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Giuseppe Verdi
Rigoletto

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RIGOLETTO

Opera in Three Acts

Libretto by
FRANCESCO MARIA PIAVE

Music by
GIUSEPPE VERDI

The English Version by
NATALIA MACFARREN

With an Essay on the
Story of the Opera by
RICHARD ALDRICH

Ed. 548

G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK

a G. Schirmer
G Verdi

Photograph of G. Verdi, signed and inscribed to
Gustav Schirmer, founder of the house

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RIGOLETTO

Characters of the Drama

THE DUKE OF MANTUA		**Tenor**
RIGOLETTO, his Court Jester		**Baritone**
SPARAFUCILE, a Bravo		**Bass**
COUNT MONTERONE		**Baritone**
MARULLO	Gentlemen of the Court	**Baritone**
BORSA		**Tenor**
COUNT CEPRANO		**Bass**
AN USHER		**Bass**
GILDA, Rigoletto's daughter		**Soprano**
GIOVANNA, her nurse		**Mezzo-Soprano**
MADDALENA, Sparafucile's sister		**Alto**
COUNTESS CEPRANO		**Mezzo-Soprano**
A PAGE		**Mezzo-Soprano**

Chorus of Courtiers, Pages, etc.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN MANTUA AND ENVIRONS DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RIGOLETTO

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Words by **FRANCESCO MARIA PIAVE**

Music by **GIUSEPPE VERDI**

First Performed at the Gran Teatro La Fenice, Venice, March 11, 1851,
with the Following Cast:

IL DUCA DI MANTOVA, .	Tenor, . . .	Signori MIRATE
RIGOLETTO, ...	Baritone, . .	VARESI
SPARAFUCILE, ...	Basso, . . .	PONS
IL CONTE DI MONTERONE,	Baritone, . .	DAMINI
MARULLO, ...	Baritone, . .	KUNERTH
MATTEO BORSA, . . .	Tenor, . . .	ZULIANI
IL CONTE DI CEPRANO, .	Basso, . . .	BELLINI
USCIERE DI CORTE, . .	Tenor, . . .	RIZZI
GILDA, ...	Soprano, . .	Signore TERESA BRAMBILLA
MADDALENA, ...	Contralto, . .	CASALONI
GIOVANNA, ...	Mezzo-Soprano, .	SAINI
LA CONTESSA, ...	Mezzo-Soprano, .	MORSELLI
PAGE, ...	Mezzo-Soprano, .	MODES LOVATI

*THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN THE CITY OF MANTUA AND ITS VICINITY.
THE TIME IS THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

Rigoletto

No composer that ever lived, not even Beethoven or Wagner, underwent a more remarkable development in his artistic ideals, in his views as to the aims and methods of his art, or in his growth of power to realize them, than Verdi. In his long life of eighty-eight years he saw a complete change in the whole system of dramatic music, a change to which his ceaseless activity and ever-expanding genius conformed themselves. And while it would be going too far to rank him with the reformers who led in the accomplishment of this revolution, he contributed to it by the enormous popularity of his work, as he himself advanced toward the ripe perfection of his art, flowering in "Aida," "Otello" and "Falstaff." And so, since the activities of all productive artists must be analyzed and classified, the critics have separated Verdi's life-work into periods, and have found in "Rigoletto" the starting-point of a second stage of his artistic development. In this he is considered to have marked a notable advance upon his earlier works, represented at their best in "Ernani," which, according to Dr. Hanslick, were but his contributions to the mass of carnival operas that are annually produced by the score for the season in Italy, and are then speedily forgotten even in their native land, having seldom been heard of beyond its borders. "Rigoletto," with "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," which immediately followed it, represents a higher ambition, a striving for a more serious and substantial place in the world of music. These three works raised him at once to a position of the highest popularity throughout the whole of Europe; they put him, in fact, into a place beside Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, whose voices were at this time all silenced, as the undisputed head of the Italian school of opera. In 1851, when "Rigoletto" was produced, he was thirty-eight years old; and from then till his death, fifty years later, his career was one of steadily advancing triumph.

The new romanticism of Victor Hugo, which then held the literary world captive, offered a rich field for operatic exploitation, and it was eagerly entered. In 1844, Verdi had selected Hugo's "Hernani" for operatic treatment, and had made a brilliant success with it; and saw now in the French dramatist's play, "Le Roi s'amuse," another subject for effective musical treatment. These subjects were not appropriated thus, however, without vigorous protest from Victor Hugo, who, when "Ernani" and "Rigoletto," respectively, were brought to Paris, did all in his power to prevent the public production of what he considered a literary mutilation of his work. In the case of "Ernani" he compelled a modification of the action, a change in the names and condition of the characters; and the collaborators were even prepared to consent to a change of title. Many similar alterations had already been made in the libretto drawn from "Le Roi s'amuse;" but Hugo went still further in opposition to its Paris production, entering an action against the manager in the courts, in which, however, he was signally defeated. Librettists in the first half of the last century were a harried fraternity. It was a time of revolution and unrest, and the police of all the Continental countries were determined that nothing should be shown upon the stage that might in the least fan the flame. The experiences of Verdi and his librettists with this censorship make amusing reading at this distance, though doubtless they brought much perplexity in their train at the time. The turbulent spirits of Italy, chafing under the Austrian yoke, were kept under especially strict surveillance in the opera houses by the dominant power. "Rigoletto" fared as half a dozen of Verdi's other operas fared.

The opera was arranged for as the *opera d'obbligo* of the carnival season at La Fenice, the great opera house of Venice. Verdi himself had chosen the subject of "Le Roi s'amuse" for the piece, as he chose all his subjects, and intrusted its execution to Francesco Maria Piave, his hack librettist at this period, who had written a number of his previous librettos. Piave had carried out his task, and had put upon the book, as agreed with Verdi, the title of "La Maledizione." But having learned wisdom from experience, he took it to the police censor before he delivered it to the composer. It would not do at all. The frailties of royalty were altogether too drastically exploited, in the misdeeds of Francis I., in Hugo's play and in the libretto, and the production of such a piece was promptly forbidden. Piave was for writing another at once, to fulfill the contract with La Fenice. Verdi would listen to nothing of the sort. It must be "La Maledizione" or nothing. The proceedings seemed to be at a standstill, till help arrived from a quarter whence none was expected. The local commissary of police was a music lover and an admirer of Verdi. He wanted to hear the new opera. He suggested that the king, Francis I., be made into the insignificant ruler of a petty state; and since the title must also be changed—at this day it is difficult to see why—it had better be taken from the hero's name. Verdi agreed to these and a few other minor suggestions that wrought no injury to the dramatic substance of the piece. He set off for his home in Busseto, possessed of a veritable *furor scribendi*, and in forty days returned to Venice with the music complete.

The story, as it was finally accepted, is this: The licentious Duke of Mantua—who, as we have seen, represents Francis I. in Hugo's play—has among his followers a privileged buffoon, Rigoletto—the Triboulet of "Le Roi s'amuse"—a shapeless, deformed creature, whose moral nature is as evil as his physical aspect, except for his devoted love of his daughter Gilda. Her he keeps concealed and jealously guarded from the intrigues of the court. One of his functions is to act as pander to his master in his misdeeds; and he has assisted the Duke in the seduction of the wife of Count Ceprano, the daughter of Count Monterone (Hugo's St. Villiers). The first act opens upon a festal entertainment in the hall of the ducal palace, crowded with cavaliers and ladies. The Duke appears and sings the ballata, "Questa o quella," establishing at once his moral standing. He is plotting with Rigoletto to get rid of Ceprano; the cynical brutality of the buffoon's insults disgusts the assemblage of courtiers, who desire to be avenged upon him. Monterone enters, to demand satisfaction for his daughter's dishonor. He is taunted and mocked by Rigoletto, and as he is being dragged away by the Duke's orders, turns to the buffoon and curses him with a father's deep and terrible malediction. The second scene shows a deserted street at night, with Rigoletto before his own cottage—which adjoins the high wall surrounding Count Ceprano's palace—recalling with dread the curse that has been laid upon him. He enters the courtyard and meets his daughter Gilda, who lives here in retirement while he visits her secretly by night. These visits having come to the knowledge of the court, it is assumed that he has a mistress. Closely as she has been concealed, however, she has not escaped the notice and attentions of the Duke, who, in the guise of a poor student, has won her affections, and even as her father is leaving her, comes again to make love to her. He, too, leaves her—singing with her the duet "Addio, speranza ed anima"—and the scene is then invaded by a crowd of courtiers armed and masked. They are determined to avenge themselves upon Rigoletto for his taunting insolence in the court, by stealing his supposed mistress, Gilda, his daughter. Pretending that it is Count Ceprano's wife whom they intend to abduct from the adjoining palace, they enlist Rigoletto's aid. Having masked and blindfolded him, instead of scaling the wall as they pretend to do, they enter his own cottage and carry off Gilda to the Duke's palace. Rigoletto, too late, tearing off his bandage, recognizes his daughter's scarf that has been dropped, and faints in horror at the realization of what has happened, recalling again the curse that has been laid upon him.

The second act shows an apartment in the Duke's palace, where the Duke is bewailing the loss of Gilda, whom he has again sought at her home, and in vain. The conspirators enter, and change his laments to rejoicings by recounting their exploit at Rigoletto's cottage. Rigoletto himself then comes in upon them, affecting indifference, but finally bursts into a passionate appeal for the restoration of his daughter. She emerges from an inner apartment and tells him of her undoing; and when he vows to be revenged, Gilda, still loving her betrayer, pleads that he be forgiven.

The third act opens on a deserted spot on the shores of the river Mincio, outside the town of Mantua, with a rustic inn in the foreground. It is night. There come Rigoletto and Gilda, the former intent upon his revenge, for which he has arranged with the innkeeper, Sparafucile, an assassin who is ready to murder for money, "one-half before the deed is done, the rest when he is dead." He has a beautiful sister, Maddalena, who acts as his decoy, and who has attracted the amorous notice of the Duke. He comes this night, disguised as a cavalry officer, to make love to her, singing the aria "La donna è mobile," while Sparafucile prepares to kill him; but Maddalena herself is fascinated with the handsome stranger, and determines to save him. In the meantime Rigoletto and Gilda are outside, watching, the one gloating over his approaching revenge, the other bewailing her betrayal. The situation is musically interpreted by the famous quartet, "Un dì, se ben rammentomi," remarkable for its combination into one musical whole of the different expressions of the four characters: the amorous pleading of the Duke, the coquetry of Maddalena, the despair of Gilda, the baleful savagery of Rigoletto. Rigoletto sends his daughter home to disguise herself as a youth and take horse to escape to Verona, while he himself makes the final arrangements with Sparafucile for the Duke's murder. The Duke retires to sleep, and as Sparafucile reënters the house, he is again besought by Maddalena to spare the life of the intended victim. The assassin finally promises that if any other man shall enter the inn before midnight, he shall be sacrificed instead, to secure the money from Rigoletto. In the meanwhile, Gilda, having disguised herself as her father directed, returns to the inn in time to overhear Sparafucile's promise, and with a woman's devotion resolves to yield her life to save the Duke, her false lover. It is storming, and the thunder and lightning increase in fury. She demands admission; and there in the darkness, as she enters, is struck down. Then comes Rigoletto to see the fulfillment of his revenge. Sparafucile drags him out a sack, which Rigoletto is to throw into the river as containing the body of his enemy. But just at this moment of his triumph he hears the Duke's voice, from the floor above, carolling "La donna è mobile." He tears open the sack, and there in the lurid glare of the lightning flashes he sees, instead of his enemy's, Gilda's body. He realizes that the father's curse upon him has been fulfilled, and falls senseless upon his daughter's corpse. So ends one of the grisliest horrors that has ever been set to music for the operatic stage.

The opera made an instant success in Venice and throughout the Italian opera houses, and the melody of "La donna è mobile" was soon upon the lips of everybody. A story of this air has often been told, and is thus related by Mr. Streatfield in his "Masters of Italian Music:"

When the rôles were distributed, the tenor who was to play the Duke found a blank in his part at the beginning of the third act. He went to Verdi and asked what it meant. "Don't be in a hurry," said the *maestro*, "there is plenty of time." Every day it was the same story; the tenor petitioned in vain for his missing song. At last, the day before the final rehearsal, Verdi gave him the manuscript of the famous "La donna è mobile," but not before he had made him promise not to sing or whistle a note of it to a living soul. At the rehearsal every one was laid under a solemn oath not to divulge a note of the music before the performance. Verdi knew the quickness of Venetian ears. He knew that if the melody of the song were once heard outside the walls of the theatre, it would be all over Venice in a few hours, and at the performance the gilt would be off the ginger-bread. The secret was well kept, and the *canzone* was the success of the evening; but on the way home every one was humming the air, and by the next day it was the common property of every *gamin* in Venice.

"Rigoletto" was produced in London as soon as arrangements could be made for it, being heard at the Covent Garden Theatre in the season of 1853, for the first time, on May 15. The cast included Mario as the Duke, Ronconi as Rigoletto, Tagliafico as Sparafucile, Mme. Bosio as Gilda, and Mlle. Didiée as Maddalena. It was by no means warmly received by the press. The music was considered to be full of plagiarisms, lacking in ideas, "puerile" and "queer" in its modulations, and the opera was declared to possess no qualities that would ensure it a long life.

Somewhat similar judgment was passed upon it in New York. Its first performance here was on February 19, 1855, at the Academy of Music, where Ole Bull made it the opening attraction of a brief and ill-starred venture in operatic management. Max Maretzek was the conductor, and the cast was as follows:

Duke of Mantua, ...	Signori Beagio Bolcioni
Rigoletto, ...	Ettore Barilli
Sparafucile, ...	Luigi Rocco
Gilda, ...	Signore Bertucca Maretzek
Maddalena, ...	Patti Strakosch

Yet in both cities it has had a long lease of life. "Rigoletto" did not reach Paris till 1857; it was produced there at the Théâtre Italien on January 19 of that year. The cast included Mmes. Frezzolini and Alboni and Signori Mario and Corsi. The first French performance was of a translation by Edouard Duprez at the Théâtre Lyrique, given on December 24, 1863, with Mlle. de Maësen as Gilda, Mlle. Dubois as Maddalena, M. Montjauze as the Duke, M. Ismaël as Rigoletto, and M. Wartel as Sparafucile. The Italian version had already established its success—the first that Verdi had ever scored in the French capital; and the opera in its French translation has ever since retained a firm hold upon the Parisian musical public—firmer, indeed, and with promise of longer continuance, than it can show in either London or New York.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

June 14, 1902.

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Rigoletto.

Act I.

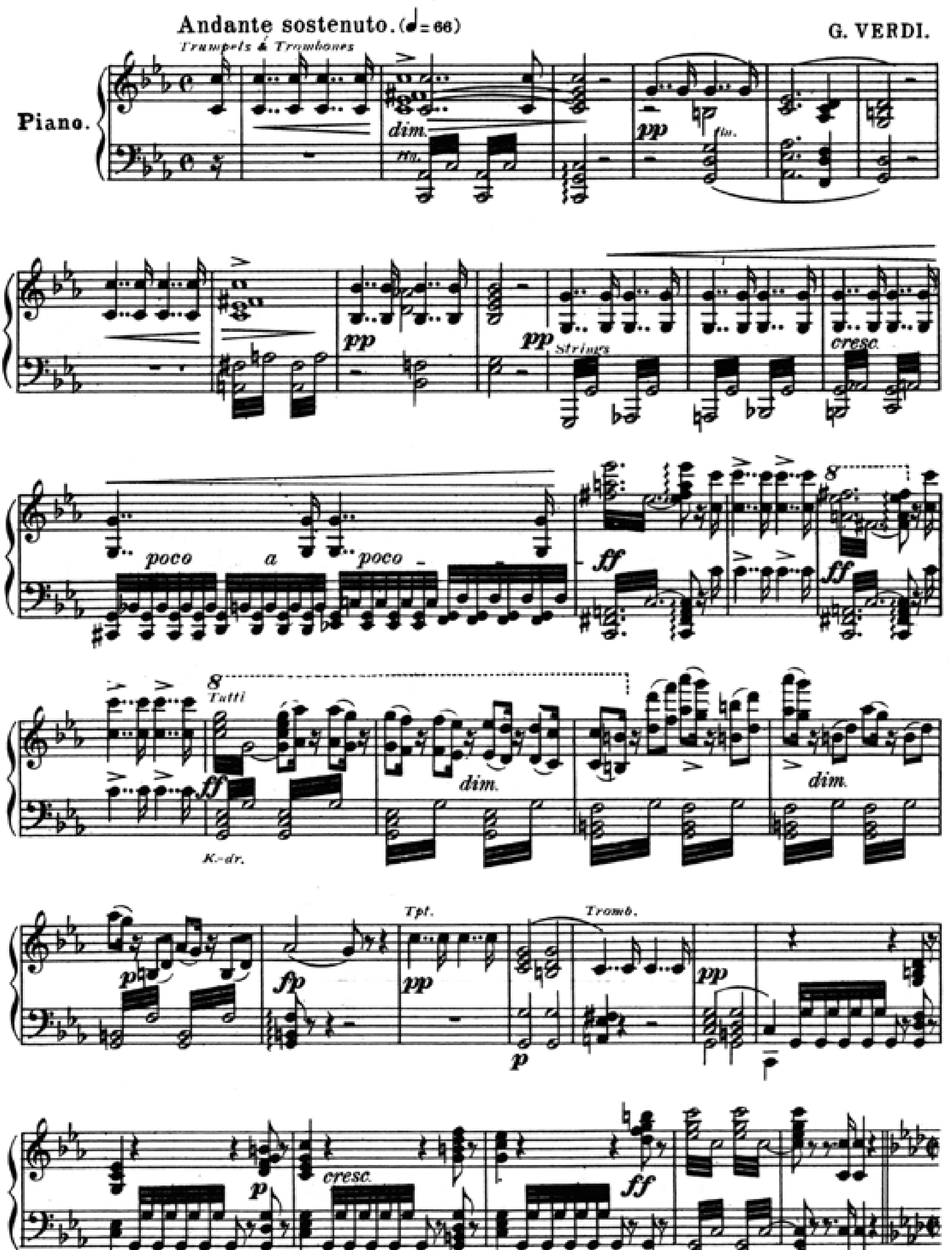
Prelude and Introduction.

Nº 1. "Della mia bella incognita.„

Prelude.

Andante sostenuto. (♩= 66)

G. VERDI.


Trumpets & Trombones
Piano.
dim.
pp
pp
Strings
cresc.
poco
a
poco
ff
Tutti
dim.
dim.
fp
pp
Tpt.
Tromb.
p
pp
p
cresc.
ff

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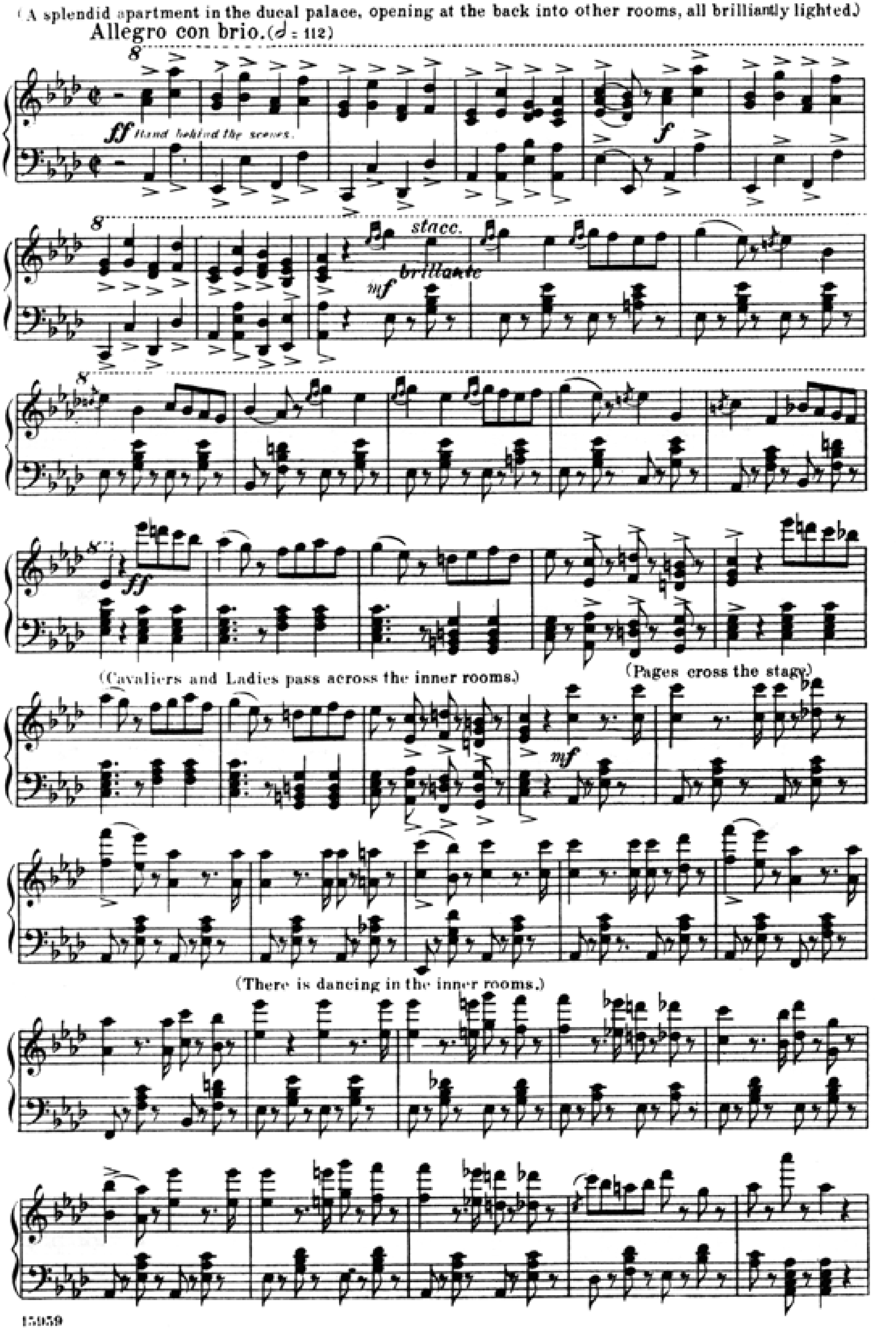
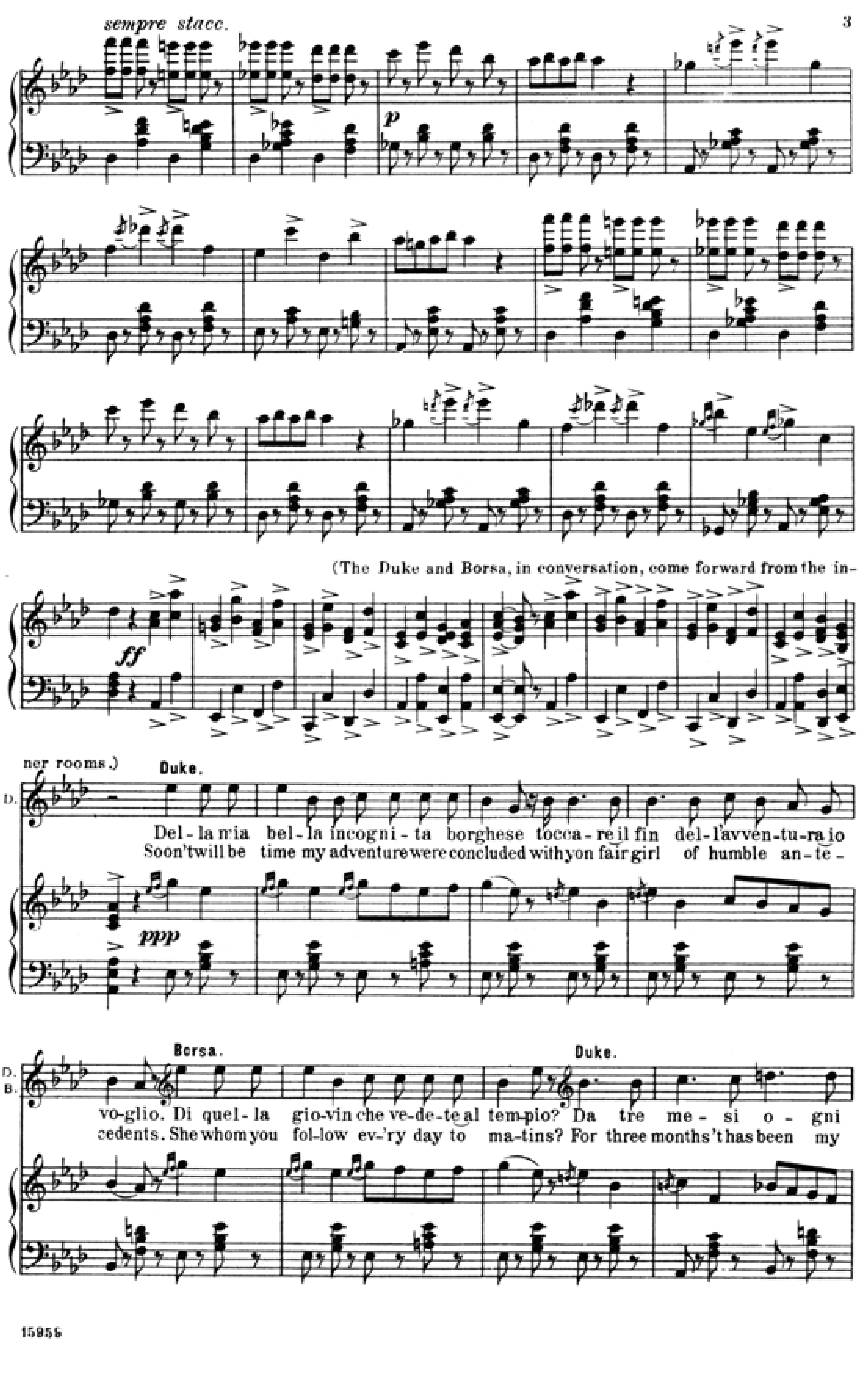
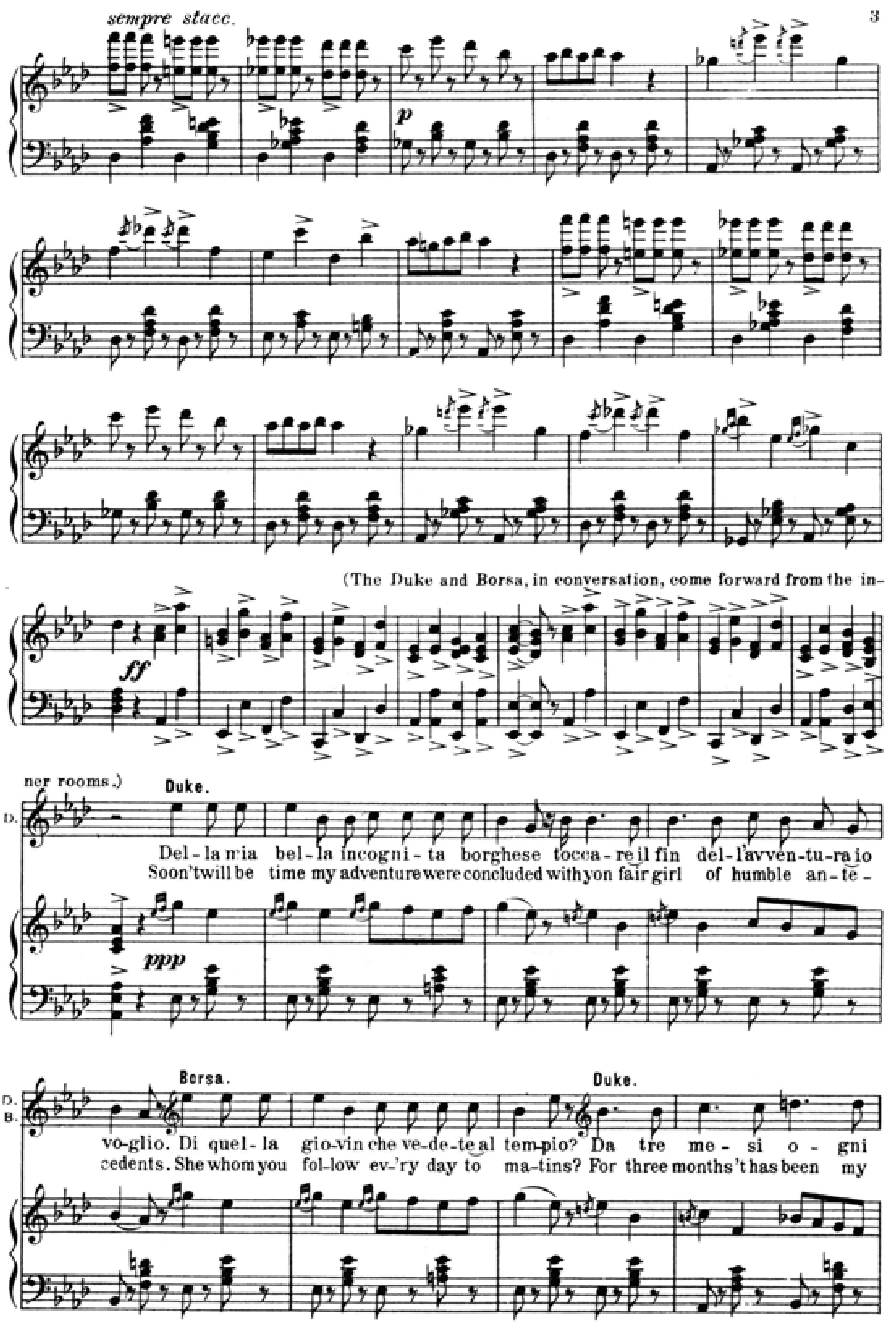
Introduction.

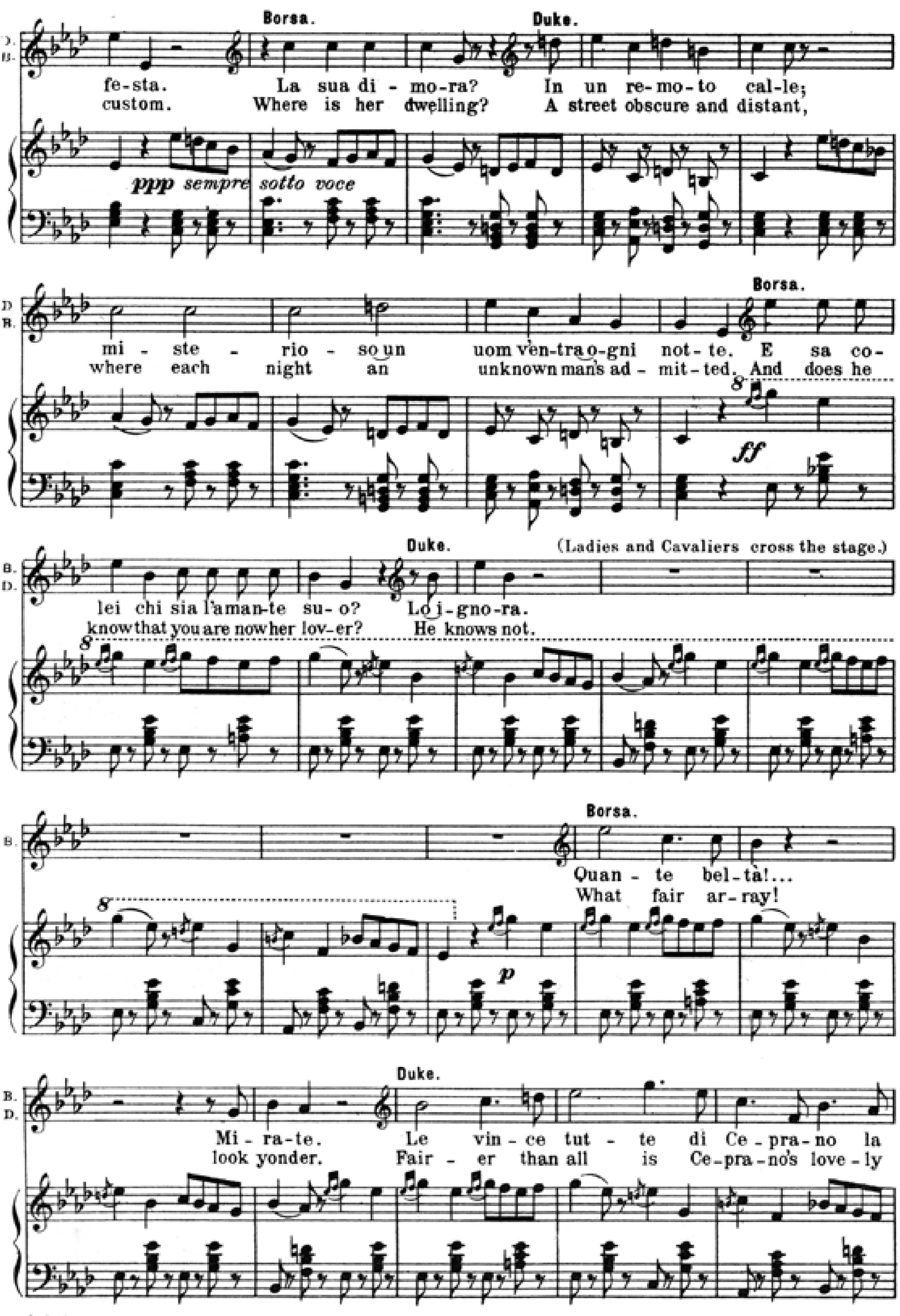
(A splendid apartment in the ducal palace, opening at the back into other rooms, all brilliantly lighted.)

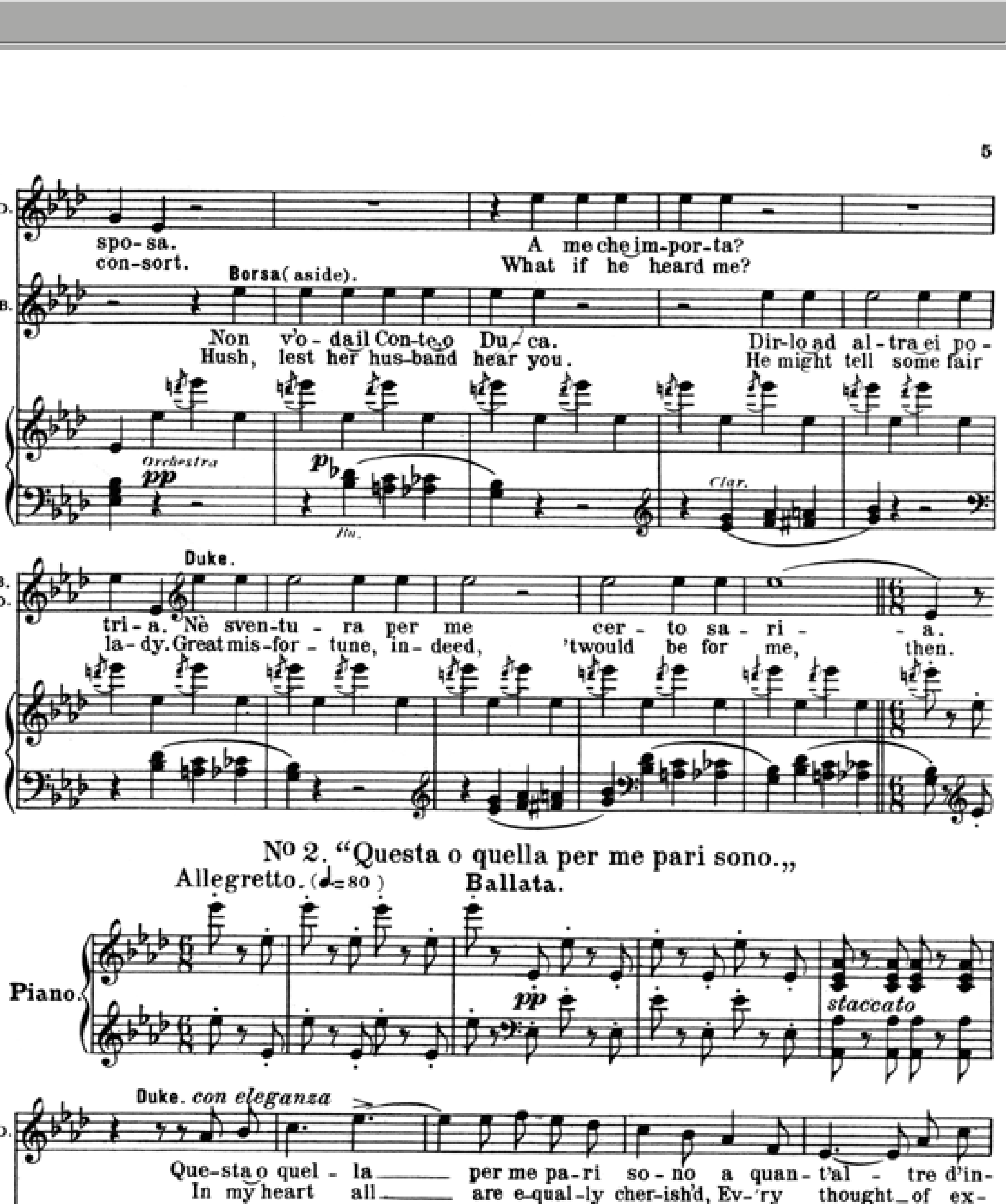
Allegro con brio. (𝅗𝅥= 112)


8
ff Band behind the scenes.
f
8
stacc.
mf brillante
8
ff
(Cavaliers and Ladies pass across the inner rooms.)
(Pages cross the stage.)
mf
(There is dancing in the inner rooms.)

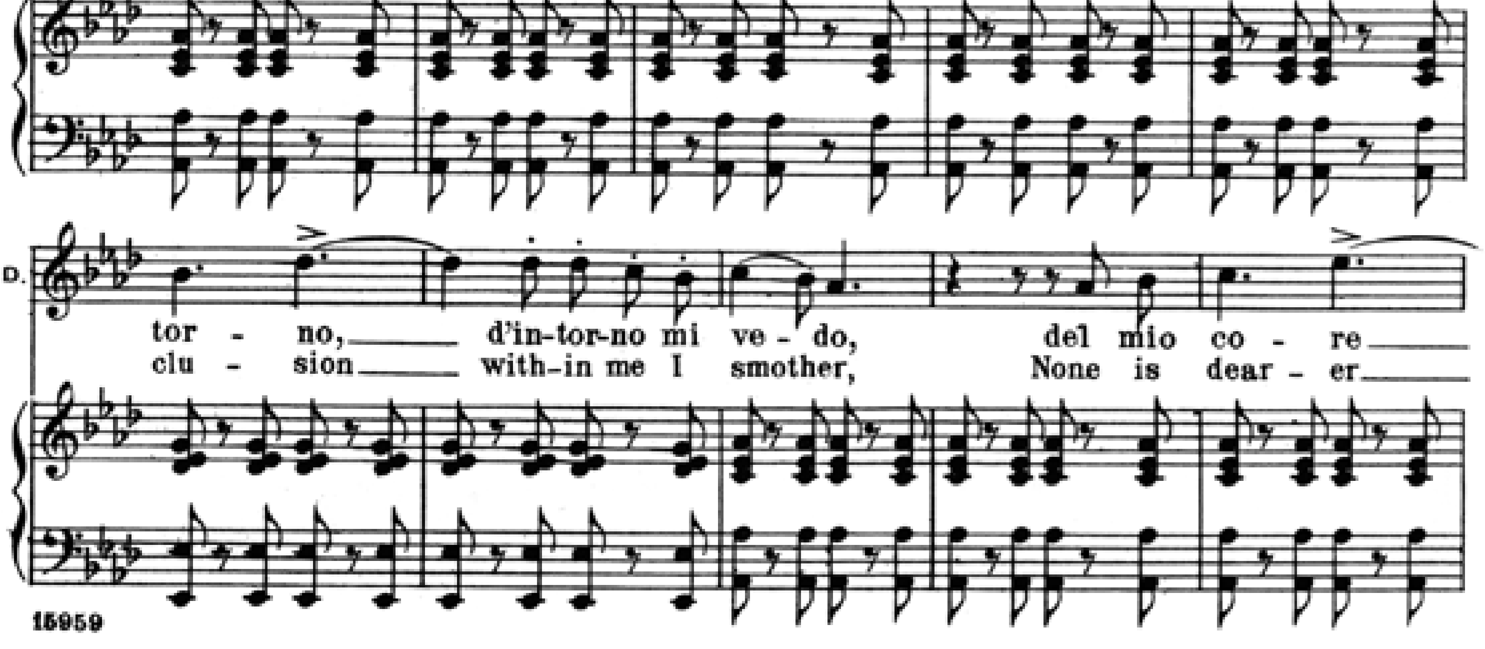

sempre stacc.
p
ff
(The Duke and Borsa, in conversation, come forward from the inner rooms.)
Duke.
D.
Del-la mia bel-la incogni-ta borghese tocca-re il fin del-l'avven-tu-ra io
Soon 'twill be time my adventure were concluded with yon fair girl of humble ante-
ppp
Borsa.
Duke.
D.
B.
vo-glio. Di quel-la gio-vin che ve-de-te al tem-pio? Da tre me-si o-gni
cedents. She whom you fol-low ev-'ry day to ma-tins? For three months 'thas been my

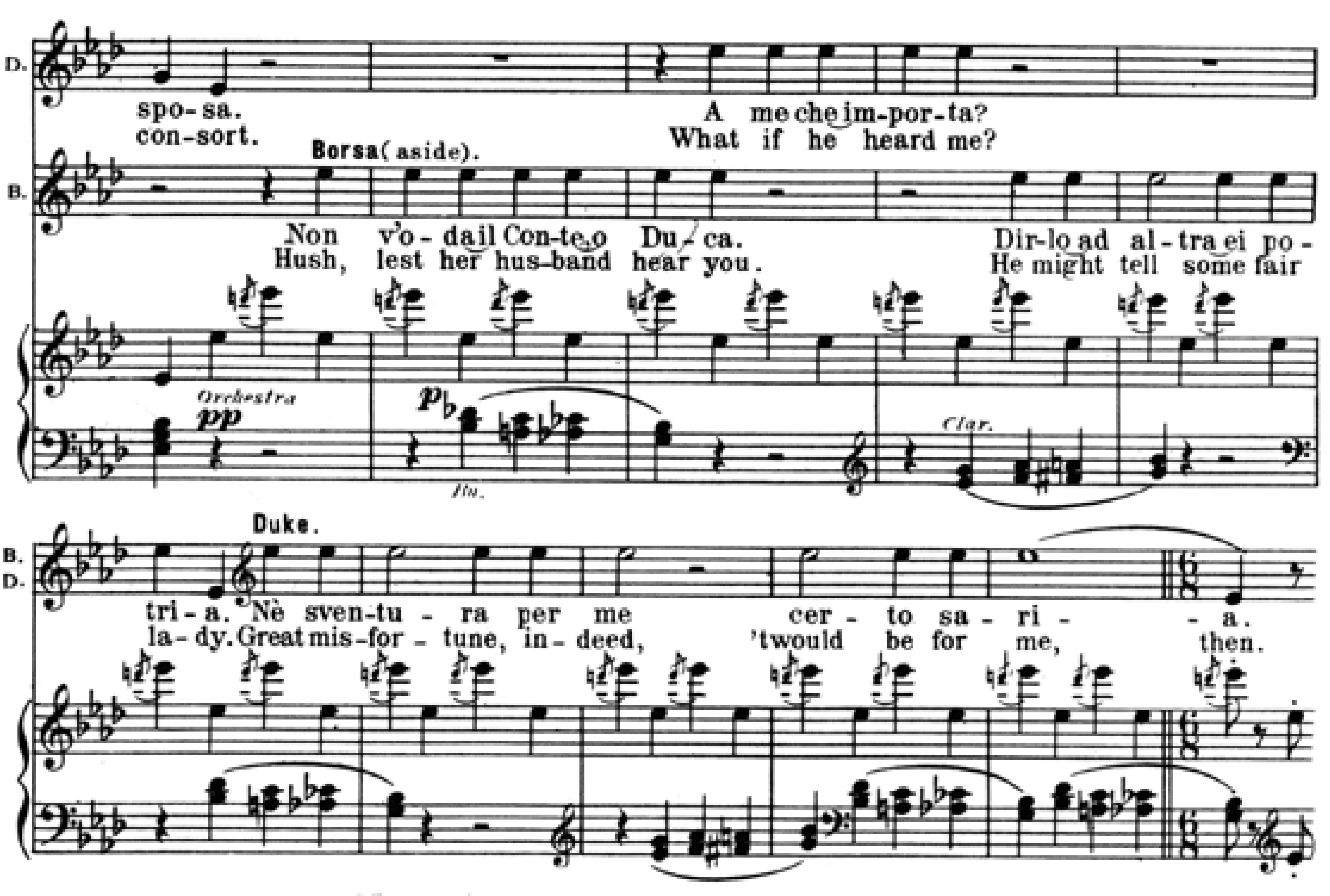

sempre stacc.
p
ff
(The Duke and Borsa, in conversation, come forward from the inner rooms.)
Duke.
Del-la mia bel-la incogni-ta borghese tocca-re il fin del-l'avven-tu-ra io
Soon 't will be time my adventure were concluded with yon fair girl of humble ante-
ppp
Borsa.
vo-glio. Di quel-la gio-vin che ve-de-te al tempio?
cedents. She whom you fol-low ev'ry day to ma-tins?
Duke.
Da tre me-si o-gni
For three months 't has been my


Borsa.
Duke.
fe-sta. La sua di-mo-ra? In un re-mo-to cal-le;
custom. Where is her dwelling? A street obscure and distant,
ppp sempre sotto voce
mi-ste-rio-so un uom ven-tra o-gni not-te.
where each night an unknown man's ad-mit-ted.
Borsa.
E sa co-
And does he
ff
lei chi sia l'aman-te suo?
know that you are nowher lo-ver?
Duke.
Lo i-gno-ra.
He knows not.
(Ladies and Cavaliers cross the stage.)
8
p
Borsa.
Quan-te bel-tà!...
What fair ar-ray!
Mi-ra-te.
look yonder.
Duke.
Le vin-ce tut-te di Ce-pra-no la
Fair-er than all is Ce-pra-no's love-ly


sposa.
con-sort.
Borsa (aside).
Non v'o-da il Con-te, o Du-ca.
Hush, lest her hus-band hear you.
A me che im-por-ta?
What if he heard me?
Dir-lo ad al-tra ei po-
He might tell some fair
Orchestra
pp
Fl.
Clar.
Duke.
tri-a. Nè sven-tu-ra per me cer-to sa-ri-a.
la-dy. Great mis-for-tune, in-deed, 'twould be for me, then.

Nº 2. "Questa o quella per me pari sono.,,

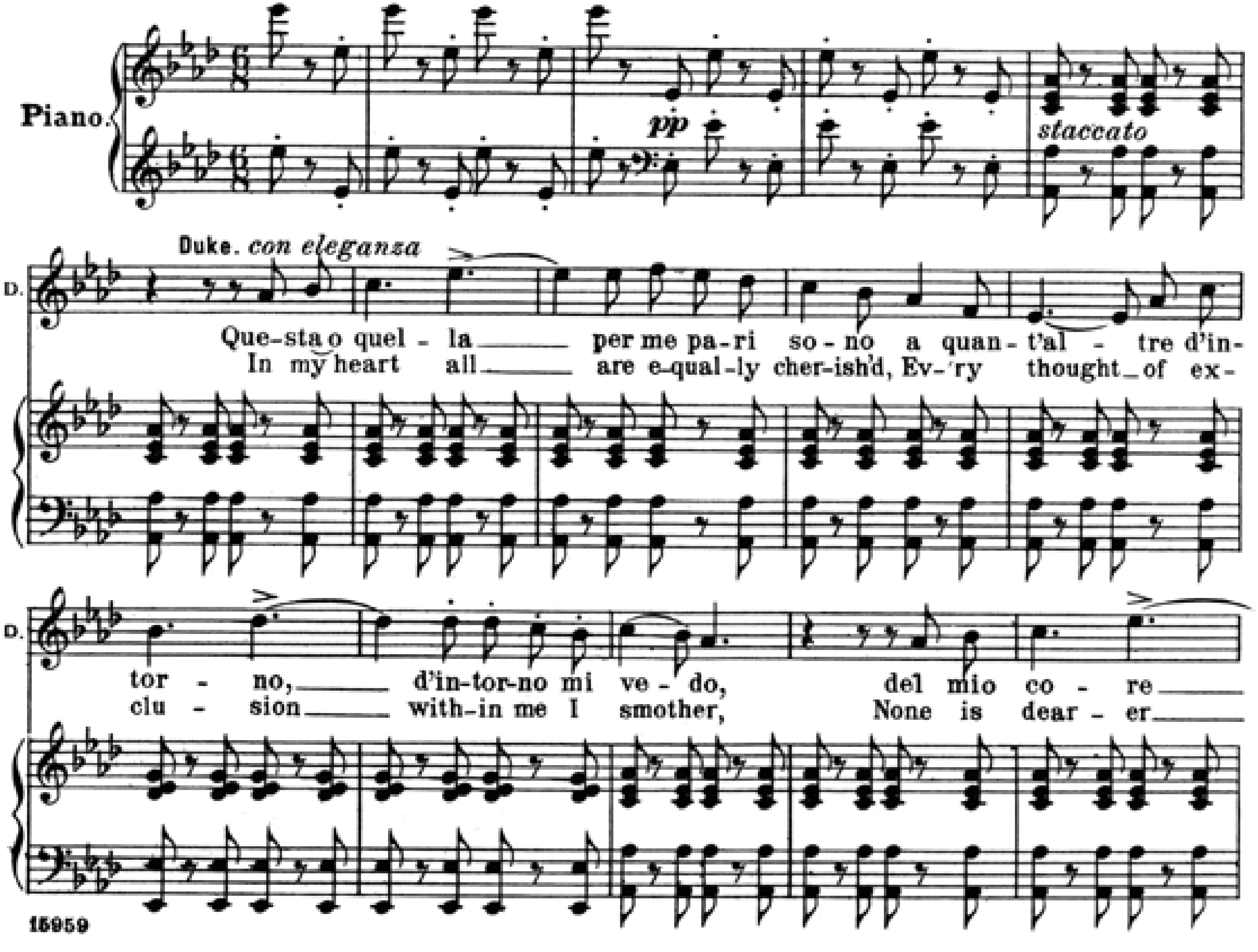

Allegretto. (♩.= 80)
Ballata.
Piano
staccato
Duke. con eleganza
Que-sta o quel-la per me pa-ri so-no a quan-t'al-tre d'in-
In my heart all are e-qual-ly cher-ish'd, Ev-'ry thought of ex-
tor-no, d'in-tor-no mi ve-do, del mio co-re
clu-sion with-in me I smother, None is dear-er

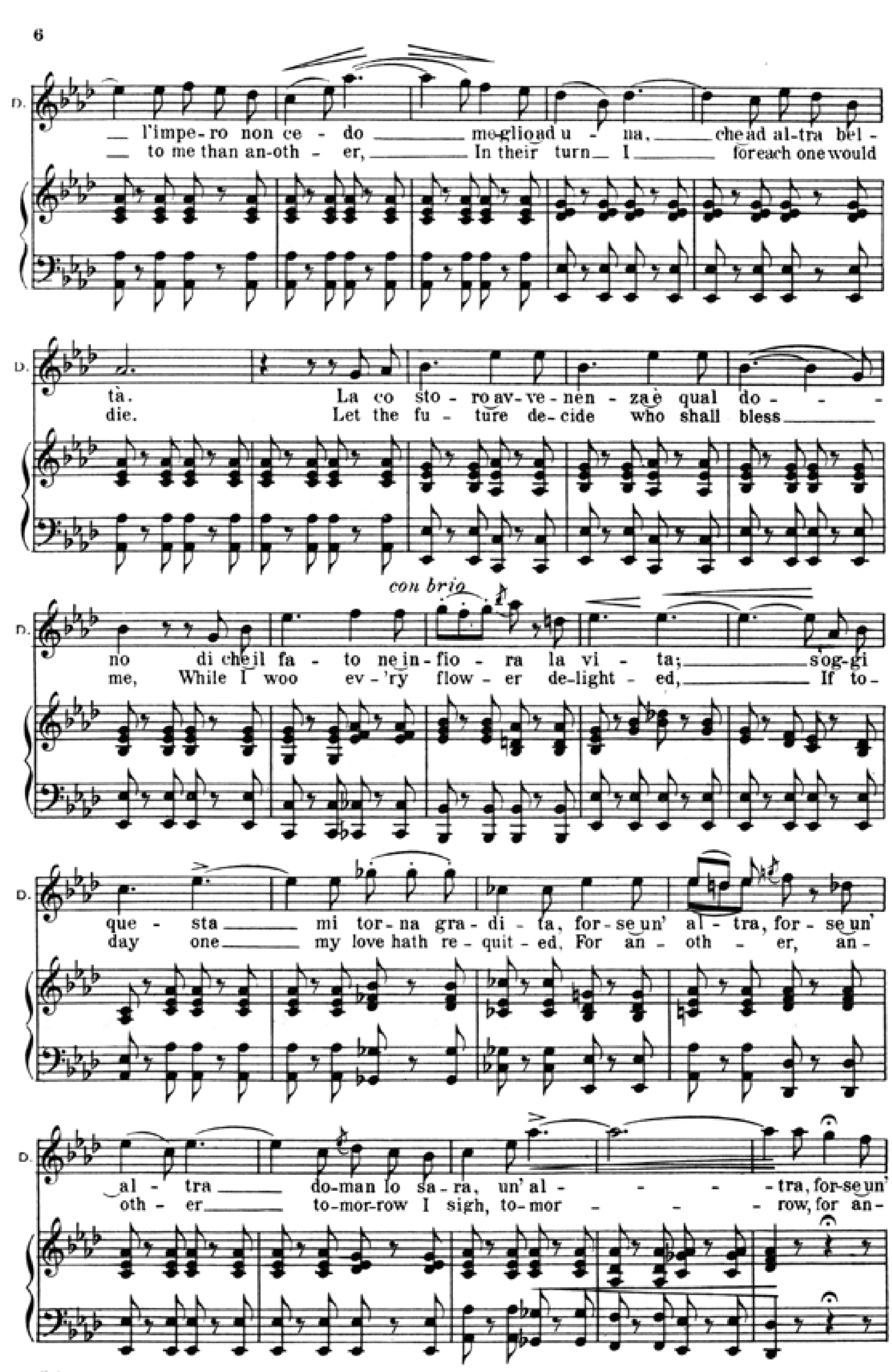

D.
spo-sa.
con-sort.
A me che im-por-ta?
What if he heard me?
B.
Borsa (aside).
Non v'o-da il Con-te, o Du-ca.
Hush, lest her hus-band hear you.
Dir-lo ad al-tra ei po-
He might tell some fair
Orchestra
pp
p
fte.
Clar.
B.
D.
Duke.
tri-a. Nè sven-tu-ra per me cer-to sa-ri-a.
la-dy. Great mis-for-tune, in-deed, 'twould be for me, then.

