

Gilda. Rigoletto. **Allegro.** (♩ = 132) (The Duke disguised as a cavalry officer, enters the inn.)

G.R. Un uo-mo ve-do. Per po-co at-ten-di.
A man is enter-ing. Observe him close-ly.

Gilda (starting). Duke (to Sparafucile). Sparafucile. Duke.

G.S.D. Ah pa-dre mi-o! Due co-se, e to-sto.. Qua-li? U-na
Oh, dear-est fa-ther! Come serve me di-rect-ly. Yes, sir. An a-

Rigoletto. Sparafucile.

R.S. stan-za e del vi-no... (Son que-sti i suoi co-stu-mi!) (Oh il bel zer-
part-ment, and some wine here. ('Tis thus he seeks ad-ventures.) (A gal-lant

(Retires to an adjoining room.) **Allegretto.** (♩ = 138)

S. bi-no!)
stranger! *f/ & Vins.* *marcato*

Duke. *con brio* *legato*

D. La donna è mo-bi-le qual piuma al ven-to, mu-fa d'ac-cen-to
Plume in the summer wind Way-ward-ly playing, Ne'er one way swaying,

D. *e di pen - sie - ro. Sempre un a - ma - bi - le leggiam - dro vi - so,*
Each whim o - bey - ing; Thus heart of womankind Ev - ry way bendeth,

D. *pp*
in pianto o in ri so, e men - zo - gne - ro. La donna e mo - bil
Woe who de - pendeth On joy she spendeth! Yes, heart of wo - man

D. *f* *leggero*
qual piuma al ven - to, mu - ta d'ac - cen - to e - di pen - sier,
*Ev - 'ry way bendeth, Woe who de - pend - eth On - joy she spends, *rit.**

D. *e - di pen sier, e,*
woe who de - pends on,

D. *con forza*
e - di pen - sier. A A A
*on - joy - she - spends. *p marcato**

D.

D.

E sempre mi-se-ro chi a lei s'af-fi da, chi le con-fi-da
Sorrow and mis-e-ry Fol-low her smiling, Fond hearts be-guiling,

D.

mal cau-to il co-re! Pur mai non sen-te-si fe-li-ce ap-pie-no
Falsehood as-soil-ing! Yet all fe-li-ci-ty Is her be-stowing,

D.

chi su quel se-no non li-ba a-mo-re! La donna è mo-bil
No joy worth knowing Is there but woo-ing. Yes, heart of wo-man

D.

qual piuma al ven-to, mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen-sier,
Ev-'ry way bendeth, Woe who de-pend-eth On joy she spends,

D. *e di pen - sier, e,*
woe who de - pends on,

D. *con forza*
e di pen - sier!
on joy she spends.

(Re-enter Sparafucile with a flask of wine and two glasses, which he places on the table; then

with the hilt of his long sword he knocks on the ceiling twice. At this signal, a smiling young

dim

girl, dressed as a Gypsy, comes bounding down the steps from above. The Duke runs to embrace her, but she eludes him.

Meanwhile, Sparafucile goes outside the house and speaks to Rigoletto.

Sparafucile.

S. *E là il vo -*
Your man's with -

Rigoletto.

S. *struo - mo...*
in there; *Vi-ver de - e o mo - ri - re? Più*
Shall I spare him, or kill him straight-way? A-

morendo