

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

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

G.D.  
S.D.

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

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-

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

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

s. bi - no!)  
stranger! *Fl. & Vins.*

*p* *Cl., Ob., In. & Cello*  
*marcato*

*p*

**Duke.**  
*con brio*

*legato*

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

*pp*

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, *sf.**

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**

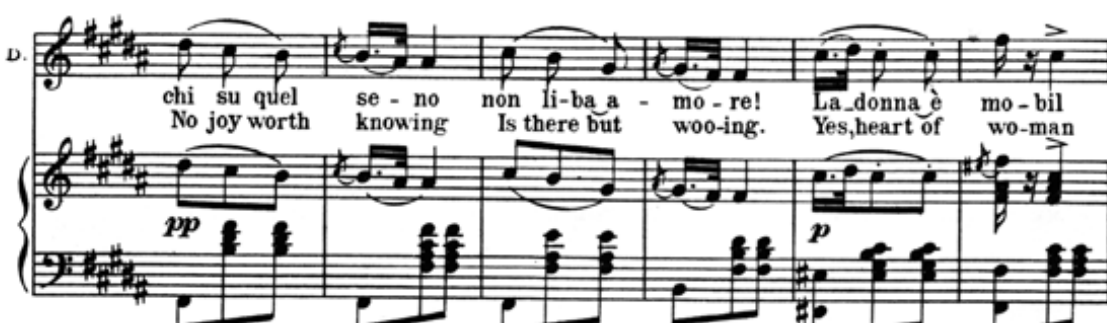
D. 

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

S. *Rigoletto.*  
*E là il vo -*  
 Your man's with -  
*più p*

S. *Rigoletto.*  
 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*