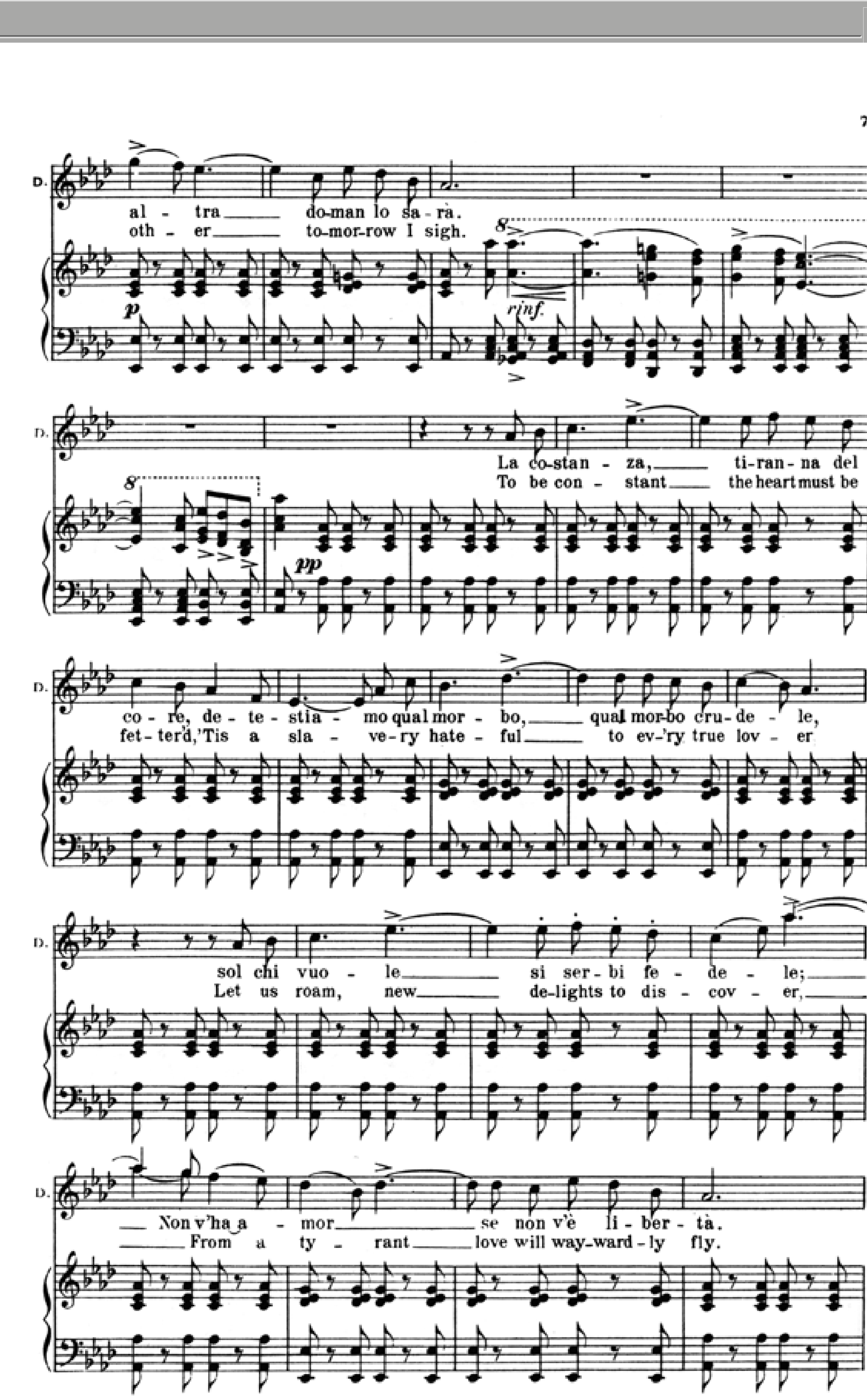
Nº 2. "Questa o quella per me pari sono.„

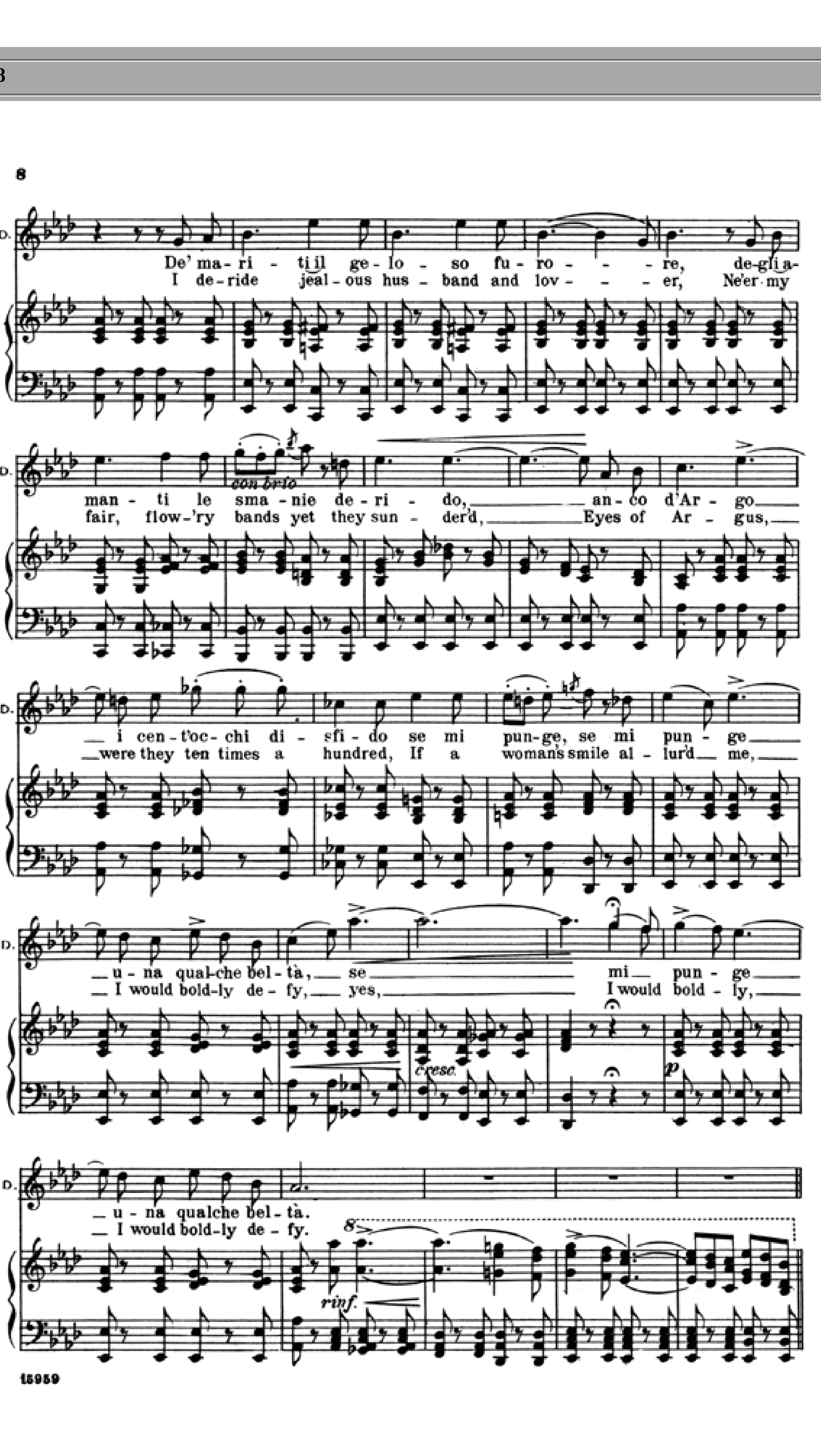
Allegretto. (♩.= 80)

Ballata.


Piano.
pp
staccato
Duke. con eleganza
D.
Que-sta o quel-la per me pa-ri so-no a quan-t'al-tre d'in-
In my heart all are e-qual-ly cher-ish'd, Ev-'ry thought of ex-
tor-no, d'in-tor-no mi ve-do, del mio co-re
clu-sion with-in me I smother, None is dear-er

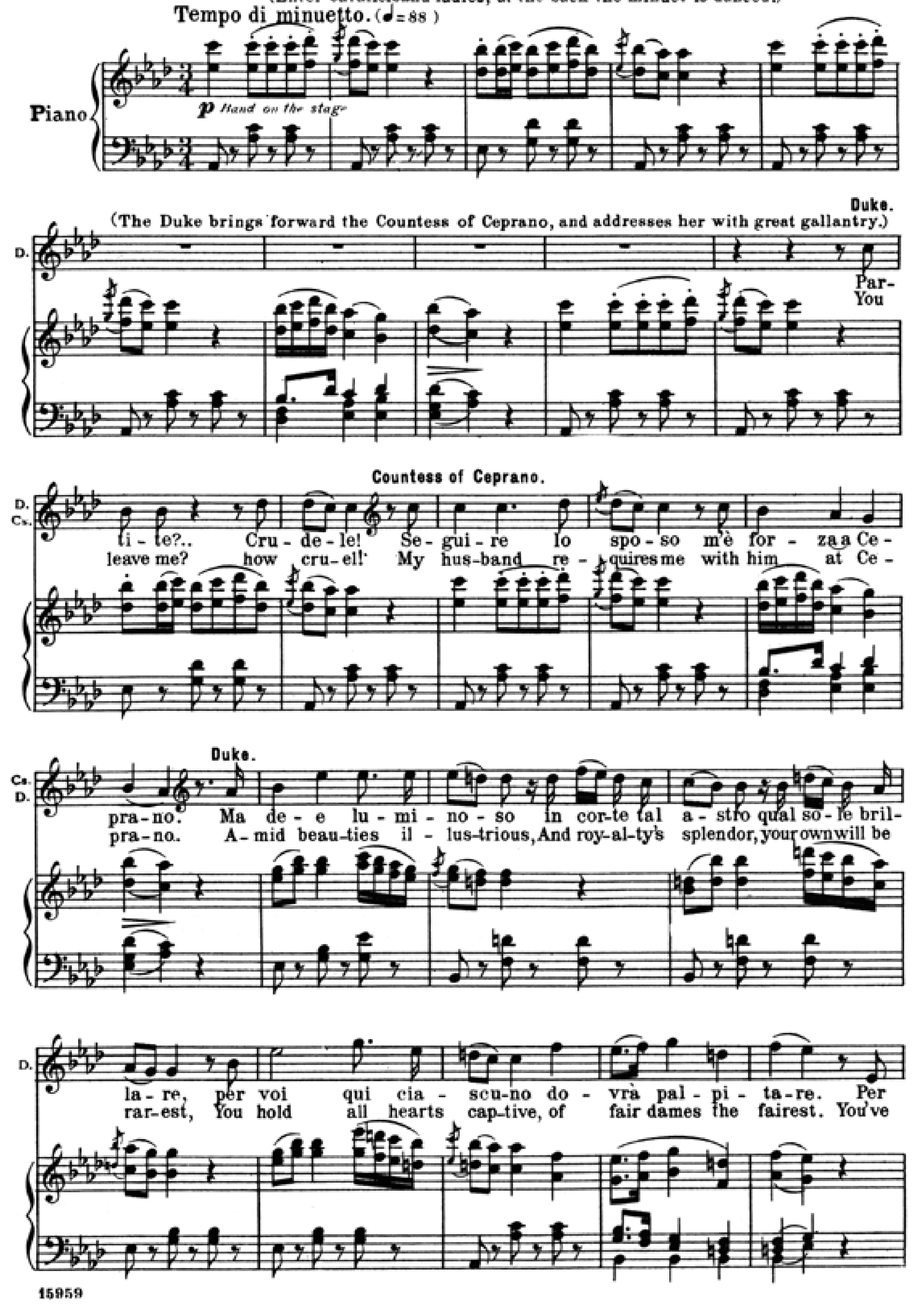

D.
l'impe-ro non ce-do meglio ad u-na, che ad al-tra bel-
to me than an-oth-er, In their turn I for each one would
tà. La co-sto-ro av-ve-nen-za è qual do-
die. Let the fu-ture de-cide who shall bless
con brio
no di che il fa-to ne in-fio-ra la vi-ta; s'og-gi
me, While I woo ev-'ry flow-er de-light-ed, If to-
que-sta mi tor-na gra-di-ta, for-se un' al-tra, for-se un'
day one my love hath re-quit-ed, For an-oth-er, an-
al-tra do-man lo sa-ra, un' al-tra, for-se un'
oth-er to-mor-row I sigh, to-mor-row, for an-

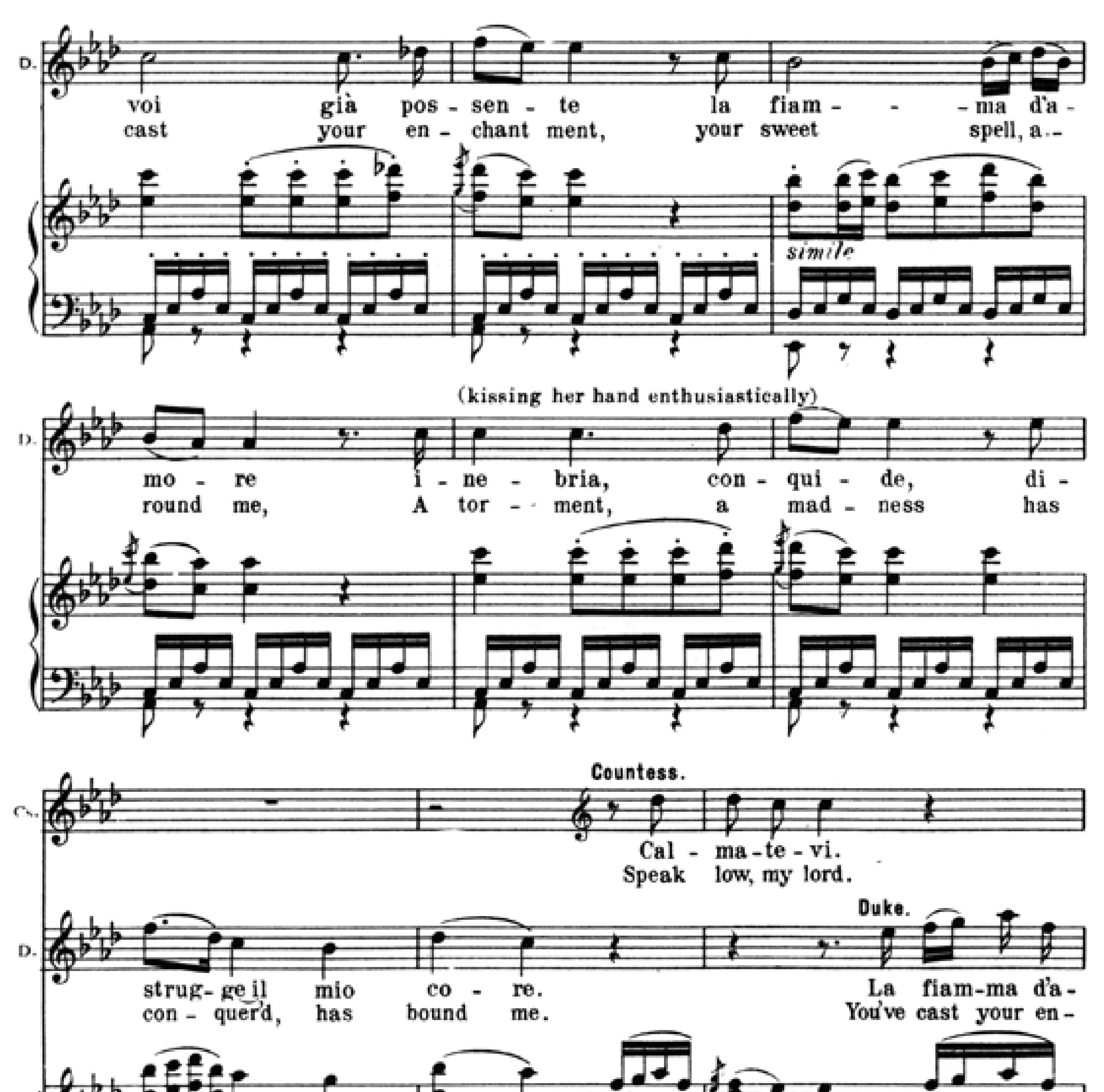

D.
al-tra do-man lo sa-ra.
oth-er to-mor-row I sigh.
8
p
rinf.
pp
La co-stan-za, ti-ran-na del
To be con-stant the heart must be
co-re, de-te-stia-mo qual mor-bo, qual mor-bo cru-de-le,
fet-ter'd, 'Tis a sla-very hate-ful to ev-'ry true lov-er
sol chi vuo-le si ser-bi fe-de-le;
Let us roam, new de-lights to dis-cov-er,
Non v'ha a-mor se non v'è li-ber-tà.
From a ty-rant love will way-ward-ly fly.

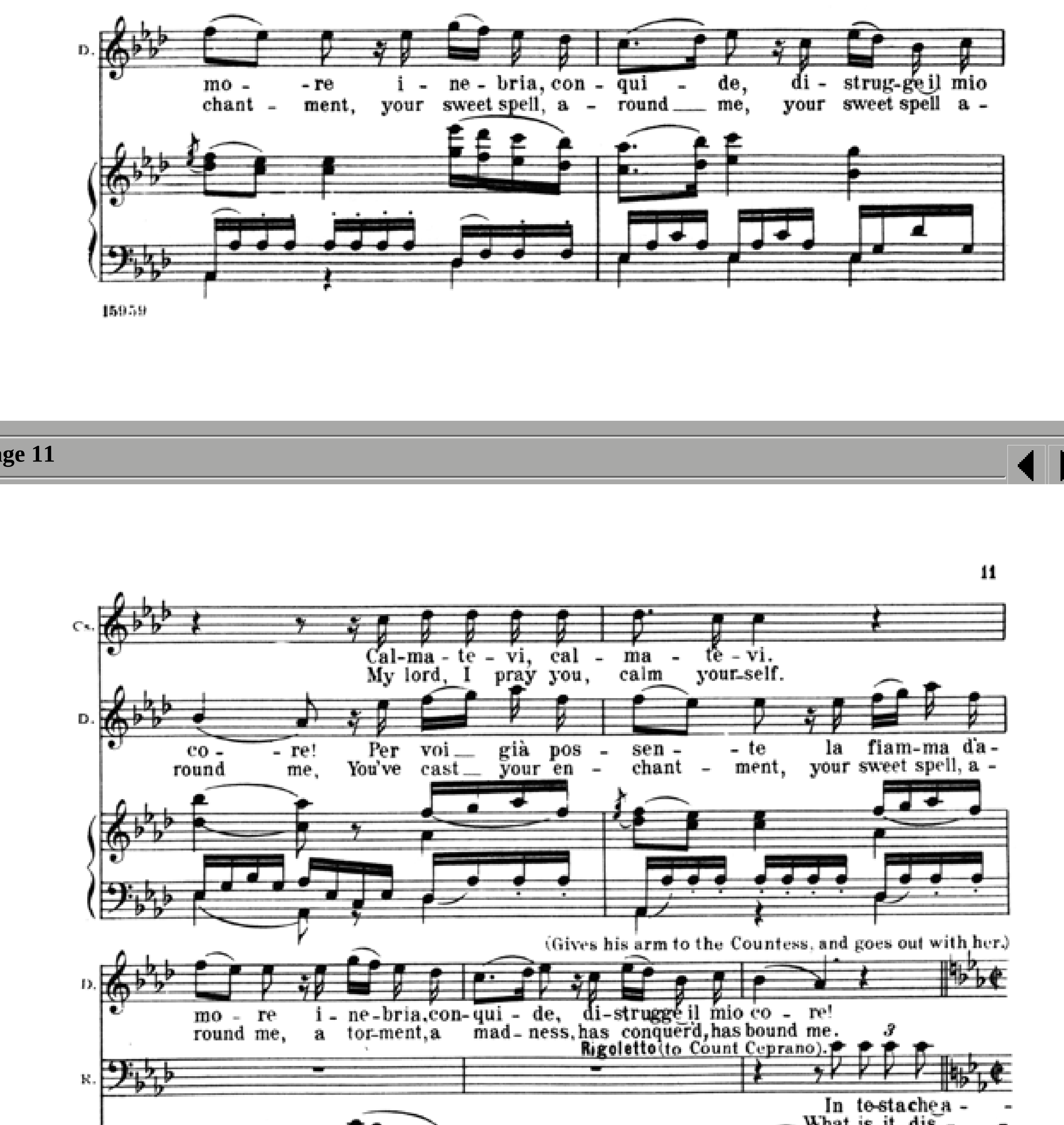

D.
De' ma-ri-ti il ge-lo-so fu-ro-re, de-gli a-
I de-ride jeal-ous hus-band and lov-er, Ne'er my
con brio
man-ti le sma-nie de-ri-do, an-co d'Ar-go
fair, flow-'ry bands yet they sun-der'd, Eyes of Ar-gus,
i cen-t'oc-chi di-sfi-do se mi pun-ge, se mi pun-ge
were they ten times a hundred, If a woman's smile al-lur'd me,
u-na qual-che bel-tà, se mi pun-ge
I would bold-ly de-fy, yes, I would bold-ly,
cresc.
p
u-na qualche bel-tà.
I would bold-ly de-fy.
8
rinf.

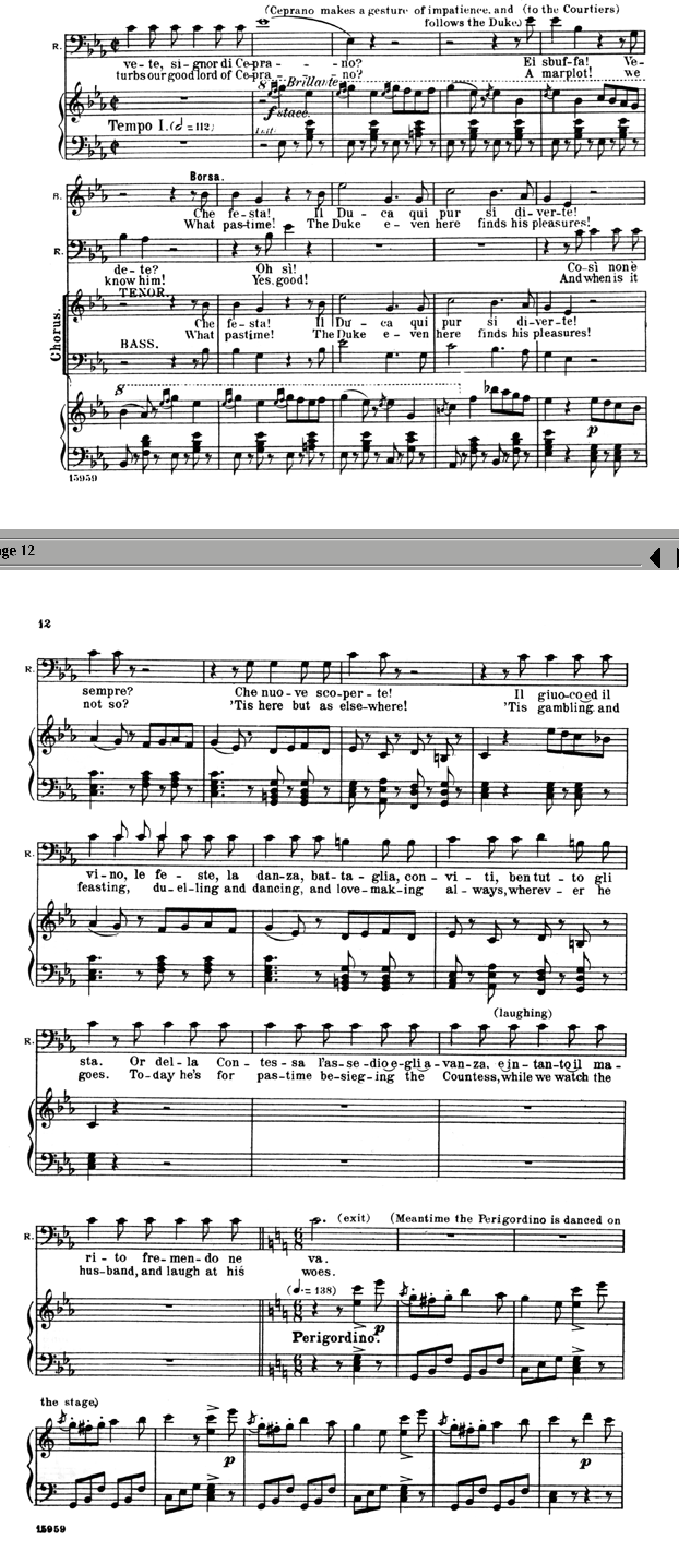
Nº 3. "Partite?.. Crudele!,,
Minuetto and Perigordino.

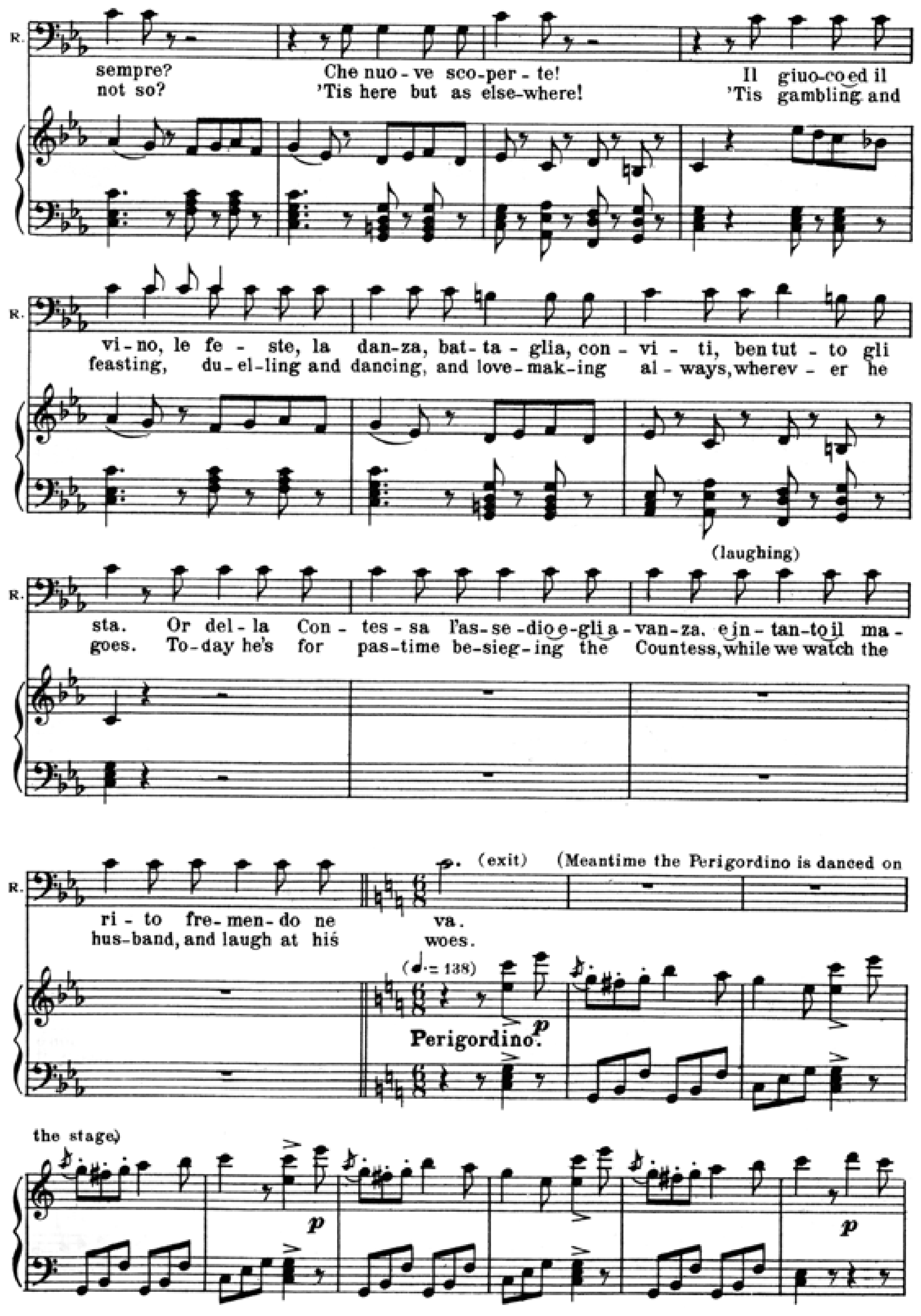
(Enter cavaliers and ladies; at the back the minuet is danced.)

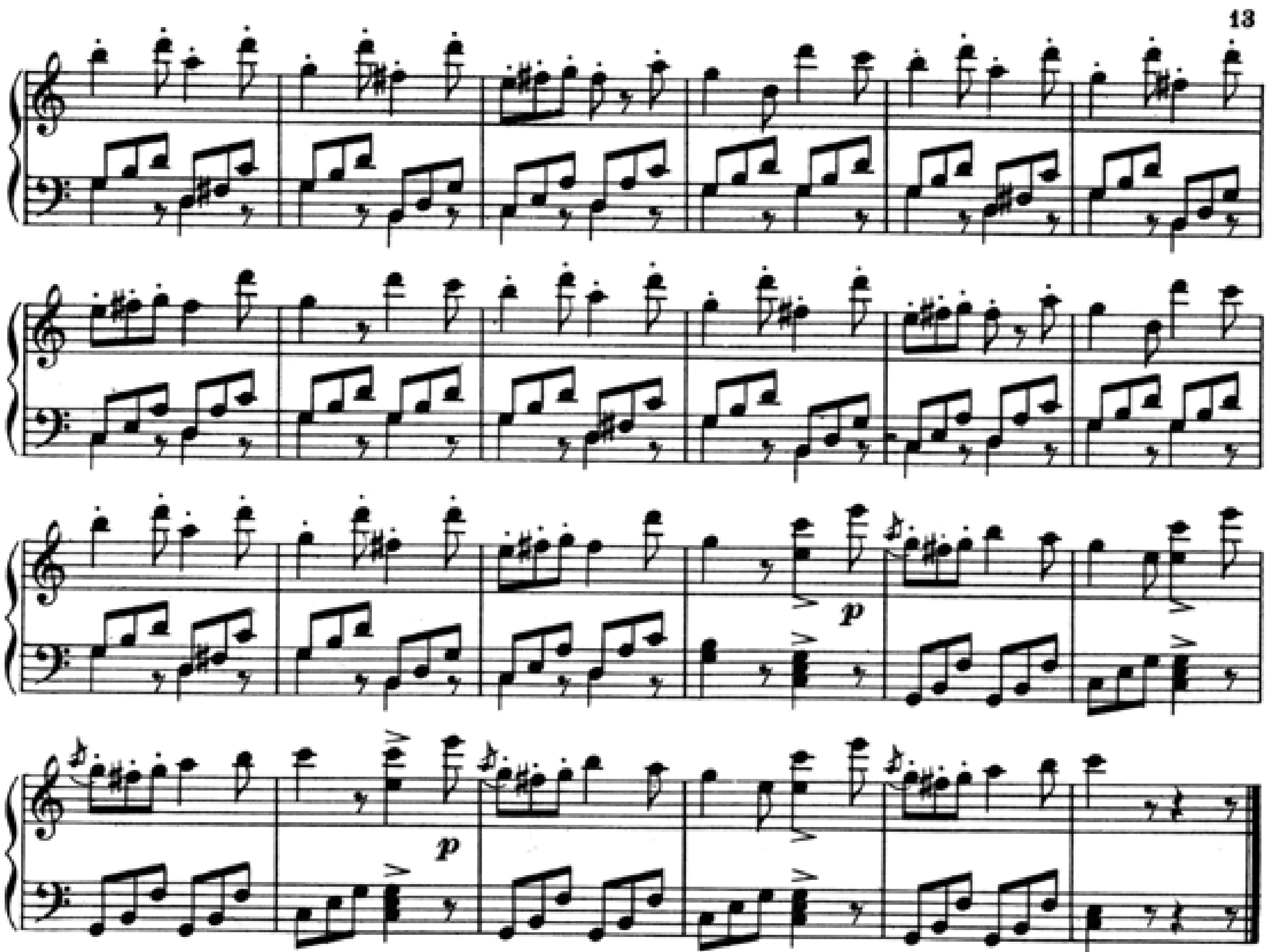

Tempo di minuetto. (♩= 88)
Piano
p Band on the stage
(The Duke brings forward the Countess of Ceprano, and addresses her with great gallantry.)
Duke.
D.
Par- ti - te?.. Cru - de - le! Se - gui - re lo spo - so m'è for - za a Ce -
You leave me? how cru - el! My hus-band re - quires me with him at Ce -
Countess of Ceprano.
Cs.
pra - no. Ma de - e lu - mi - no - so in cor - te tal a - stro qual so - le bril -
pra - no. A - mid beau - ties il - lus-trious, And roy-al-ty's splendor, your own will be
Duke.
la - re, per voi qui cia - scu - no do - vrà pal - pi - ta - re. Per
rar - est, You hold all hearts cap - tive, of fair dames the fairest. You've


D.
voi già pos - sen - te la fiam - - - ma d'a -
cast your en - chant ment, your sweet spell, a -
simile
(kissing her hand enthusiastically)
mo - re i - ne - bria, con - qui - de, di -
round me, A tor - - ment, a mad - ness has
strug - ge il mio co - re.
con - quer'd, has bound me.
Countess.
Cs.
Cal - ma - te - vi.
Speak low, my lord.
Duke.
La fiam - ma d'a -
You've cast your en -
mo - - re i - ne - bria, con - qui - de, di - strug - ge il mio
chant - ment, your sweet spell, a - round me, your sweet spell a -


Cs.
Cal - ma - te - vi, cal - ma - te - vi.
My lord, I pray you, calm your - self.
D.
co - - re! Per voi già pos - sen - te la fiam - ma d'a -
round me, You've cast your en - chant - ment, your sweet spell, a -
(Gives his arm to the Countess, and goes out with her.)
mo - re i - ne - bria, con - qui - de, di - strug - ge il mio co - re!
round me, a tor - ment, a mad - ness, has conquer'd, has bound me.
Rigoletto (to Count Ceprano).
R.
3
In te - sta che a - ve - te, si - gnor di Ce - pra - - - no?
What is it dis - turbs our good lord of Ce - pra - - - no?
(Ceprano makes a gesture of impatience, and follows the Duke.)
(to the Courtiers)
Ei sbuf - fa! Ve - de - te?
A marplot! we know him!
Tempo I. (𝅗𝅥 = 112)
8 Brillante
f stacc.
Borsa.
Che fe - sta! Il Du - ca qui pur si di - ver - te!
What pas - time! The Duke e - ven here finds his pleasures!
Oh sì!
Yes, good!
Co - sì non è
And when is it
Chorus.
TENOR.
BASS.
Che fe - sta! Il Du - ca qui pur si di - ver - te!
What pas - time! The Duke e - ven here finds his pleasures!
8
p

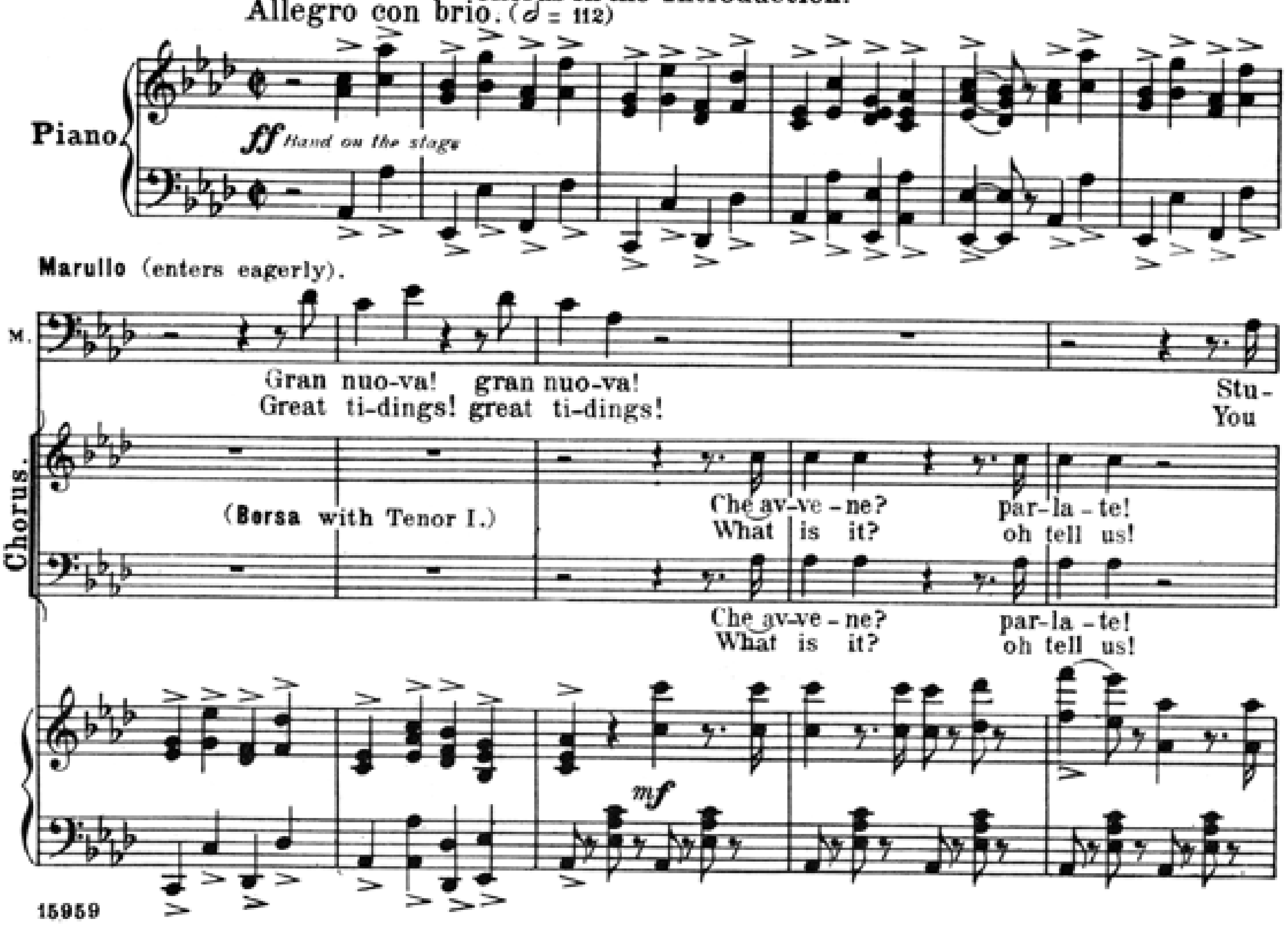

R.
sem - pre? Che nuo - ve sco - per - te! Il giuo - co ed il
not so? 'Tis here but as else - where! 'Tis gambling and
vi - no, le fe - ste, la dan - za, bat - ta - glia, con - vi - ti, ben tut - to gli
feasting, du - el - ling and dancing, and love - mak - ing al - ways, wherev - er he
(laughing)
sta. Or del - la Con - tes - sa l'as - se - dio e - gli a - van - za, e in - tan - to il ma -
goes. To - day he's for pas - time be - sieg - ing the Countess, while we watch the
ri - to fre - men - do ne va.
hus - band, and laugh at his woes.
(exit)
(Meantime the Perigordino is danced on the stage.)
(♩. = 138)
Perigordino.
p


R.
sempre? Che nuo-ve sco-per-te! Il giuo-co ed il
not so? 'Tis here but as else-where! 'Tis gambling and
vi-no, le fe-ste, la danza, bat-ta-glia, con-vi-ti, ben tut-to gli
feasting, du-el-ing and dancing, and love-mak-ing al-ways, wherev-er he
(laughing)
sta. Or del-la Con-tes-sa l'as-se-dio e gli a-van-za, e in-tan-to il ma-
goes. To-day he's for pas-time be-sieg-ing the Countess, while we watch the
ri-to fre-men-do ne va.
hus-band, and laugh at his woes.
(exit) (Meantime the Perigordino is danced on the stage)
(♩= 138)
Perigordino.
p
p
p



Nº 4. "Tutto è festa, tutto è gioia.„

Chorus in the Introduction.


Allegro con brio. (𝅗𝅥 = 112)
Piano
ff Band on the stage
Marullo (enters eagerly).
M.
Gran nuo-va! gran nuo-va! Stu-
Great ti-dings! great ti-dings! You
Chorus.
(Borsa with Tenor I.)
Che av-ve-ne? par-la-te!
What is it? oh tell us!
Che av-ve-ne? par-la-te!
What is it? oh tell us!
mf

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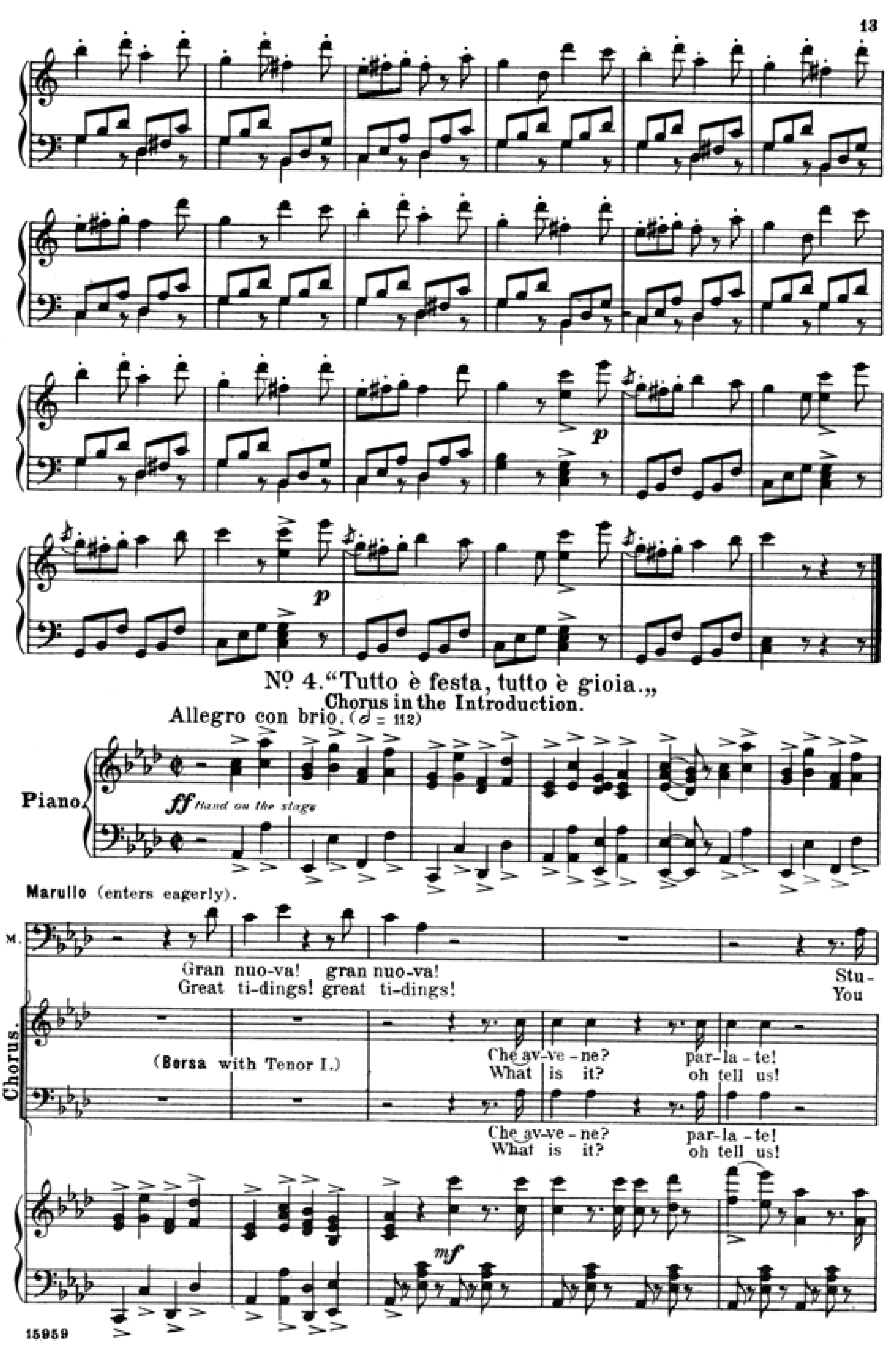
13
Nº 4. "Tutto è festa, tutto è gioia."
Chorus in the Introduction.
Allegro con brio. (𝅗𝅥 = 112)
Piano
ff Band on the stage
Marullo (enters eagerly).
Gran nuo-va! gran nuo-va!
Great ti-dings! great ti-dings!
Stu- You
Chorus.
(Borsa with Tenor I.)
Che avve-ne? par-la-te!
What is it? oh tell us!
mf
15959

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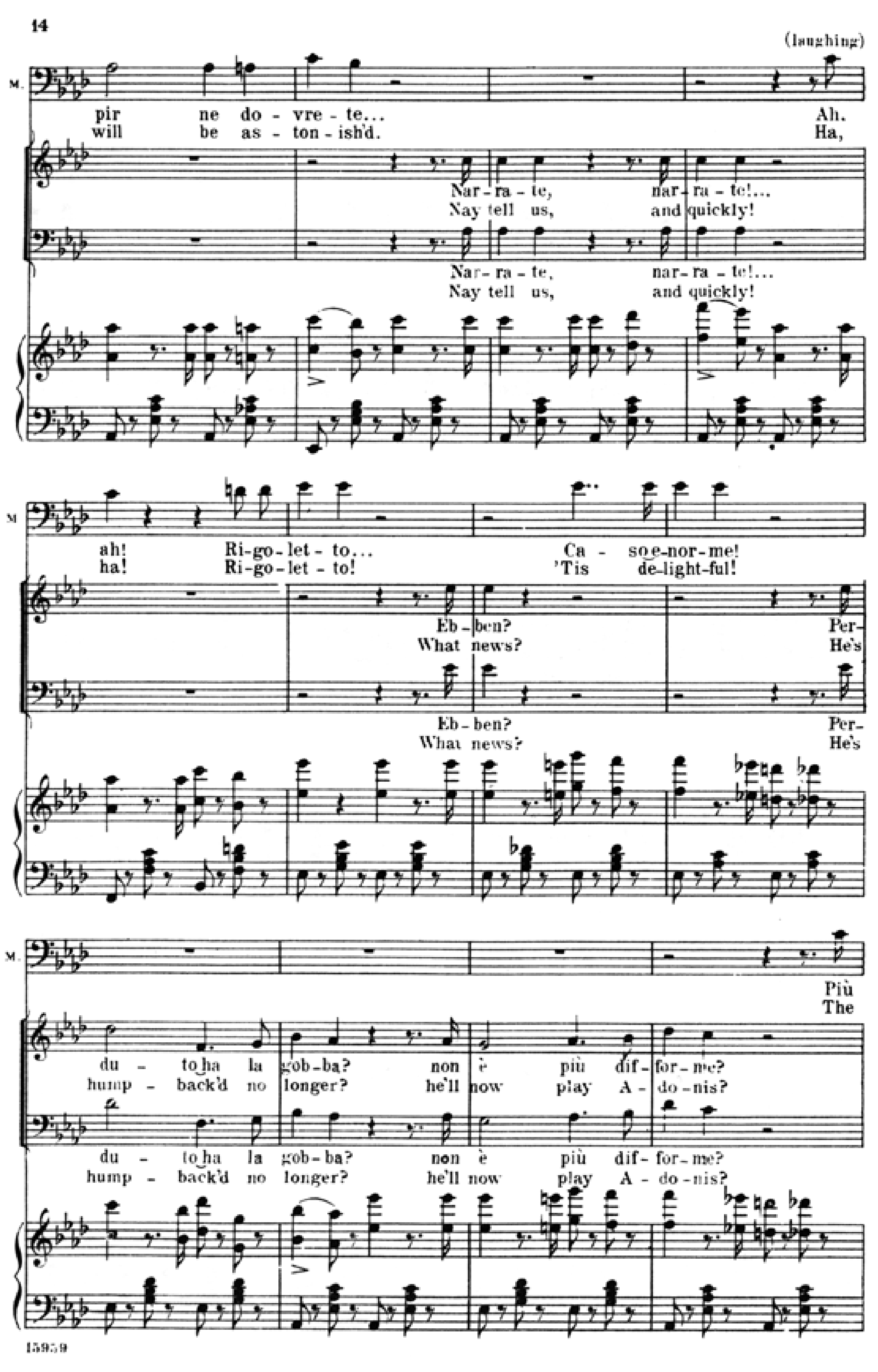
14
(laughing)
pir ne do-vre-te... Ah,
will be as-ton-ish'd. Ha,
Nar-ra-te, nar-ra-te!...
Nay tell us, and quickly!

