



**Thursday 1 June 2023**

**5.30pm-6.30pm**

**The Haldane Room  
North Cloisters, Wilkins Building, Main Campus**

**Music for a summer evening**

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**Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)**

**“Chacun le sait, chacun le dit”, from *La Fille du Régiment*, 1840**

**“Ah! Tardai troppo...Oh luce di quest’anima”, from *Linda di Chamounix*, 1842**

*Deborah Lee – soprano*

*Yvonne Cheng – piano*

**Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)      Sonata No. 3 in C Major BMV 1005, 1730**

***iii. Largo***

*Bronagh Lee – violin*

**Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)      *Souvenir d’un Lieu Cher* Op.42, 1878**

***iii. Mélodie***

*Bronagh Lee – violin*

*Jin Xuan – piano*

**Roger Beeson (b.1945)      Fantasia on a motif by Josquin des Prez, 2022**

*Elizabeth Mooney – flute*

*Tabitha Tuckett – cello*

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)      Piano Trio in C Major K.548, 1788**

***i. Allegro      ii. Andante      iii. Allegro***

*Yvonne Cheng – piano*

*Jin Xuan – violin*

*Tabitha Tuckett – cello*

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**Entry is free** and open to members of UCL & associated institutions as well as the general public.

Recordings and photography are permitted, but **only** with prior permission from the performers. Please refrain from using flash photography during performances and ensure recording/photography is unobtrusive.

For full details of the Chamber Music Club’s activities, and to apply for membership please visit:

[www.ucl.ac.uk/chamber-music](http://www.ucl.ac.uk/chamber-music)

## Gaetano Donizetti: words and translation

### Chacun le sait, Marie's aria from *La Fille du Régiment*

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!

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,  
The regiment above all  
The only one to which everyone gives credit to  
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!

Translation by Robert Glaubitz ([ariam@aria-database.com](mailto:ariam@aria-database.com))

### "Ah! Tardai troppo... Oh luce di quest'anima", from *Linda di Chamounix*

#### Recitative:

Ah! tardai troppo, e al nostro  
favorito convegno  
io non trovai il mio diletto Carlo;  
e chi sa mai  
quanto egli avrà sofferto!  
Ma non al par di me!  
Pegno d'amore  
questi fior mi lasciò!  
Ttenero core!  
E per quel core io l'amo,  
unico di lui bene.  
Poveri entrambi siamo,  
viviam d'amor, di speme;  
pittore ignoto ancora  
egli s'innalzerà coi suoi i talenti!  
Sarà mio sposo allora.  
Oh noi contenti!

Ah! Too long I have waited;  
And yet I have not found  
at our favorite place my dear Carlo.  
And who can tell  
What he has suffered!  
But not as much as I have!  
As a symbol of his love  
He left me these posies!  
What a tender heart!  
And for that heart  
I do adore him  
It is the greatest treasure he has!  
We are both but poor,  
Living only on thoughts of love  
If he be an unknown painter,  
He will shine with his genius!  
And I will be his wife.  
Oh, what contentment!

#### Aria:

O luce di quest'anima,  
delizia, amore e vita,  
la nostra sorte unita,  
in terra, in ciel sarà.  
Deh, vieni a me, riposati  
su questo cor che t'ama,  
che te sospira e brama,  
che per te sol vivrà.

Oh, you are the radiance of my soul,  
Delightful life and love;  
On earth and in heaven,  
We will be united.  
Come, my dear  
And find calm in my yearning heart  
That sighs for your love,  
Of which mine is for you alone.

Source: <http://www.beverlysillsonline.com/index.htm>