

10 Giuseppe Verdi: Rataplan (*La forza del destino*)

Lasciatelo ch'ei vada ...

Far guerra ad un cappuccio!

Bella impresa! Non m'odon?

Sia il tamburo sua difesa.

Let him go ...

To declare war to a Capuchin!

A fine endeavour! Do they not hear me?

The drum shall be his defence.

Rataplan, rataplan, della gloria

pel soldato ritempra l'ardor,

rataplan, rataplan, di vittoria

questo suono è segnal precursor!

Rataplan, rataplan, or le schiere

son guidate raccolte a pugar!

Rataplan, rataplan, le bandiere

del nemico si veggon piegar!

Rataplan, pim, pum, pum, inseguite

chi le terga fuggendo voltò ...

le gloriose ferite

col trionfo il destin coronò.

Rataplan, rataplan, la vittoria

più rifulge de' figli al valor!

Rataplan, rataplan, la vittoria

al guerriero conquista ogni cor.

Rataplan, plan, plan.

Rataplan, rataplan, this deepens

the soldier's desire for glory,

rataplan, rataplan, this sound

presages victory!

Rataplan, rataplan, now the troops

are formed and led to fight!

Rataplan, rataplan, the flags

of the enemy are falling!

Rataplan, pim, pum, pum, go after

everyone who turned around and fled ...

the glorious wounds

are crowned by destiny with triumph.

Rataplan, rataplan, victory

shines for the sons' courage!

Rataplan, rataplan, victory

conquers every heart for the soldier.

Rataplan, plan, plan.