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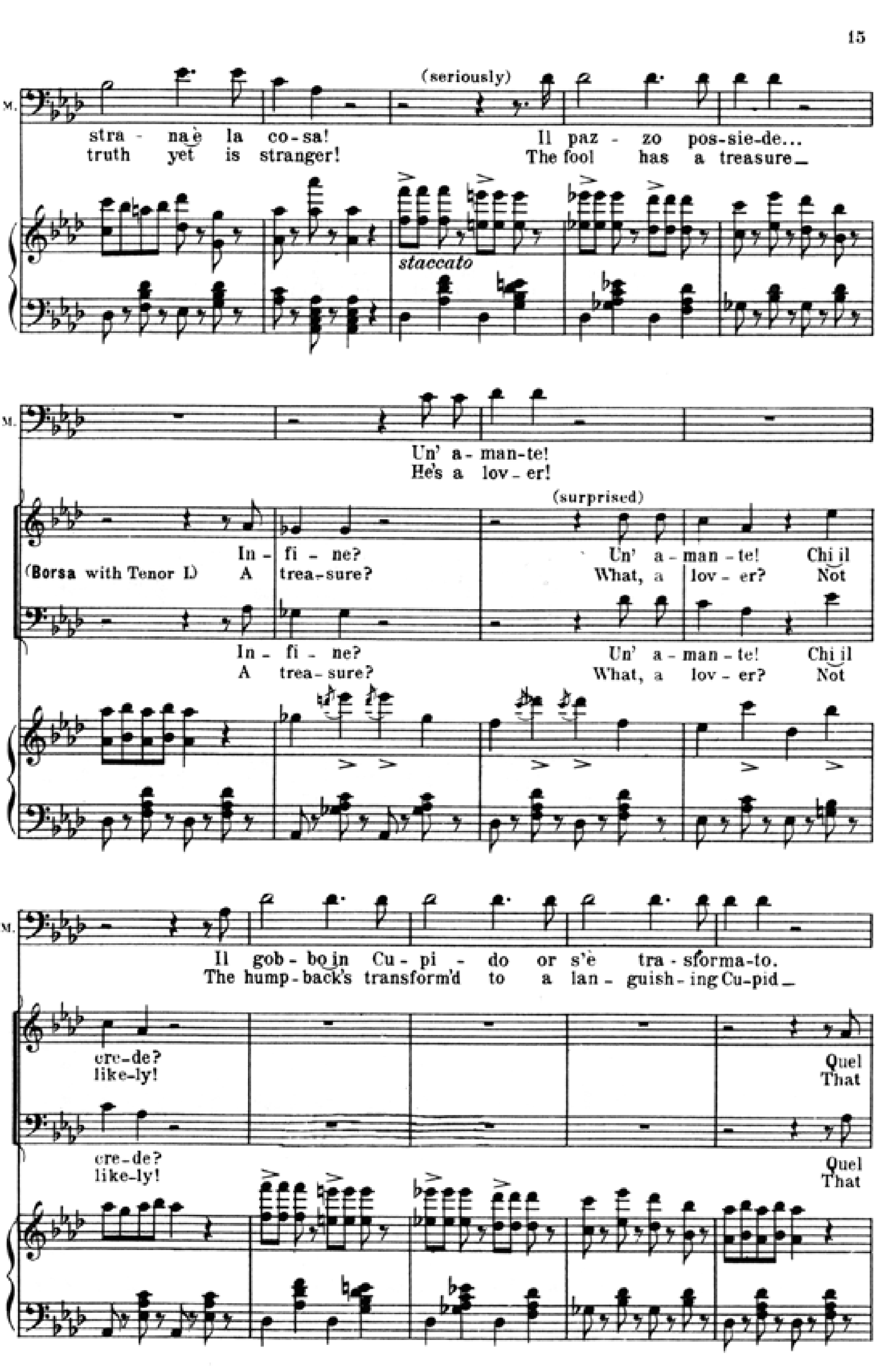

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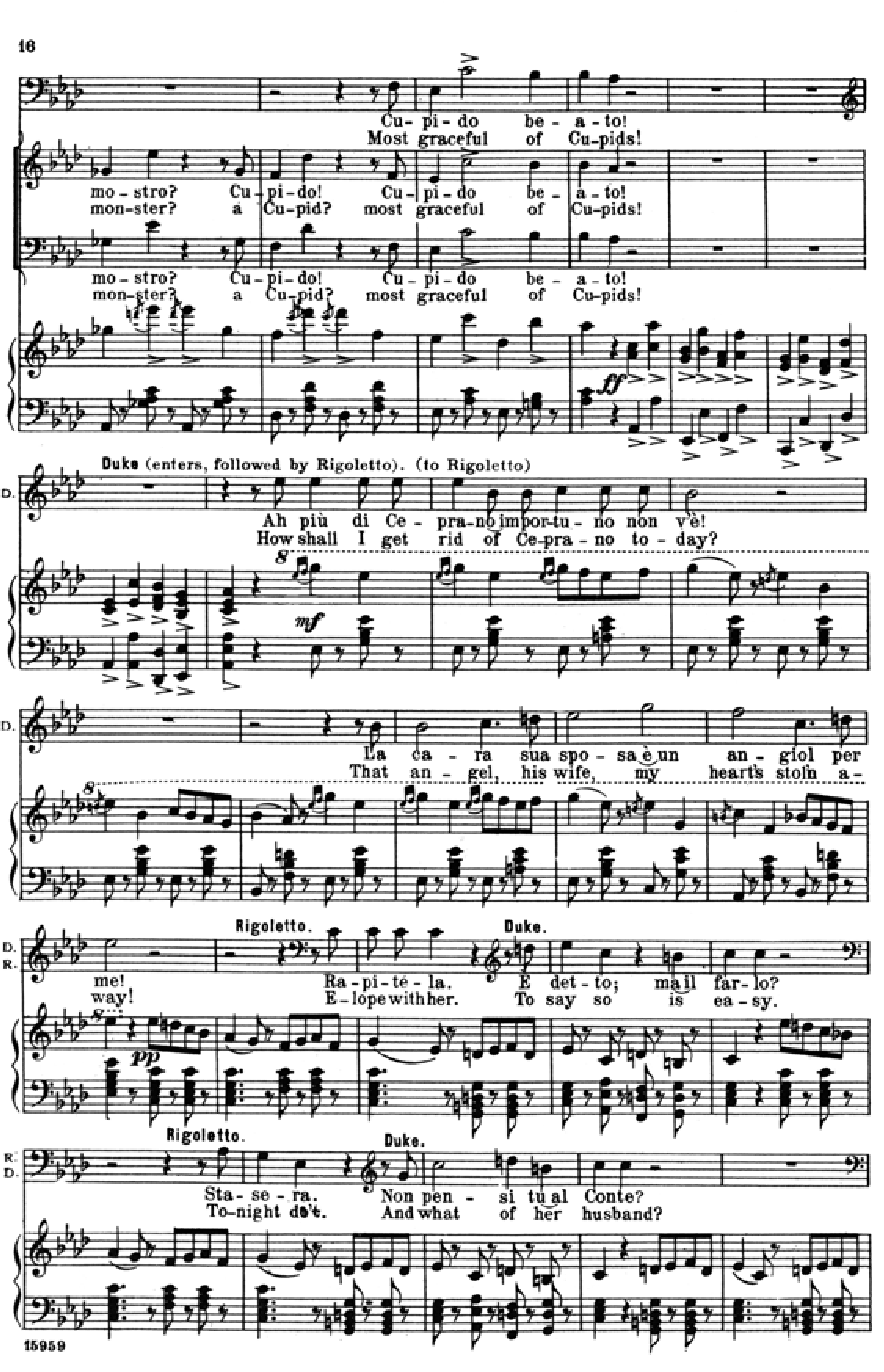

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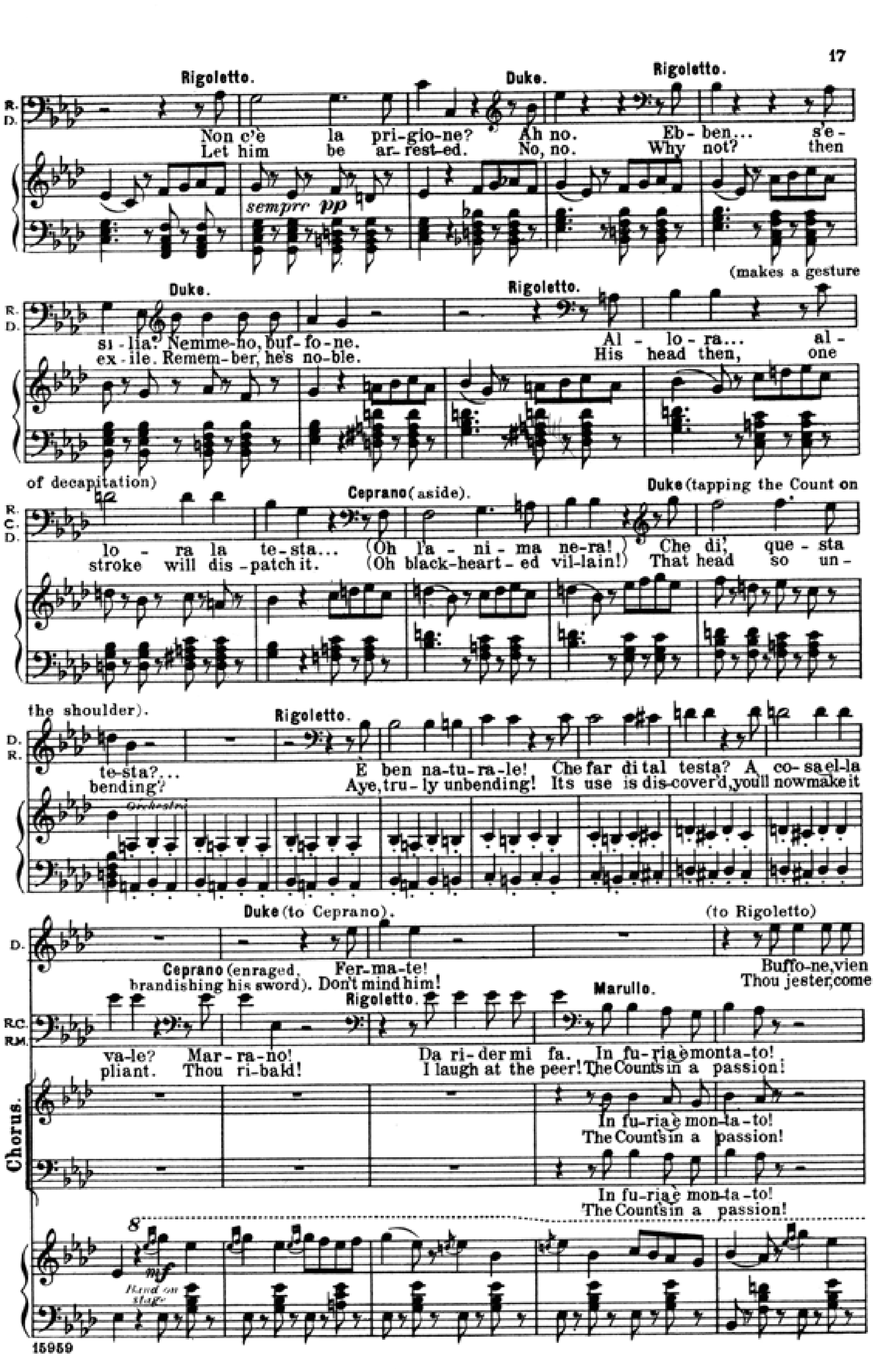

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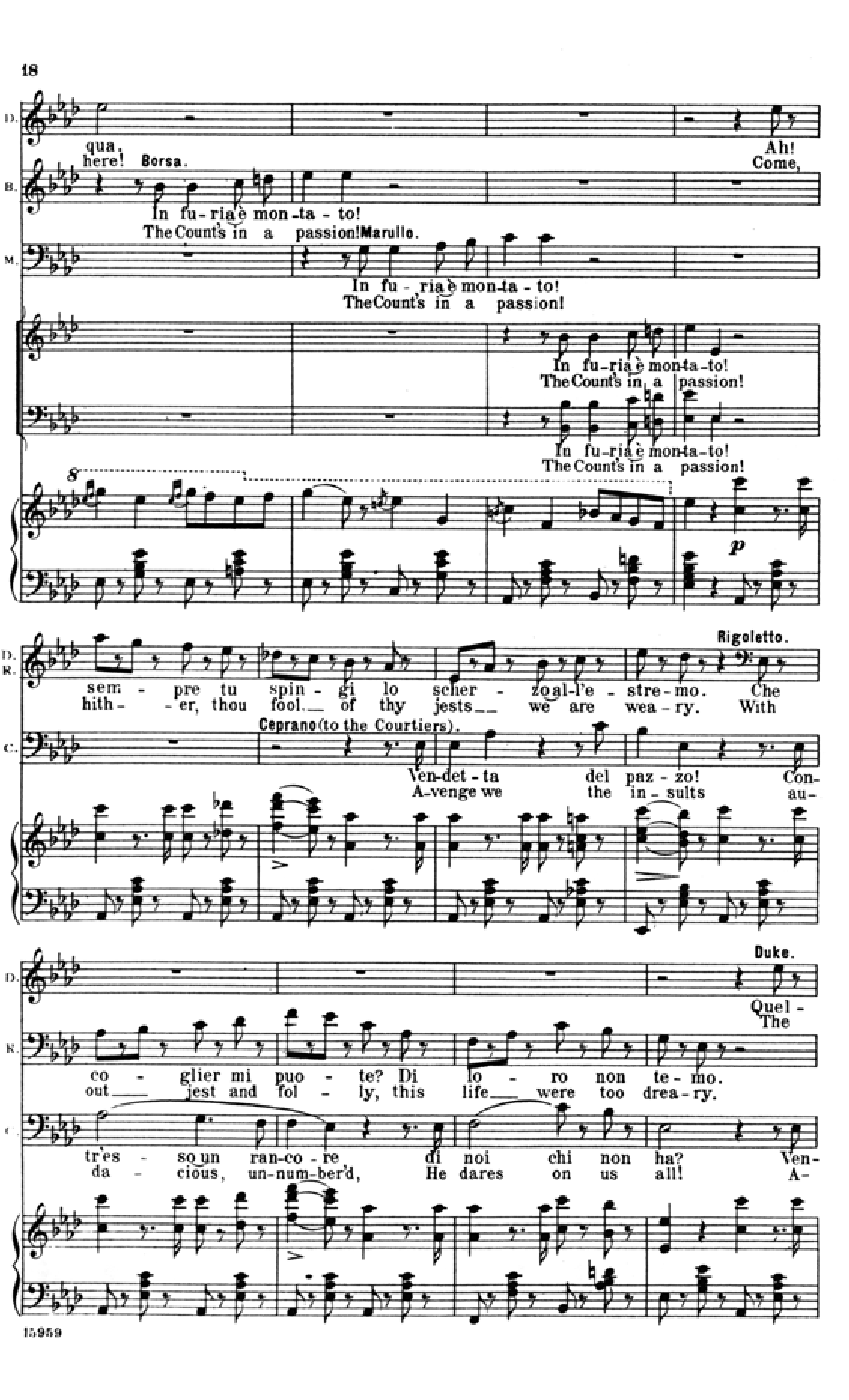

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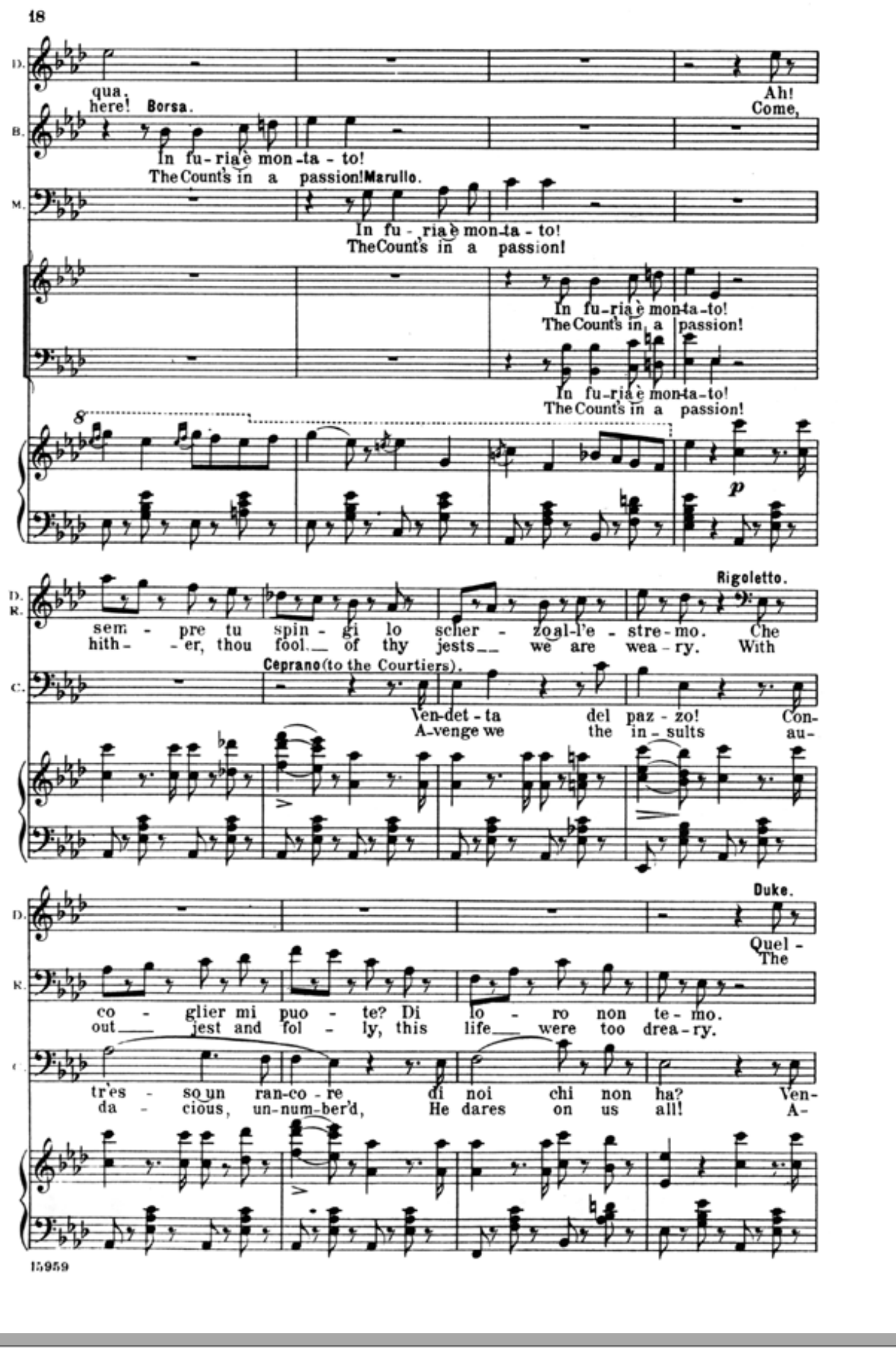
18
qua. here! Borsa.
In fu-ria è mon-ta-to! The Count's in a passion!
Marullo. In fu-ria è mon-ta-to! The Count's in a passion!
In fu-ria è mon-ta-to! The Count's in a passion!
Ah! Come,
sem-pre tu spin-gi lo scher-zo al-l'e-stre-mo. hith-er, thou fool of thy jests we are wea-ry.
Rigoletto. Che With
Ceprano (to the Courtiers). Ven-det-ta del paz-zo! A-venge we the in-sults
Con- au-
Duke. Quel- The
co-glier mi puo-te? Di lo-ro non te-mo. out jest and fol-ly, this life were too drea-ry.
tre-so un ran-co-re di noi chi non ha? da-cious, un-num-ber'd, He dares on us all!
Ven- A-
15959

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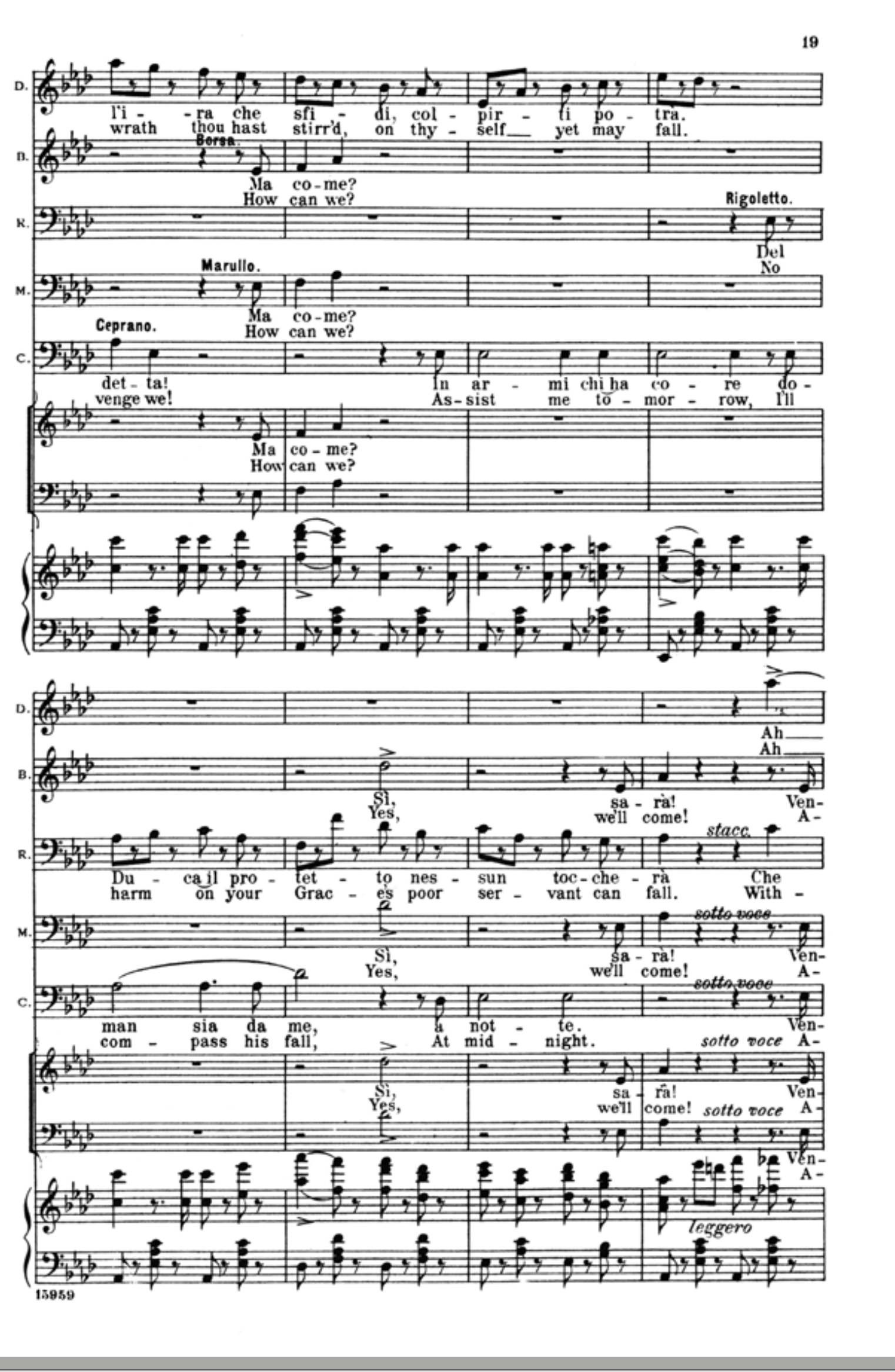
19
l'i-ra che sfi-di, col-pir-ti po-tra. wrath thou hast stirr'd, on thy-self yet may fall.
Borsa. Ma co-me? How can we?
Rigoletto. Del No
Marullo. Ma co-me? How can we?
Ceprano. det-ta! venge we! In ar-mi chi ha co-re do- As-sist me to-mor-row, I'll
Ma co-me? How can we?
Ah Ah
Sì, Yes, sa-rà! we'll come! Ven- A-
Du-ca il pro-tet-to nes-sun toc-che-rà. Che harm on your Grac-e's poor ser-vant can fall. With-
stacc.
sotto voce
Sì, Yes, sa-rà! we'll come! Ven- A-
man sia da me, a not-te. com-pass his fall, At mid-night. Ven- A-
Sì, Yes, sa-rà! we'll come! Ven- A-
leggero
15959

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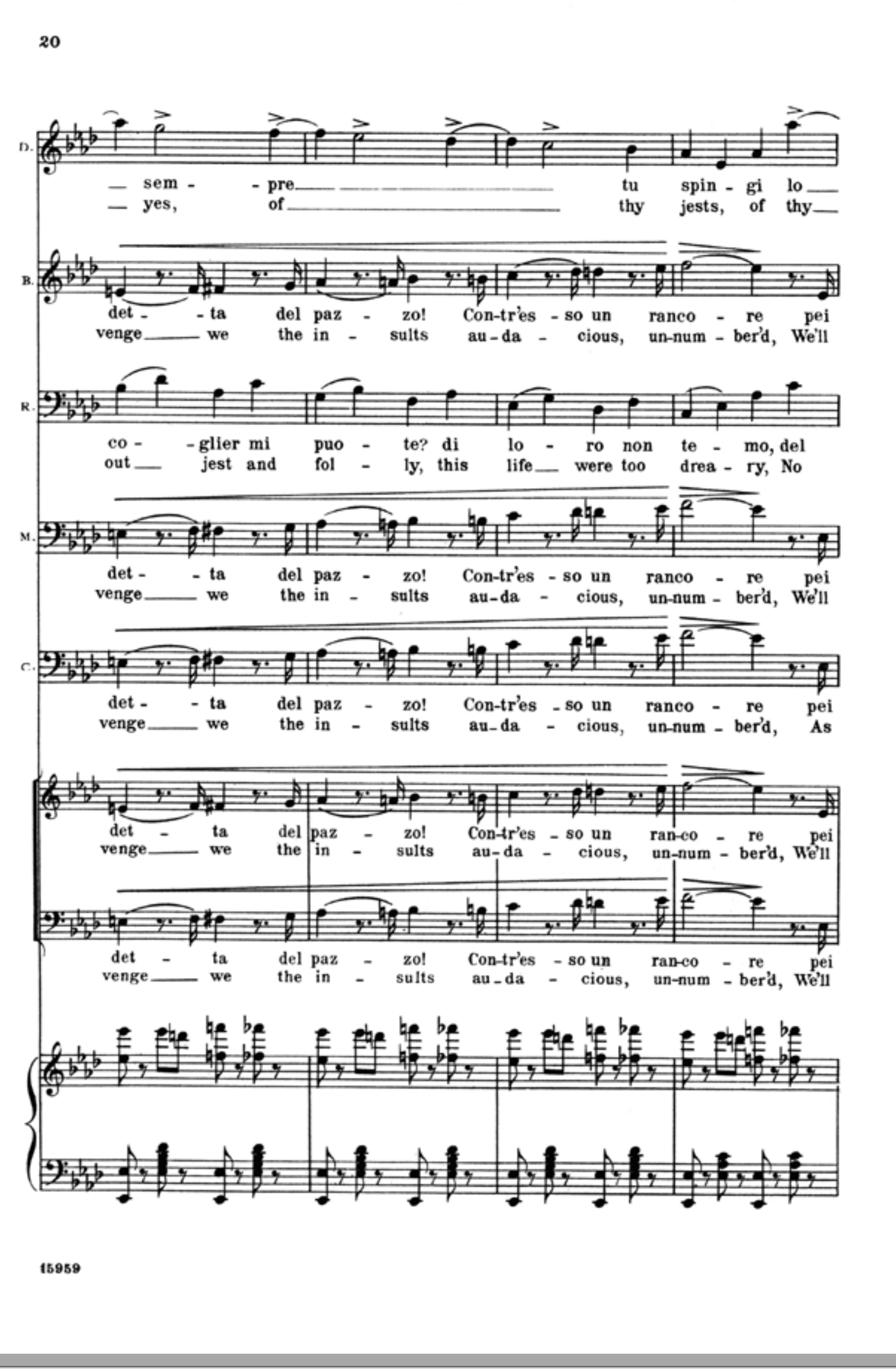
20
sem-pre tu spin-gi lo yes, of thy jests, of thy
det-ta del paz-zo! Con-tr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
co-glier mi puo-te? di lo-ro non te-mo, del out jest and fol-ly, this life were too drea-ry, No
det-ta del paz-zo! Con-tr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
det-ta del paz-zo! Con-tr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, As
det-ta del paz-zo! Con-tr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
det-ta del paz-zo! Con-tr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
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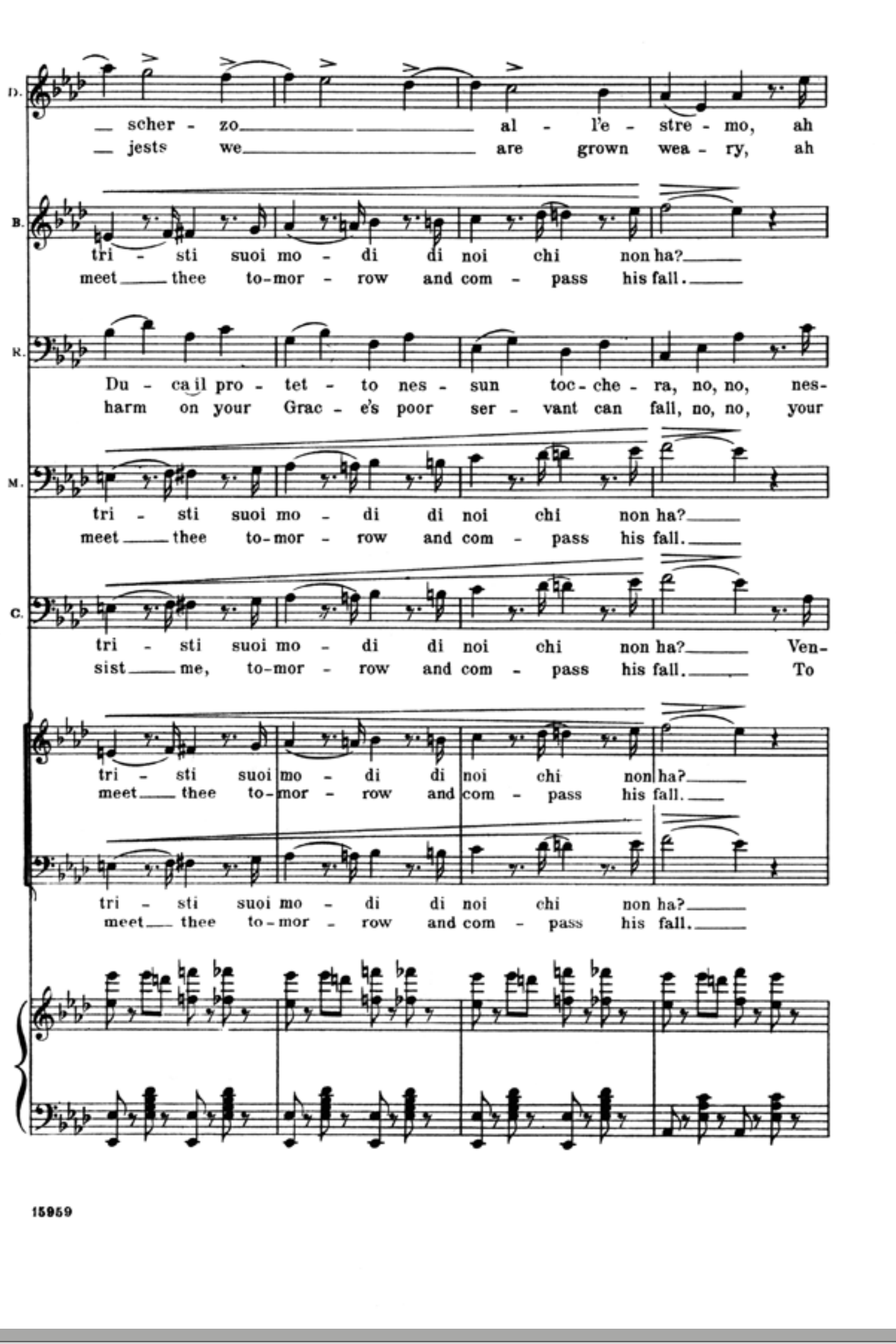
21
scher-zo al-l'e-stre-mo, ah jests we are grown wea-ry, ah
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row and com-pass his fall.
Du-ca il pro-tet-to nes-sun toc-che-ra, no, no, nes- harm on your Grac-e's poor ser-vant can fall, no, no, your
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row and com-pass his fall.
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? Ven- sist me, to-mor-row and com-pass his fall. To
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row and com-pass his fall.
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row and com-pass his fall.
15959

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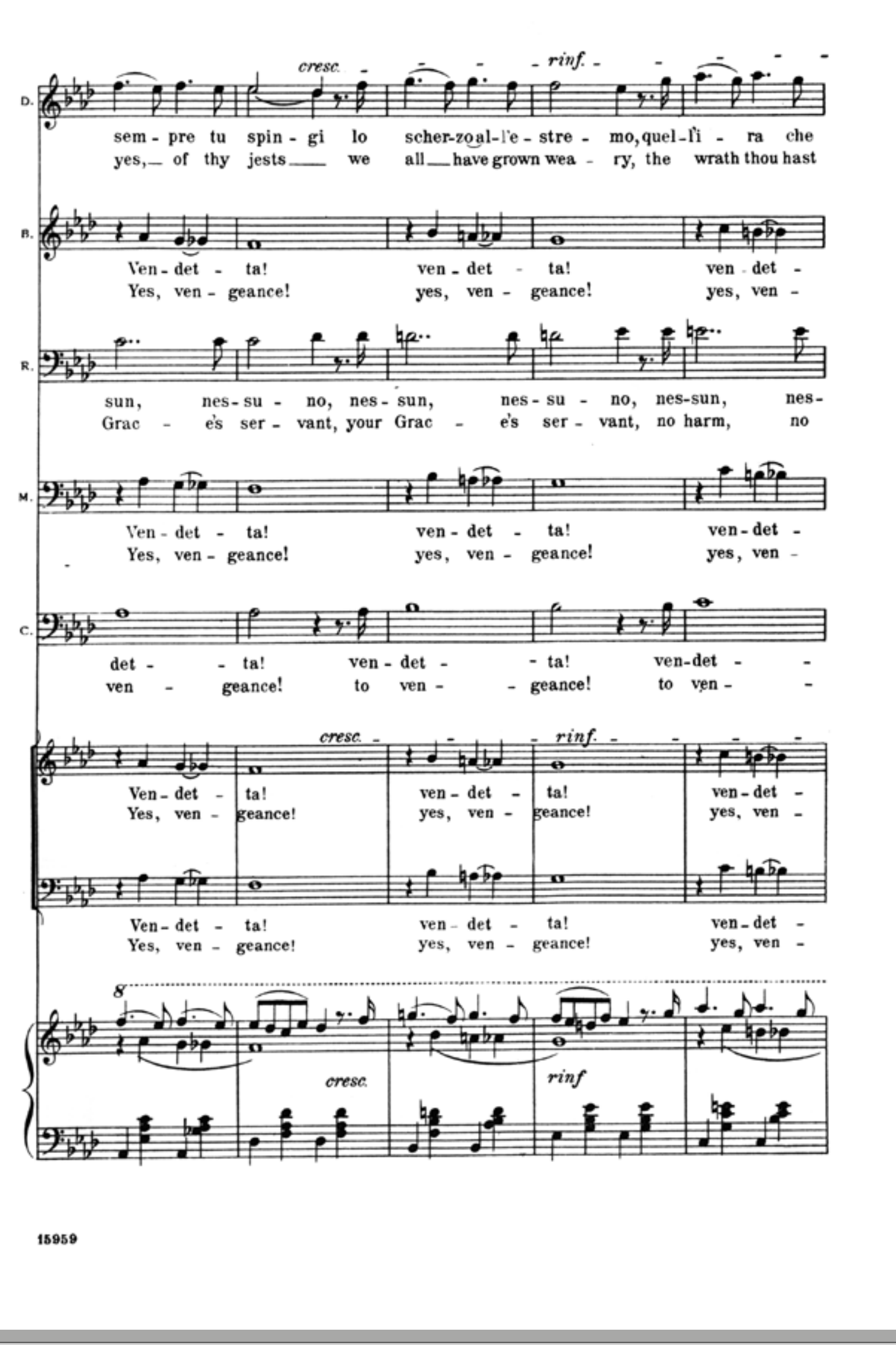
22
cresc. rinf.
sem-pre tu spin-gi lo scher-zo al-l'e-stre-mo, quel-l'i-ra che yes, of thy jests we all have grown wea-ry, the wrath thou hast
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
sun, nes-su-no, nes-sun, nes-su-no, nes-sun, nes- Grac-e's ser-vant, your Grac-e's ser-vant, no harm, no
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- ven-geance! to ven-geance! to ven-
cresc. rinf.
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
cresc. rinf
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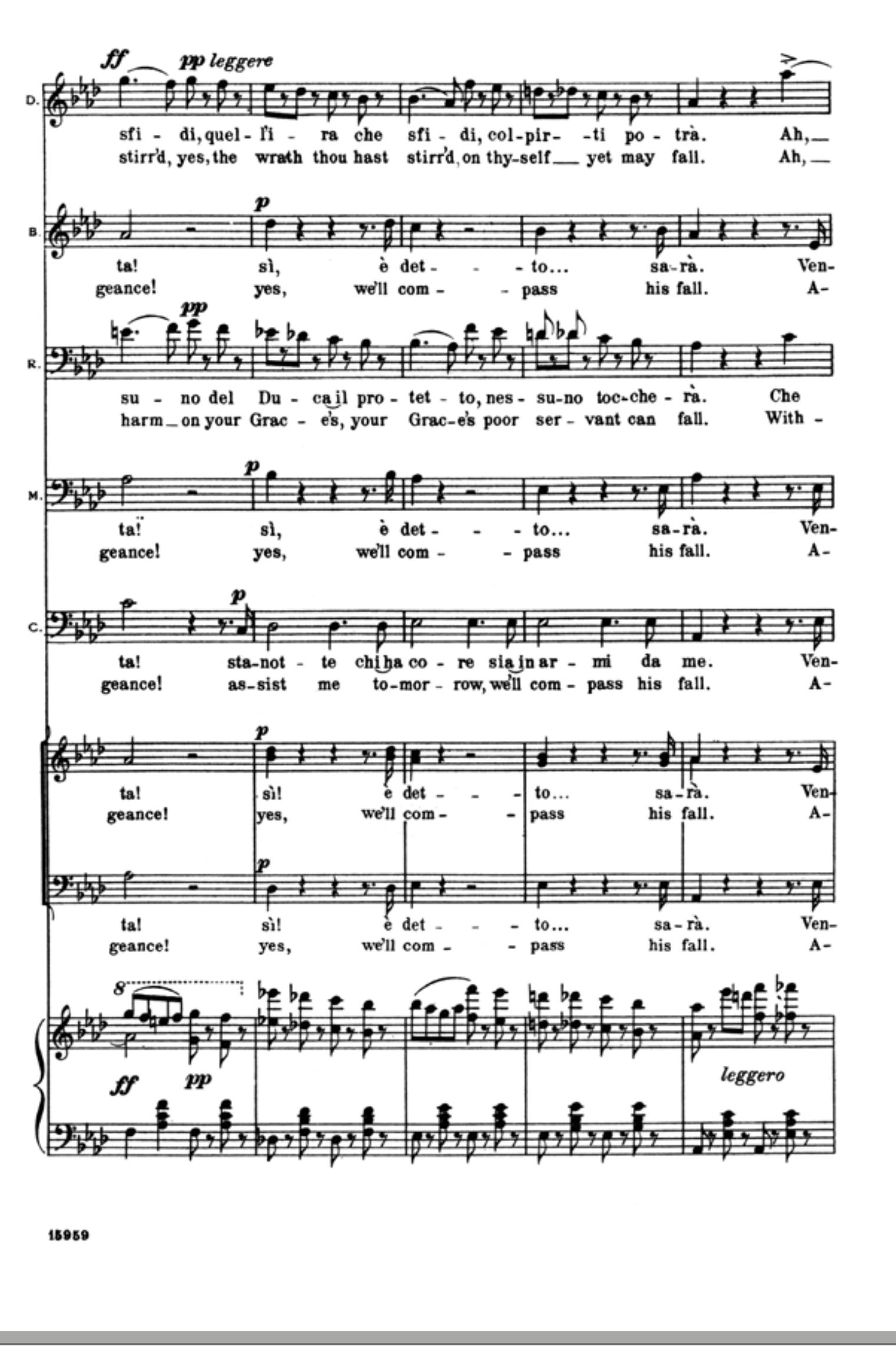
23
ff pp leggere
sfi-di, quel-l'i-ra che sfi-di, col-pir-ti po-trà. Ah, stirr'd, yes, the wrath thou hast stirr'd, on thy-self yet may fall. Ah,
p
ta! sì, è det-to... sa-rà. Ven- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his fall. A-
pp
su-no del Du-ca il pro-tet-to, nes-su-no toc-che-rà. Che harm on your Grac-e's, your Grac-e's poor ser-vant can fall. With-
ta! sì, è det-to... sa-rà. Ven- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his fall. A-
ta! sta-not-te chi ha co-re sia in ar-mi da me. Ven- geance! as-sist me to-mor-row, we'll com-pass his fall. A-
ta! sì! è det-to... sa-rà. Ven- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his fall. A-
ta! sì! è det-to... sa-rà. Ven- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his fall. A-
ff pp leggero
15959

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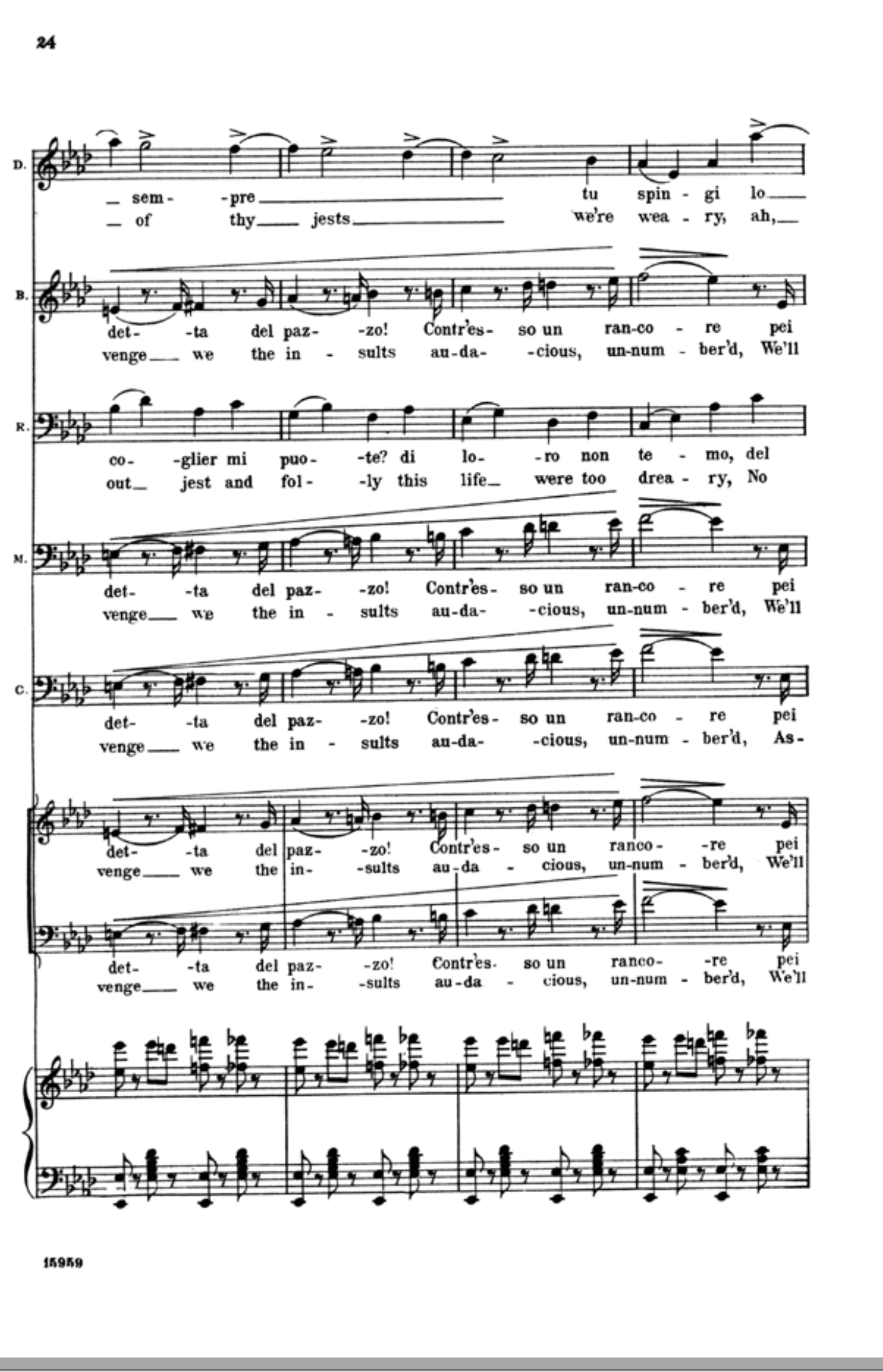
24
sem-pre tu spin-gi lo of thy jests we're wea-ry, ah,
det-ta del paz-zo! Contr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
co-glier mi puo-te? di lo-ro non te-mo, del out jest and fol-ly this life were too drea-ry, No
det-ta del paz-zo! Contr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
det-ta del paz-zo! Contr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, As-
det-ta del paz-zo! Contr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
det-ta del paz-zo! Contr'es-so un ran-co-re pei venge we the in-sults au-da-cious, un-num-ber'd, We'll
15959

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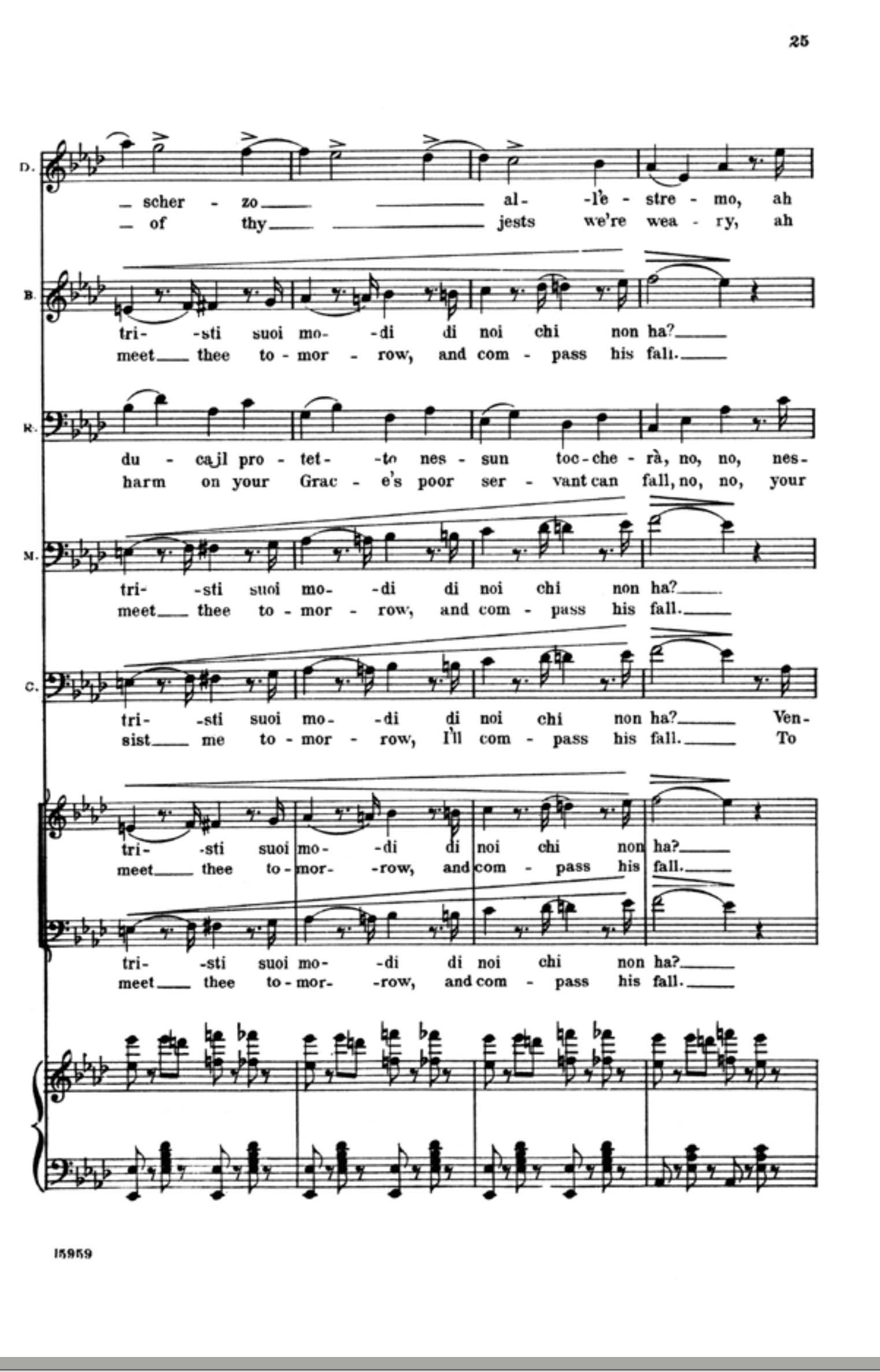
25
scher-zo al-l'e-stre-mo, ah of thy jests we're wea-ry, ah
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row, and com-pass his fall.
du-ca il pro-tet-to nes-sun toc-che-rà, no, no, nes- harm on your Grac-e's poor ser-vant can fall, no, no, your
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row, and com-pass his fall.
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? Ven- sist me to-mor-row, I'll com-pass his fall. To
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row, and com-pass his fall.
tri-sti suoi mo-di di noi chi non ha? meet thee to-mor-row, and com-pass his fall.
15959

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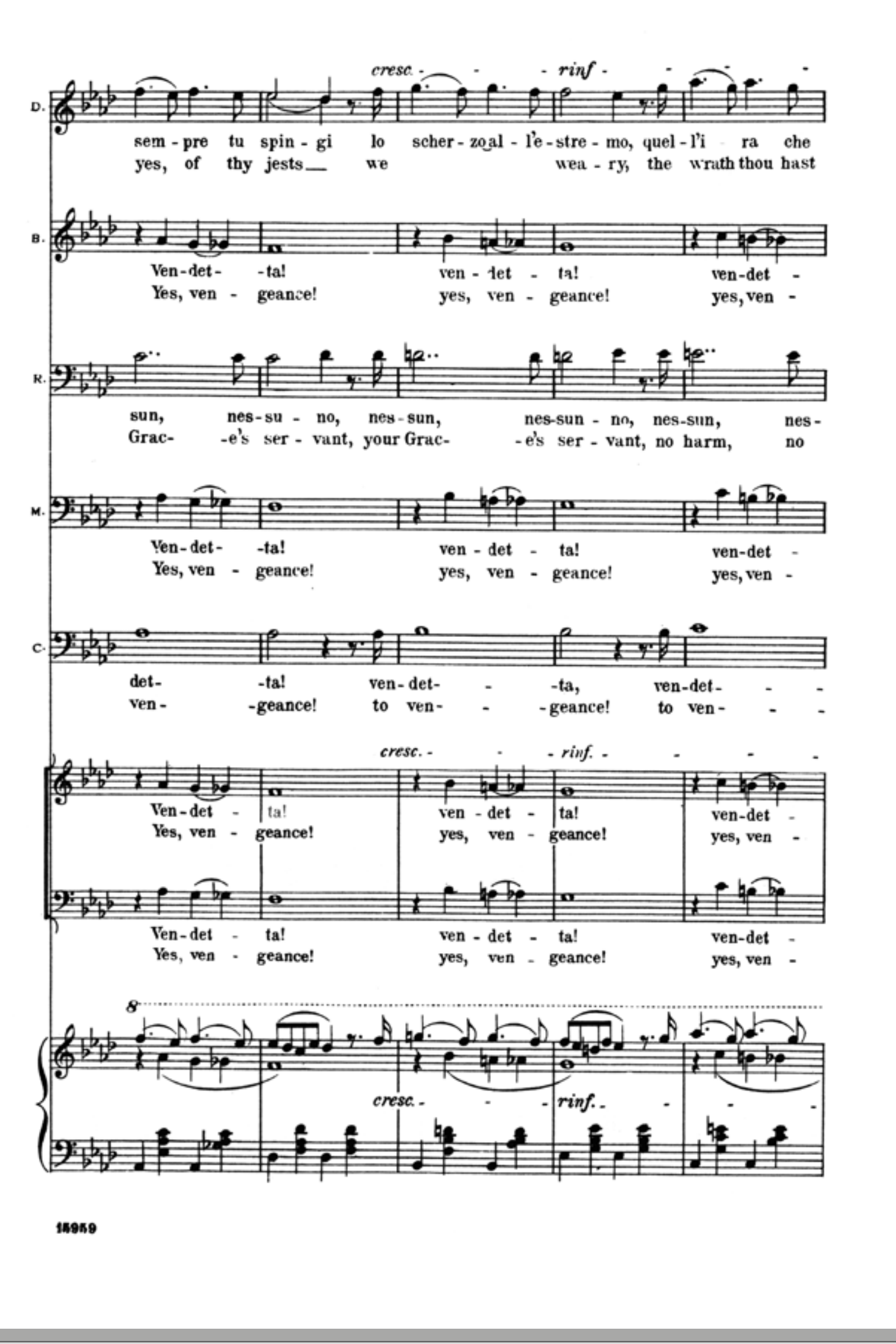
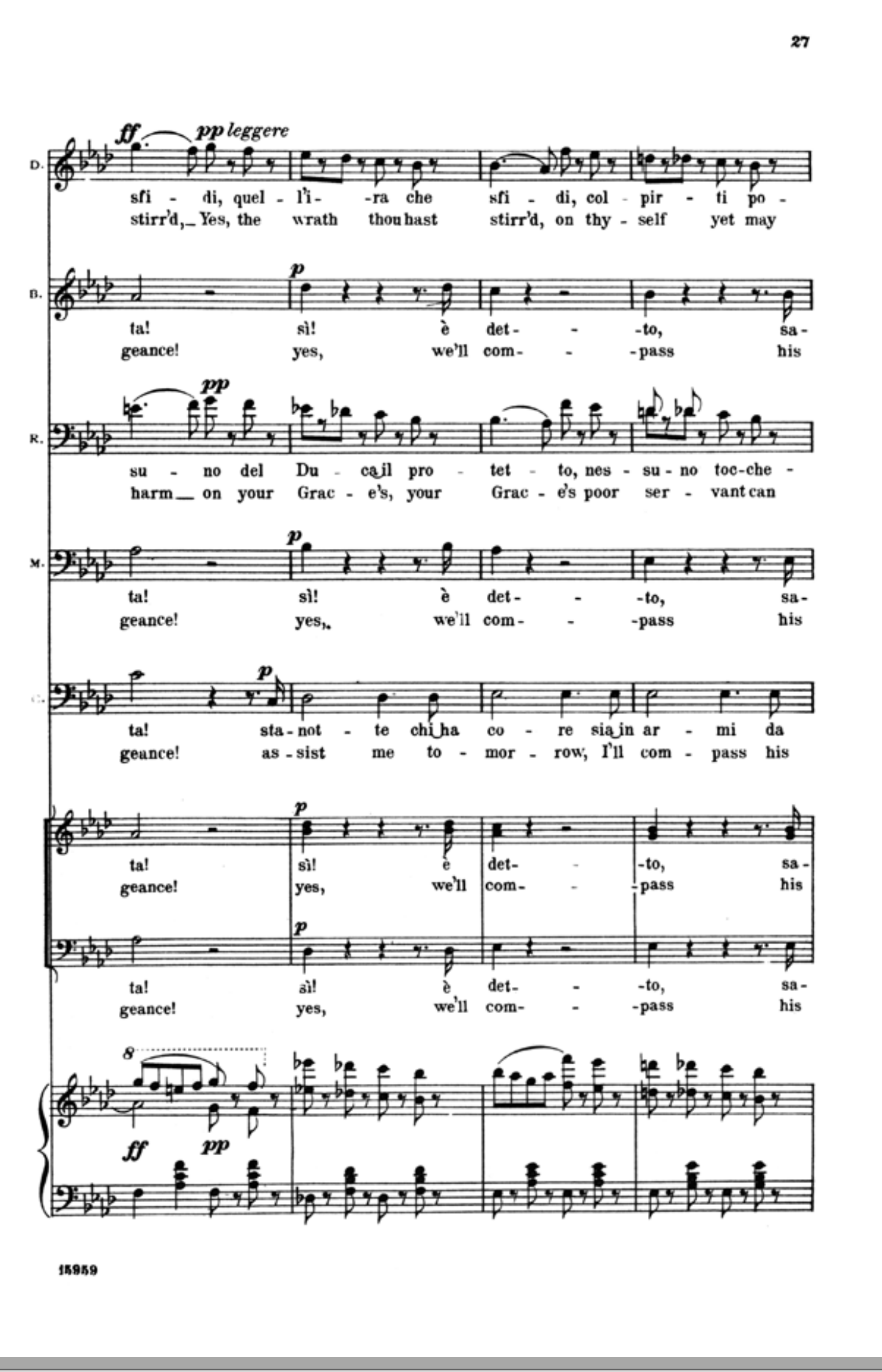
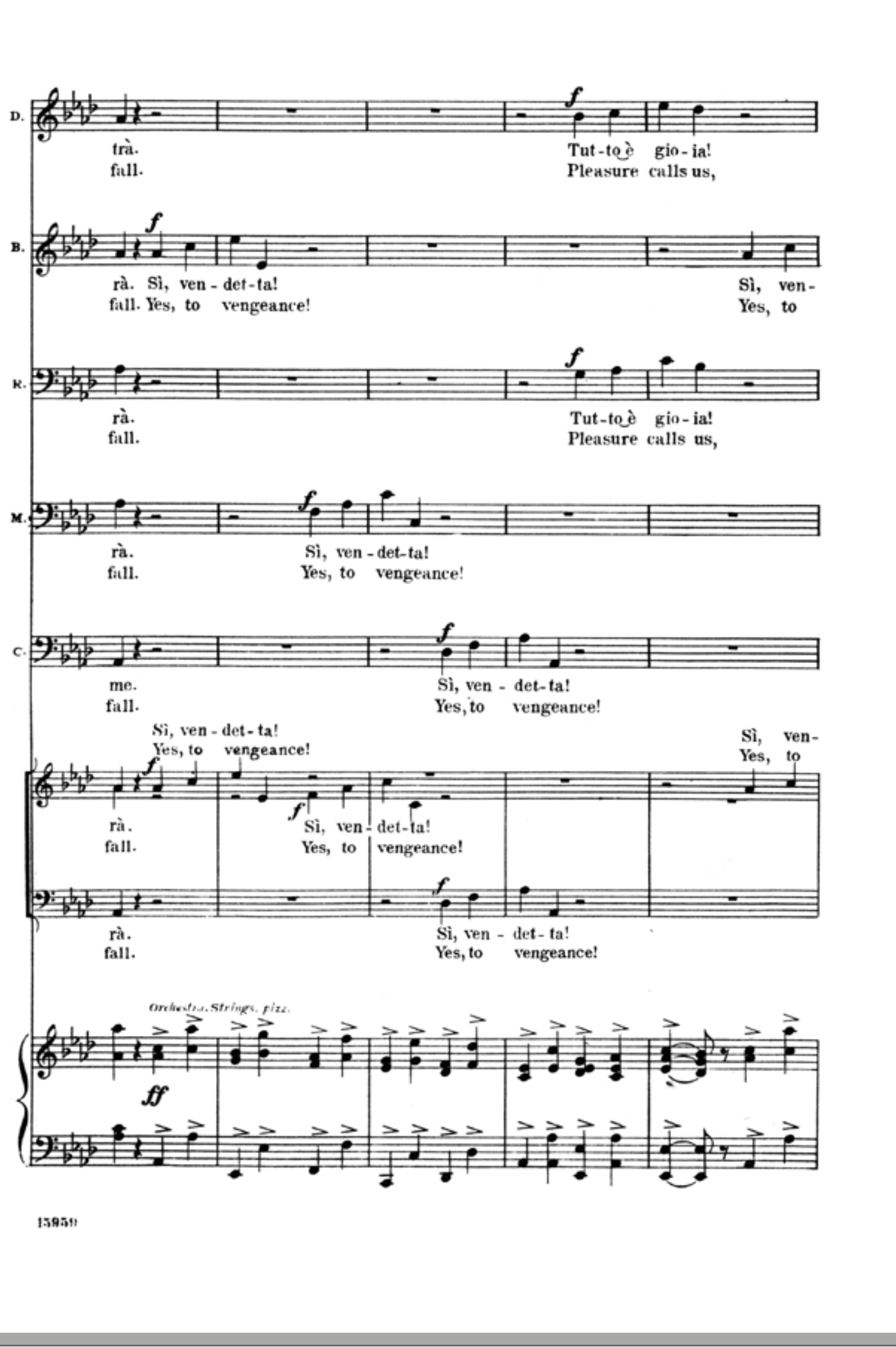

