

**DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT**|by Gaetano Donizetto |Lyrics & Translations

**Marie's Aria: Chacun le sait**

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,

Le régiment par excellence

Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit

Dans tous les cabarets de France...

Le régiment, en tous pays,

L'effroi des amants des maris...

Mais de la beauté bien suprême!

Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!

Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!

Il est là, il est là, le voilà,

Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Il a gagné tant de combats,

Que notre empereur, on le pense,

Fera chacun de ses soldats,

A la paix, maréchal de France!

Car, c'est connu le régiment

Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,

Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.

Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!

Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!

Il est là, il est là, le voilà,

Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

***Translation by Robert Glaubitz***

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,

The regiment above all

The only one to which everyone gives credit

In all the taverns of France...

The regiment, in all countries,

The terror of lovers of husbands...

But definitely superior to those of beauty!

It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!

Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!

It is there, it is there, it is there,

The handsome Twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,

That our emperor, one thinks,

Will make every one of our soldiers,

Marshall of France in peace-time!

For, it's known the regiment,

The most victorious, the most charming,

Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.

It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!

Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!

It is there, it is there, it is there,

The handsome Twenty-first!

**Tonio’s Aria: Ah! mes amis**

Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête!

Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

L'amour qui m'a tourné la tête

Désormais, désormais, me rend un héros.

Ah! quel bonheur oui mes amis

Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

Oui, celle pour qui je respire,

A mes voeux a daigné sourire

Et ce doux espoir de bonheur

Trouble ma raison et mon coeur!

Ah! mes amis, quel jour de fête!

Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.

Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!

I shall march under your flags.

Love, which has turned my head,

from now on is making me into a hero.

Ah, what happiness, yes my friends

I shall march under your flags.

Yes, she for whom I live and breathe

has deigned to smile upon my vows.

And this sweet hope of happiness

has shaken my mind and my heart.

Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!

I shall march under your flags.

***Translation by Ann Feeney***

**Act II Trio: Le jour naissait dans le bocage**

***The hilarious scene of the singing lesson.***

**Synopsis:** In the castle of the Birkenfelds. The Marquise has commissioned a notary to draw up a marriage contract. According to her will, Marie is to marry the son of the Duchess of Krakentorp. Although Marie has consented, she is sad. The Marquise brings in experts to instruct Marie on how to be a lady. The Marquise has summoned Sulpice to talk to her. He appears during a singing lesson given by her to Marie, which shows that Marie has not yet completely abandoned her military manners. The singing lesson gets out of hand, as Marie, while being taught an old-fashioned aria, repeatedly falls into the melody of the regimental anthem. The Marquise leaves the room to take care of the preparations for the reception of the Duke’s son and other distinguished heads of the country.

Marie has to sing an old-fashioned aria (“Le jour naissait dans le bocage”) with languishing trills and roulades, which the Marquise accompanies with almost grotesque and simple chords on the piano. Sulpice sabotages it with Rataplan (regimental song) interjections. Marie willingly begins the song, but soon, to the Marquise’s horror, she returns to the military with a cascade of scales and arpeggios and sings the regimental song.

***Synopsis from Online Opera Guide (opera-inside.com)***