

Act III.

A lonely spot on the shores of the Mincio. On the left, a two-story house almost in ruins, the front of which, open to the spectator, shows a rustic inn on the ground floor; a broken staircase leads from this to a loft where stands a rough couch. On the side towards the street is a door, and a low wall extends backward from the house. The Mincio is seen in the background, behind a ruined parapet; beyond, the towers of Mantua. Night. Gilda and Rigoletto, in great agitation, on the road. Sparafucile in the house, seated by a table polishing his belt, unconscious of what is spoken outside.

No 15. "La donna è mobile.,
Prelude, Recitative and Canzone.

Adagio. (♩ = 66)

pp *pp* *Viola* *Viols.*

R. G. **Rigoletto.** **Gilda.** **Rigoletto.** **Gilda.**
 E l'a-mi? Sempre. Pu-re tempo a gua-rir-ne t'ho la-scia-to. Io l'a-mo!
 Thou lov'st him? Always. Still to love him is mere in-fat-u - ation. I love him!

R. **Rigoletto.**
 Po-ve-ro cor di don-na!... Ah il vi-le in-fa-me! Ma ne a-vrai ven-det-ta, o
 Ah ten-der heart of woman! oh base de-spoil-er! Thou, my child, shalt yet have

R. G. **Gilda.** **Rigoletto.**
 Gil-da Pie-tà, mio padre! E se tu cer-ta fos-si ch'ei ti tra-dis-se, l'a-me-resti an-
 venge-ance. Nay, rather pit-y. And if I could convince thee that he is worthless, wouldst thou still then

R. G. **Gilda.** **Rigoletto.** **Gilda.** **Rigoletto (leads her towards the house to look through a fissure in the wall).**
 co-ra? Nol so... ma pur m'a-do-ra. E-gli? Sì. Eb-ben osser-va dun-que.
 love him? Perhaps. Ah, he does love me! Love thee? Yea. Come here, and look with-in there.

pp

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 en-tring. 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-mil) (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/ & Vlns.* **AAA**
pp Cl. Ob. In. & Cello marcato **AAA**

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.
on - joy - she - spends.

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 e³ 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. e di pen - sier!
 on joy she spends.

con forza

(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

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 -

più p

Rigoletto.

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

morendo

(Sparafucile goes off behind the house, toward the river.)

R.

tar - di tor-ne - rò l'opra a com - pi - re.
 wait but my re - turn before you end - him.

No. 16. "Un dì, se ben rammentomi.,

Quartet.

Gilda and Rigoletto in the street, Maddalena and the Duke on the ground floor.

Allegro. (♩ = 120) Duke.

D.

Un dì, se ben ram - men - to - mi,
 One morn, if I re - mem - ber well, Oh

D.

bel - la, t'in - con - tra - i... Mi piac - que di te
 fair - est, 'twas I met thee, Thy name I sought in

D.

chie - de - re, e in - te - si che qui sta - i. Or
 vain to learn, But ne'er could I for - get thee; Thy

D.

sap - pi, che d'al - lo - ra sol te que - stal - ma a -
 smile is e'er be - fore me, I lan - guish, I a -