26
cresc. rinf.
sem-pre tu spin-gi lo scher-zo al-l'e-stre-mo, quel-l'i-ra che yes, of thy jests we wea-ry, the wrath thou hast
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
sun, nes-su-no, nes-sun, nes-sun-no, nes-sun, nes- Grac-e's ser-vant, your Grac-e's ser-vant, no harm, no
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
det-ta! ven-det-ta, ven-det- ven-geance! to ven-geance! to ven-
cresc. rinf.
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
Ven-det-ta! ven-det-ta! ven-det- Yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-geance! yes, ven-
cresc. rinf.
15959

Page 27


27
ff pp leggere
sfi-di, quel-l'i-ra che sfi-di, col-pir-ti po- stirr'd, Yes, the wrath thou hast stirr'd, on thy-self yet may
p
ta! sì! è det-to, sa- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his
pp
su-no del Du-ca il pro-tet-to, nes-su-no toc-che- harm on your Grac-e's, your Grac-e's poor ser-vant can
ta! sì! è det-to, sa- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his
ta! sta-not-te chi ha co-re sia in ar-mi da geance! as-sist me to-mor-row, I'll com-pass his
ta! sì! è det-to, sa- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his
ta! sì! è det-to, sa- geance! yes, we'll com-pass his
ff pp
15959

Page 28


28
trà. fall. Tut-to è gio-ia! Pleasure calls us,
rà. Sì, ven-det-ta! fall. Yes, to vengeance! Sì, ven- Yes, to
rà. fall. Tut-to è gio-ia! Pleasure calls us,
rà. fall. Sì, ven-det-ta! Yes, to vengeance!
me. fall. Sì, ven-det-ta! Yes, to vengeance!
Sì, ven-det-ta! Yes, to vengeance! Sì, ven- Yes, to
rà. fall. Sì, ven-det-ta! Yes, to vengeance!
rà. fall. Sì, ven-det-ta! Yes, to vengeance!
Orchestra. Strings. pizz.
ff
15959

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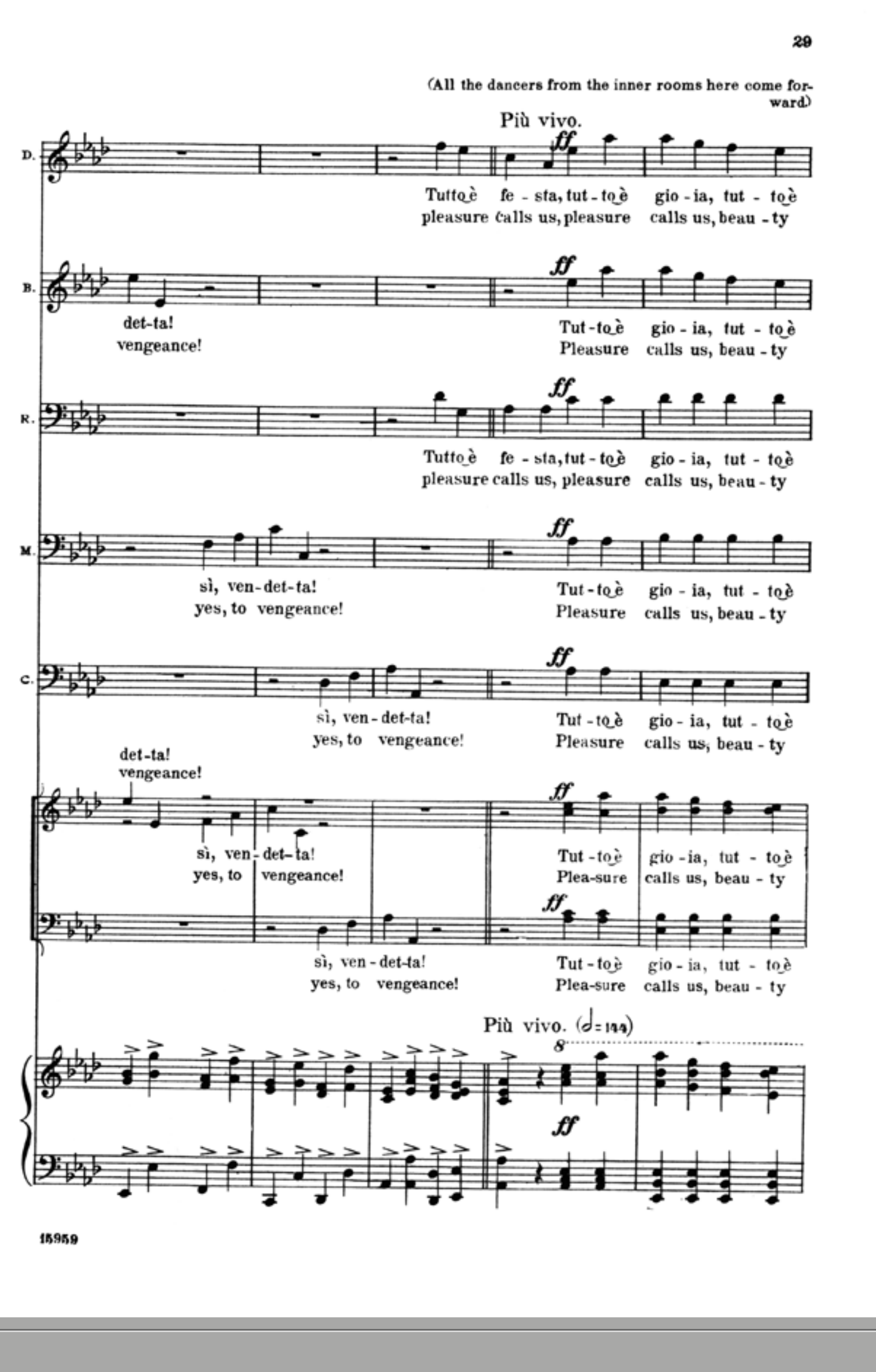
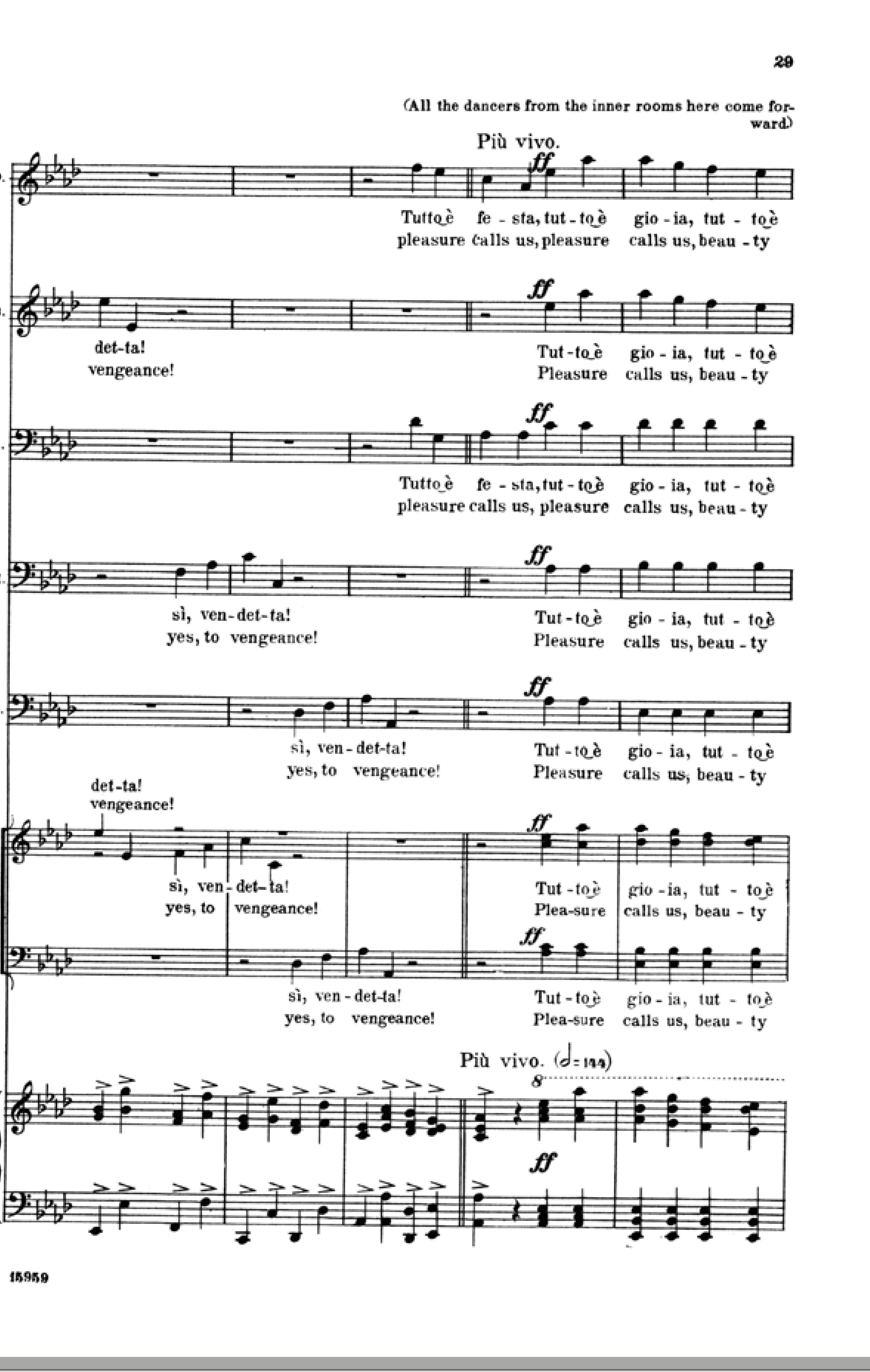
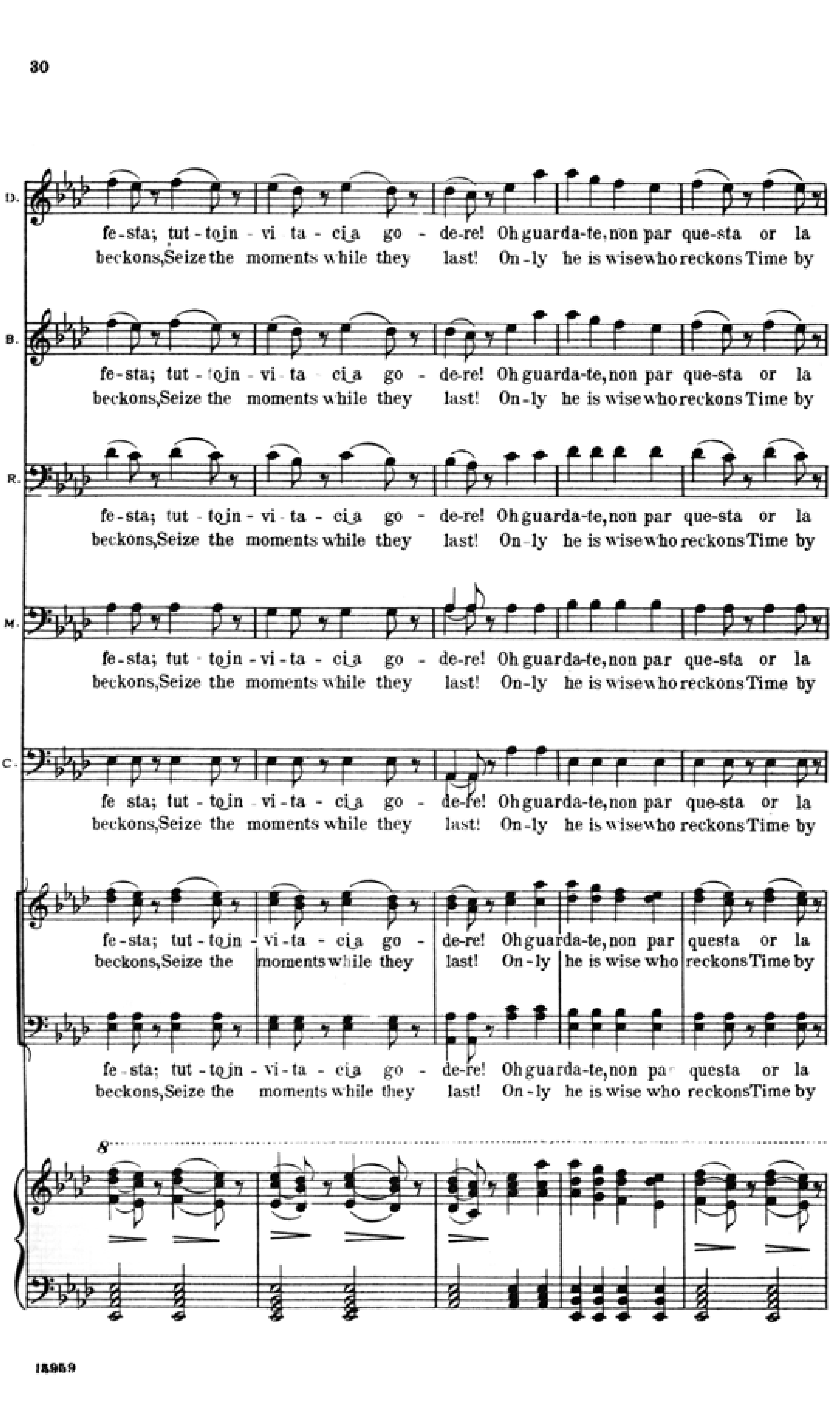
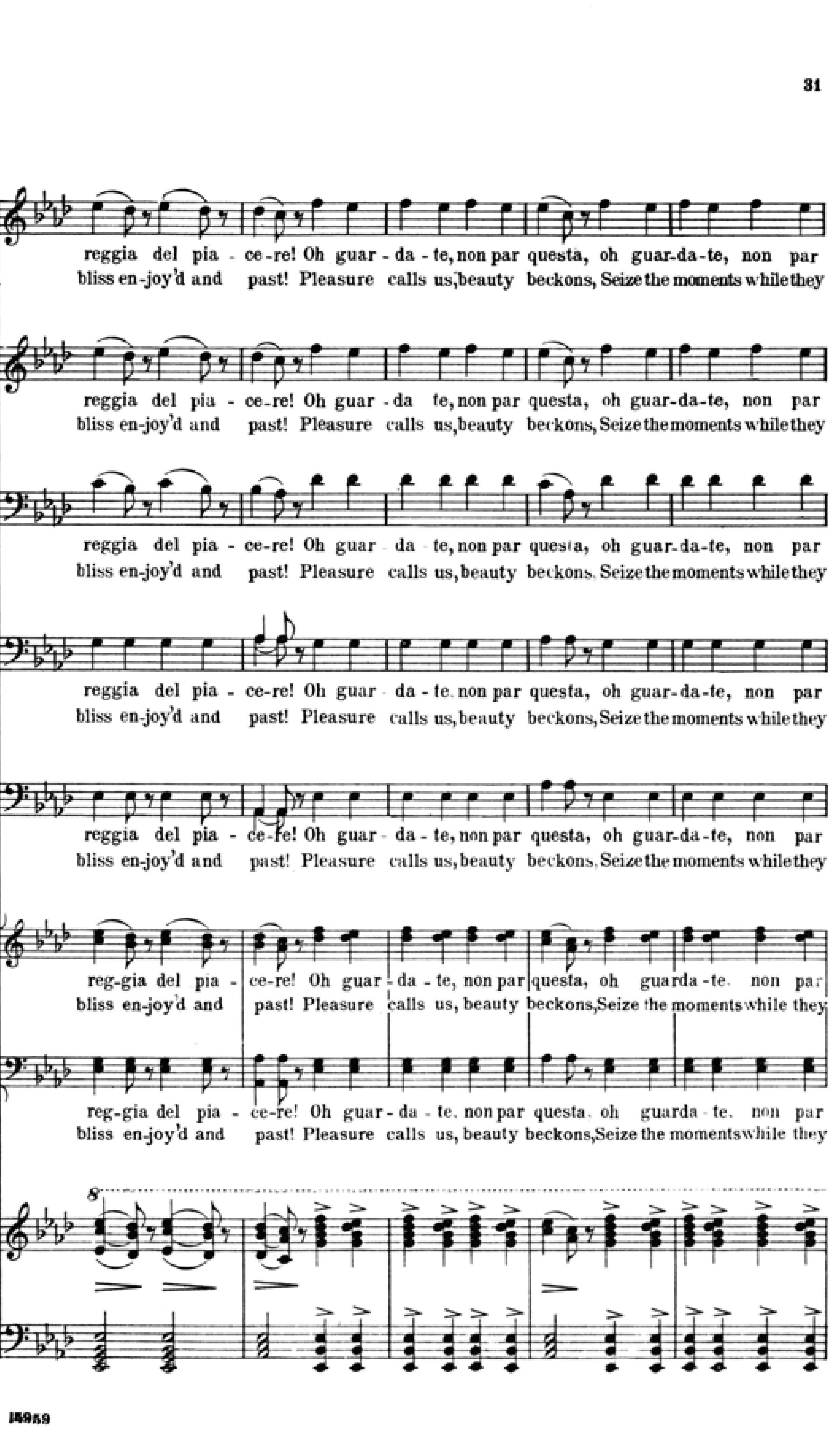
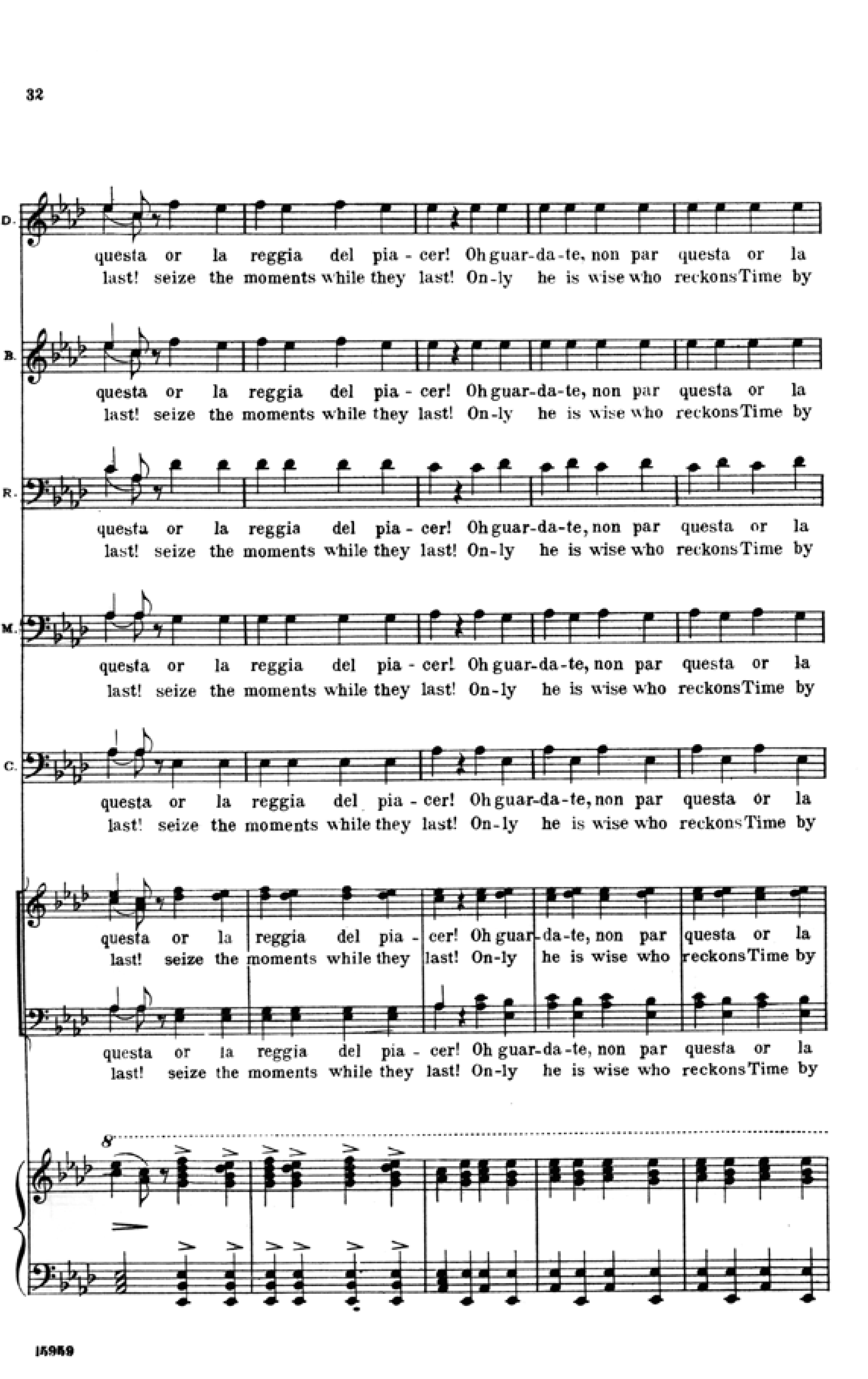
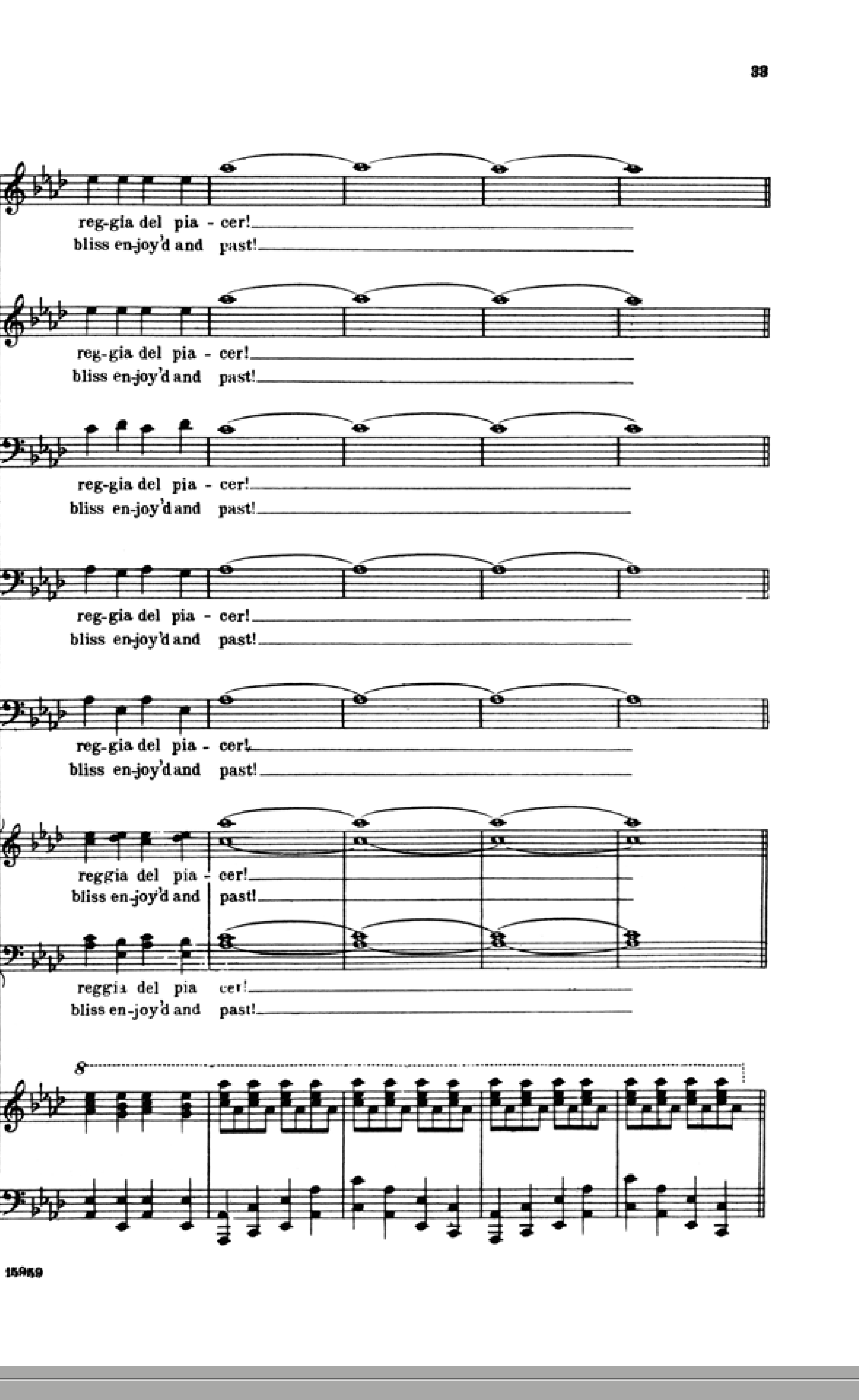

29
(All the dancers from the inner rooms here come forward)
Più vivo.
ff
Tutto è fe-sta, tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è pleasure calls us, pleasure calls us, beau-ty
det-ta! vengeance! Tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è Pleasure calls us, beau-ty
Tutto è fe-sta, tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è pleasure calls us, pleasure calls us, beau-ty
sì, ven-det-ta! yes, to vengeance! Tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è Pleasure calls us, beau-ty
sì, ven-det-ta! yes, to vengeance! Tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è Pleasure calls us, beau-ty
det-ta! vengeance! sì, ven-det-ta! yes, to vengeance! Tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è Plea-sure calls us, beau-ty
sì, ven-det-ta! yes, to vengeance! Tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è Plea-sure calls us, beau-ty
Più vivo. (♩=144)
15959


(All the dancers from the inner rooms here come forward)
Più vivo.
D.
B.
R.
M.
C.
Tutto è fe-sta, tut-to è gio-ia, tut-to è
pleasure calls us, pleasure calls us, beau-ty
det-ta! vengeance!
sì, ven-det-ta! yes, to vengeance!
Pleasure calls us, beau-ty
Più vivo. (♩=144)
ff
15969


D.
B.
R.
M.
C.
fe-sta; tut-to in vi-ta ci è go-de-re! Oh guarda-te, non par que-sta or la
beckons, Seize the moments while they last! On-ly he is wise who reckons Time by
15969

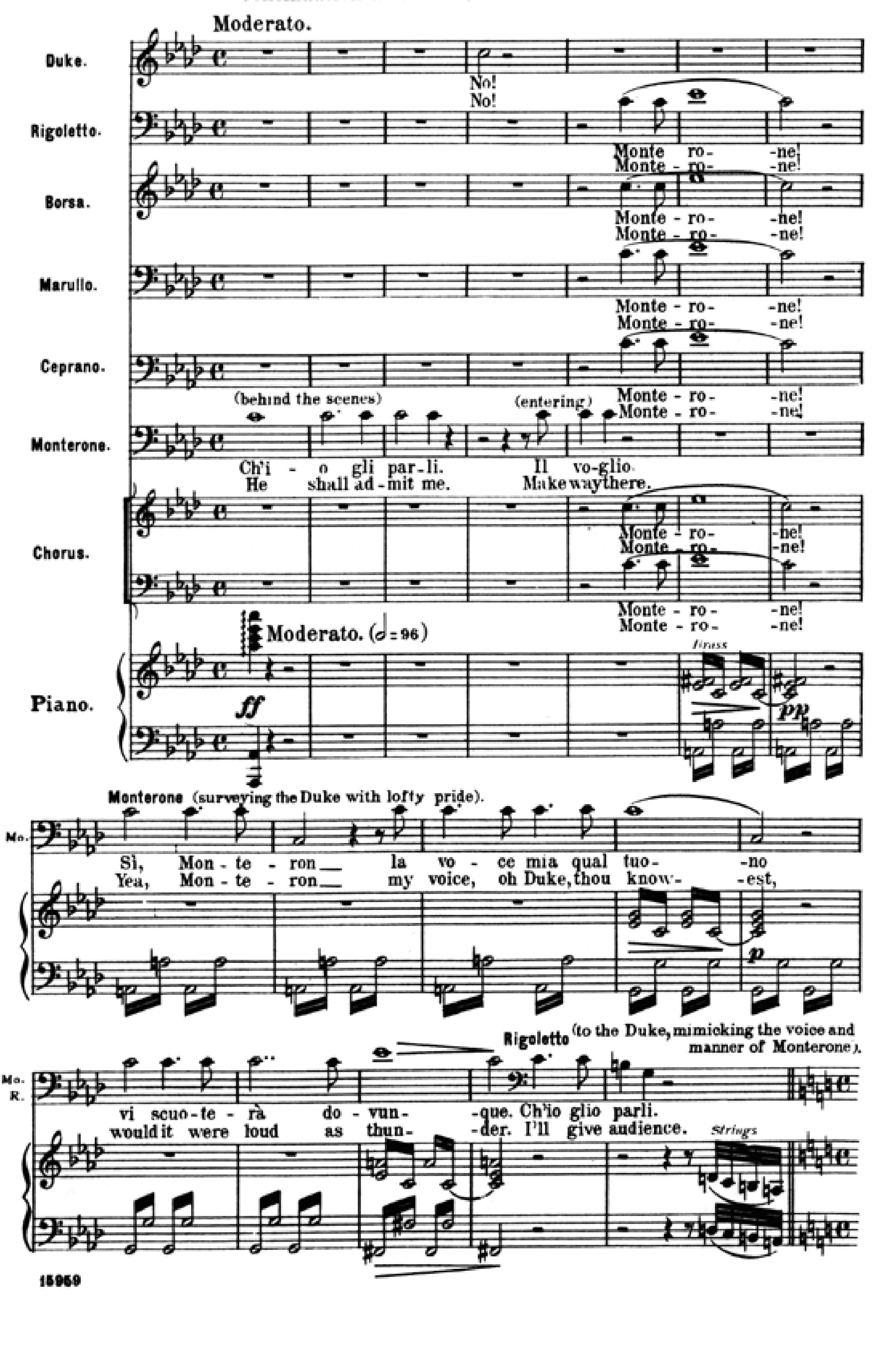

D.
B.
R.
M.
C.
reggia del pia-ce-re! Oh guar-da-te, non par questa, oh guar-da-te, non par
bliss en-joy'd and past! Pleasure calls us, beauty beckons, Seize the moments while they
15969

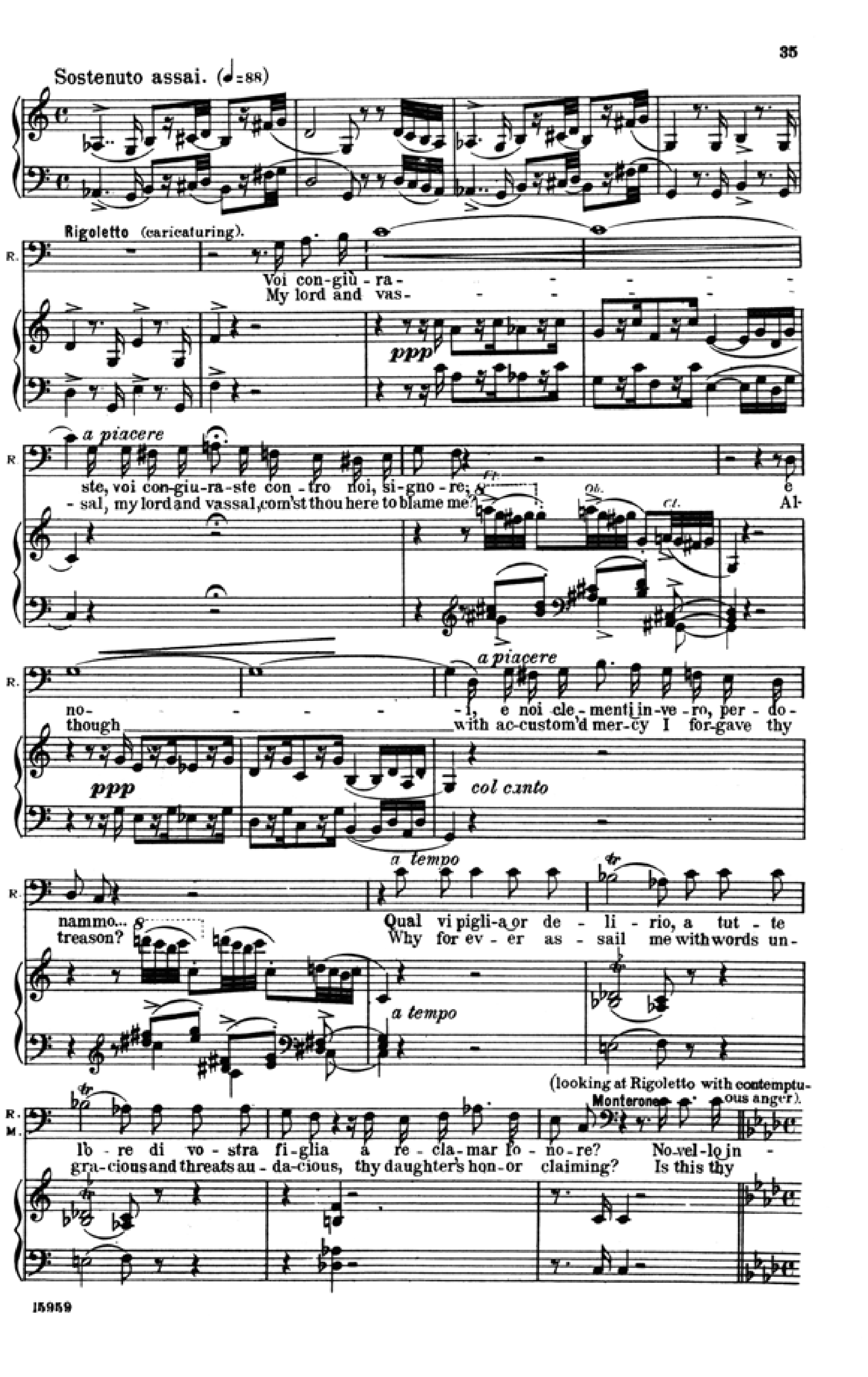

D.
B.
R.
M.
C.
questa or la reggia del pia-cer! Oh guar-da-te, non par questa or la
last! seize the moments while they last! On-ly he is wise who reckons Time by
15969

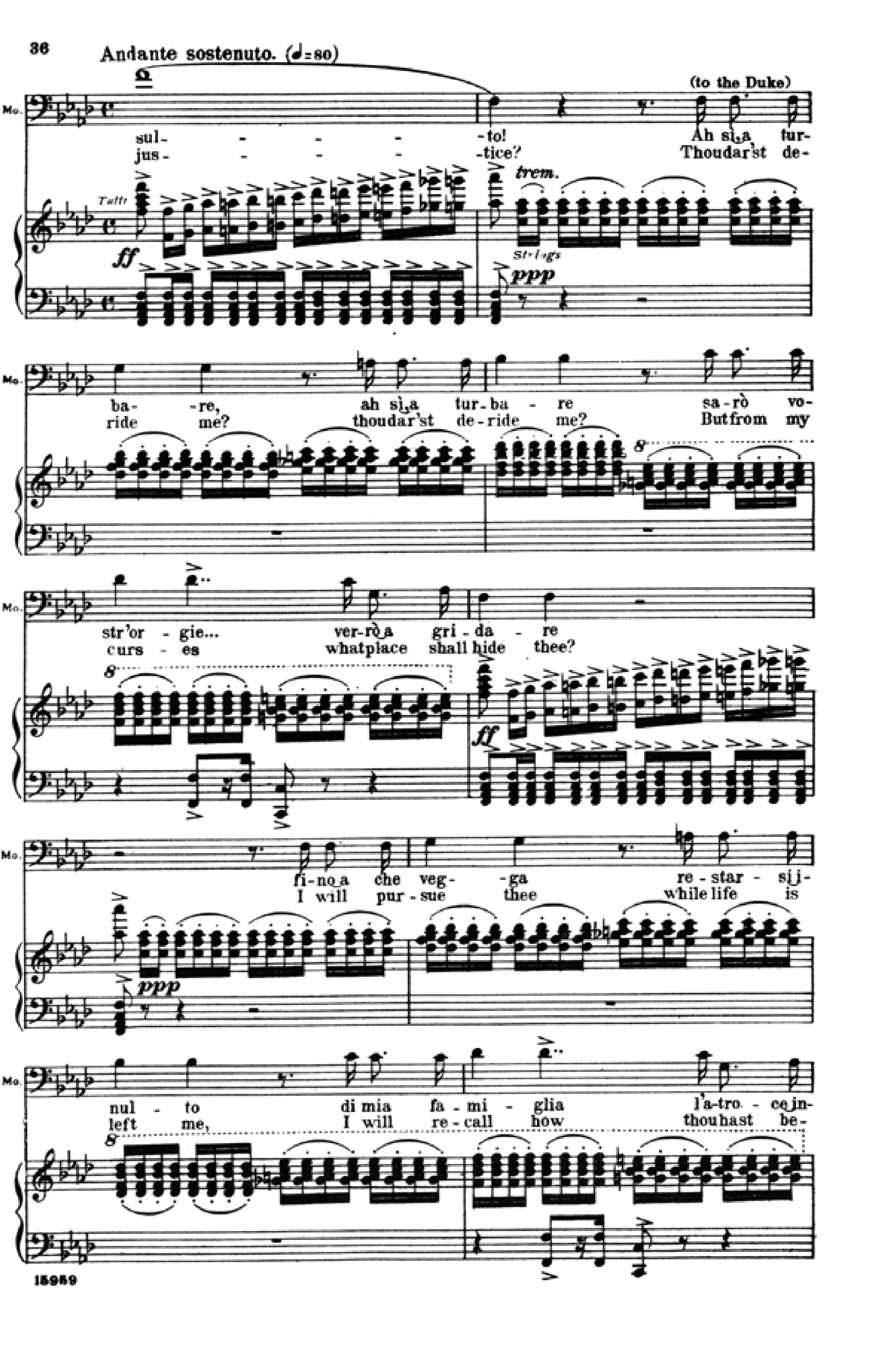

D.
B.
R.
M.
C.
reg-gia del pia-cer!
bliss en-joy'd and past!
15969

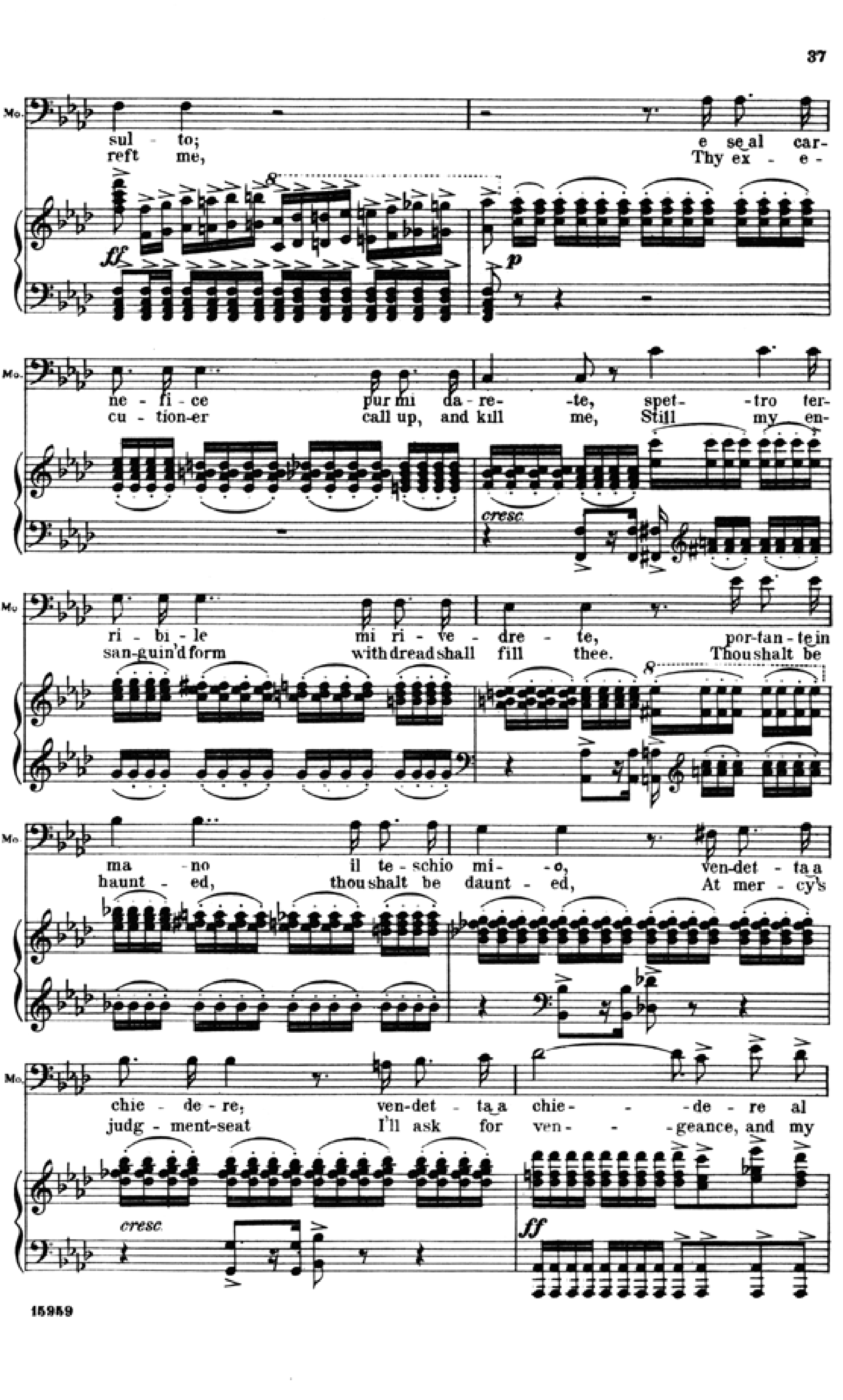
Nº 5. "Oh tu che la festa audace hai turbato.„

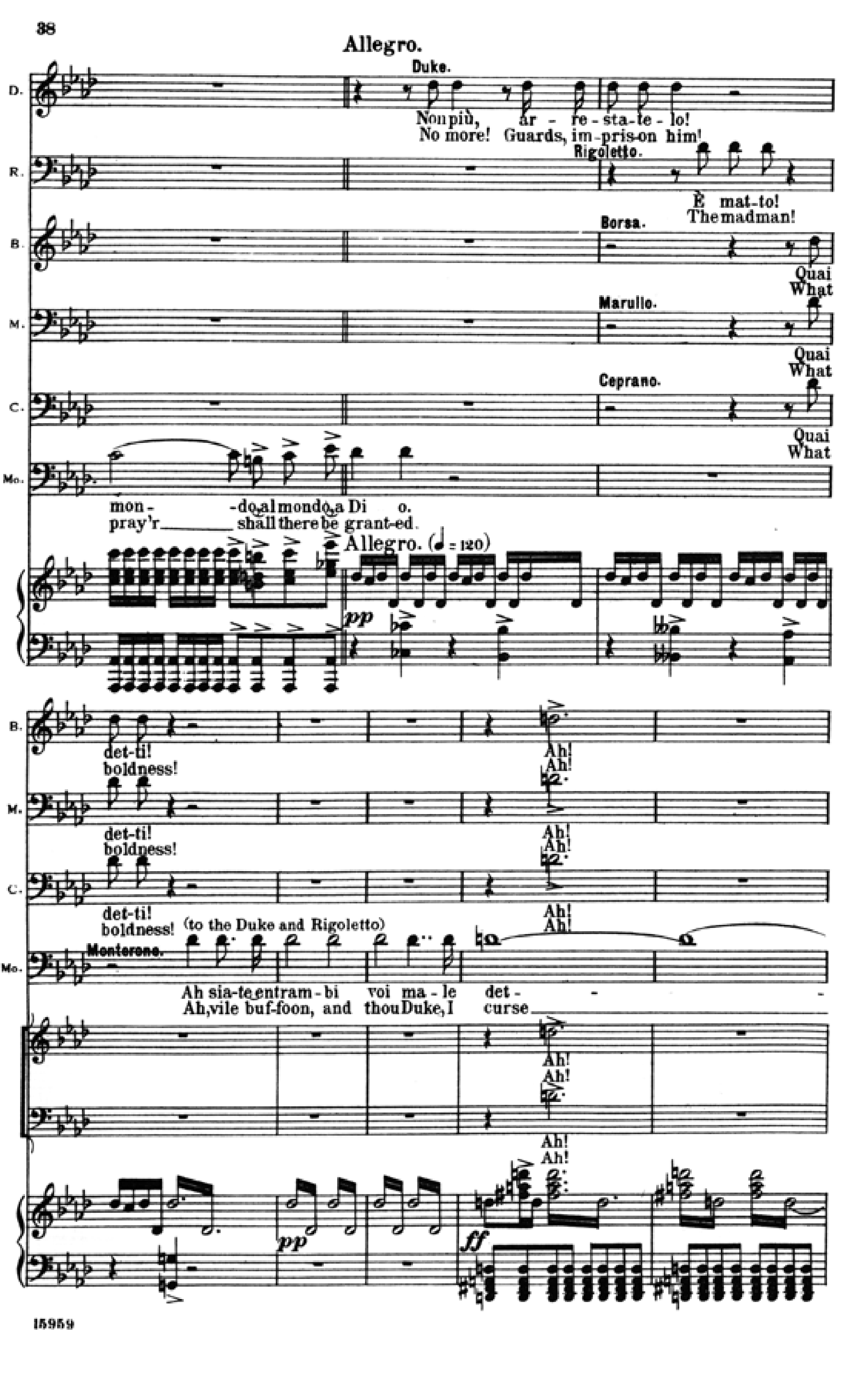
Continuation and Stretta of the Introduction.

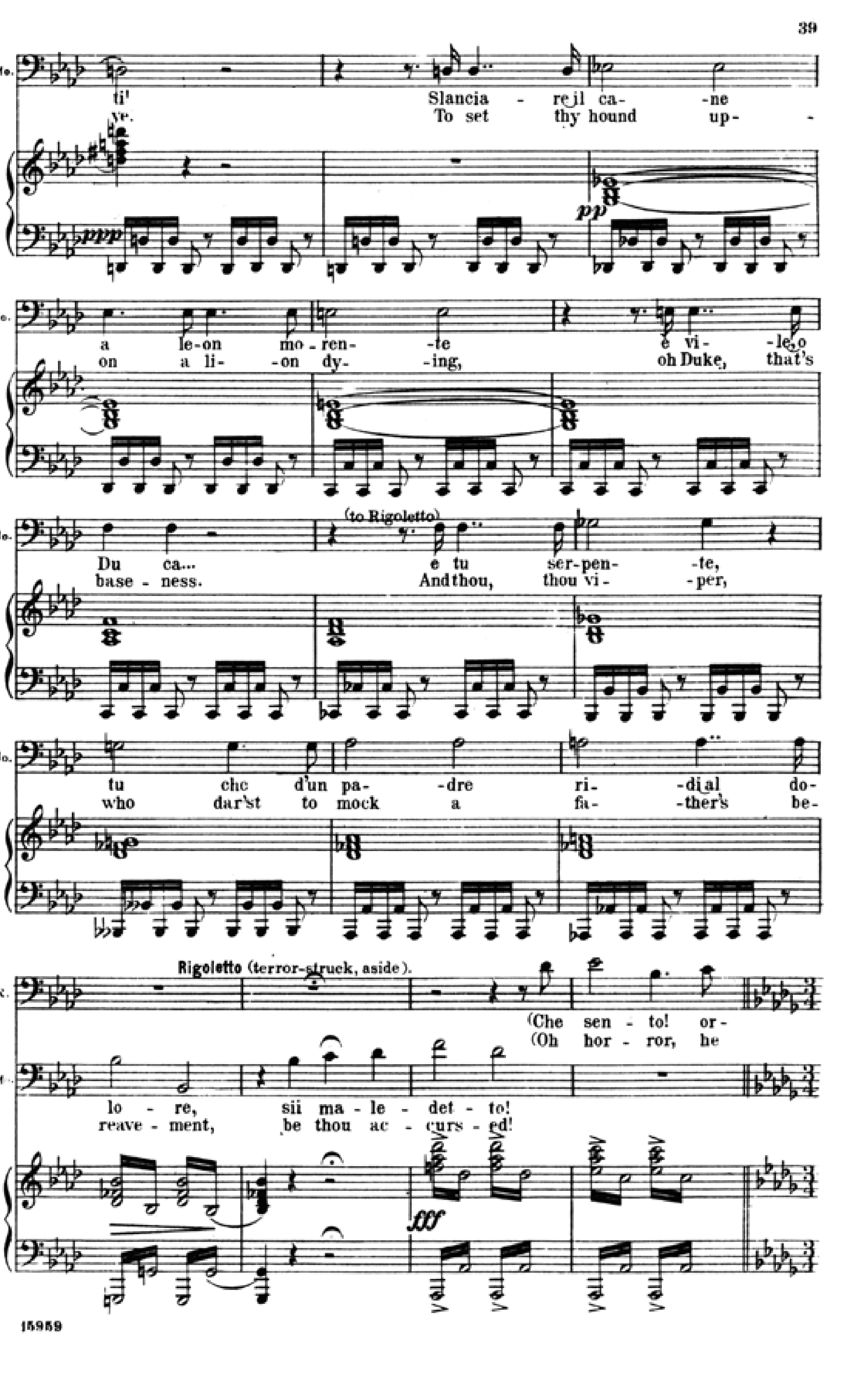

Moderato.
Duke.
Rigoletto.
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
Monterone.
Chorus.
Piano.
No!
No!
Monte - ro - ne!
(behind the scenes)
(entering)
Ch'i - o gli par-li. Il vo-glio.
He shall ad-mit me. Make way there.
Moderato. (𝅗𝅥 = 96)
ff
pp
Monterone (surveying the Duke with lofty pride).
Sì, Mon - te - ron la vo - ce mia qual tuo - no
Yea, Mon - te - ron my voice, oh Duke, thou know - est,

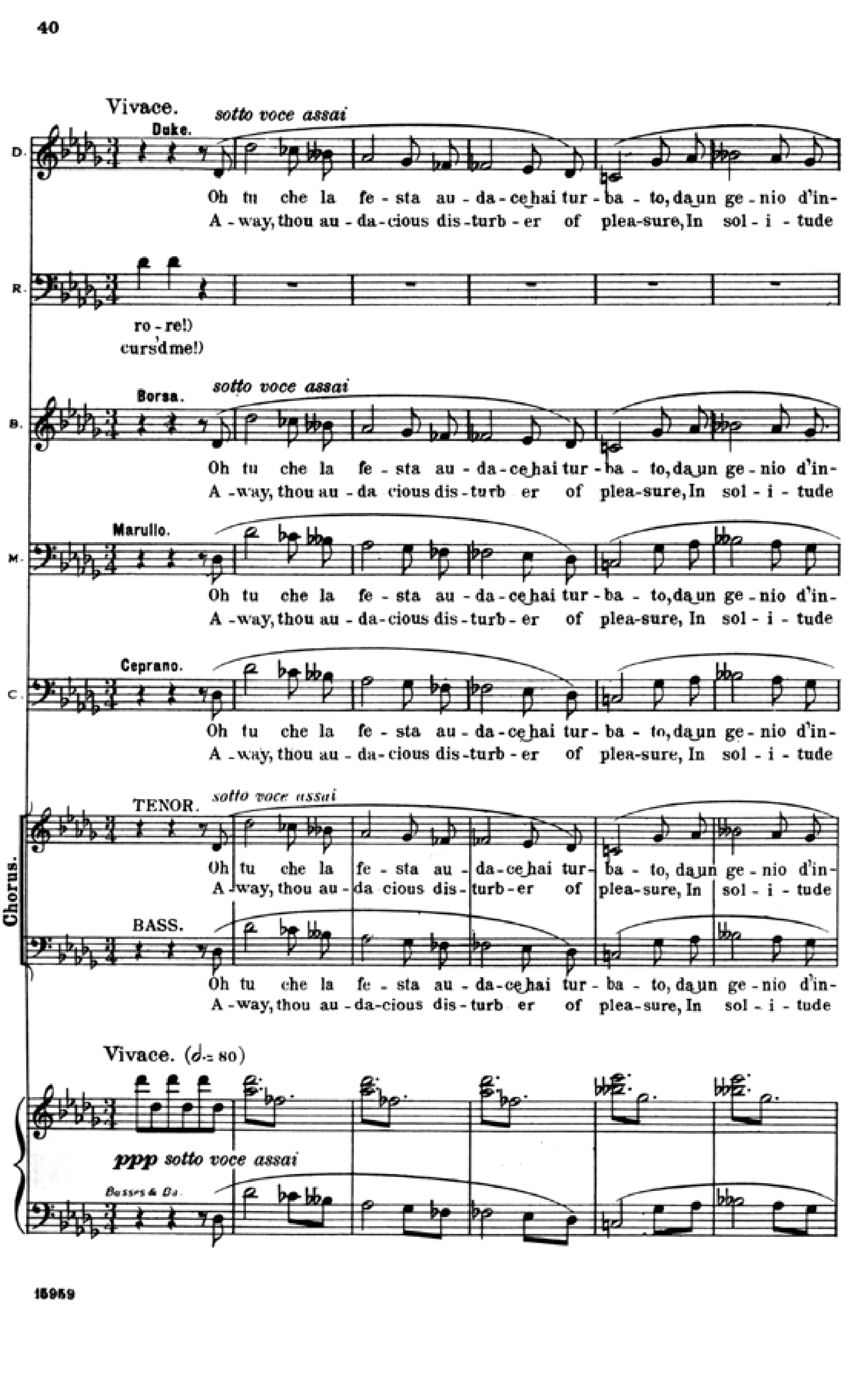





chie - de - re; ven-det - ta a chie - de - re al
judg - ment-seat I'll ask for ven - geance, and my
cresc.
ff


Allegro.
Duke.
Non più, ar - re - sta - te - lo!
No more! Guards, im - pris - on him!
Rigoletto.
È mat - to!
The madman!
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
Quai
What
mon - do al mondo a Di o.
pray'r shall there be grant - ed.
Allegro. (♩ = 120)
pp


Rigoletto (terror-struck, aside).
(Che sen - to! or -
(Oh hor - ror, he
lo - re, sii ma - le - det - to!
reave - ment, be thou ac - curs - ed!
fff


