
Oft the tears are flowing, oft they flow from my memory's treasure!

Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)
Text by Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)
from Rusalka

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Svĕtlo tvé daleko vidí,
po svĕtě bloudí širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Song to the Moon
O moon in the velvet heavens,
your light shines far,
you roam throughout the whole world,
gazing into human dwellings.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
řekni mi, kde je můj milý

O Moon, stay a while,
tell me where my beloved is!

Řekni mu, stříbrny měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě
Aby se alespoň chviličku
Vzpomenul ve snĕni na mnĕ.

O tell him, silver moon,
that my arms enfold him,
in the hope that for at least a moment
he will dream of me.

Zasvĕt mu do daleka,
řekni mu, rekni m kdo tu nař čeká!

Shine on him, wherever he may be,
and tell him of the one who awaits him here!

O mněli duše lidská sní,
at’sé tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

If a human soul should dream of me,
may he still remember me upon awakening;
O moon, do not fade away!

Ms. Fleming is an exclusive recording artist for Decca and Mercury Records (UK).