Vivace.
sotto voce assai
Duke.
Oh tu che la fe - sta au - da - ce hai tur - ba - to, da un ge - nio d'in -
A - way, thou au - da - cious dis - turb - er of plea - sure, In sol - i - tude
ro - re!)
curs'd me!)
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
TENOR.
BASS.
Chorus.
Vivace. (♩. = 80)
ppp sotto voce assai

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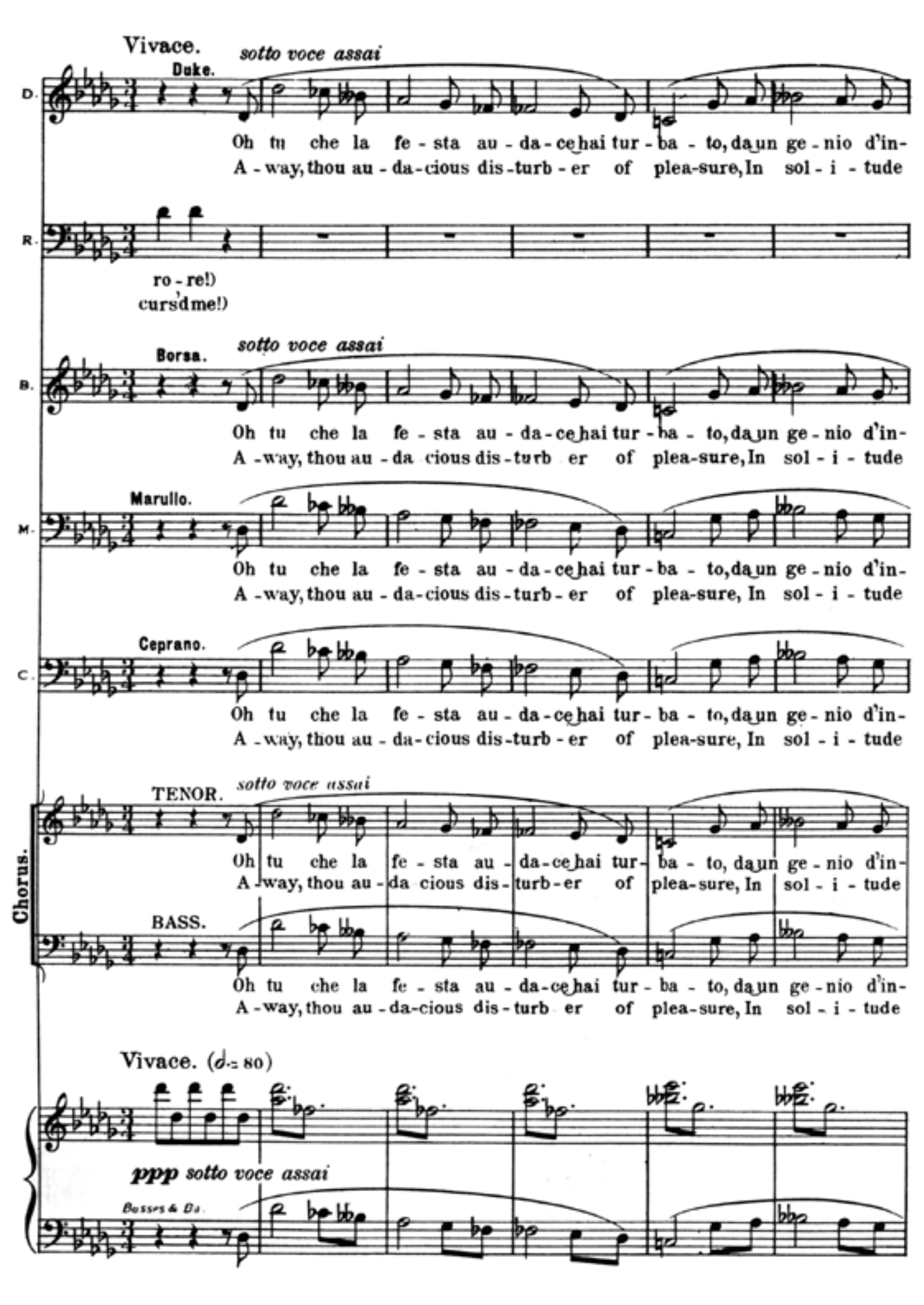
40


Vivace.
sotto voce assai
Duke.
Oh tu che la festa audace hai turbato, da un genio d'in-
Away, thou audacious disturber of pleasure, In solitude
ro-re!)
curs'd me!)
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
TENOR.
BASS.
Chorus.
Vivace. (♩= 80)
ppp sotto voce assai

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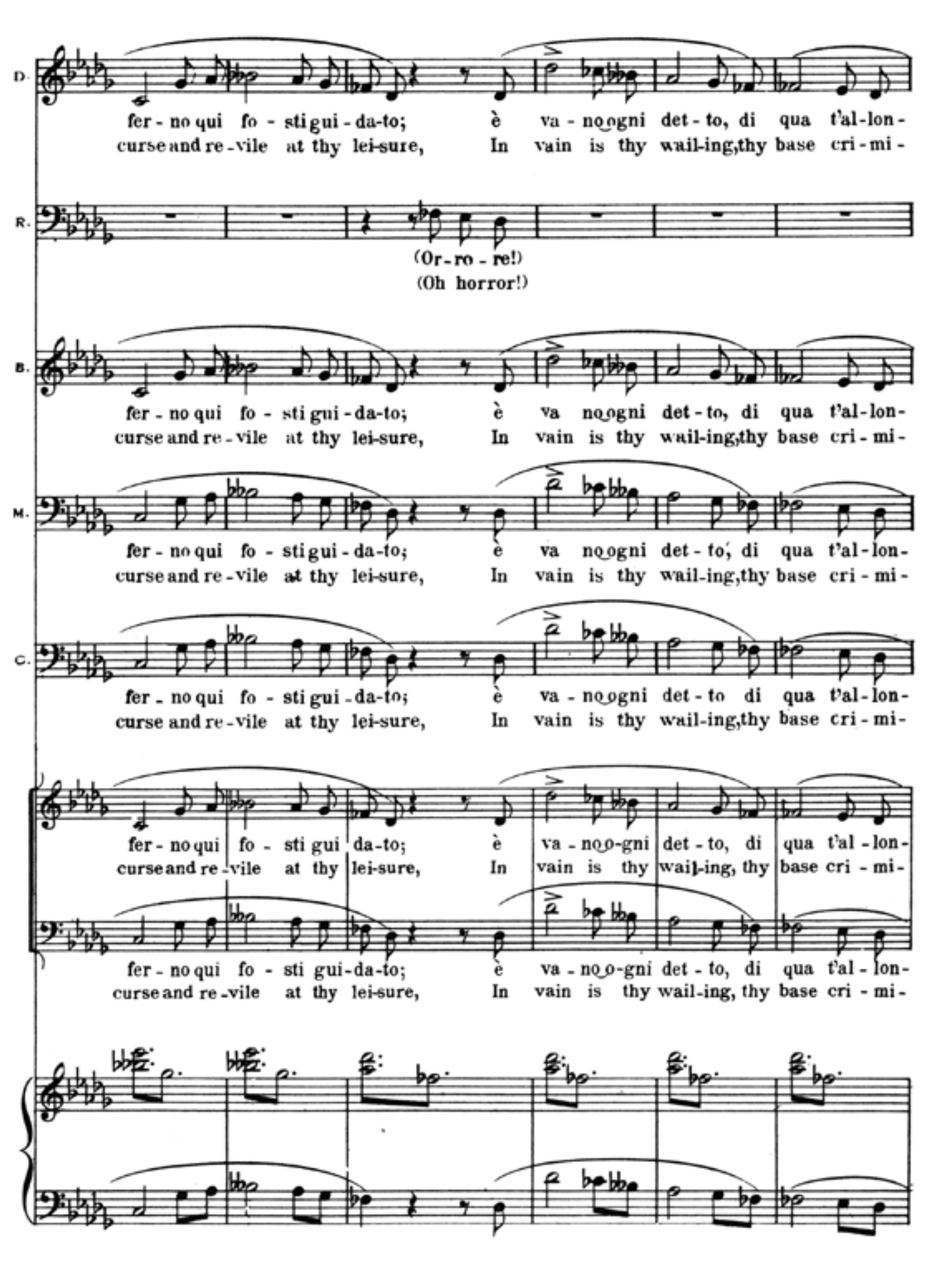
fer-no qui fosti guidato; è vano ogni detto, di qua t'allon-
curse and revile at thy leisure, In vain is thy wailing, thy base crimi-
(Or-ro-re!)
(Oh horror!)

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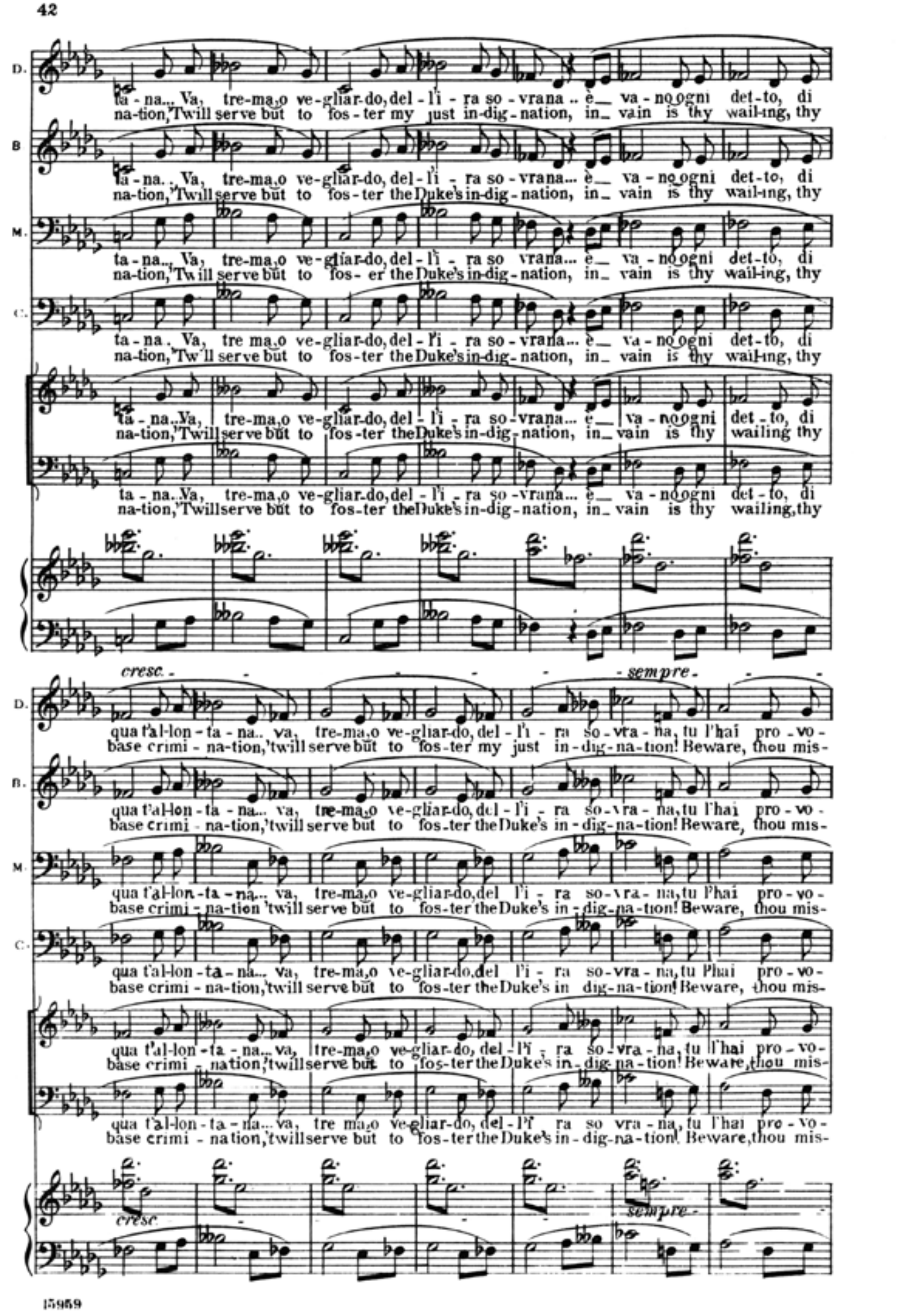
cresc.
sempre

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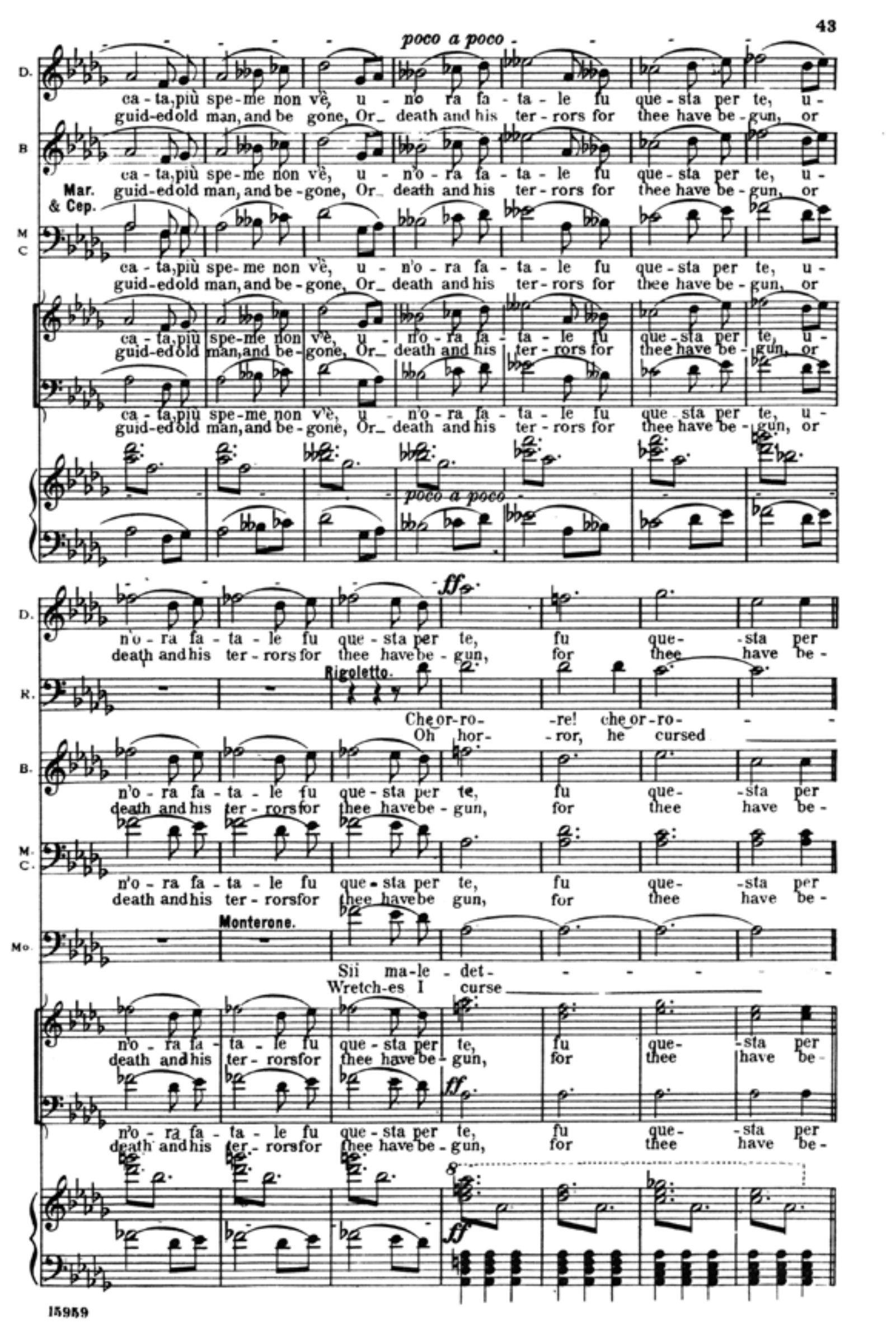
Rigoletto.
Monterone.

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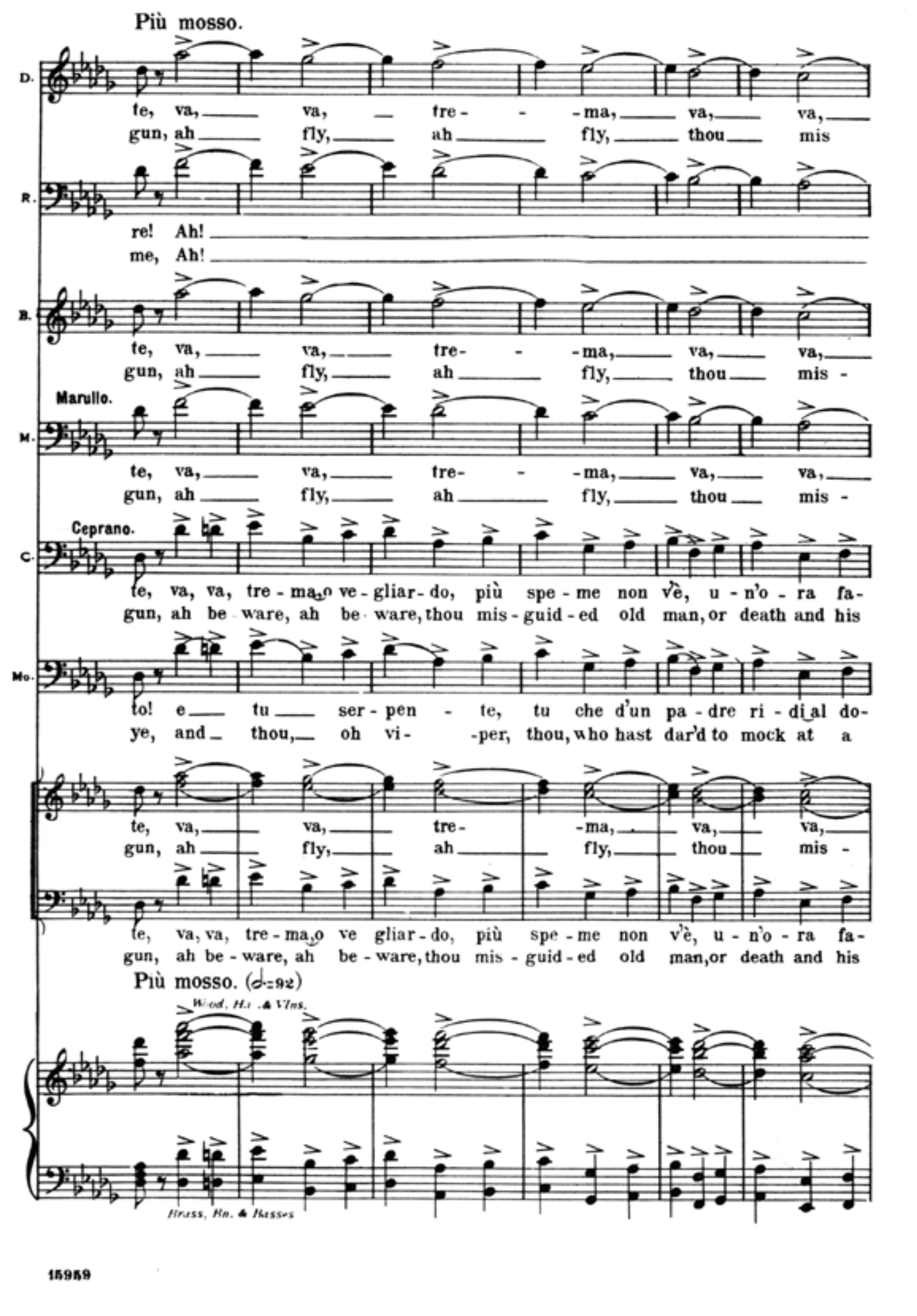
Più mosso.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
Più mosso. (♩= 92)

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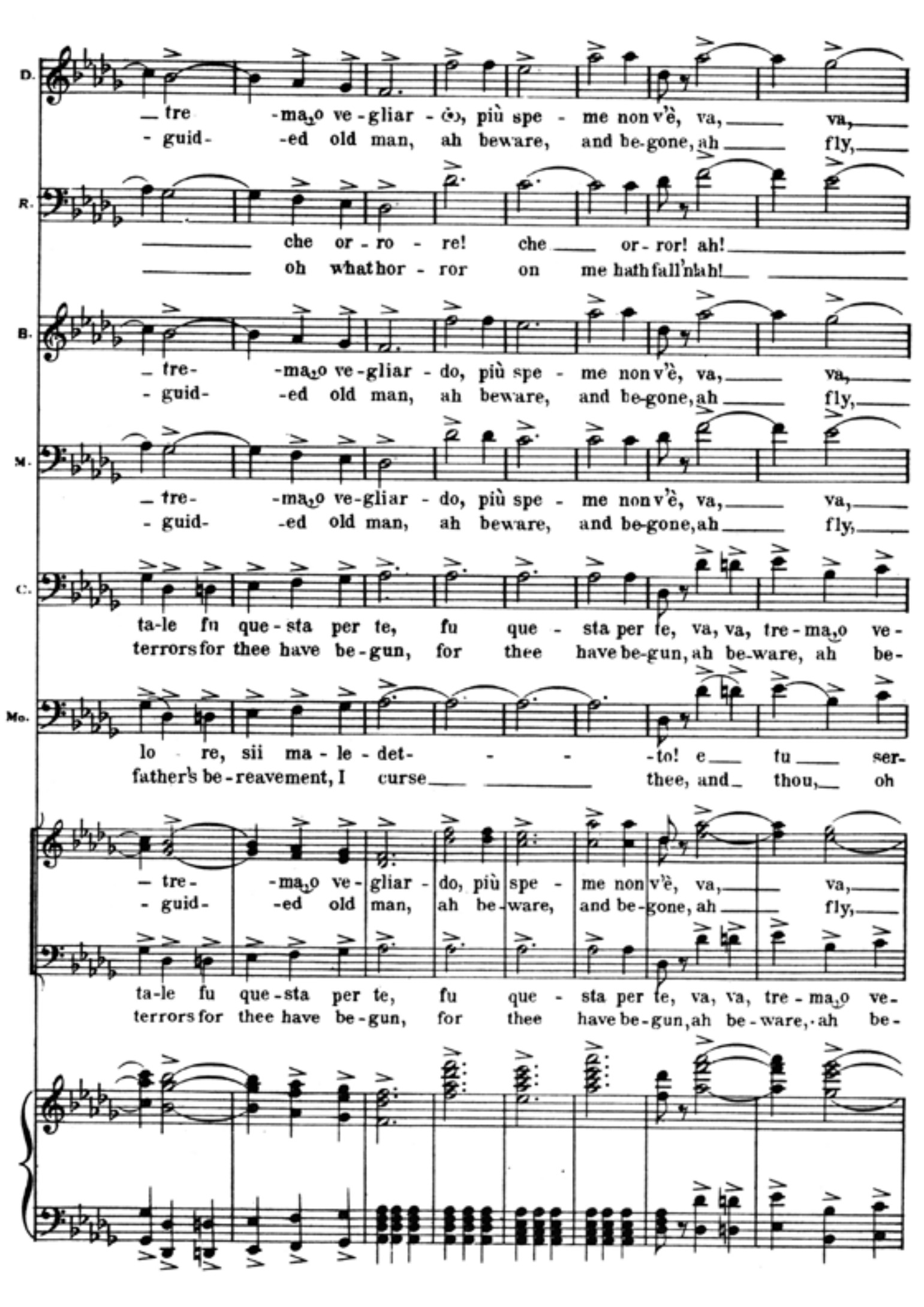

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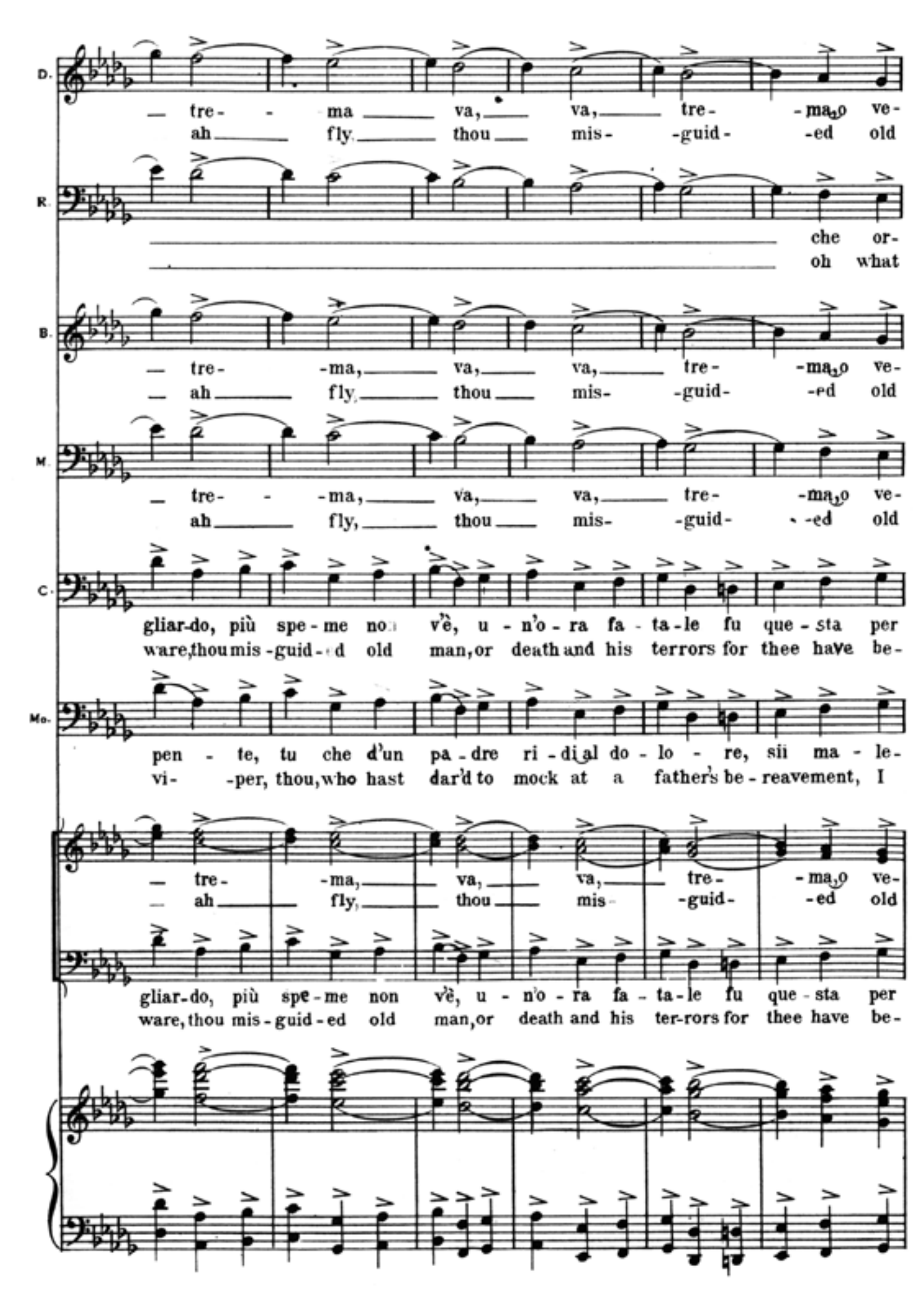

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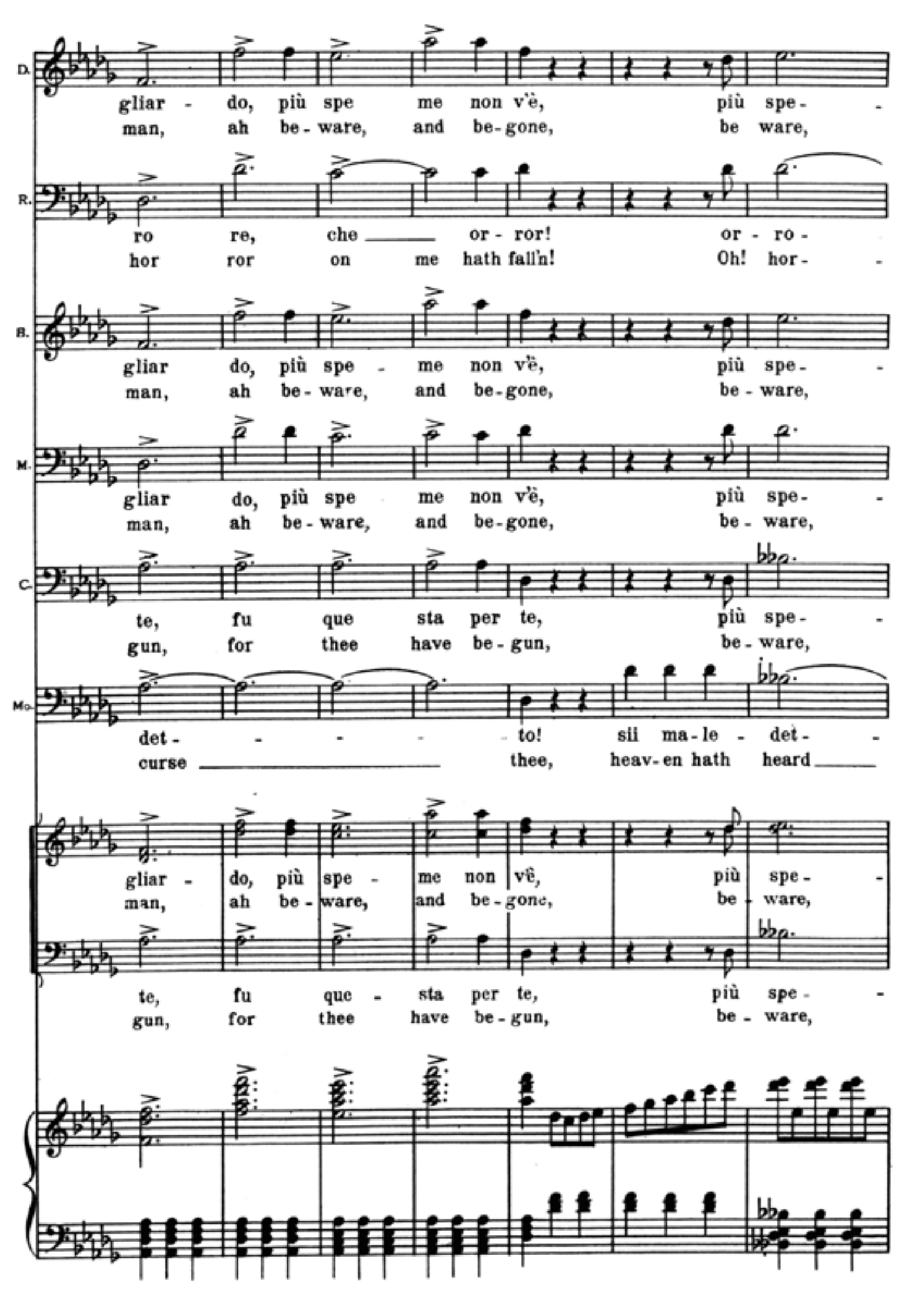
47



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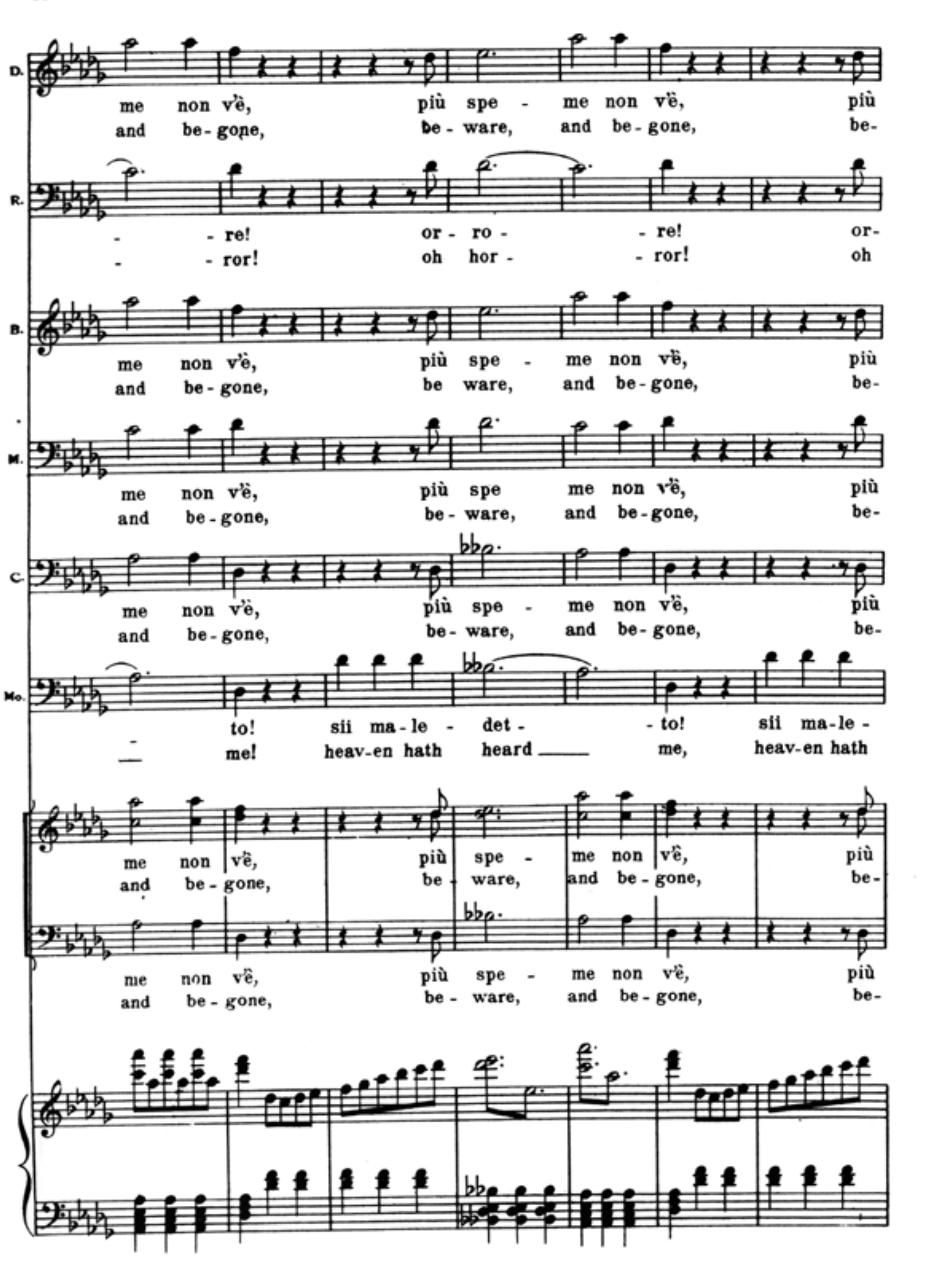
48



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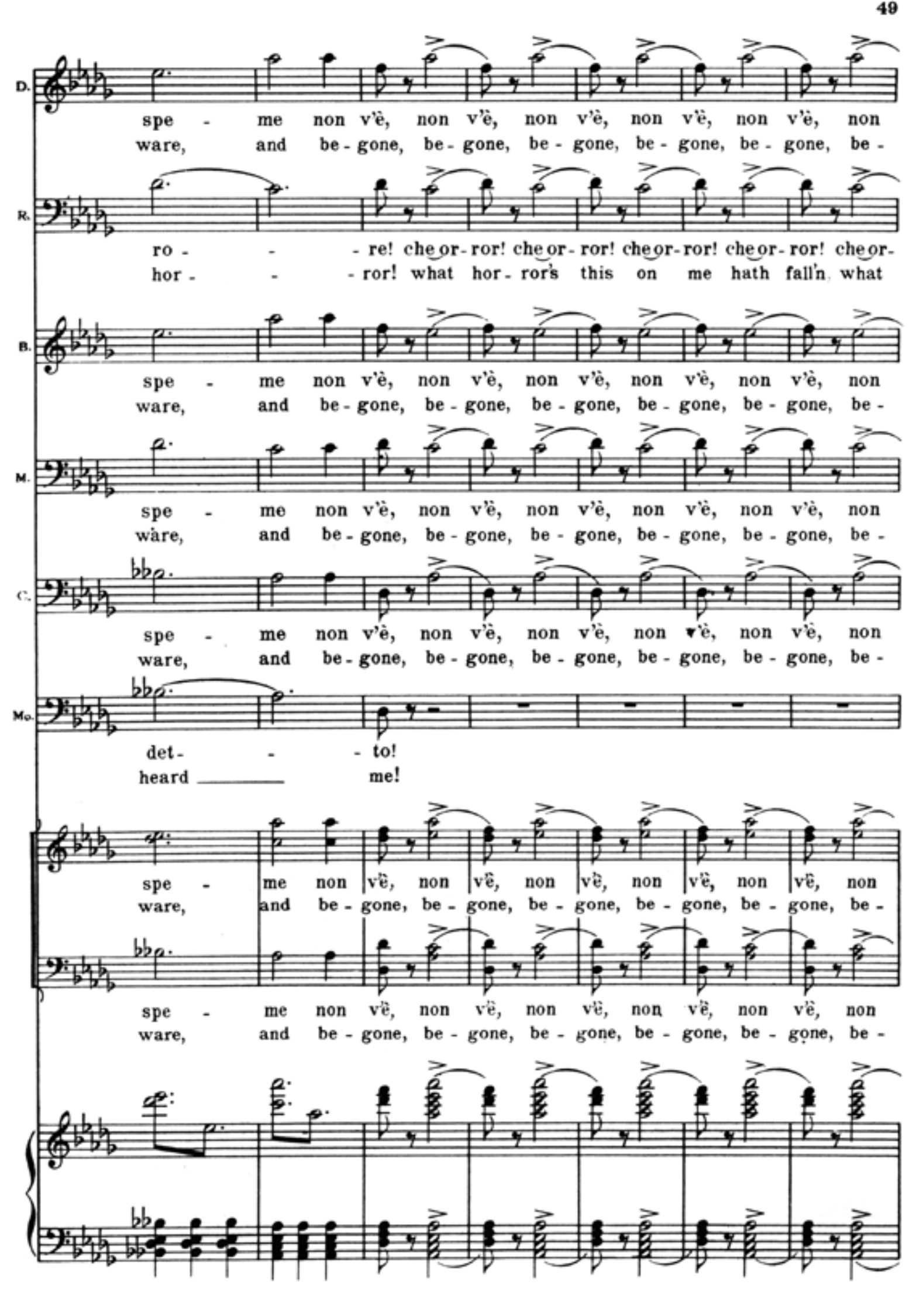

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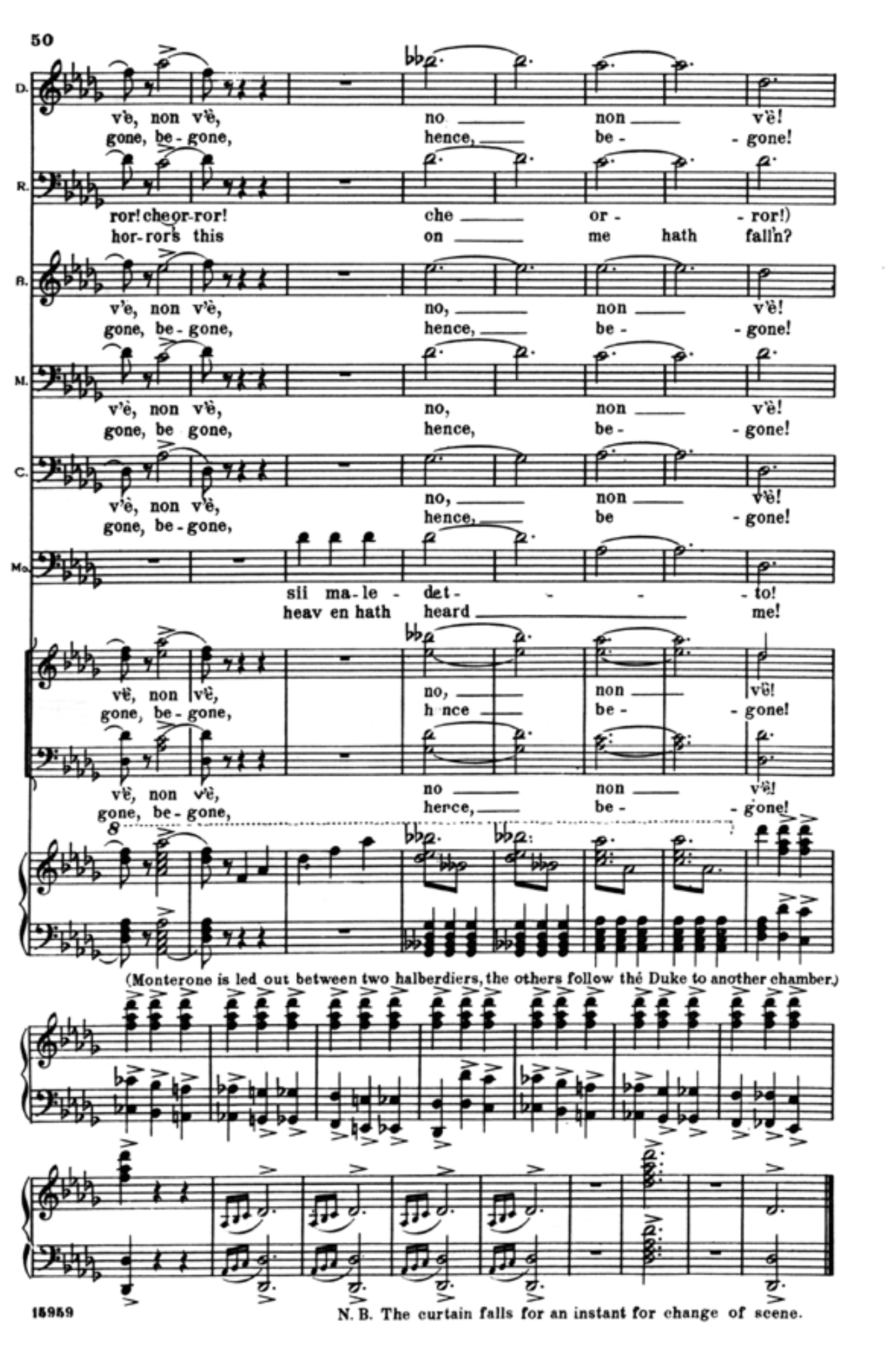
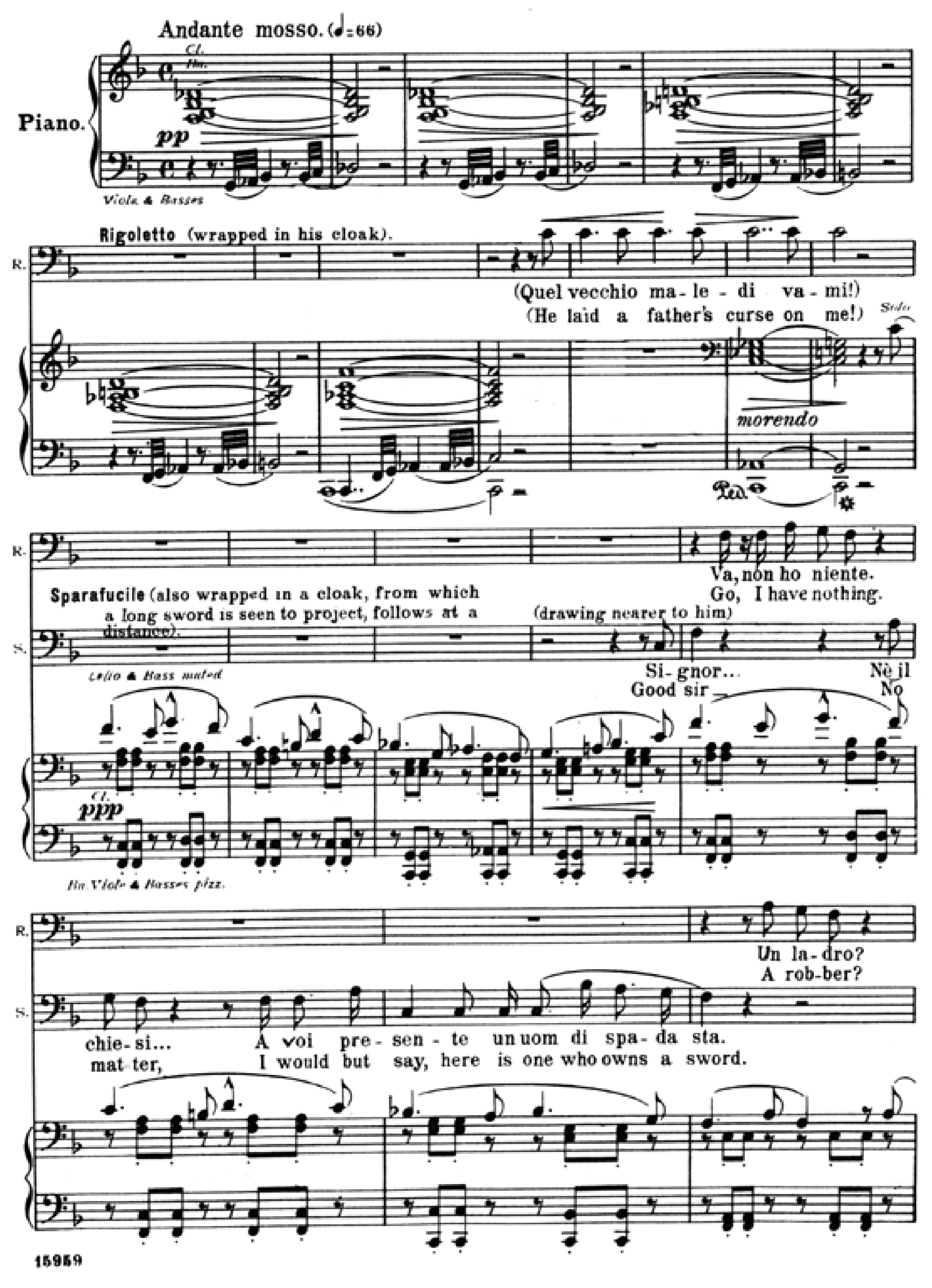

(Monterone is led out between two halberdiers, the others follow the Duke to another chamber.)

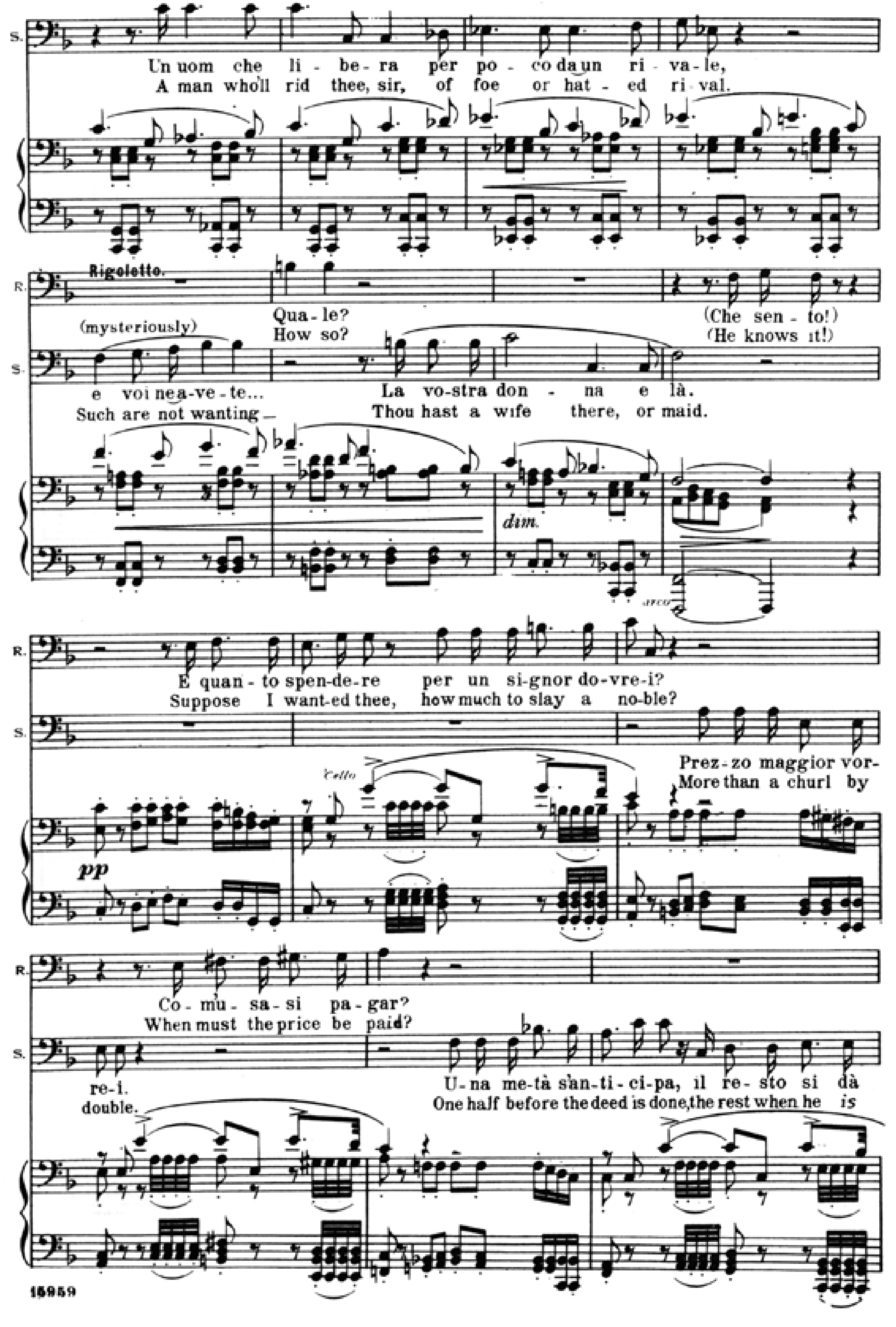
15959 N.B. The curtain falls for an instant for change of scene.

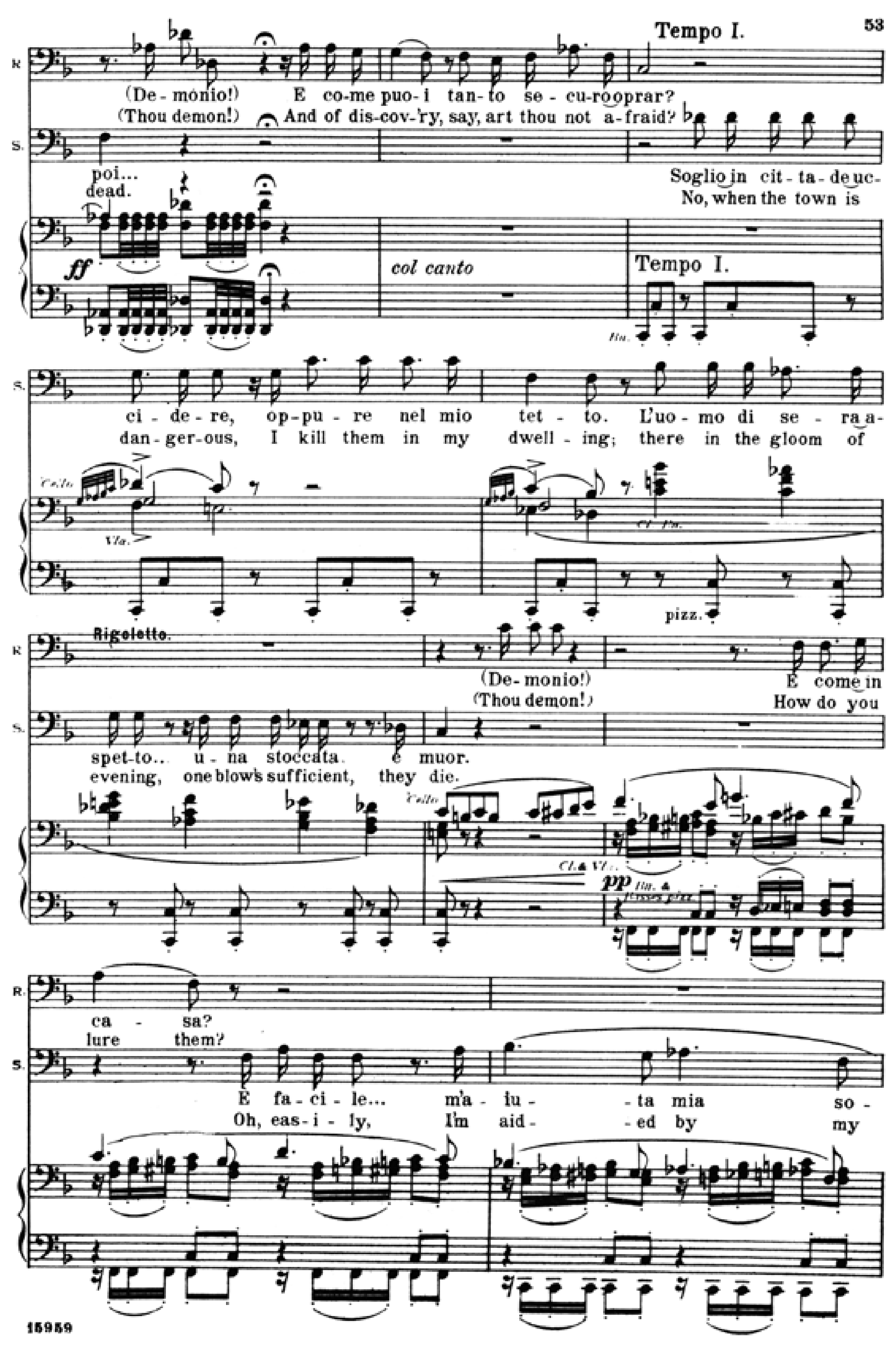
Nº 6. "Quel vecchio maledivami!„

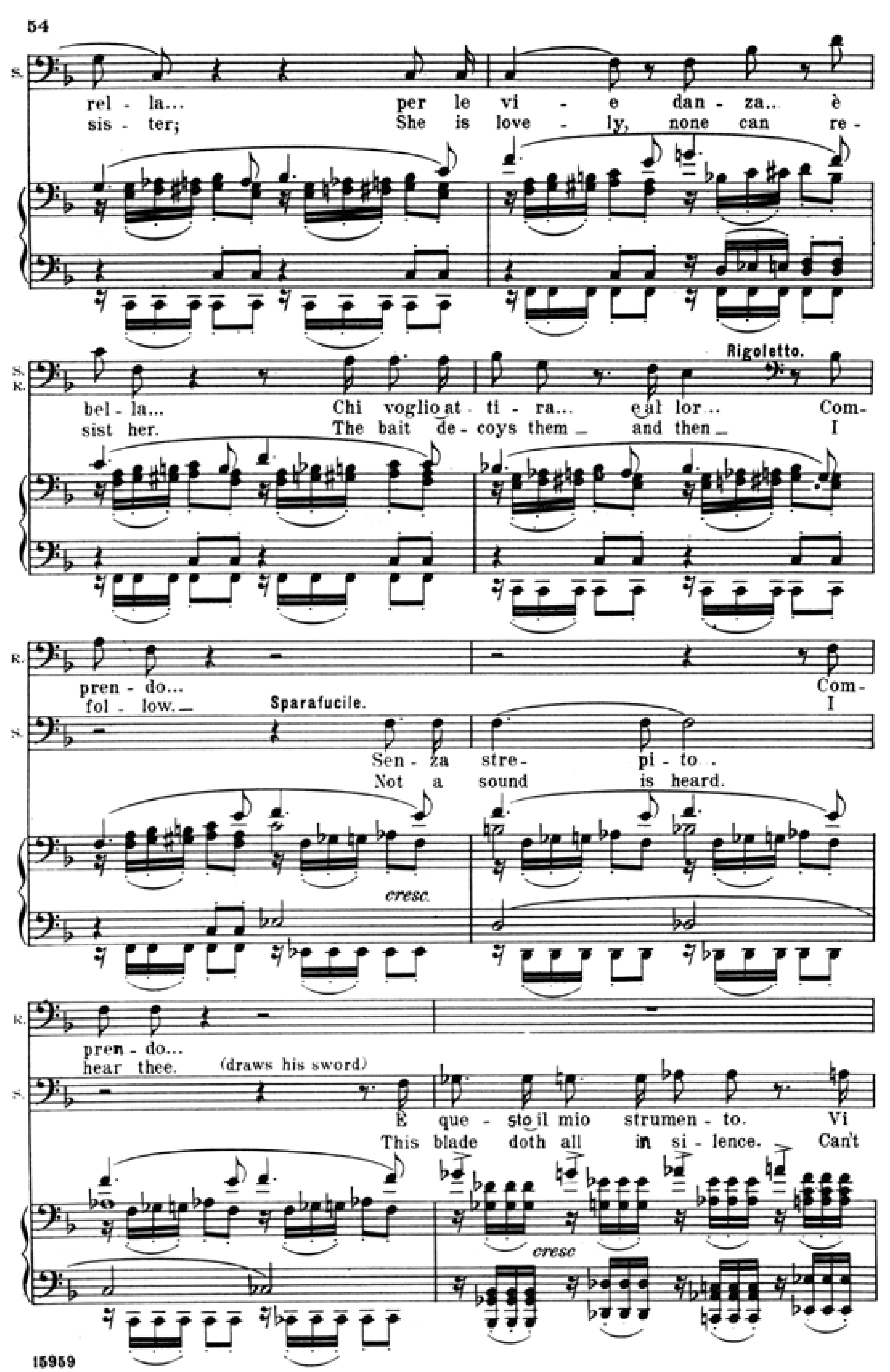
Duet.

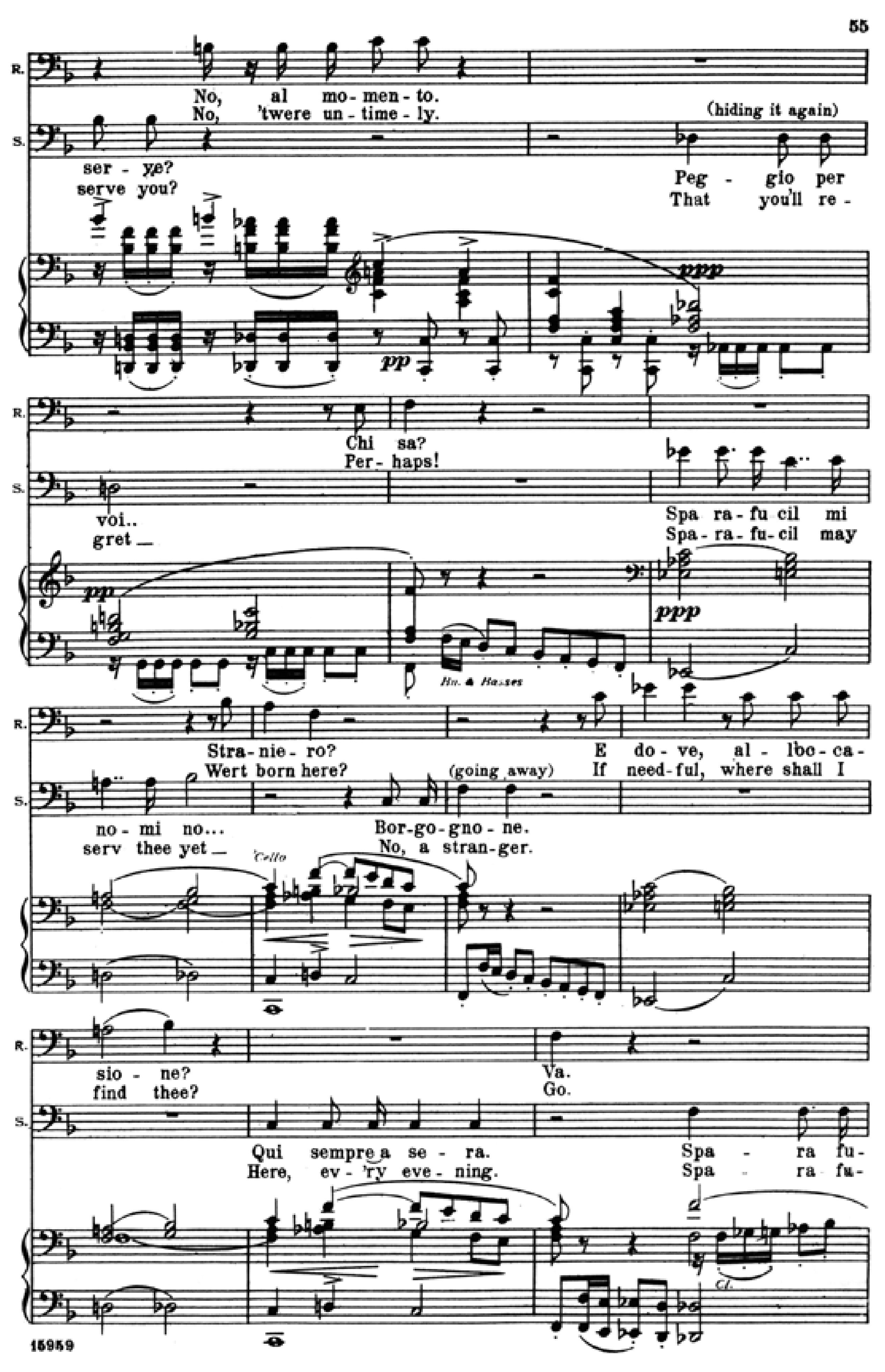
The end of a deserted street. At the left side a house of humble appearance, with a small courtyard surrounded by a wall. In the courtyard there is a high tree, and a garden-seat; in the wall, a door leading to the street; above the wall, a practicable terrace, supported by arches. A door from the first floor opens upon the terrace, to which there is also a staircase at the front, On the right side, a very high wall; and an angle of the Ceprano palace is visible. It is night.

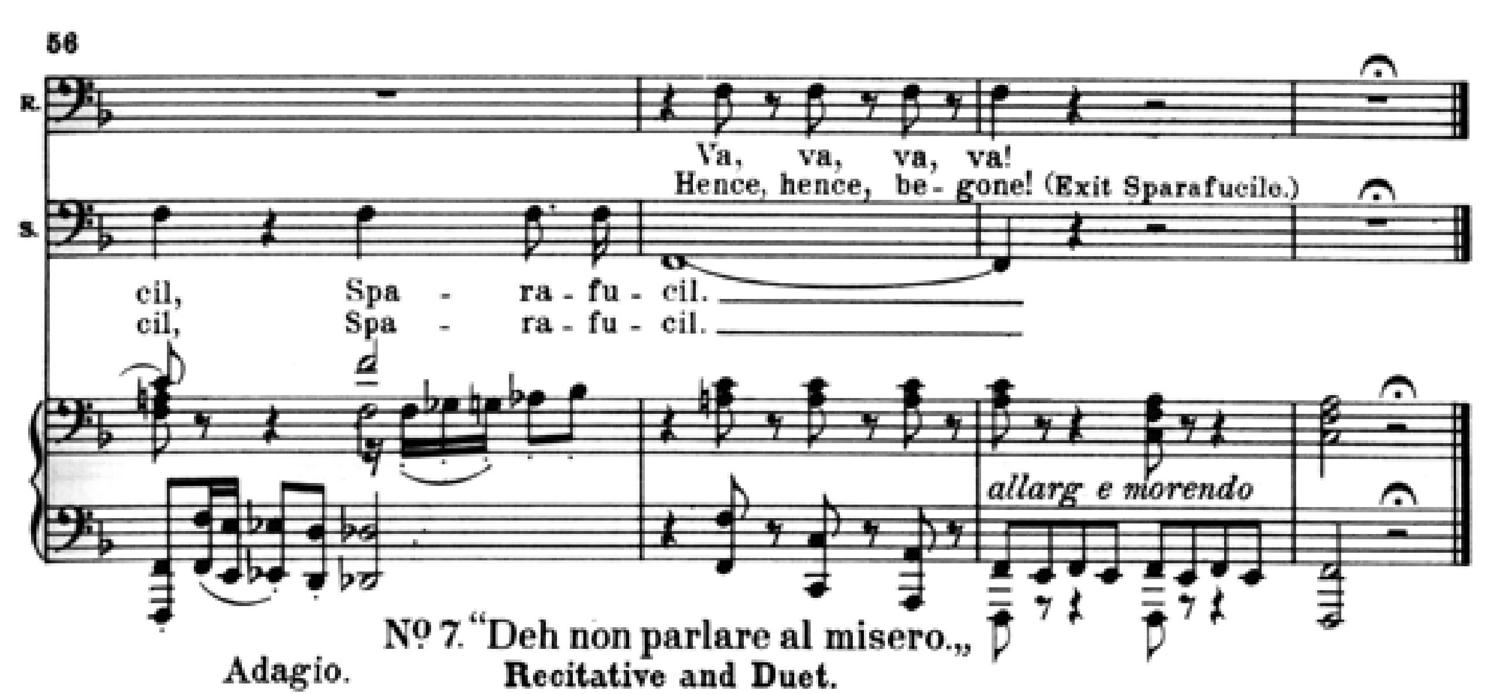

Andante mosso. (♩=66)
Piano.
pp
Cl.
Hn.
Viola & Basses
Rigoletto (wrapped in his cloak).
R.
(Quel vecchio ma-le-di va-mi!)
(He laid a father's curse on me!)
Solo
morendo
Sparafucile (also wrapped in a cloak, from which a long sword is seen to project, follows at a distance).
(drawing nearer to him)
S.
Va, non ho niente.
Go, I have nothing.
Si-gnor...
Good sir
Nè il
No
Cello & Bass muted
ppp
Cl.
Bn. Viola & Basses pizz.
chie-si...
mat-ter,
A voi pre-sen-te un uom di spa-da sta.
I would but say, here is one who owns a sword.
Un la-dro?
A rob-ber?


Sparafucile.
S.
Un uom che li-be-ra per po-co da un ri-va-le,
A man who'll rid thee, sir, of foe or hat-ed ri-val.
Rigoletto.
R.
Qua-le?
How so?
(Che sen-to!)
(He knows it!)
(mysteriously)
e voi ne a-ve-te...
Such are not wanting
La vo-stra don-na è là.
Thou hast a wife there, or maid.
dim.
arco
E quan-to spen-de-re per un si-gnor do-vre-i?
Suppose I want-ed thee, how much to slay a no-ble?
Prez-zo maggior vor-
More than a churl by
Cello
pp
Co-mu-sa-si pa-gar?
When must the price be paid?
re-i.
double.
U-na me-tà s'an-ti-ci-pa, il re-sto si dà
One half before the deed is done, the rest when he is


Tempo I.
R.
(De-monio!)
(Thou demon!)
E co-me puo-i tan-to se-cu-ro oprar?
And of dis-cov-'ry, say, art thou not a-fraid?
S.
poi...
dead.
Soglio in cit-ta-de uc-
No, when the town is
ff
col canto
Tempo I.
Bn.
ci-de-re, op-pu-re nel mio tet-to. L'uo-mo di se-ra a-
dan-ger-ous, I kill them in my dwell-ing; there in the gloom of
Cello
Vla.
Cl. Fa.
pizz.
Rigoletto.
(De-monio!)
(Thou demon!)
E come in
How do you
spet-to... u-na stoccata. è muor.
evening, one blow's sufficient, they die.
Cello
Cl. & Vla.
pp
Bn. & Basses pizz.
ca-sa?
lure them?
E fa-ci-le... m'a-iu-ta mia so-
Oh, eas-i-ly, I'm aid-ed by my

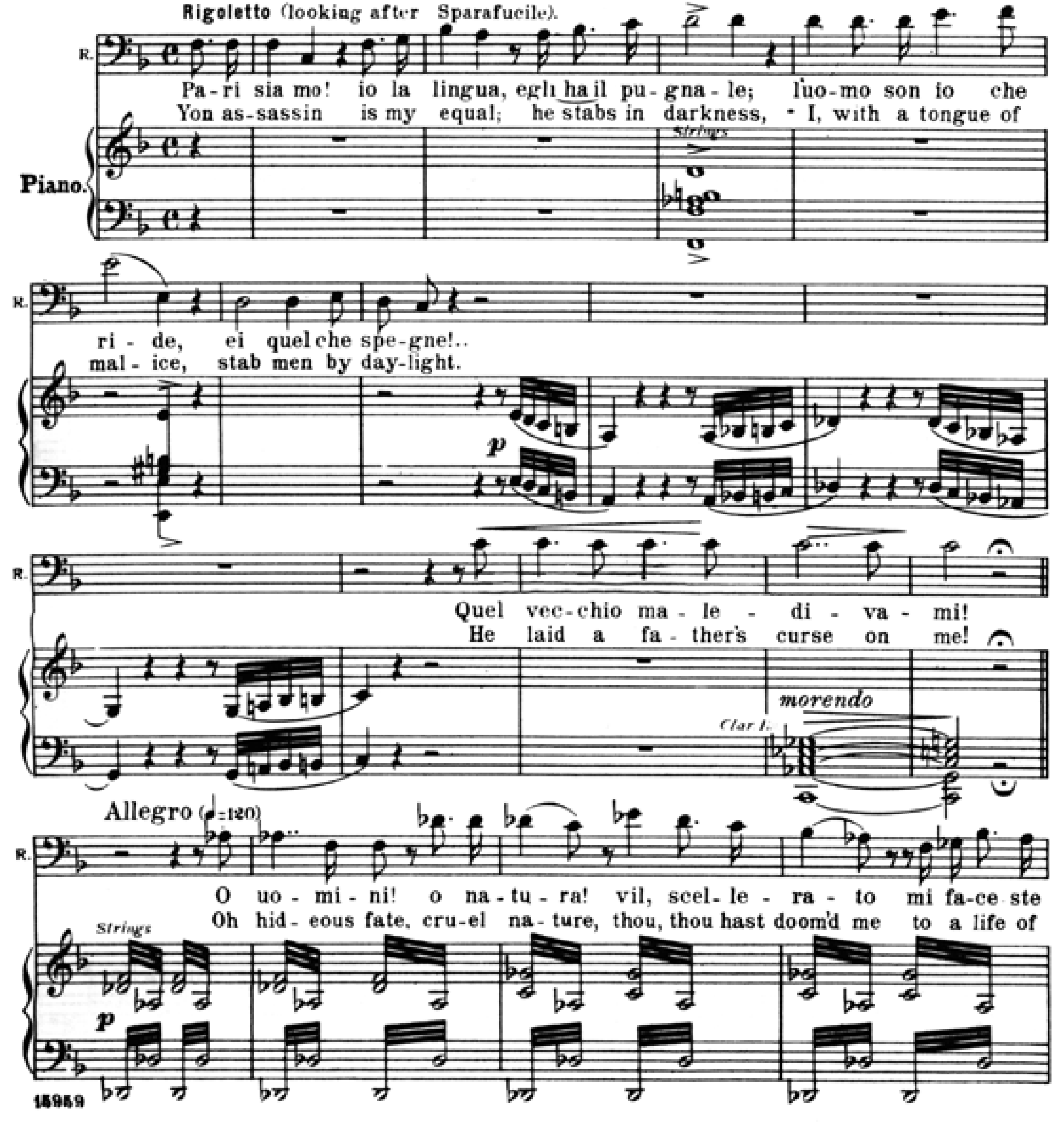

S.
rel-la... per le vi-e dan-za... è
sis-ter; She is love-ly, none can re-
S.
R.
bel-la... Chi voglio at-ti-ra... e al lor... Com-
sist her. The bait de-coys them and then I
Rigoletto.
R.
pren-do...
fol-low.
Sparafucile.
Com-
I
Sen-za stre-pi-to.
Not a sound is heard.
cresc.
K.
pren-do...
hear thee.
(draws his sword)
E que-sto il mio strumen-to. Vi
This blade doth all in si-lence. Can't
cresc


R.
No, al mo-men-to.
No, 'twere un-time-ly.
(hiding it again)
S.
ser-ve?
serve you?
Peg-gio per
That you'll re-
pp
ppp
Chi sa?
Per-haps!
voi..
gret
Spa-ra-fu-cil mi
Spa-ra-fu-cil may
Bn. & Basses
Stra-nie-ro?
Wert born here?
(going away)
E do-ve, al-l'oc-ca-
If need-ful, where shall I
no-mi no...
serv thee yet
Bor-go-gno-ne.
No, a stran-ger.
Cello
sio-ne?
find thee?
Va.
Go.
Qui sempre a se-ra.
Here, ev-'ry eve-ning.
Spa-ra fu-
Spa-ra-fu-
Cl.


R.
Va, va, va, va!
Hence, hence, be-gone! (Exit Sparafucile.)
S.
cil, Spa-ra-fu-cil.
cil, Spa-ra-fu-cil.
allarg e morendo

Nº 7. "Deh non parlare al misero.„

Recitative and Duet.


Adagio.
Rigoletto (looking after Sparafucile).
R.
Pa-ri sia mo! io la lingua, egli ha il pu-gna-le; l'uo-mo son io che
Yon as-sassin is my equal; he stabs in darkness, I, with a tongue of
Piano.
Strings
ri-de, ei quel che spe-gne!..
mal-ice, stab men by day-light.
p
Quel vec-chio ma-le-di-va-mi!
He laid a fa-ther's curse on me!
morendo
Clar. I.
Allegro (♩=120)
O uo-mi-ni! o na-tu-ra! vil, scel-le-ra-to mi fa-ce-ste
Oh hid-eous fate, cru-el na-ture, thou, thou hast doom'd me to a life of
Strings
p

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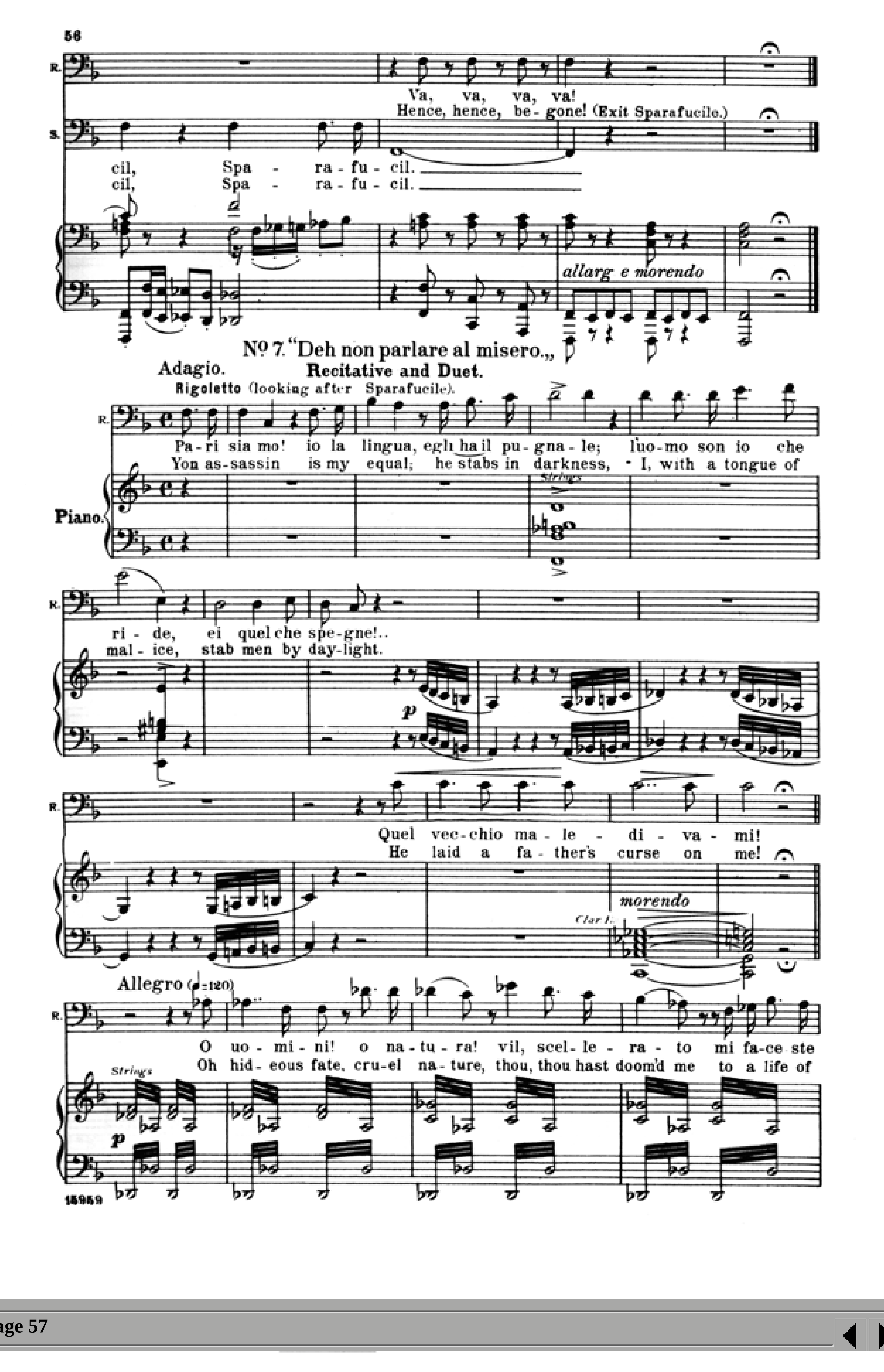
56
Va, va, va, va!
Hence, hence, be gone! (Exit Sparafucile.)
cil, Spa - ra - fu - cil.
allarg. e morendo
Nº 7. "Deh non parlare al misero."
Adagio. Recitative and Duet.
Rigoletto (looking after Sparafucile).
Pa - ri siamo! io la lingua, egli ha il pugnale; l'uomo son io che
You as-sassin is my equal; he stabs in darkness, I, with a tongue of
Piano.
ri - de, ei quel che spegne!..
mal - ice, stab men by day-light.
p
Quel vec-chio ma - le - di - va - mi!
He laid a fa - ther's curse on me!
morendo
Allegro (♩=120)
O uo - mi - ni! o na - tu - ra! vil, scel - le - ra - to mi fa - ce - ste
Oh hid - eous fate, cru - el na - ture, thou, thou hast doom'd me to a life of
Strings
p
15959

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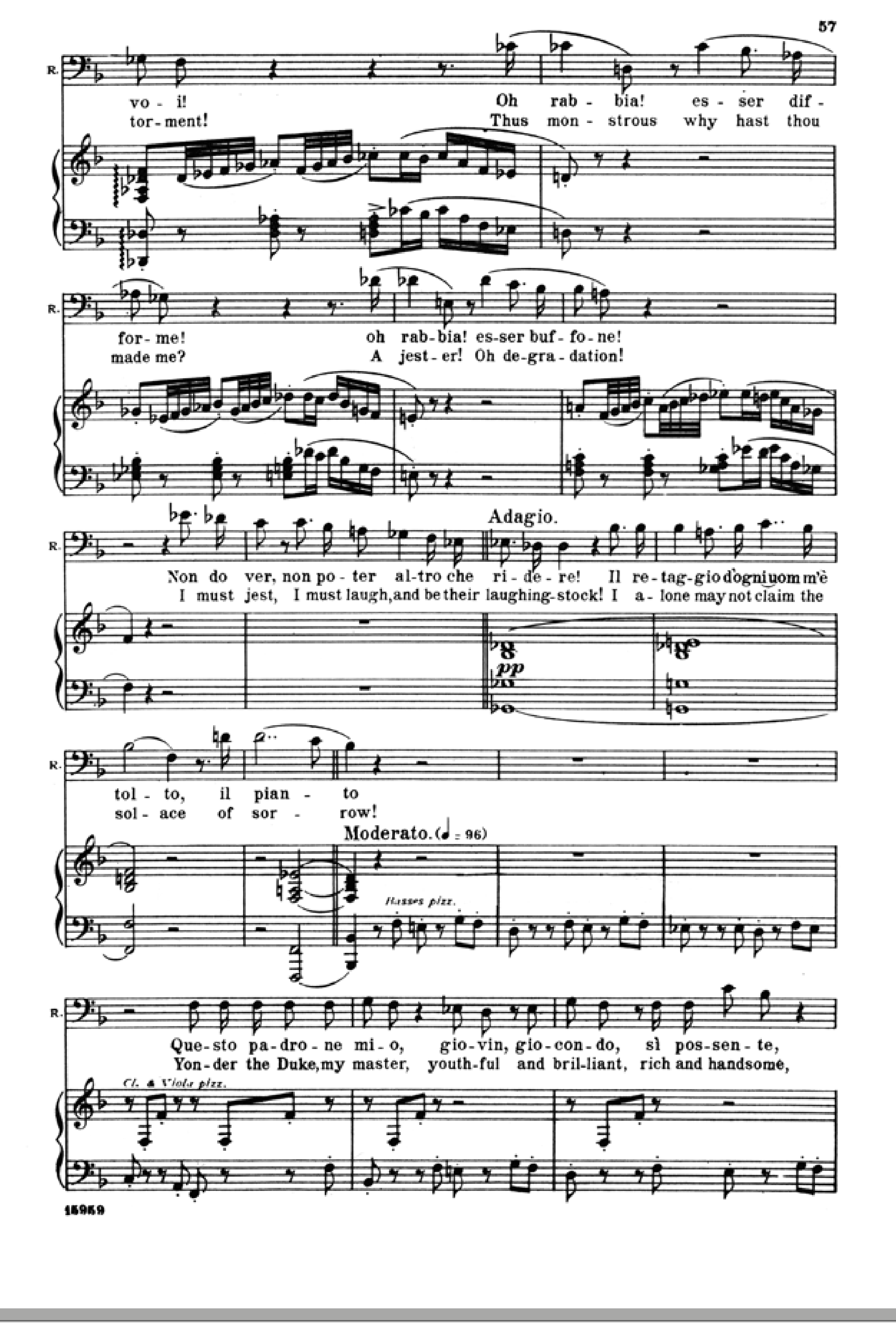
57
vo - i!
tor - ment!
Oh rab - bia! es - ser dif -
Thus mon - strous why hast thou
for - me!
made me?
oh rab - bia! es - ser buf - fo - ne!
A jest - er! Oh de - gra - dation!
Adagio.
Non do - ver, non po - ter al - tro che ri - de - re! Il re - tag - gio d'ogni uom m'è
I must jest, I must laugh, and be their laughing-stock! I a - lone may not claim the
pp
tol - to, il pian - to
sol - ace of sor - row!
Moderato. (♩=96)
Que - sto pa - dro - ne mi - o, gio - vin, gio - con - do, sì pos - sen - te,
Yon - der the Duke, my master, youth - ful and bril - liant, rich and handsome,
15959

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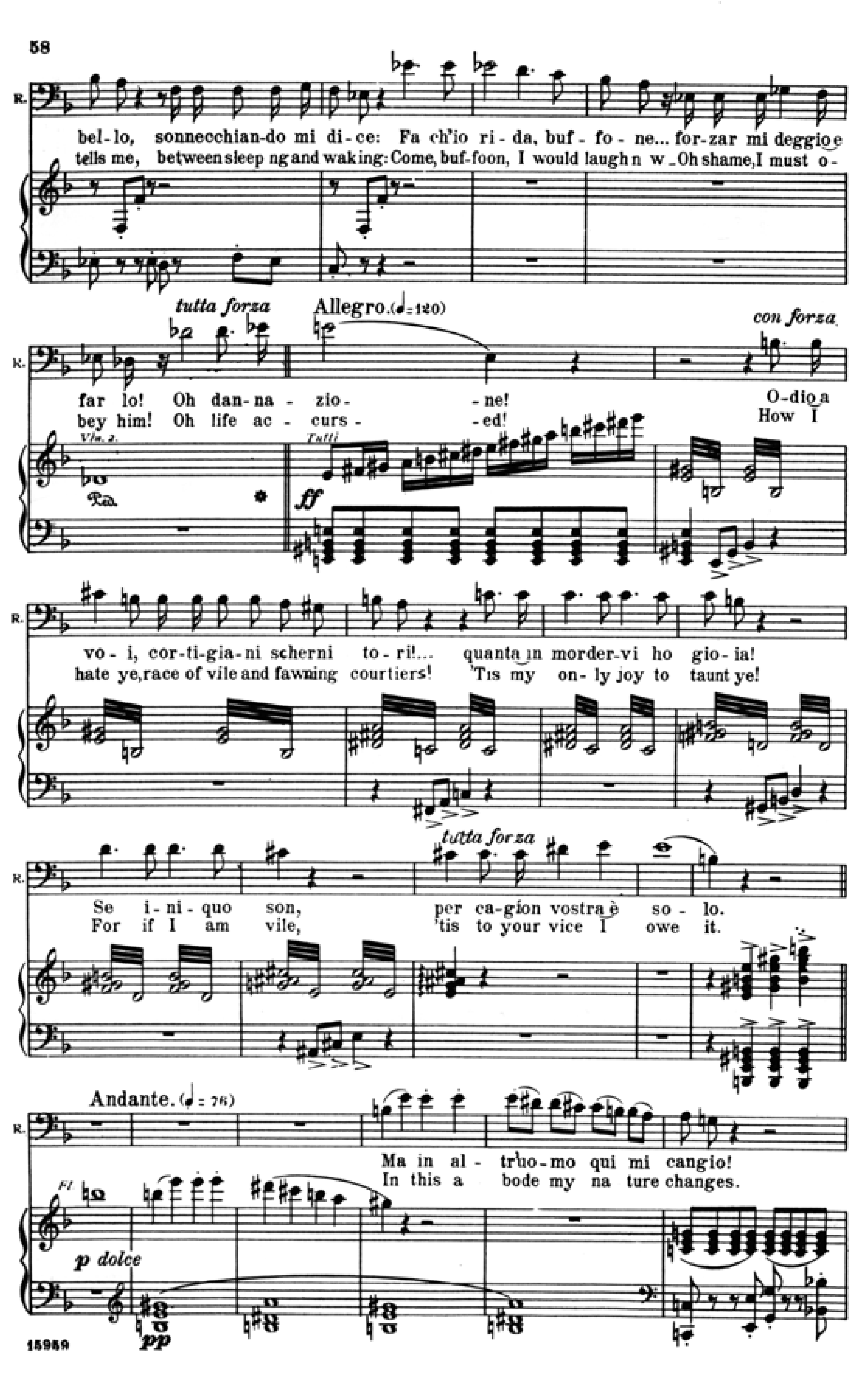
58
bel - lo, sonnecchian-do mi di - ce: Fa ch'io ri - da, buf - fo - ne... for - zar mi deggio e
tells me, between sleep and waking: Come, buf - foon, I would laugh now. Oh shame, I must o -
tutta forza
Allegro (♩=120)
con forza
far - lo! Oh dan - na - zio - ne!
bey him! Oh life ac - curs - ed!
O - dio - a
How I
vo - i, cor - ti - gia - ni scher - ni - to - ri!.. quan - ta in morder vi ho gio - ia!
hate ye, race of vile and fawning courtiers! 'Tis my on - ly joy to taunt ye!
Se i - ni - quo son, per ca - gion vo - stra è so - lo.
For if I am vile, 'tis to your vice I owe it.
tutta forza
Andante. (♩=76)
Ma in al - tr'uo - mo qui mi can - gio!
In this a - bode my na - ture changes.
p dolce
pp
15959

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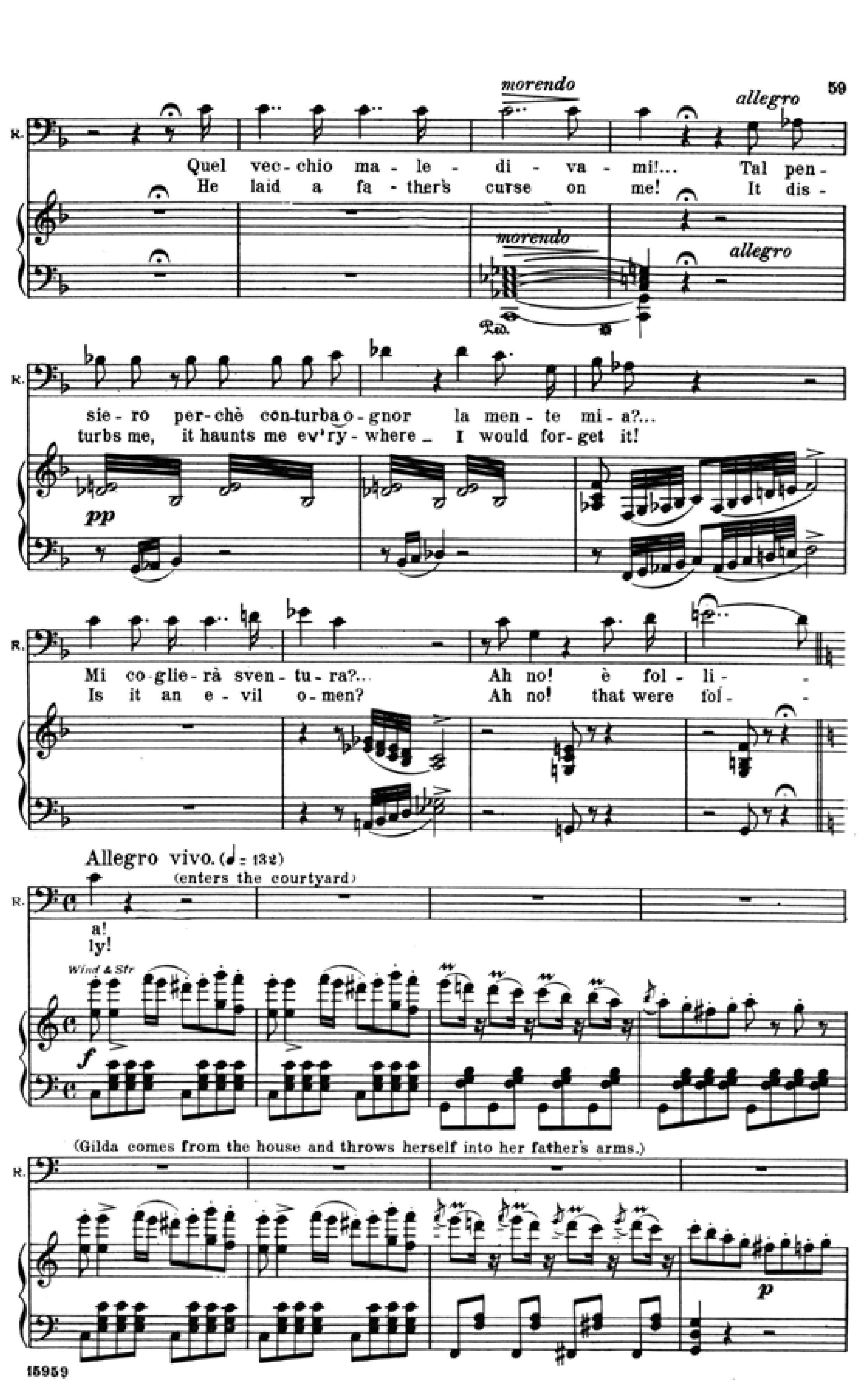
59
morendo
allegro
Quel vec - chio ma - le - di - va - mi!.. Tal pen -
He laid a fa - ther's curse on me! It dis -
allegro
sie - ro per - chè con - tur - ba o - gnor la men - te mi - a?..
turbs me, it haunts me ev'ry - where, I would for - get it!
pp
Mi co - glie - rà sven - tu - ra?.. Ah no! è fol - li -
Is it an e - vil o - men? Ah no! that were fol -
Allegro vivo. (♩=132)
(enters the courtyard)
a!
ly!
f
(Gilda comes from the house and throws herself into her father's arms.)
p
15959

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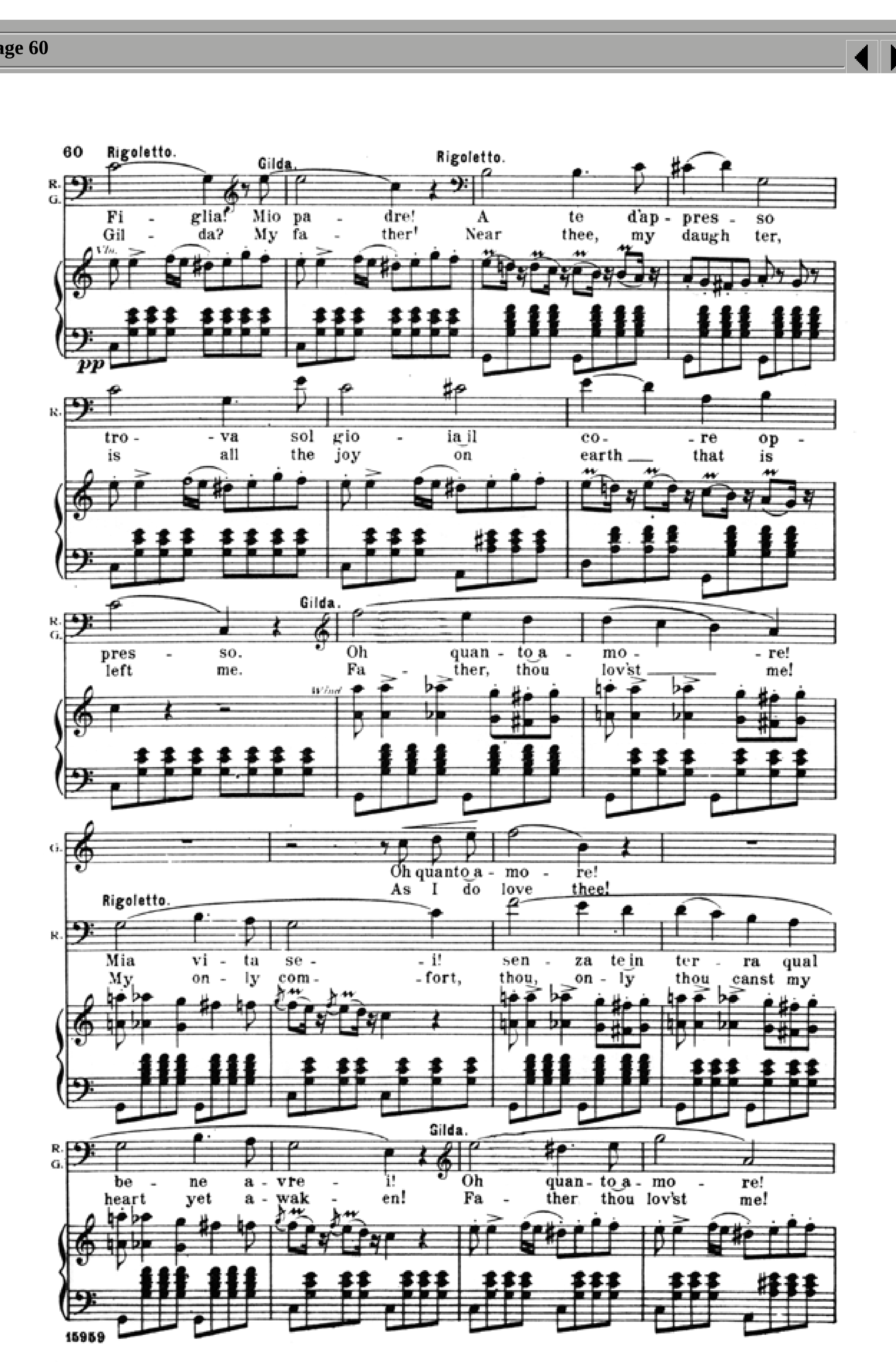
60
Rigoletto.
Gilda.
Rigoletto.
Fi - glia! Mio pa - dre! A te d'ap - pres - so
Gil - da! My fa - ther! Near thee, my daugh - ter,
pp
tro - va sol gio - ia il co - re op -
is all the joy on earth that is
Gilda.
pres - so. Oh quan - to a - mo - re!
left me. Fa - ther, thou lov'st me!
Oh quan - to a - mo - re!
As I do love thee!
Rigoletto.
Mia vi - ta se - i! Sen - za te in ter - ra qual
My on - ly com - fort, thou, on - ly thou canst my
Gilda.
be - ne a - vre - i! Oh quan - to a - mo - re!
heart yet a - wak - en! Fa - ther thou lov'st me!
15959

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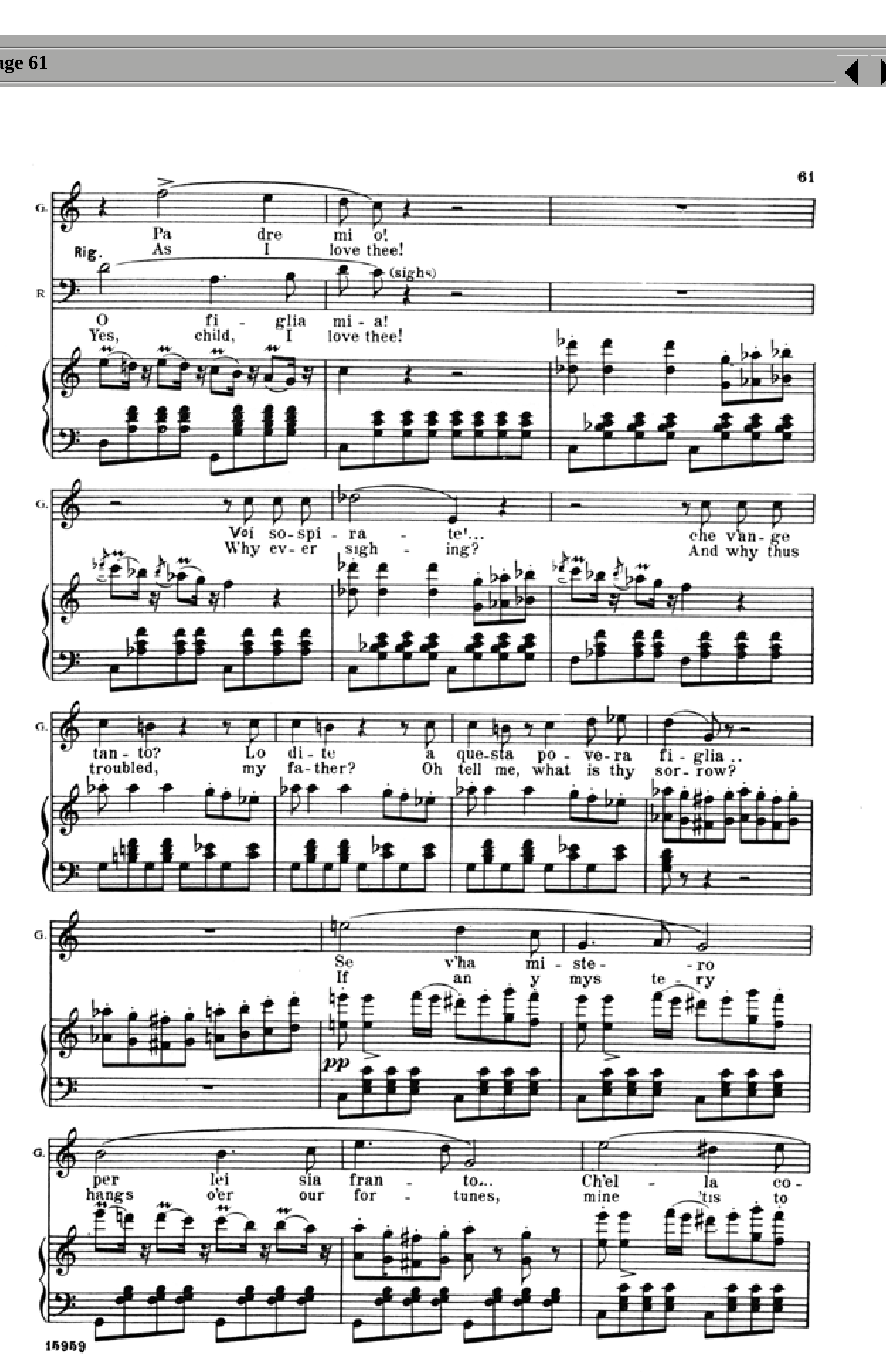
61
Pa - dre mi - o!
As I love thee!
Rig.
O fi - glia mi - a!
Yes, child, I love thee!
(sighs)
Voi so - spi - ra - te!.. che v'an - ge -
Why ev - er sigh - ing? And why thus
tan - to? Lo di - te a que - sta po - ve - ra fi - glia...
troubled, my fa - ther? Oh tell me, what is thy sor - row?
Se v'ha mi - ste - ro
If an - y mys - te - ry
pp
per lei sia fran - to... Ch'el - la co -
hangs o'er our for - tunes, mine 'tis to
15959

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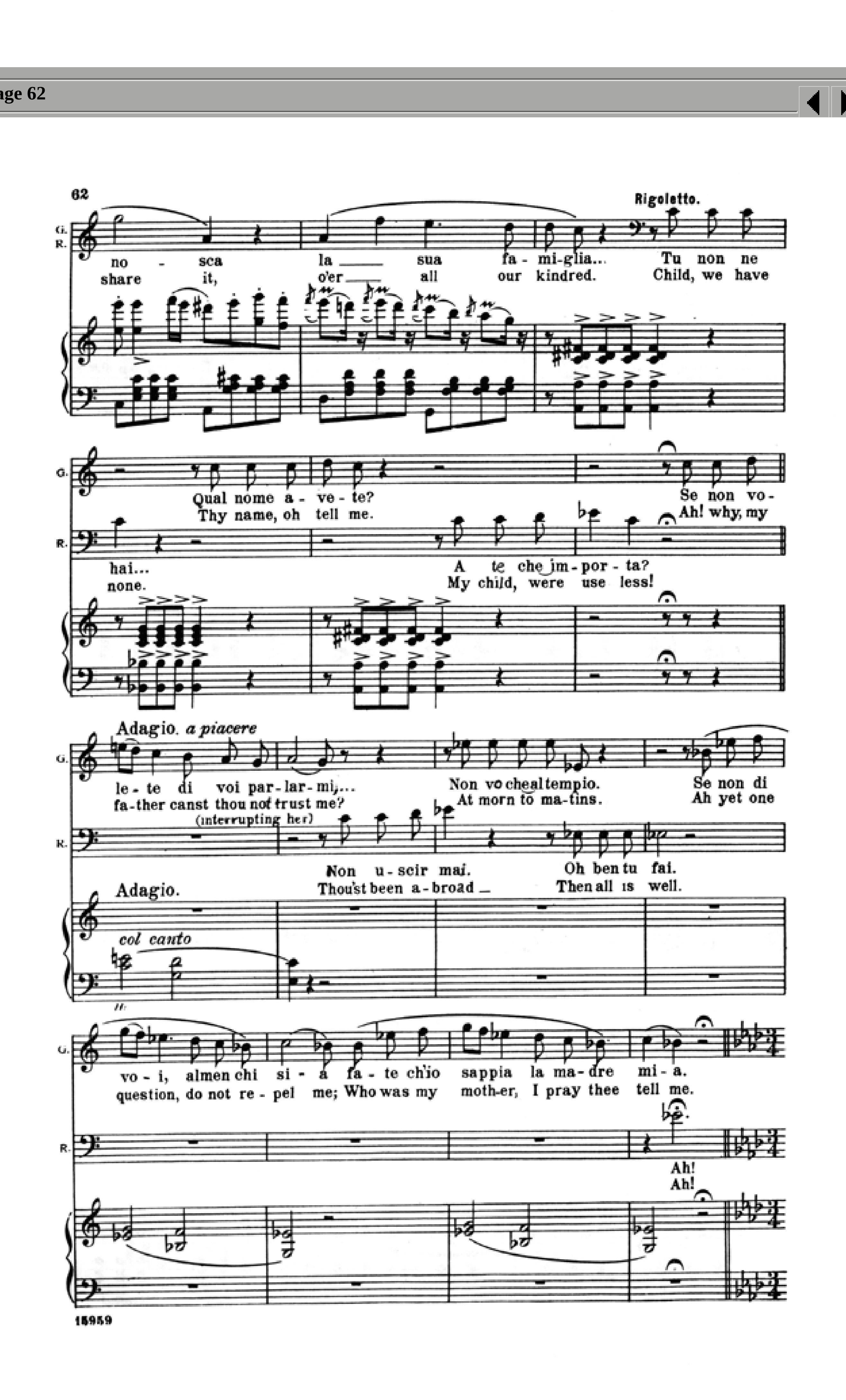
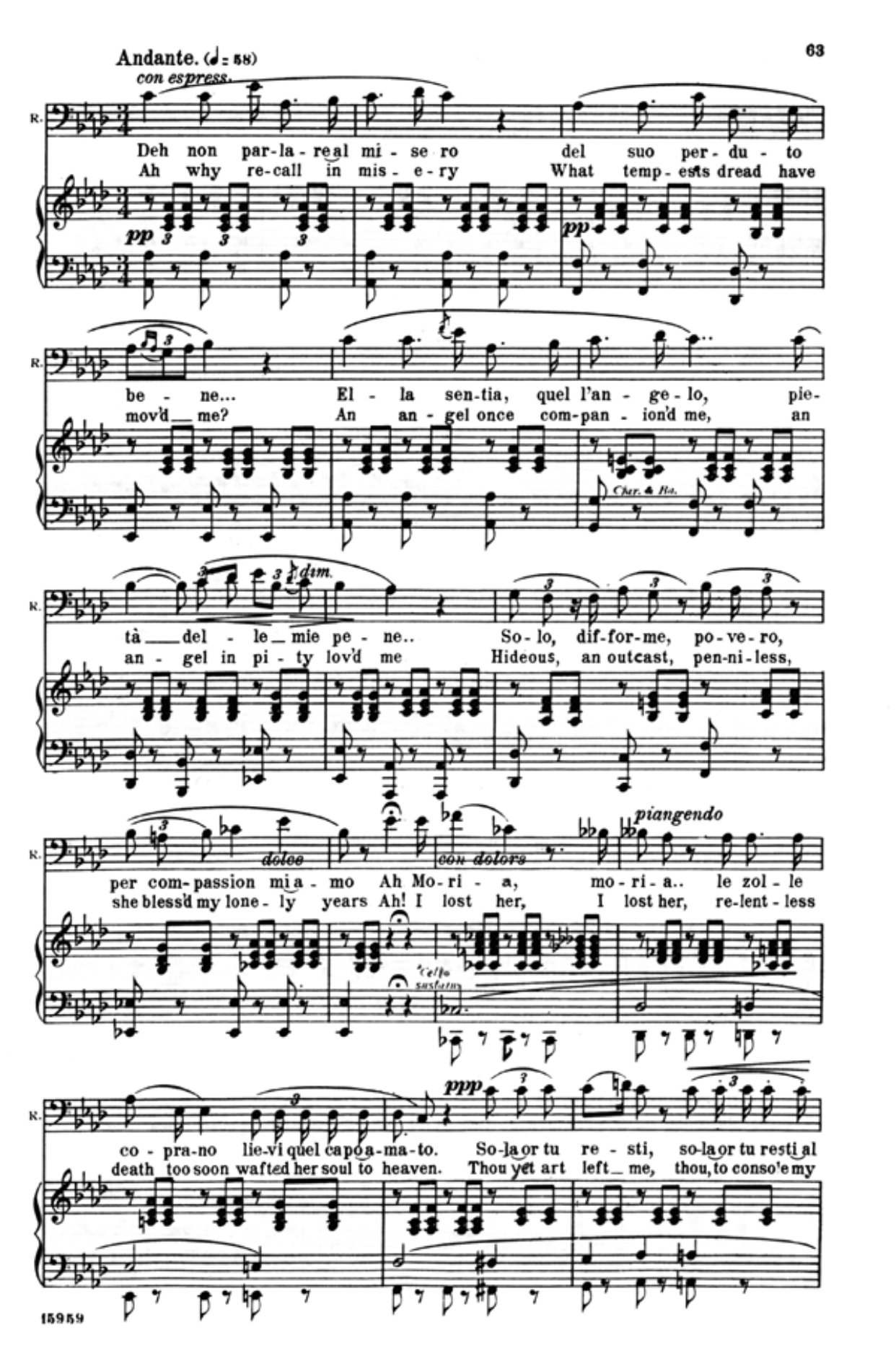
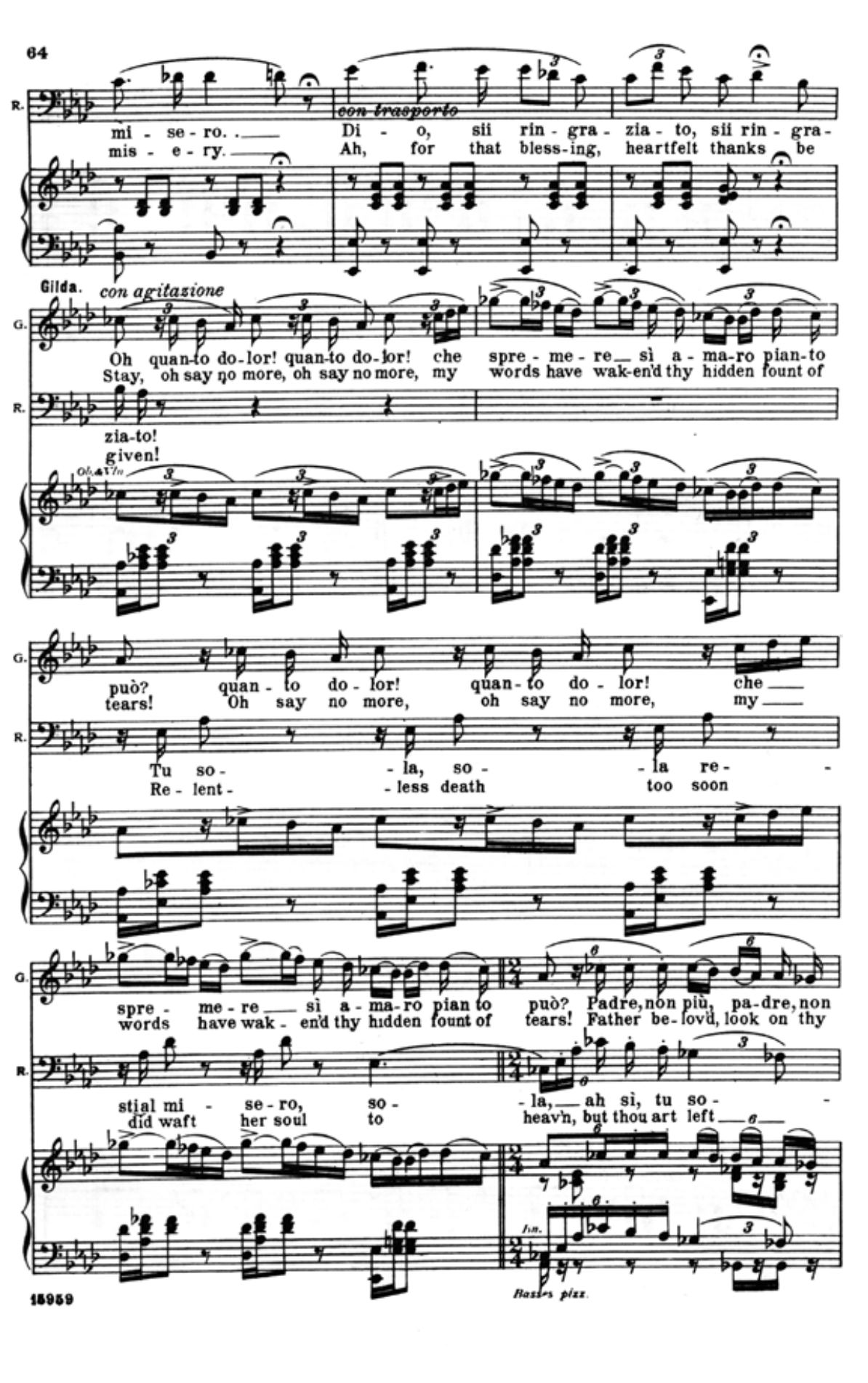
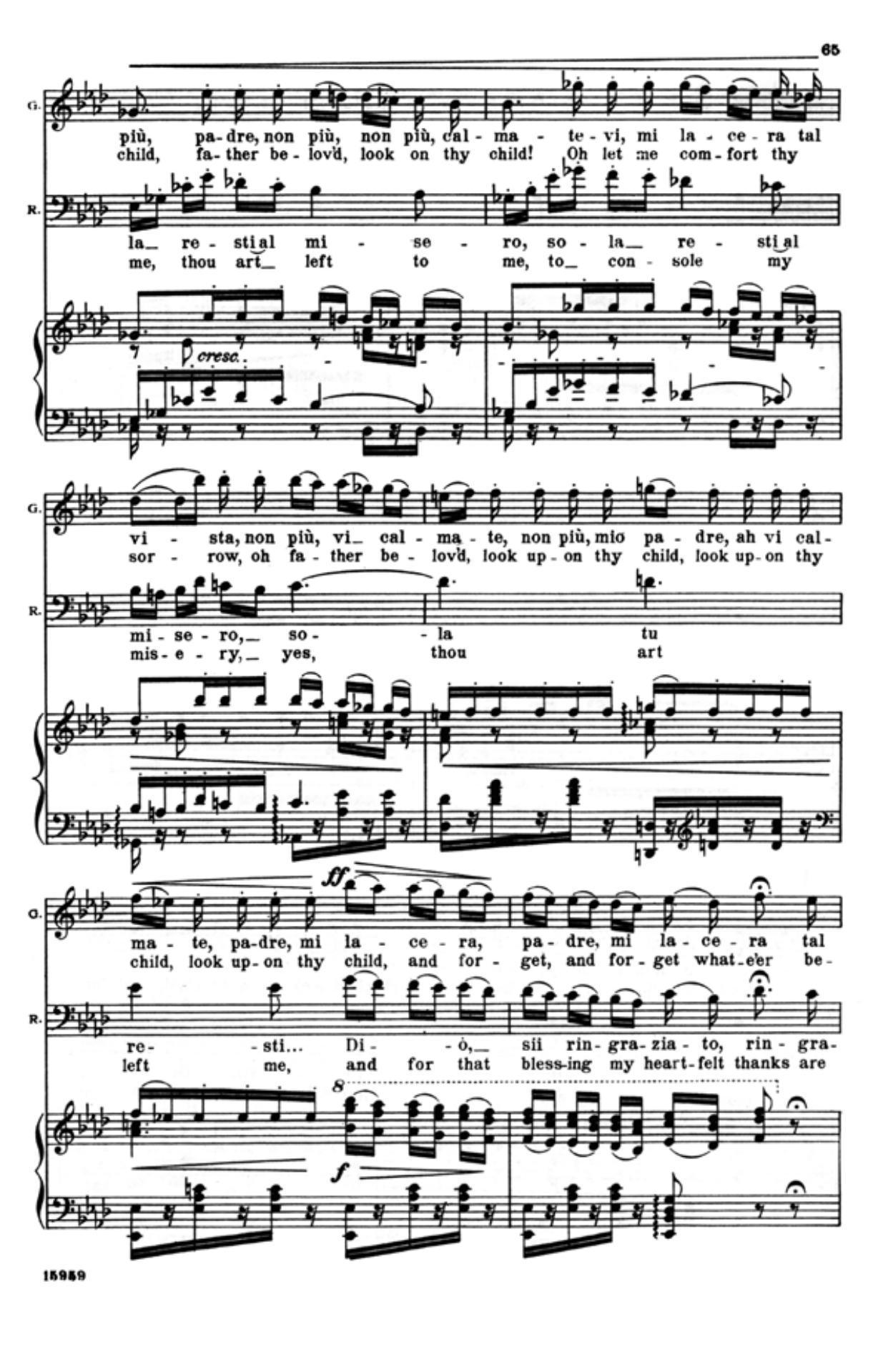
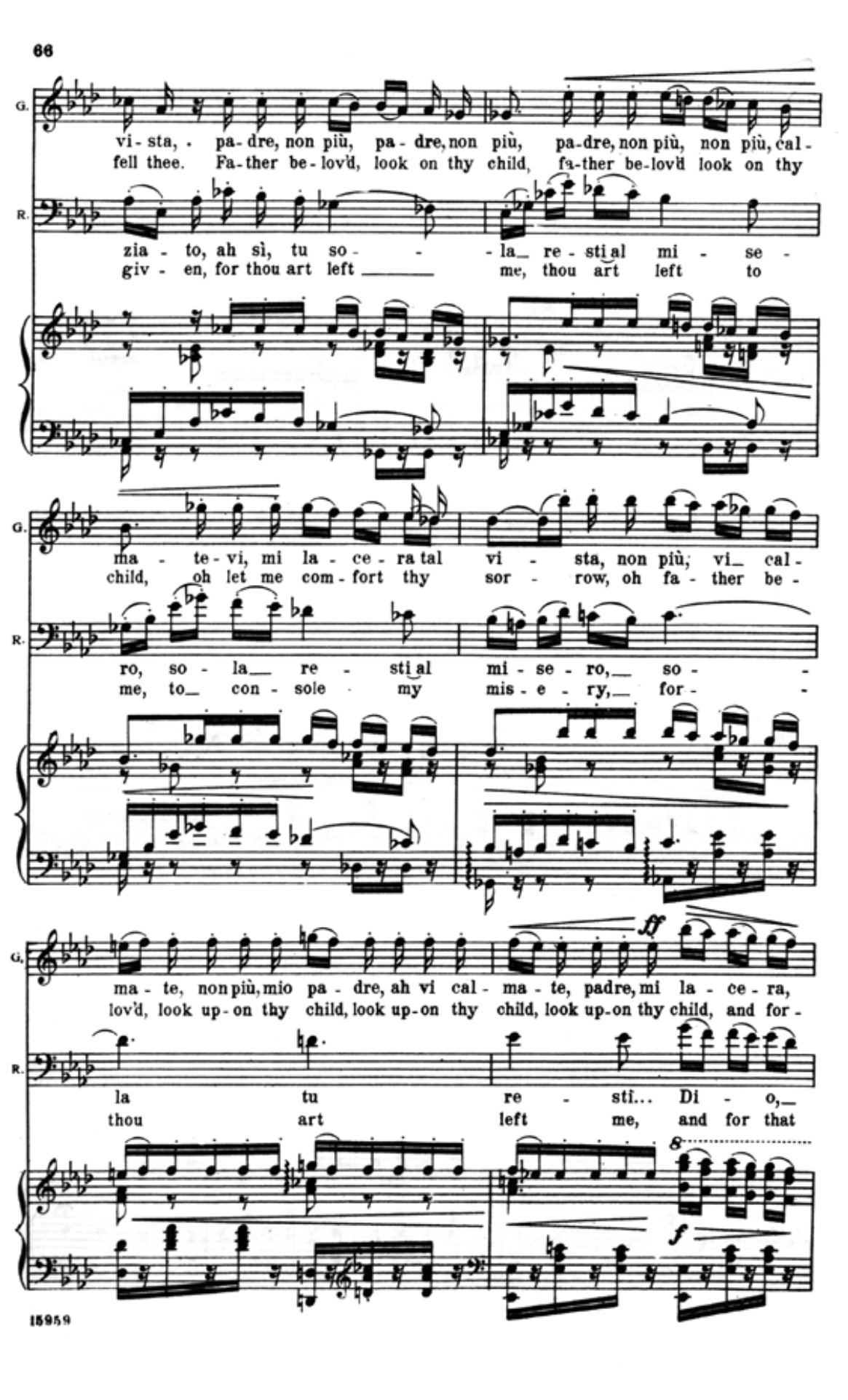
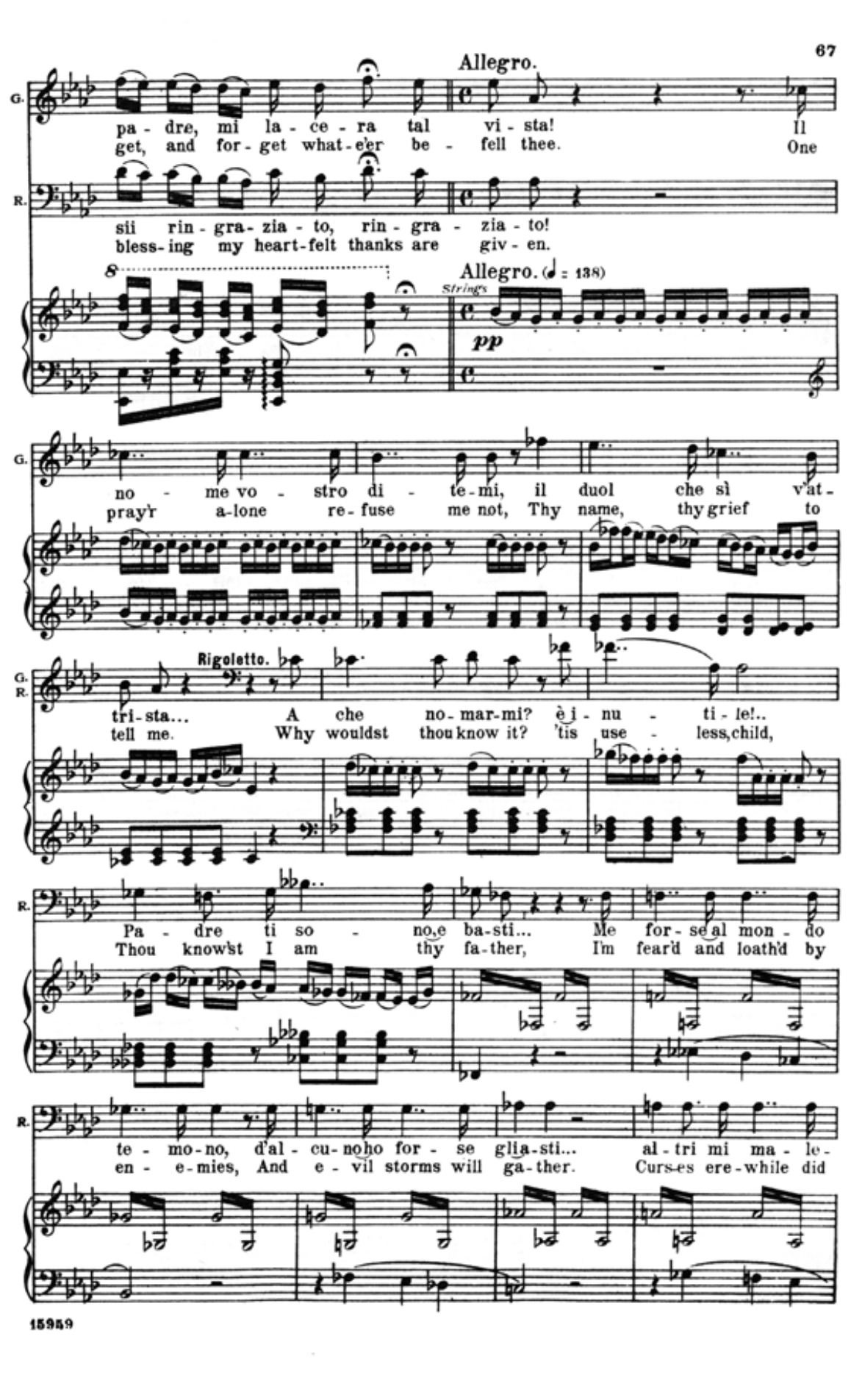

62
Rigoletto.
no - sca la sua fa - mi - glia... Tu non ne
share it, o'er all our kindred. Child, we have
Qual nome a - ve - te? Se non vo -
Thy name, oh tell me. Ah! why, my
hai... A te che im - por - ta?
none. My child, were use less!
Adagio. a piacere
le - te di voi par - lar - mi... Non vo che al tempio. Se non di
fa - ther canst thou not trust me? At morn to ma - tins. Ah! yet one
(interrupting her)
Non u - scir mai. Oh ben tu fai.
Thou'st been a - broad... Then all is well.
Adagio.
col canto
vo - i, almen chi si - a fa - te ch'io sappia la ma - dre mi - a.
question, do not re - pel me; Who was my mother, I pray thee tell me.
Ah!
Ah!
15959

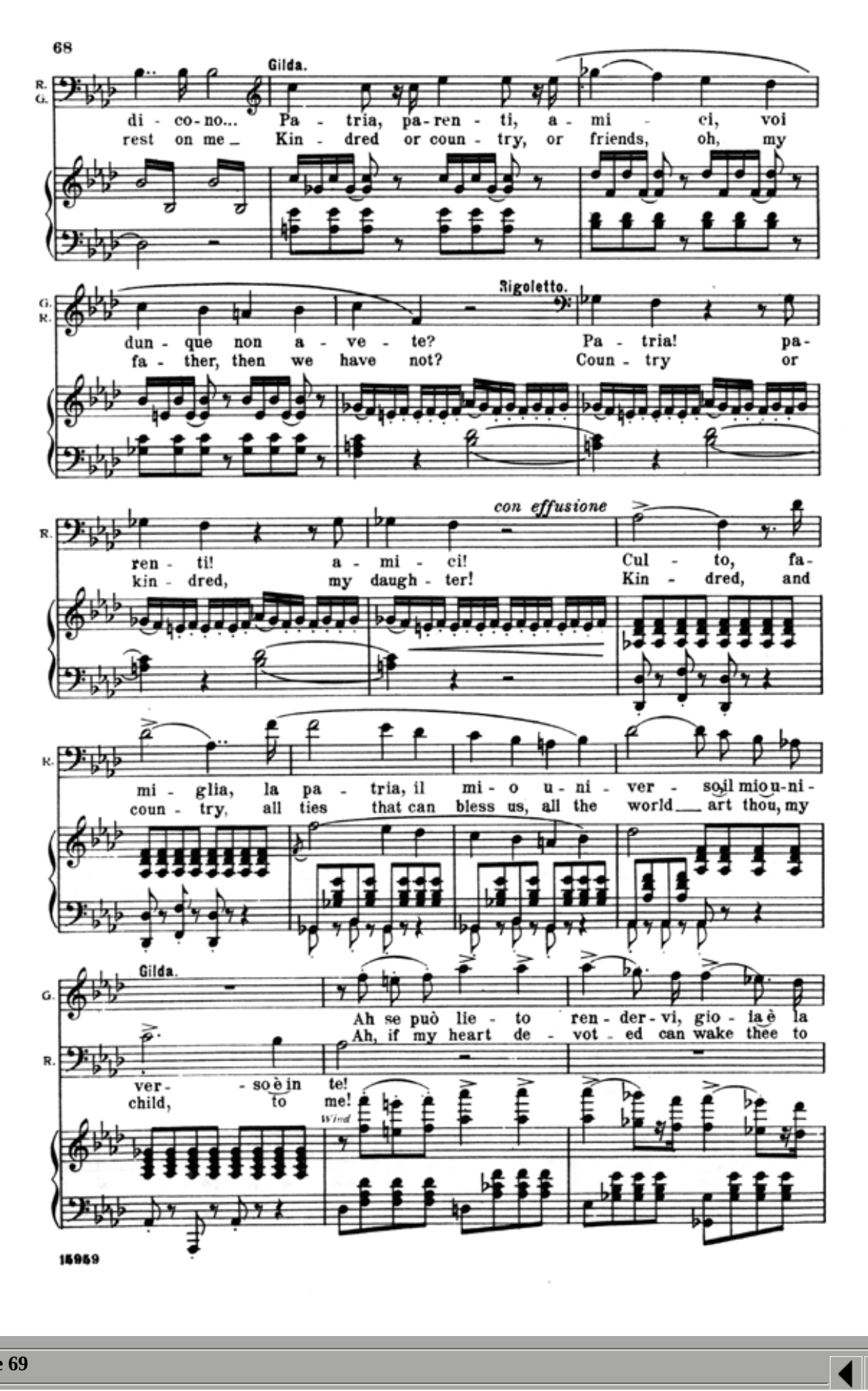

63
Andante. (♩= 58)
con espress.
R.
Deh non par-la-re al mi-se-ro del suo per-du-to
Ah why re-call in mis-e-ry What temp-ests dread have
pp
be-ne... El-la sen-tia, quel l'an-ge-lo, pie-
mov'd me? An an-gel once com-pan-ion'd me, an
Cbr. & Ba.
tà del-le mie pe-ne.. So-lo, dif-for-me, po-ve-ro,
an-gel in pi-ty lov'd me Hideous, an outcast, pen-ni-less,
dim.
dolce
con dolore
piangendo
per com-passion mi-a-mo Ah Mo-ri-a, mo-ri-a.. le zol-le
she bless'd my lone-ly years Ah! I lost her, I lost her, re-lent-less
'Cello sostenuto
ppp
co-pra-no lie-vi quel capo a-ma-to. So-la or tu re-sti, so-la or tu resti al
death too soon wafted her soul to heaven. Thou yet art left me, thou, to console my
15959

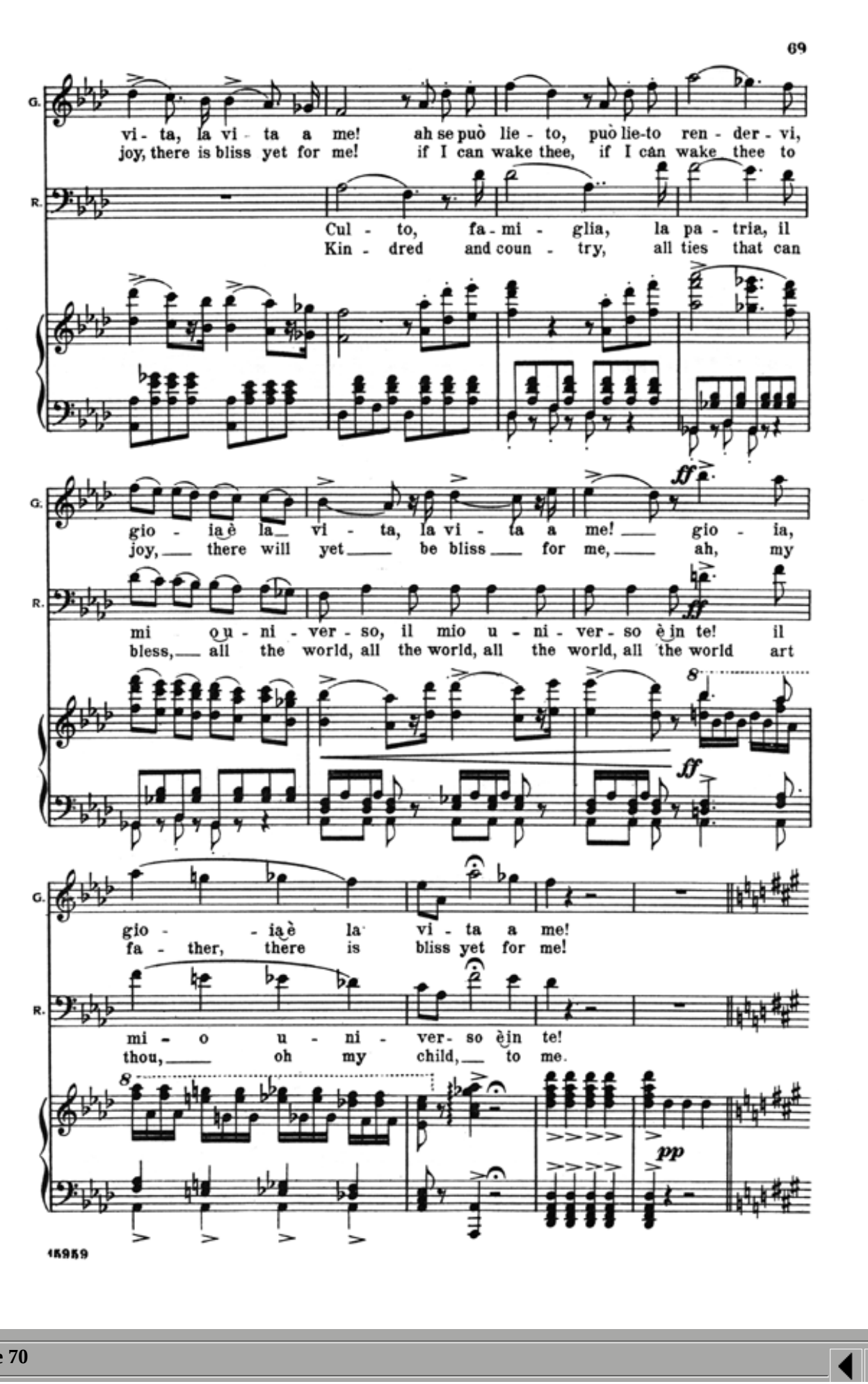

64
con trasporto
mi-se-ro. Di-o, sii rin-gra-zia-to, sii rin-gra-
mis-e-ry. Ah, for that bless-ing, heartfelt thanks be
Gilda. con agitazione
Oh quan-to do-lor! quan-to do-lor! che spre-me-re sì a-ma-ro pian-to
Stay, oh say no more, oh say no more, my words have wak-en'd thy hidden fount of
zia-to!
given!
può? quan-to do-lor! quan-to do-lor! che
tears! Oh say no more, oh say no more, my
Tu so-la, so-la re-
Re-lent-less death too soon
spre-me-re sì a-ma-ro pian to può? Padre, non più, pa-dre, non
words have wak-en'd thy hidden fount of tears! Father be-lov'd, look on thy
stial mi-se-ro, so-la, ah sì, tu so-
did waft her soul to heav'n, but thou art left
Basses pizz.
15959

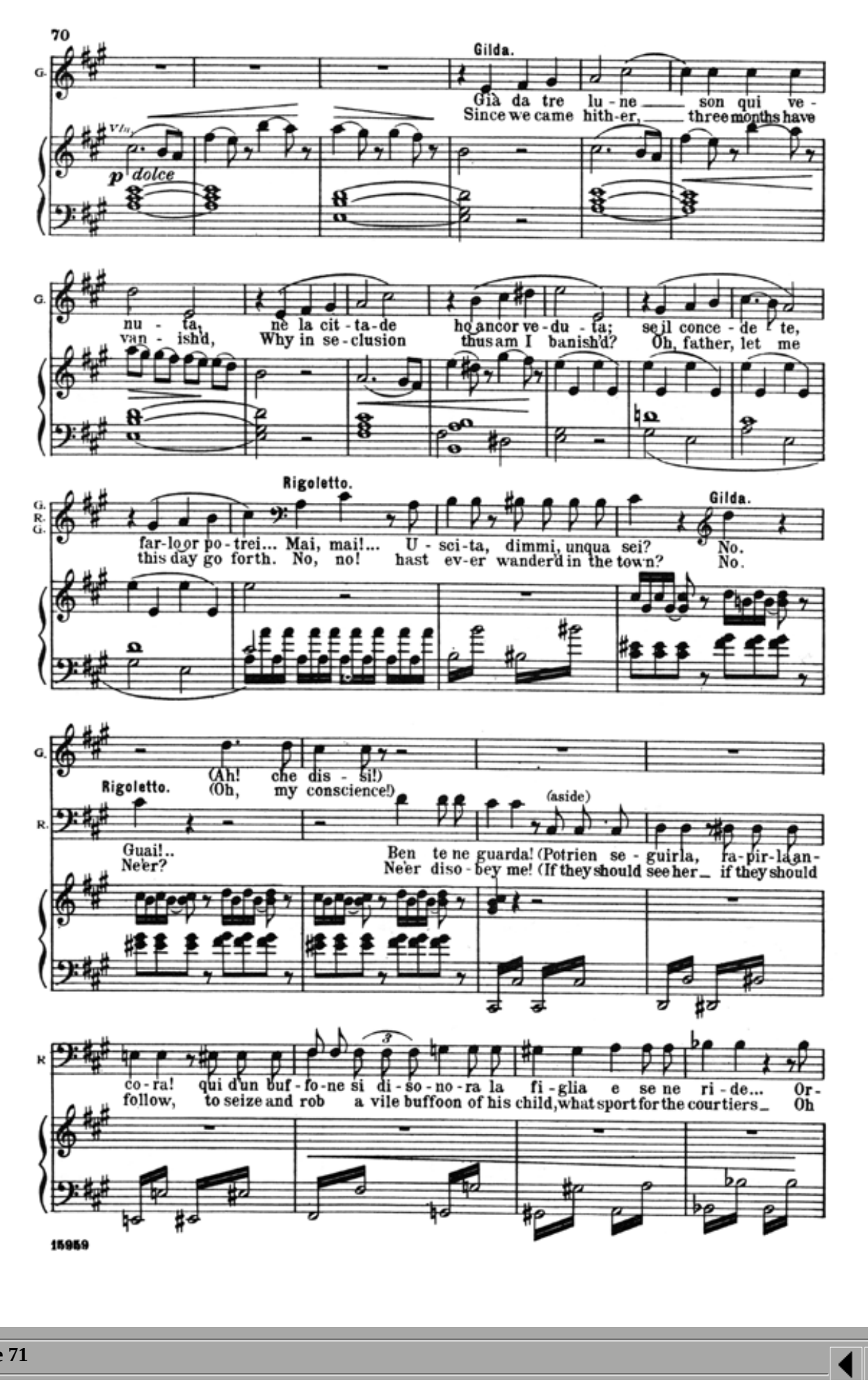

65
più, pa-dre, non più, non più, cal-ma-te-vi, mi la-ce-ra tal
child, fa-ther be-lov'd, look on thy child! Oh let me com-fort thy
la-re-stial mi-se-ro, so-la re-stial
me, thou art left to me, to con-sole my
cresc.
vi-sta, non più, vi-cal-ma-te, non più, mio pa-dre, ah vi cal-
sor-row, oh fa-ther be-lov'd, look up-on thy child, look up-on thy
mi-se-ro, so-la tu
mis-e-ry, yes, thou art
ff
ma-te, pa-dre, mi la-ce-ra, pa-dre, mi la-ce-ra tal
child, look up-on thy child, and for-get, and for-get what-e'er be-
re-sti... Di-o, sii rin-gra-zia-to, rin-gra-
left me, and for that bless-ing my heart-felt thanks are
f
15959

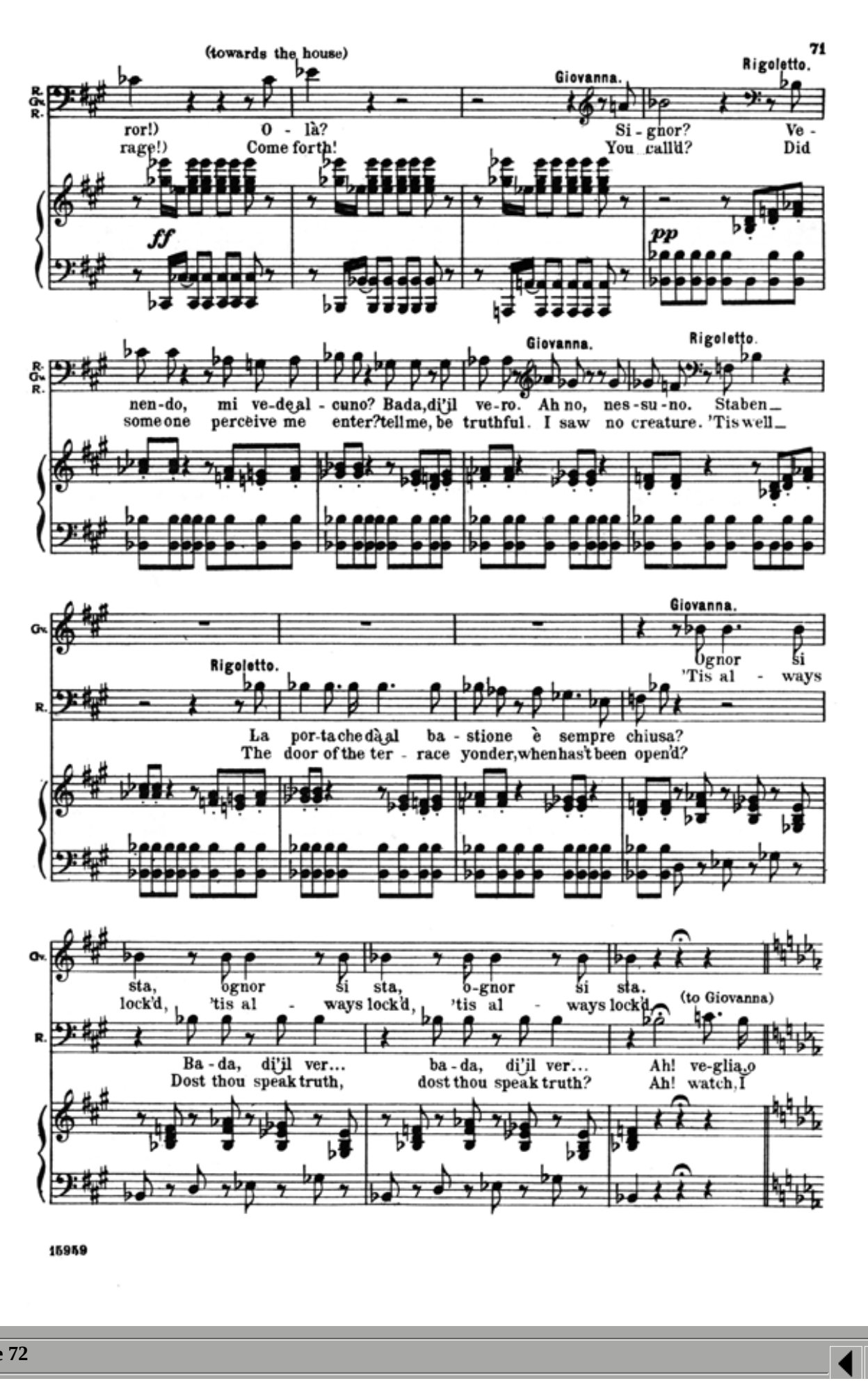

66
vi-sta, pa-dre, non più, pa-dre, non più, pa-dre, non più, non più, cal-
fell thee. Fa-ther be-lov'd, look on thy child, fa-ther be-lov'd look on thy
zia-to, ah sì, tu so-la re-stial mi-se-
giv-en, for thou art left me, thou art left to
ma-te-vi, mi la-ce-ra tal vi-sta, non più; vi-cal-
child, oh let me com-fort thy sor-row, oh fa-ther be-
ro, so-la re-stial mi-se-ro, so-
me, to con-sole my mis-e-ry, for-
ff
ma-te, non più, mio pa-dre, ah vi cal-ma-te, padre, mi la-ce-ra,
lov'd, look up-on thy child, look up-on thy child, look up-on thy child, and for-
la tu re-sti... Di-o,
thou art left me, and for that
f
15959

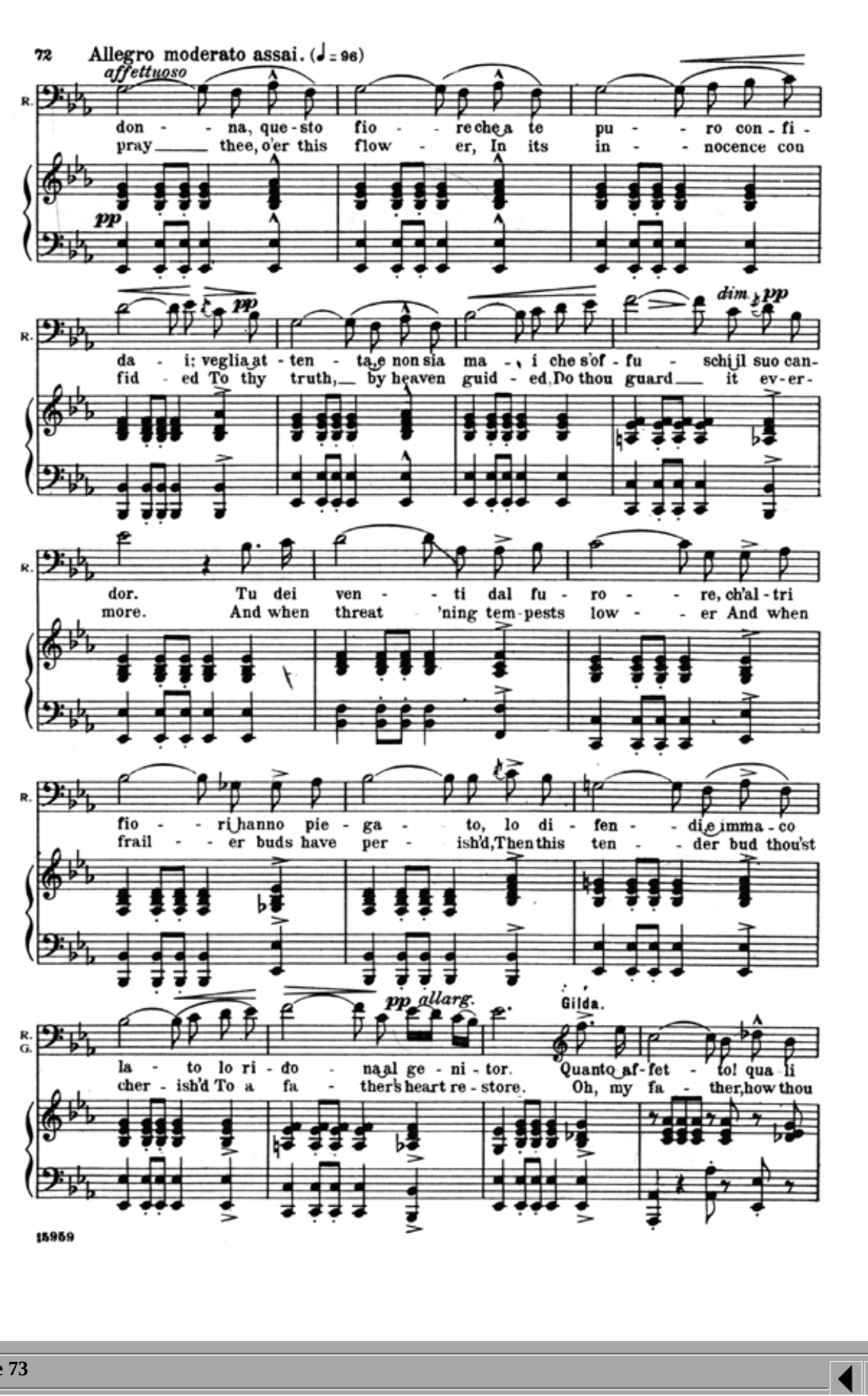

67
Allegro.
pa-dre, mi la-ce-ra tal vi-sta! Il
get, and for-get what-e'er be-fell thee. One
sii rin-gra-zia-to, rin-gra-zia-to!
bless-ing my heart-felt thanks are giv-en.
Allegro. (♩= 138)
Strings
pp
no-me vo-stro di-te-mi, il duol che sì v'at-
pray'r a-lone re-fuse me not, Thy name, thy grief to
Rigoletto.
tri-sta... A che no-mar-mi? è i-nu-ti-le!..
tell me. Why wouldst thou know it? 'tis use-less, child,
Pa-dre ti so-no, e ba-sti... Me for-se al mon-do
Thou know'st I am thy fa-ther, I'm fear'd and loath'd by
te-mo-no, d'al-cu-no ho for-se gli a-sti... al-tri mi ma-le-
en-e-mies, And e-vil storms will ga-ther. Curs-es ere-while did
15959

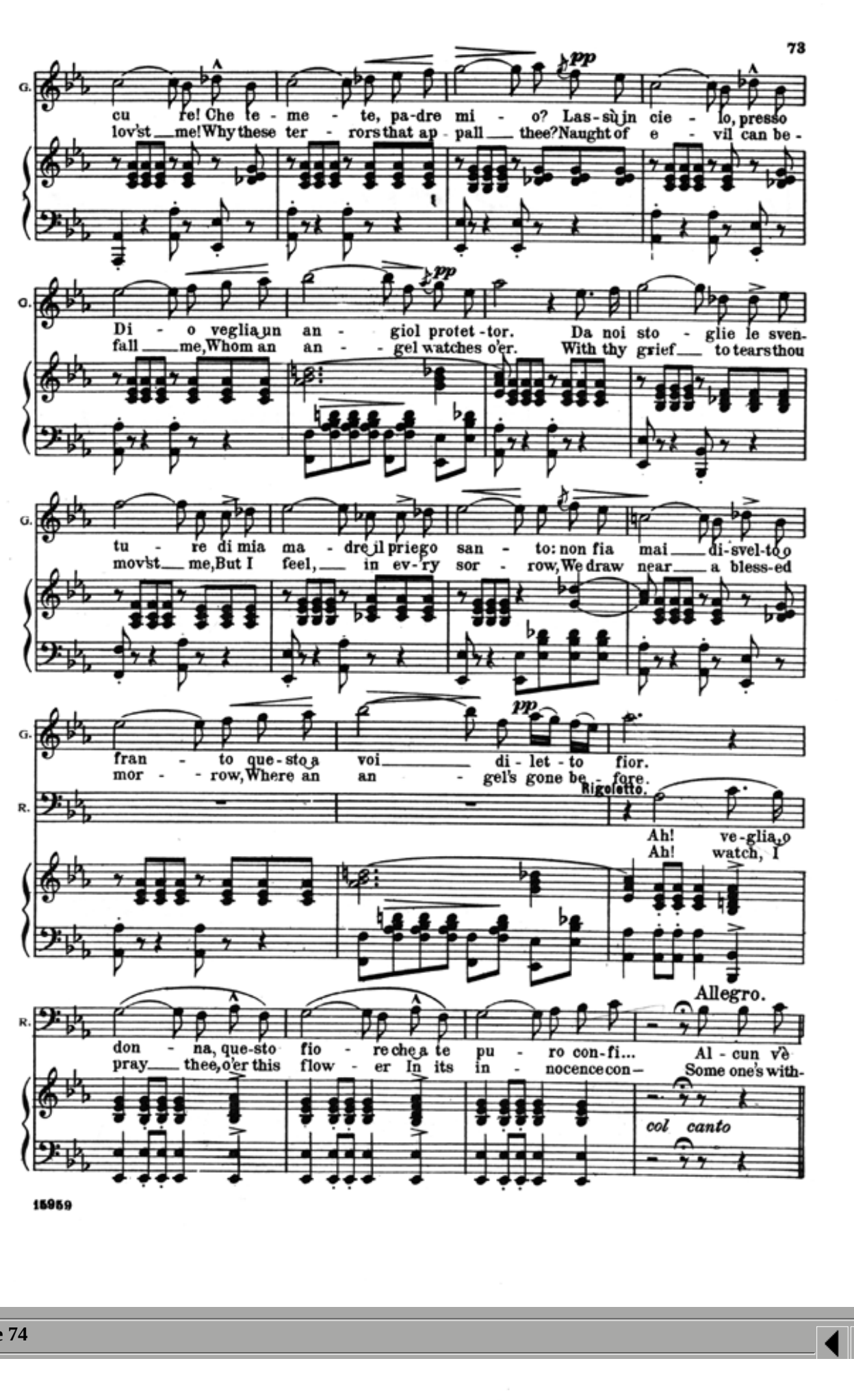

68
Gilda.
di-co-no... Pa-tria, pa-ren-ti, a-mi-ci, voi
rest on me. Kin-dred or coun-try, or friends, oh, my
dun-que non a-ve-te? Pa-tria! pa-
fa-ther, then we have not? Coun-try or
Rigoletto.
con effusione
ren-ti! a-mi-ci! Cul-to, fa-
kin-dred, my daugh-ter! Kin-dred, and
mi-glia, la pa-tria, il mi-o u-ni-ver-so il mio u-ni-
coun-try, all ties that can bless us, all the world art thou, my
Gilda.
Ah se può lie-to ren-der-vi, gio-ia è la
Ah, if my heart de-vot-ed can wake thee to
ver-so è in te!
child, to me!
Wind
15959

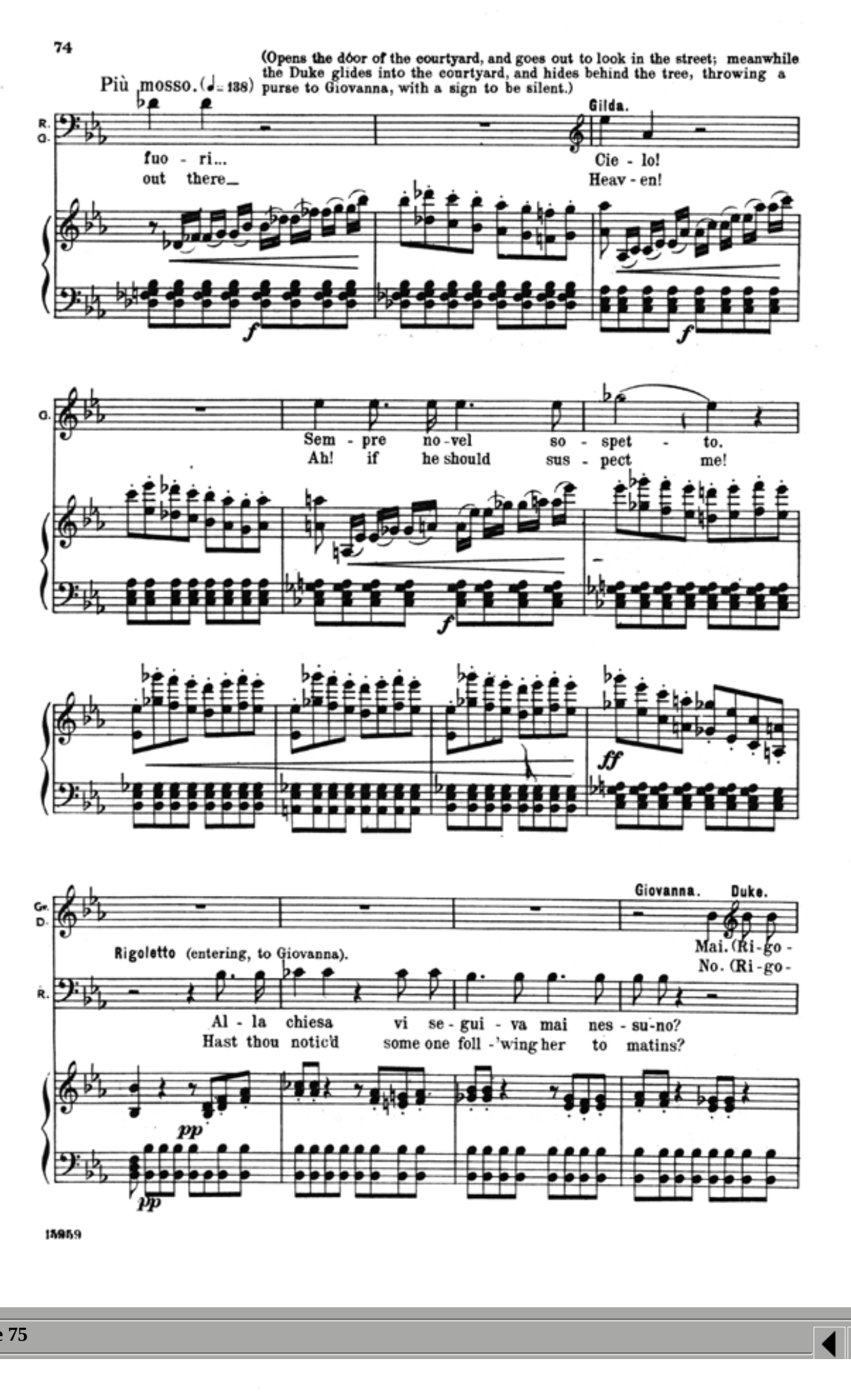

69
vi-ta, la vi-ta a me! ah se può lie-to, può lie-to ren-der-vi,
joy, there is bliss yet for me! if I can wake thee, if I can wake thee to
Cul-to, fa-mi-glia, la pa-tria, il
Kin-dred and coun-try, all ties that can
gio-ia è la vi-ta, la vi-ta a me! gio-ia,
joy, there will yet be bliss for me, ah, my
mi o u-ni-ver-so, il mio u-ni-ver-so è in te! il
bless, all the world, all the world, all the world, all the world art
ff
gio-ia è la vi-ta a me!
fa-ther, there is bliss yet for me!
mi-o u-ni-ver-so è in te!
thou, oh my child, to me.
pp
15959

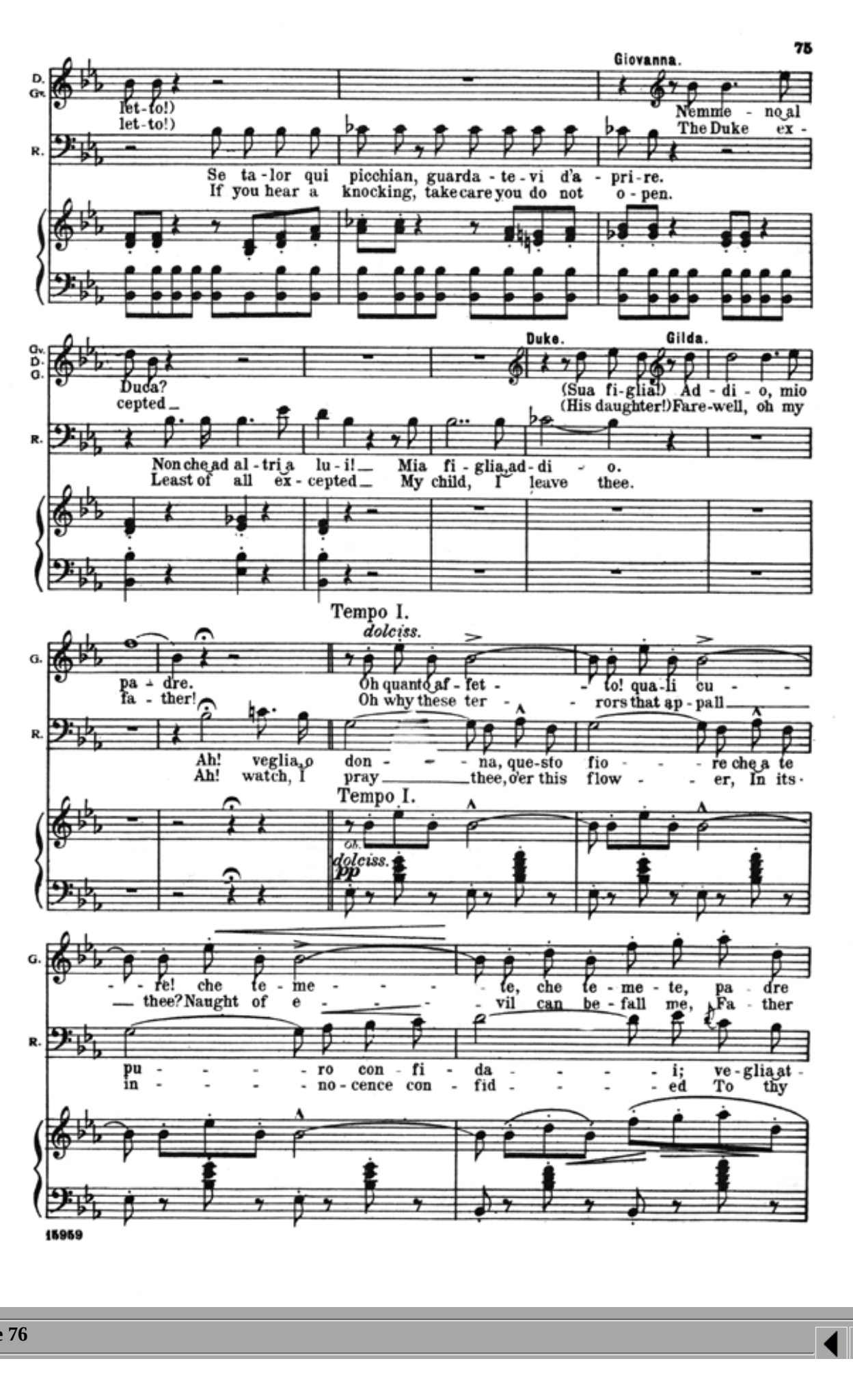

70
Gilda.
Già da tre lu-ne son qui ve-
Since we came hith-er, three months have
Vln.
p dolce
nu-ta, nè la cit-ta-de ho ancor ve-du-ta; se il conce-de-te,
van-ish'd, Why in se-clusion thus am I banish'd? Oh, father, let me
Rigoletto.
Gilda.
far-lo or po-trei... Mai, mai!... U-sci-ta, dimmi, unqua sei? No.
this day go forth. No, no! hast ev-er wander'd in the town? No.
(Ah! che dis-si!)
(Oh, my conscience!)
Rigoletto.
(aside)
Guai!.. Ben te ne guarda! (Potrien se-guirla, ra-pir-la an-
Ne'er? Ne'er diso-bey me! (If they should see her if they should
co-ra! qui d'un buf-fo-ne si di-so-no-ra la fi-glia e se ne ri-de... Or-
follow, to seize and rob a vile buffoon of his child, what sport for the courtiers Oh
15959

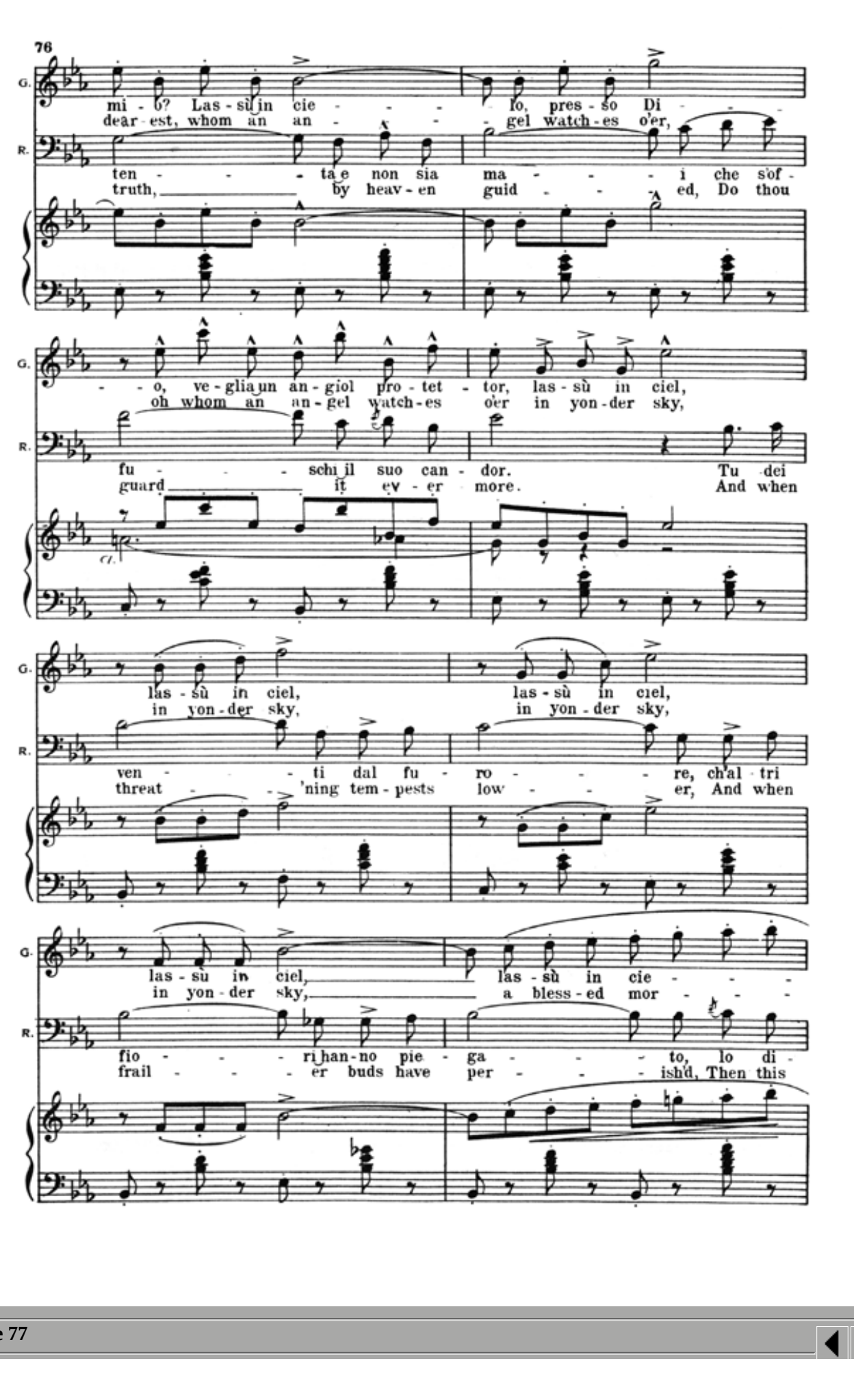

71
(towards the house)
Giovanna.
Rigoletto.
ror!) O-là? Si-gnor? Ve-
rage!) Come forth! You call'd? Did
ff
pp
nen-do, mi ve-de al-cuno? Bada, di'il ve-ro. Ah no, nes-su-no. Staben
someone perceive me enter? tell me, be truthful. I saw no creature. 'Tis well
Rigoletto.
Giovanna.
La por-ta che dà al ba-stione è sempre chiusa? Ognor si
The door of the ter-race yonder, when hast been open'd? 'Tis al-ways
sta, ognor si sta, o-gnor si sta.
lock'd, 'tis al-ways lock'd, 'tis al-ways lock'd.
(to Giovanna)
Ba-da, di'il ver... ba-da, di'il ver... Ah! veglia o
Dost thou speak truth, dost thou speak truth? Ah! watch, I
15959

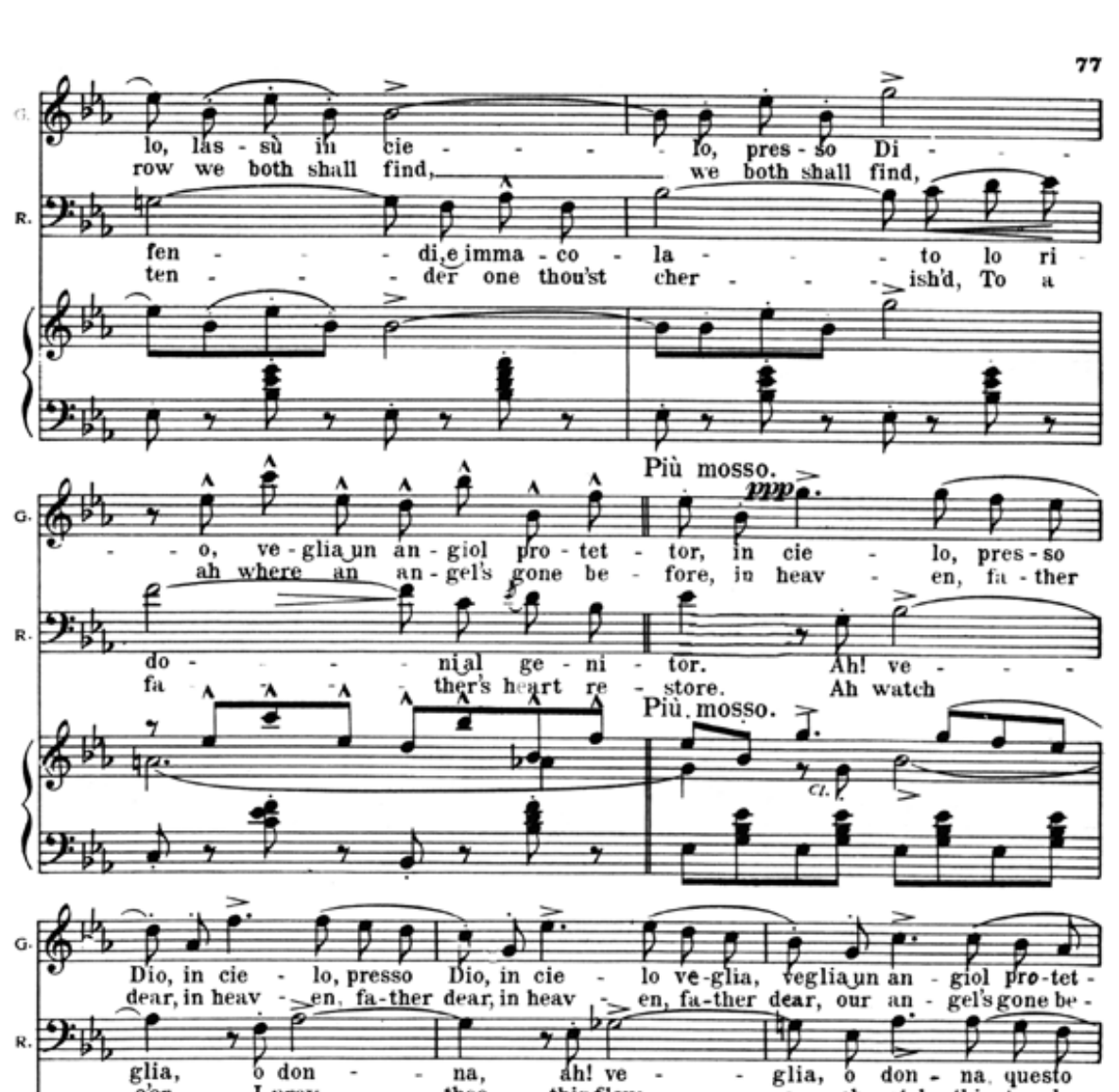

72
Allegro moderato assai. (♩= 96)
affettuoso
don-na, que-sto fio-re che a te pu-ro con-fi-
pray thee, o'er this flow-er, In its in-nocence con
pp
da-i: veglia at-ten-ta, e non sia ma-i che s'of-fu-schi il suo can-
fid-ed To thy truth, by heaven guid-ed. Do thou guard it ev-er-
dim. pp
dor. Tu dei ven-ti dal fu-ro-re, ch'al-tri
more. And when threat'ning tem-pests low-er And when
fio-ri hanno pie-ga-to, lo di-fen-di e imma-co
frail-er buds have per-ish'd, Then this ten-der bud thou'st
pp allarg.
Gilda.
la-to lo ri-do-na al ge-ni-tor. Quanto af-fet-to! qua li
cher-ish'd To a fa-ther's heart re-store. Oh, my fa-ther, how thou
15959

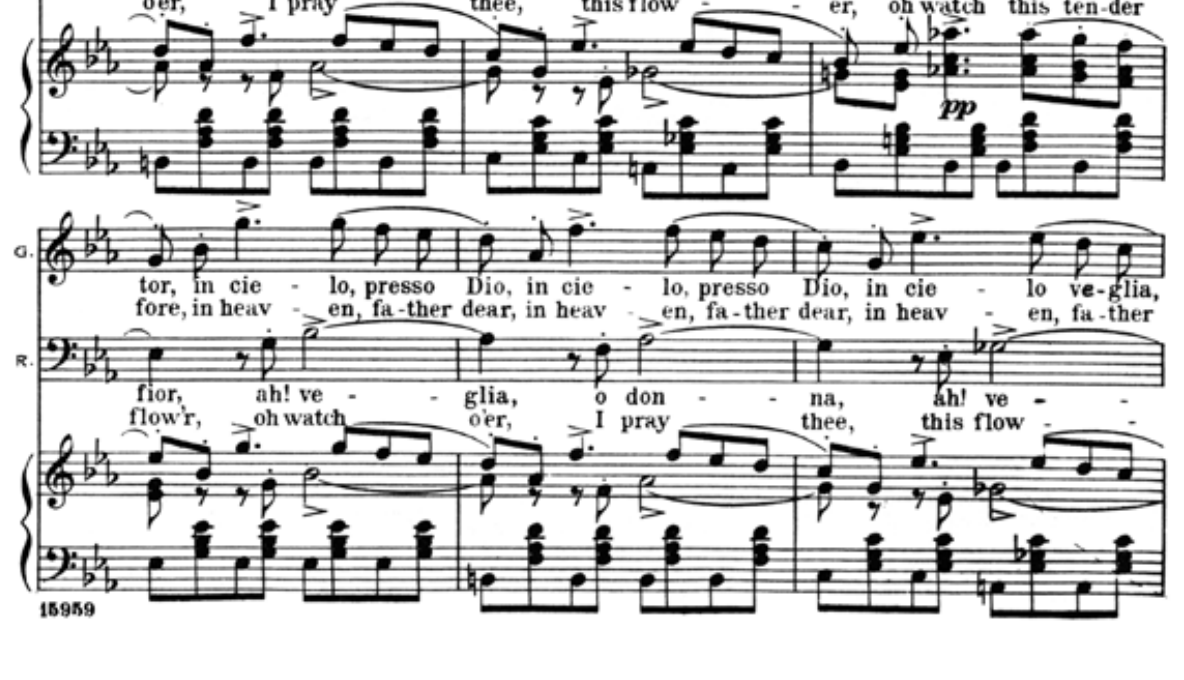

73
cu-re! Che te-me-te, pa-dre mi-o? Las-sù in cie-lo, presso
lov'st me! Why these ter-rors that ap-pall thee? Naught of e-vil can be-
pp
Di-o veglia un an-giol protet-tor. Da noi sto-glie le sven-
fall me, Whom an an-gel watches o'er. With thy grief to tears thou
tu-re di mia ma-dre il priego san-to: non fia mai di-svel-to o
mov'st me, But I feel, in ev-ry sor-row, We draw near a bless-ed
fran-to que-sto a voi di-let-to fior.
mor-row, Where an an-gel's gone be-fore.
Rigoletto.
pp
Ah! ve-glia o
Ah! watch, I
Allegro.
don-na, que-sto fio-re che a te pu-ro con-fi... Al-cun v'è
pray thee, o'er this flow-er In its in-nocence con- Some one's with-
col canto
15959


74
Più mosso. (♩= 138)
(Opens the door of the courtyard, and goes out to look in the street; meanwhile the Duke glides into the courtyard, and hides behind the tree, throwing a purse to Giovanna, with a sign to be silent.)
Gilda.
fuo-ri... Cie-lo!
out there. Heav-en!
f
Sem-pre no-vel so-spet-to.
Ah! if he should sus-pect me!
ff
Giovanna. Duke.
Rigoletto (entering, to Giovanna).
Mai. (Ri-go-
No. (Ri-go-
Al-la chiesa vi se-gui-va mai nes-su-no?
Hast thou notic'd some one foll-'wing her to matins?
pp
15959

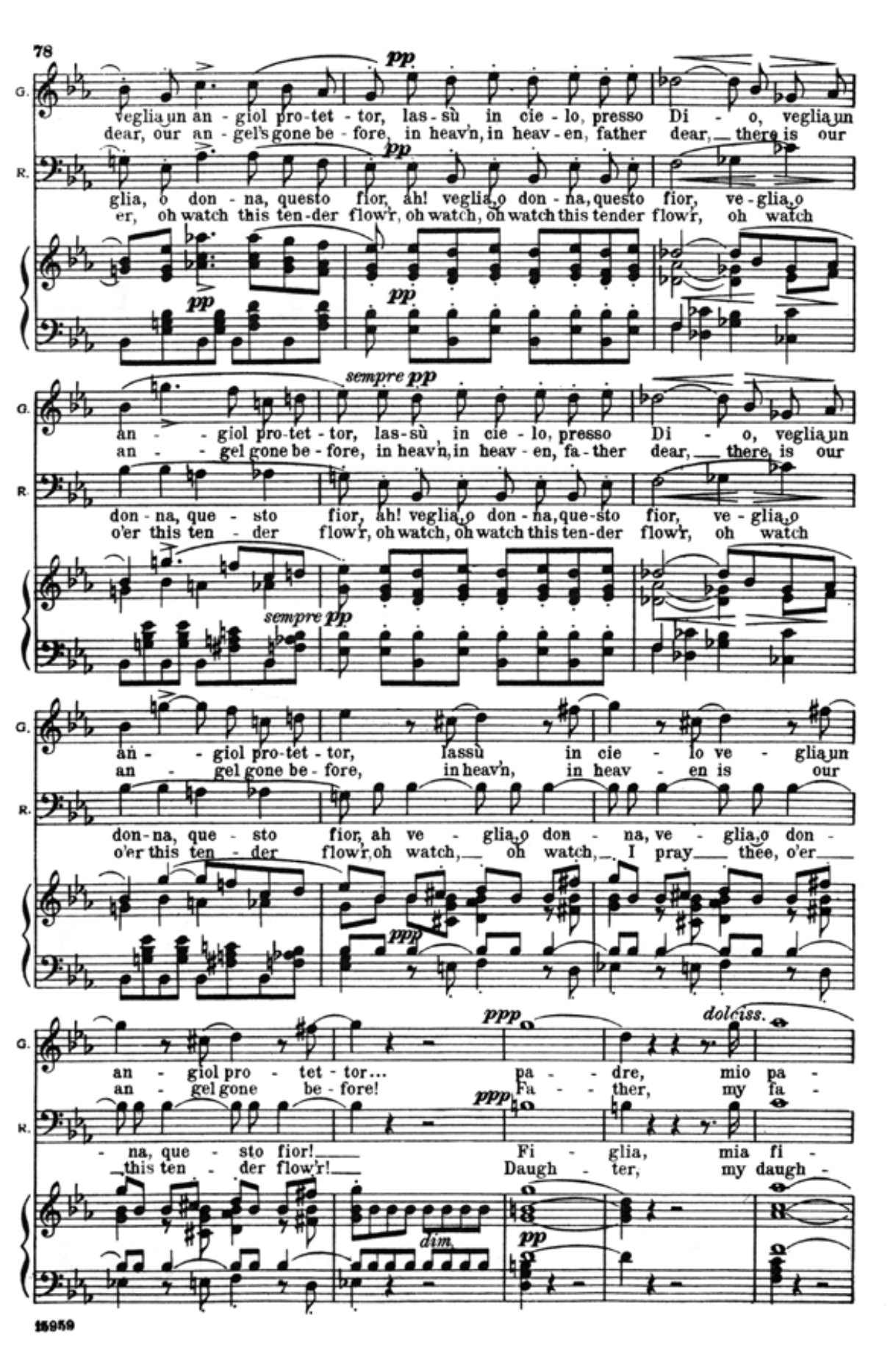

75
Giovanna.
let-to!)
let-to!)
Nemme-no al
The Duke ex-
Se ta-lor qui picchian, guarda-te-vi d'a-pri-re.
If you hear a knocking, take care you do not o-pen.
Duke. Gilda.
Duca?
cepted
(Sua fi-glia!) Ad-di-o, mio
(His daughter!) Fare-well, oh my
Non che ad al-tri a lu-i! Mia fi-glia, ad-di-o.
Least of all ex-cepted My child, I leave thee.
Tempo I.
dolciss.
pa-dre.
fa-ther!
Oh quanto af-fet-to! quali cu-
Oh why these ter-rors that ap-pall
Ah! veglia o don-na, que-sto fio-re che a te
Ah! watch, I pray thee, o'er this flow-er, In its
pp
re! che te-me-te, che te-me-te, pa-dre
thee? Naught of e-vil can be-fall me, Fa-ther
pu-ro con-fi-da-i; veglia at-
in-no-cence con-fid-ed To thy
15959


76
mi-o? Las-sù in cie-lo, pres-so Di-
dear-est, whom an an-gel watch-es o'er,
ten-ta e non sia ma-i che s'of-
truth, by heav-en guid-ed, Do thou
o, veglia un an-giol pro-tet-tor, las-sù in ciel,
oh whom an an-gel watch-es o'er in yon-der sky,
fu-schi il suo can-dor. Tu dei
guard it ev-er more. And when
las-sù in ciel, las-sù in ciel,
in yon-der sky, in yon-der sky,
ven-ti dal fu-ro-re, ch'al-tri
threat'ning tem-pests low-er, And when
las-su in ciel, las-sù in cie-
in yon-der sky, a bless-ed mor-
fio-ri han-no pie-ga-to, lo di-
frail-er buds have per-ish'd, Then this

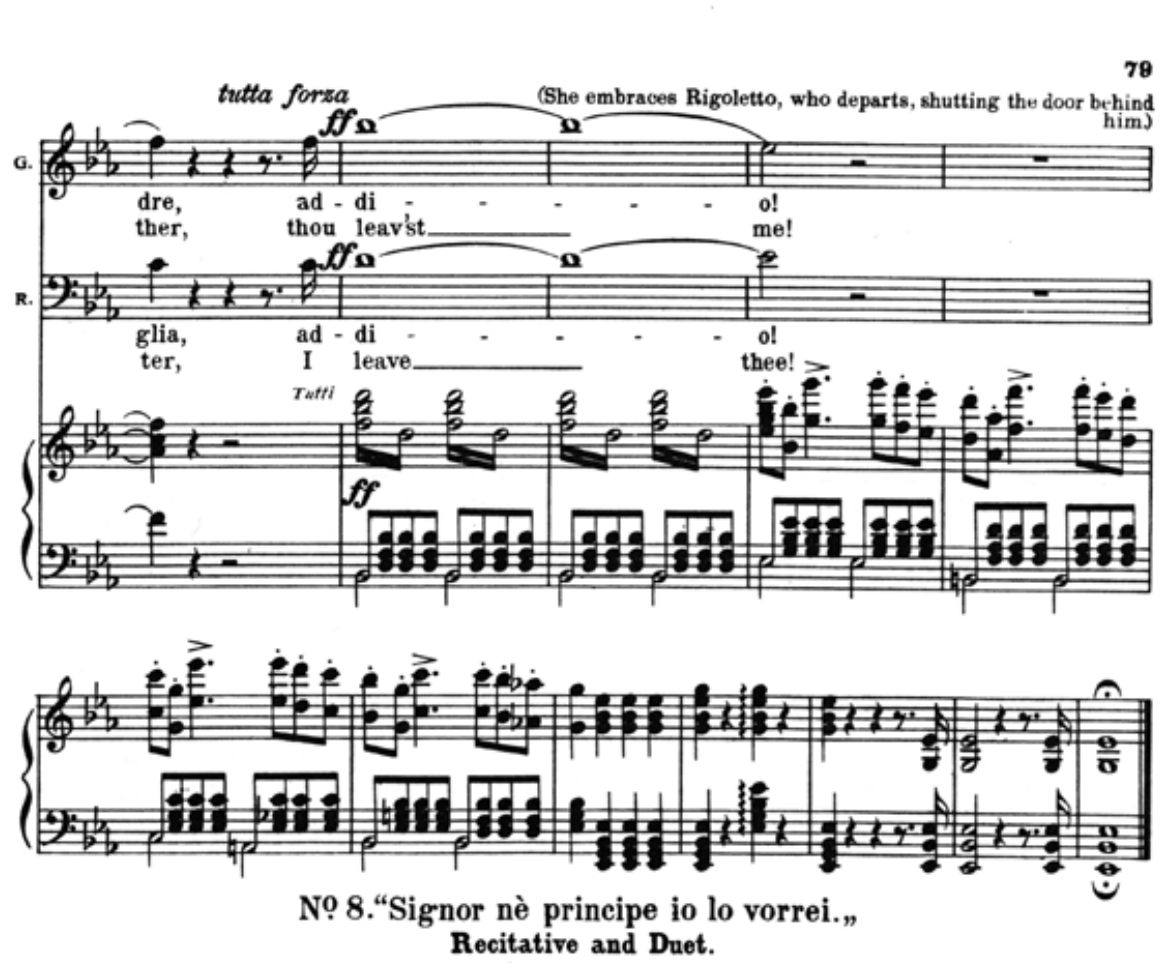

77
lo, las-sù in cie-lo, pres-so Di-
row we both shall find, we both shall find,
fen-di e imma-co-la-to lo ri
ten-der one thou'st cher-ish'd, To a
Più mosso.
ppp
o, ve-glia un an-giol pro-tet-tor, in cie-lo, pres-so
ah where an an-gel's gone be-fore, in heav-en, fa-ther
do-nia al ge-ni-tor. Ah! ve-
fa-ther's heart re-store. Ah watch
Dio, in cie-lo, presso Dio, in cie-lo ve-glia, veglia un an-giol pro-tet-
dear, in heav-en. fa-ther dear, in heav-en, fa-ther dear, our an-gel's gone be-
glia, o don-na, ah! ve-glia, o don-na, questo



oer, I pray thee, this flow - er, oh watch this ten-der
G.
tor, in cie - lo, presso Dio, in cie - lo, presso Dio, in cie - lo ve-glia,
fore, in heav - en, fa-ther dear, in heav - en, fa-ther dear, in heav - en, fa-ther
R.
fior, ah! ve - glia, o don - na, ah! ve -
flow'r, oh watch o'er, I pray thee, this flow -
pp



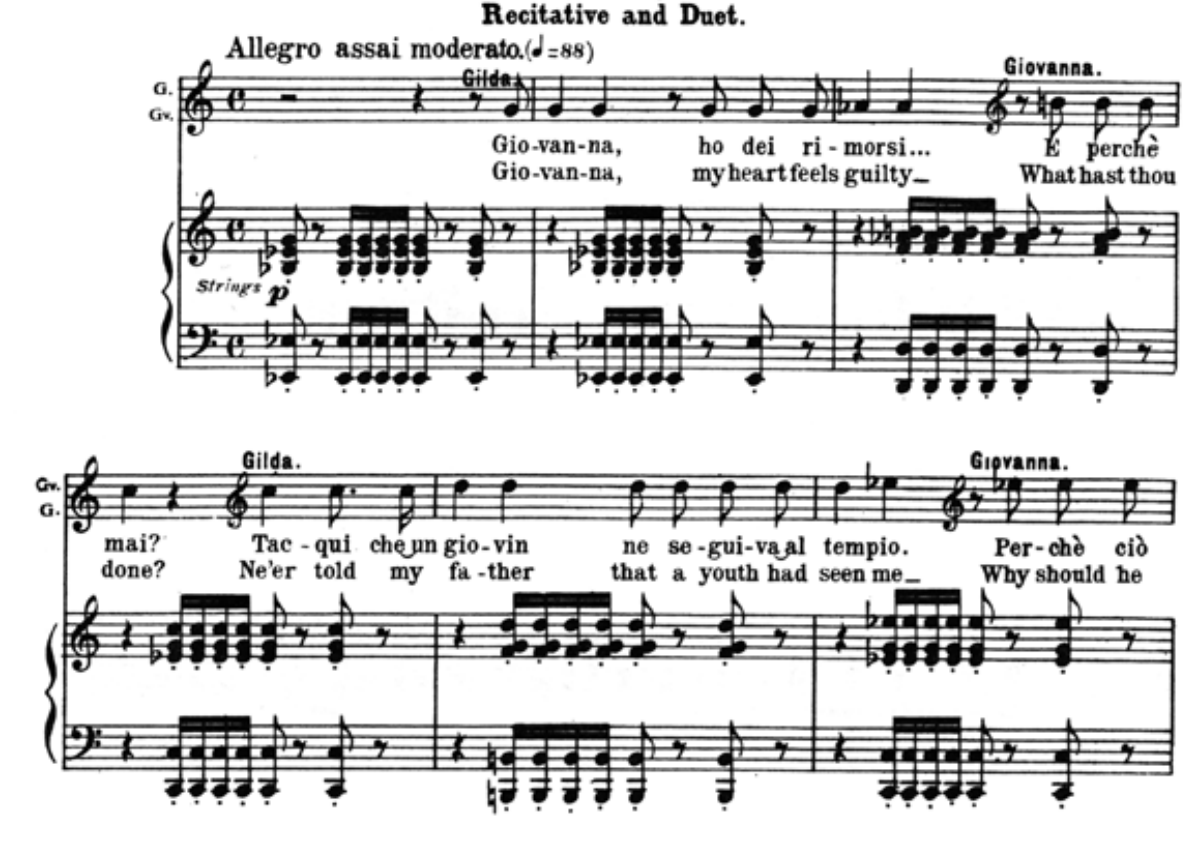
G.
veglia un an - giol pro-tet - tor, las - sù in cie - lo, presso Di - o, veglia un
dear, our an - gel's gone be - fore, in heav'n, in heav - en, father dear, there is our
R.
glia, o don - na, questo fior, ah! veglia, o don - na, questo fior, ve - glia, o
er, oh watch this ten-der flow'r, oh watch, oh watch this tender flow'r, oh watch
pp
sempre pp
an - giol pro-tet - tor, las - sù in cie - lo, presso Di - o, veglia un
an - gel gone be-fore, in heav'n, in heav - en, fa-ther dear, there is our
don - na, que - sto fior, ah! veglia, o don - na, que-sto fior, ve - glia, o
o'er this ten - der flow'r, oh watch, oh watch this ten-der flow'r, oh watch
an - giol pro-tet - tor, lassù in cie - lo ve - glia un
an - gel gone be - fore, in heav'n, in heav - en is our
don - na, que - sto fior, ah ve - glia, o don - na, ve - glia, o don -
o'er this ten - der flow'r, oh watch, oh watch, I pray thee, o'er
ppp
an - giol pro - tet - tor... pa - dre, mio pa -
an - gel gone be - fore! Fa - ther, my fa -
K.
- na, que - sto fior! Fi - glia, mia fi -
this ten - der flow'r! Daugh - ter, my daugh -
dim.
dolciss.



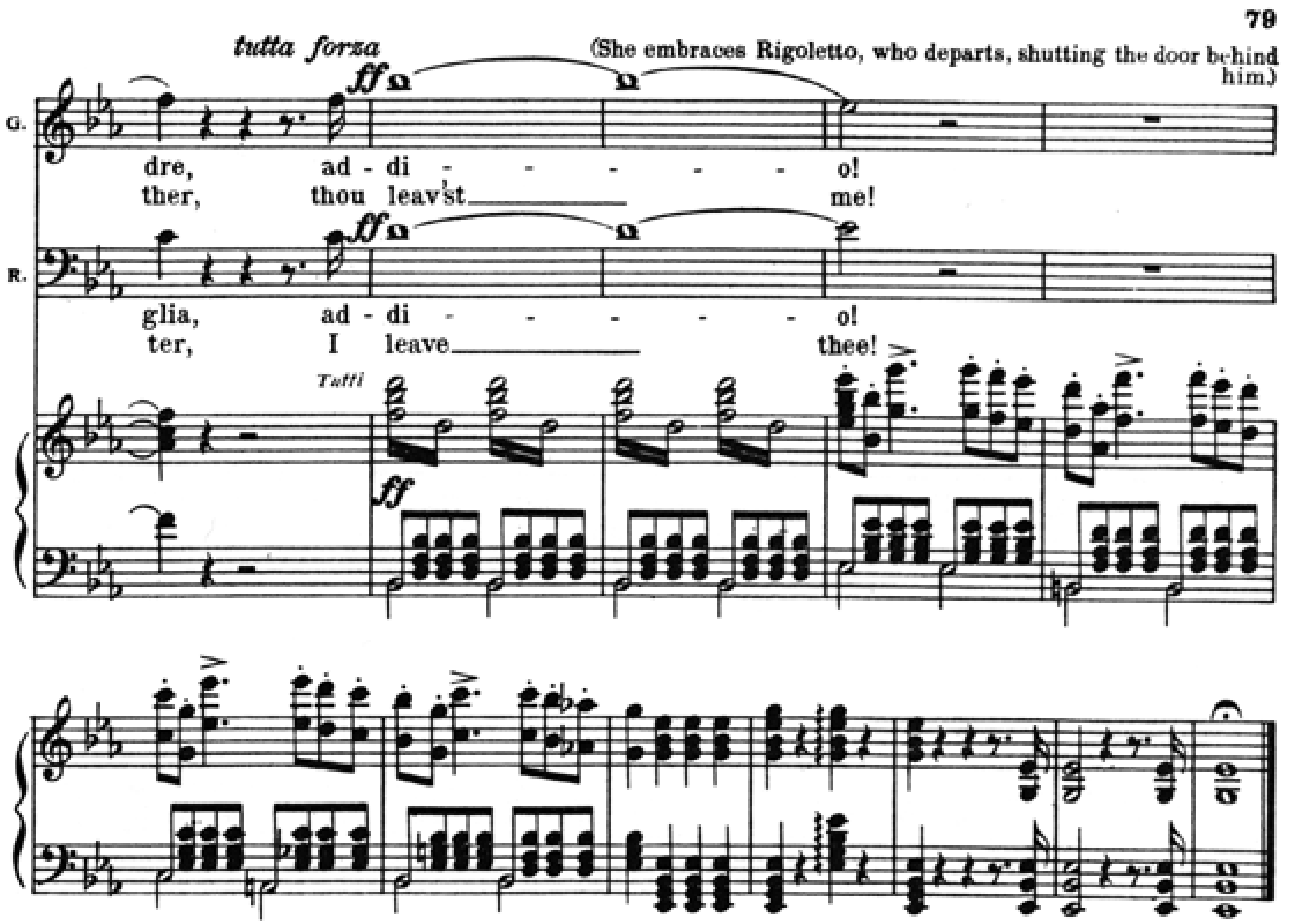
tutta forza
(She embraces Rigoletto, who departs, shutting the door behind him.)
G.
ff
dre, ad - di - - - - - o!
ther, thou leav'st me!
R.
glia, ad - di - - - - - o!
ter, I leave thee!
Tutti
ff

Nº 8. "Signor nè principe io lo vorrei."

Recitative and Duet.

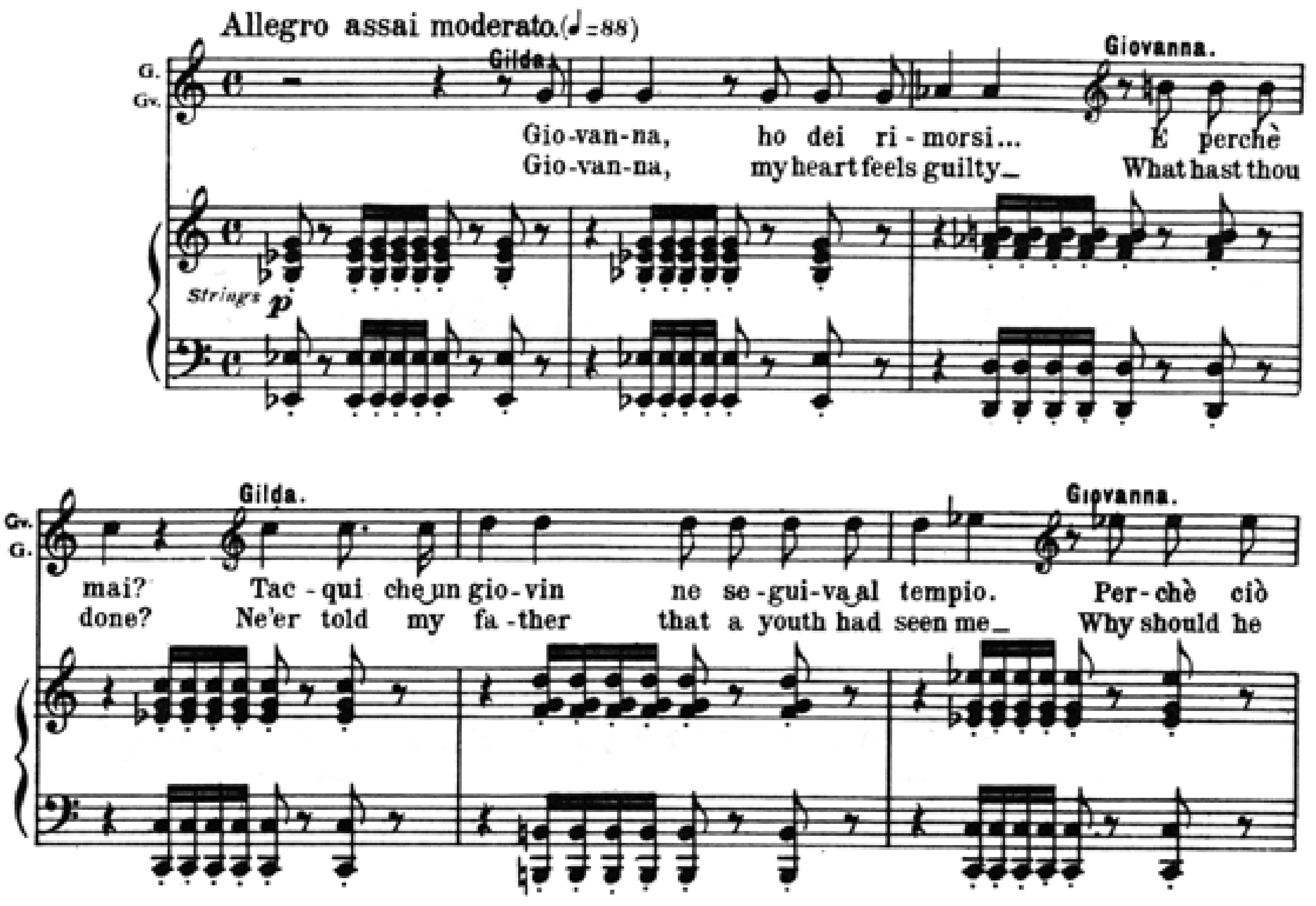


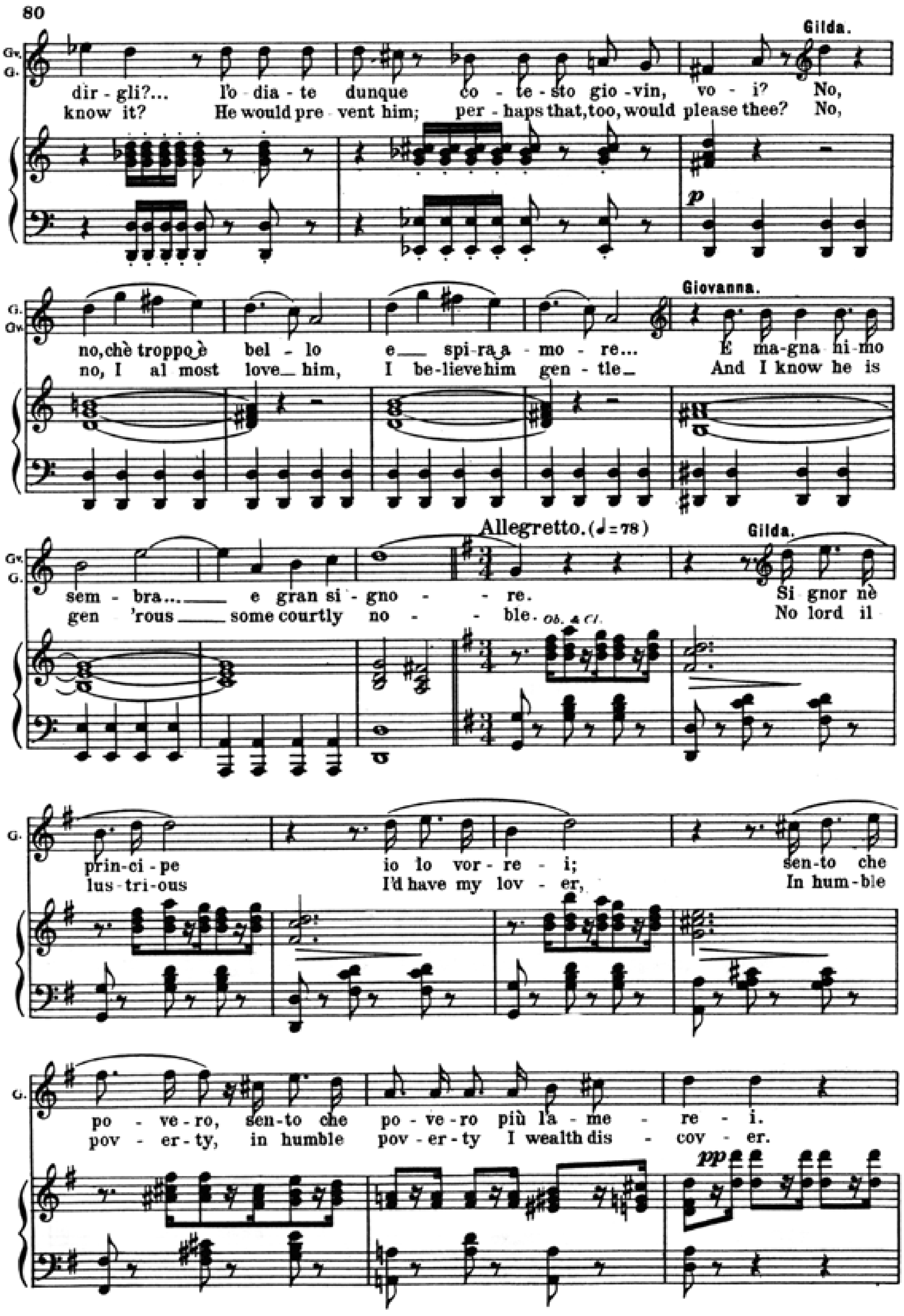
Allegro assai moderato. (♩=88)
G.
Gv.
Gilda.
Gio-van-na, ho dei ri - morsi...
Gio-van-na, my heart feels guilty
Giovanna.
È perchè
What hast thou
Strings p
mai? Tac - qui che un gio-vin ne se-gui-va al tempio.
done? Ne'er told my fa-ther that a youth had seen me
Giovanna.
Per-chè ciò
Why should he


tutta forza
(She embraces Rigoletto, who departs, shutting the door behind him.)
G.
ff
dre, ad-di - - - - - - - o!
ther, thou leav'st me!
R.
ff
glia, ad-di - - - - - - - o!
ter, I leave thee!
Tutti
ff

Nº 8. "Signor nè principe io lo vorrei."

Recitative and Duet.


Allegro assai moderato. (♩=88)
G.
Gv.
Gilda.
Gio-van-na, ho dei ri-morsi... E perchè
Gio-van-na, my heart feels guilty_ What hast thou
Giovanna.
Strings p
Gv.
G.
Gilda.
mai? Tac-qui che un gio-vin ne se-gui-va al tempio. Per-chè ciò
done? Ne'er told my fa-ther that a youth had seen me_ Why should he
Giovanna.


Gv.
G.
Gilda.
dir-gli?... l'o-dia-te dunque co-te-sto gio-vin, vo-i? No,
know it? He would pre-vent him; per-haps that, too, would please thee? No,
p
G.
Gv.
Giovanna.
no, chè troppo è bel-lo e_ spi-ra a-mo-re... E ma-gna-ni-mo
no, I al-most love_ him, I be-lieve him gen-tle_ And I know he is
Gv.
G.
Gilda.
Allegretto. (♩=78)
sem-bra..._ e gran si-gno-re. Si-gnor nè
gen-'rous_ some courtly no-ble. No lord il-
Ob. & Cl.
G.
prin-ci-pe io lo vor-re-i; sen-to che
lus-tri-ous I'd have my lov-er, In hum-ble
G.
po-ve-ro, sen-to che po-ve-ro più la-me-re-i.
pov-er-ty, in humble pov-er-ty I wealth dis-cov-er.
pp

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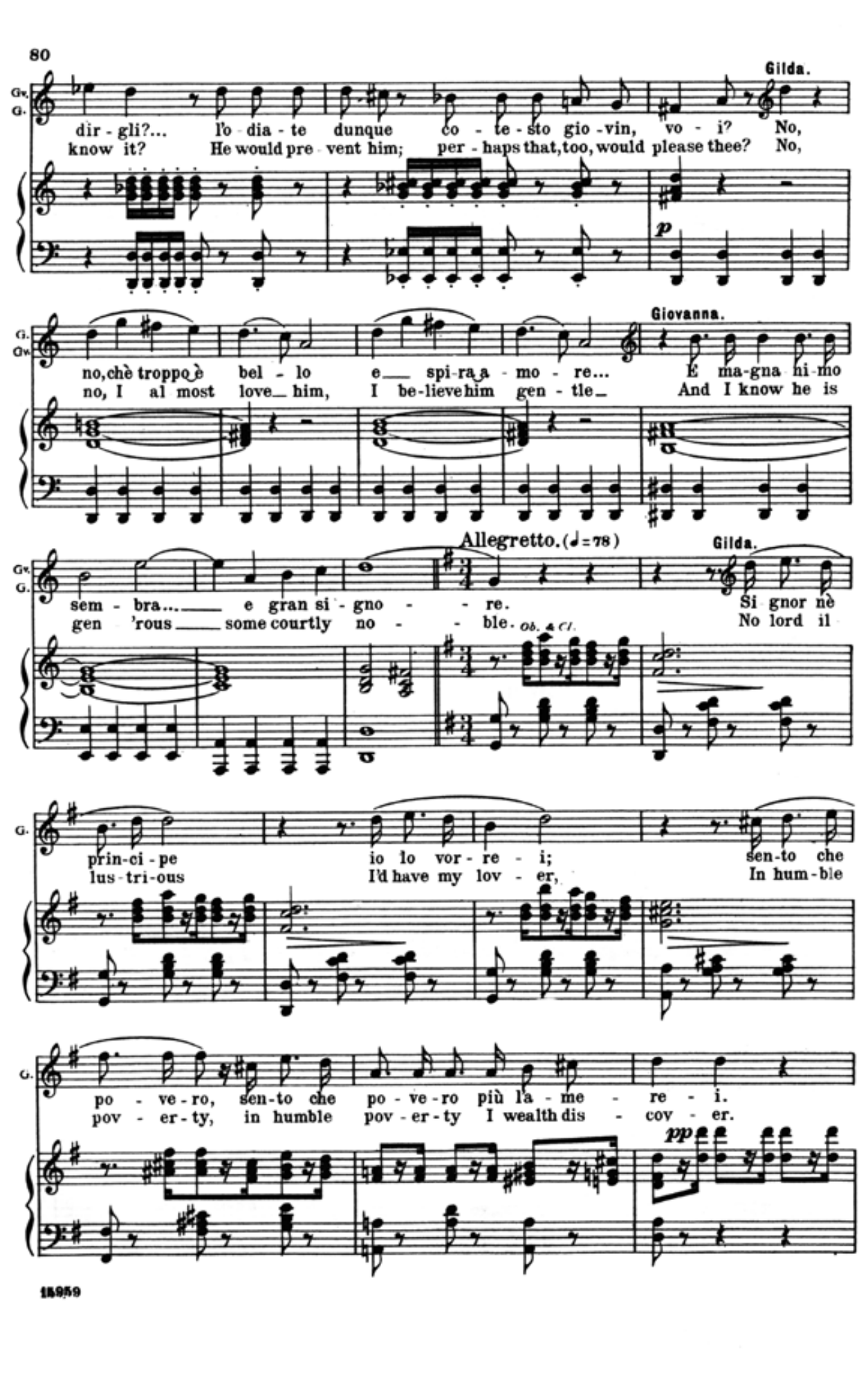
80
dir-gli?... l'o-dia-te dunque co-te-sto gio-vin, vo-i? No,
know it? He would prevent him; perhaps that, too, would please thee? No,
Gilda.
no, chè troppo è bel-lo e spi-ra a-mo-re... E magna-ni-mo
no, I almost love him, I believe him gentle... And I know he is
Giovanna.
sem-bra... e gran si-gno-re. Si-gnor nè
gen'rous some courtly no-ble.
Allegretto. (♩=78)
prin-ci-pe io lo vor-re-i; sen-to che
lus-tri-ous I'd have my lov-er, In hum-ble
po-ve-ro, sen-to che po-ve-ro più l'a-me-re-i.
pov-er-ty, in humble pov-er-ty I wealth dis-cov-er.
15959

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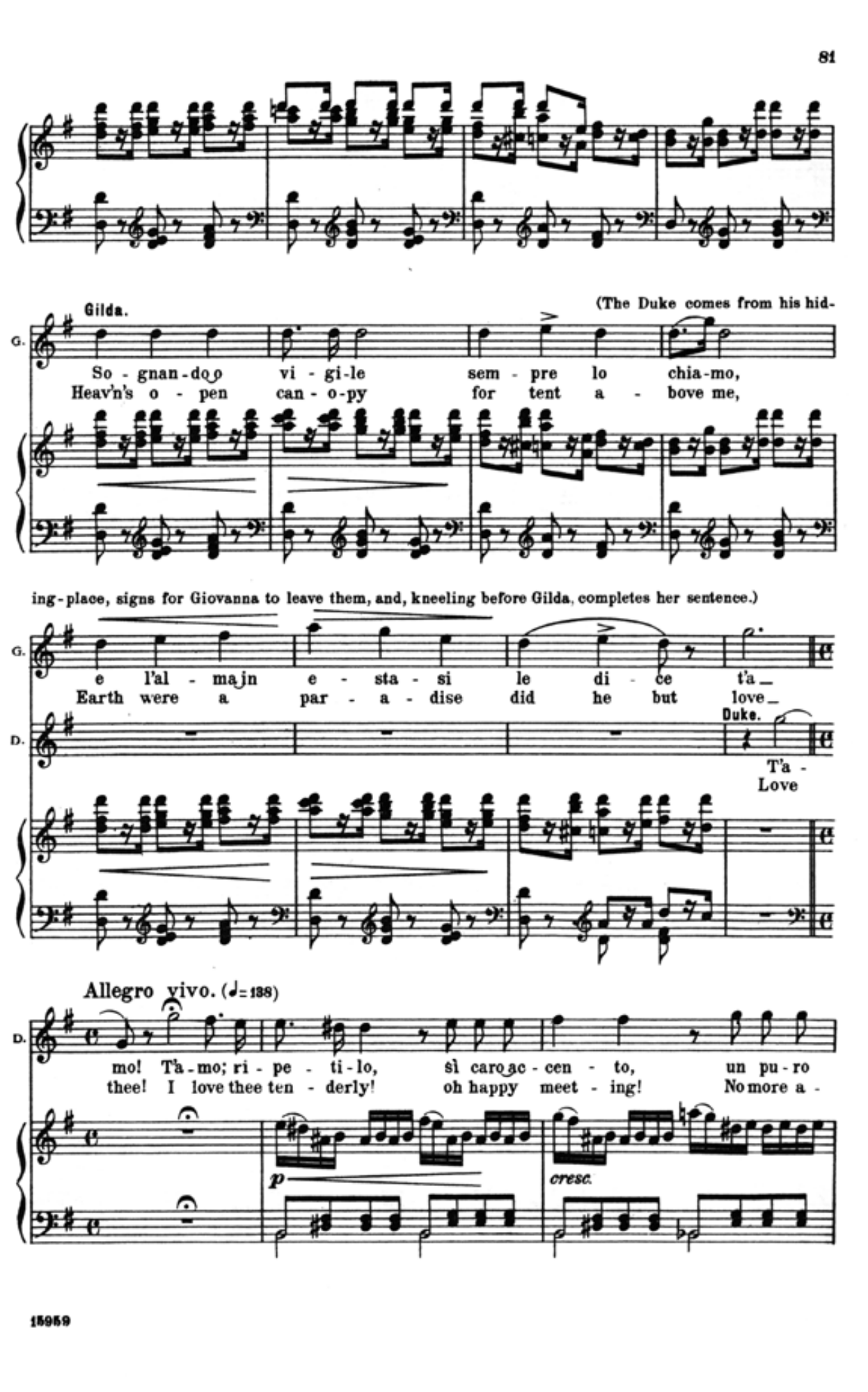
81
Gilda.
So-gnan-do o vi-gi-le sem-pre lo chia-mo,
Heav'n's o-pen can-o-py for tent a-bove me,
(The Duke comes from his hiding-place, signs for Giovanna to leave them, and, kneeling before Gilda, completes her sentence.)
e l'al-ma in e-sta-si le di-ce t'a-
Earth were a par-a-dise did he but love-
Duke.
T'a-
Love
Allegro vivo. (♩=138)
mo! T'a-mo; ri-pe-ti-lo, sì caro ac-cen-to, un pu-ro
thee! I love thee ten-derly! oh happy meet-ing! No more a-
cresc.
15959

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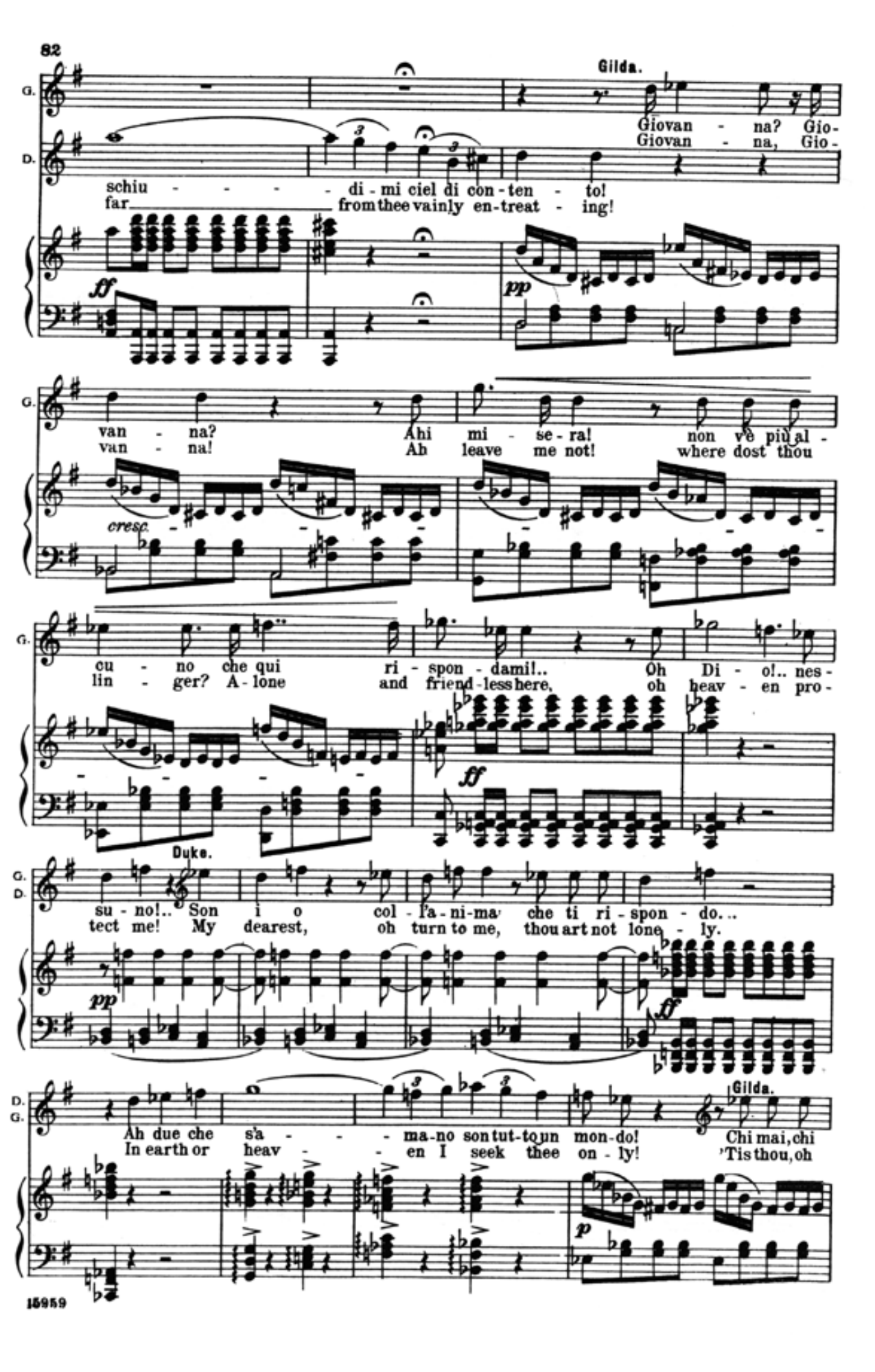
82
Gilda.
Giovan-na? Gio-
Giovan-na, Gio-
schiu-di-mi ciel di con-ten-to!
far... from thee vainly en-treat-ing!
van-na? Ahi mi-se-ra! non v'è più al-
van-na! Ah leave me not! where dost thou
cu-no che qui ri-spon-da mi!.. Oh Di-o!.. nes-
lin-ger? A-lone and friend-less here, oh heav-en pro-
Duke.
su-no!.. Son i-o col-l'a-ni-ma che ti ri-spon-do...
tect me! My dearest, oh turn to me, thou art not lone-ly.
Ah due che s'a-ma-no son tut-to un mon-do!
In earth or heav-en I seek thee on-ly!
Gilda.
Chi mai, chi
'Tis thou, oh
15959

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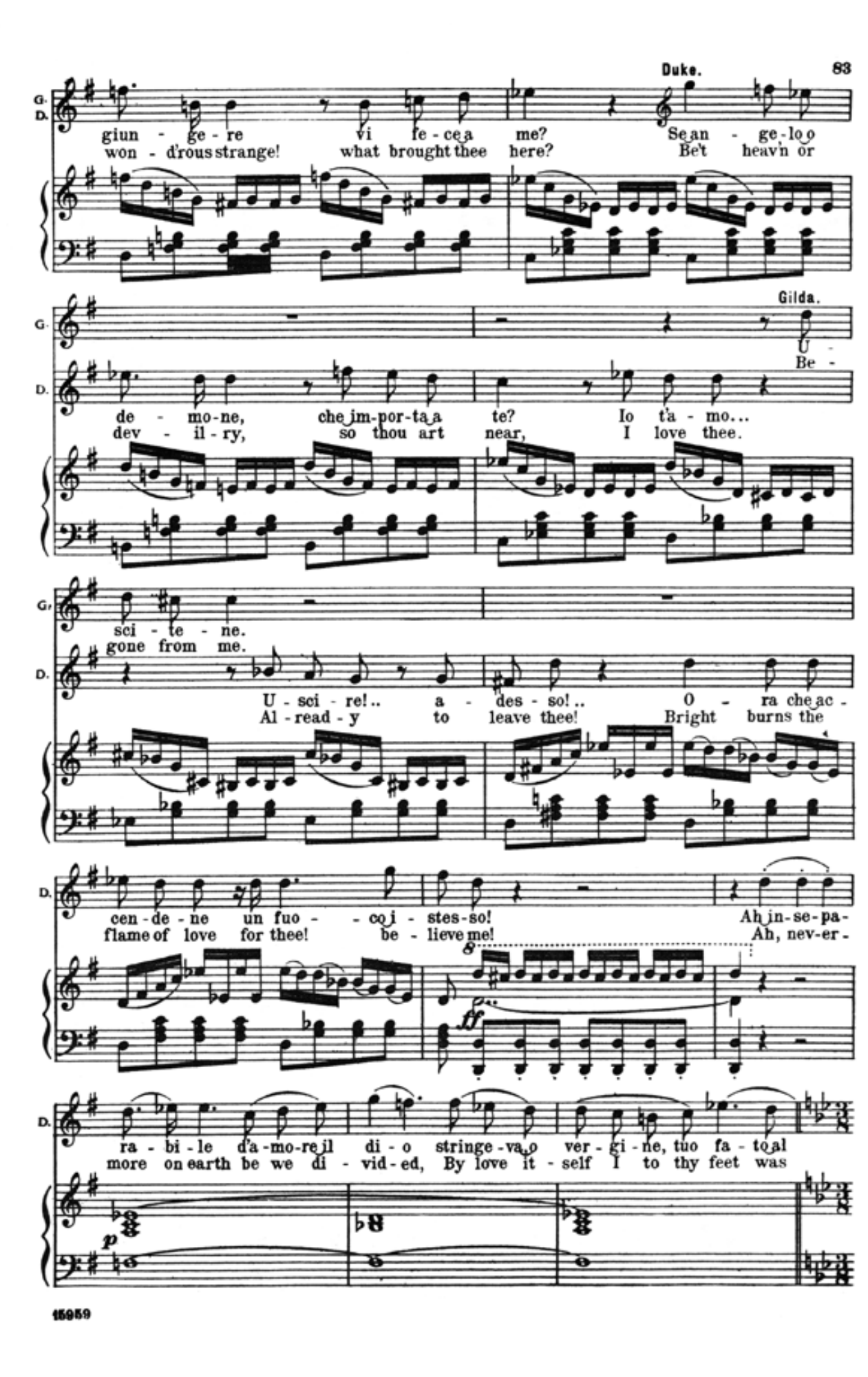
83
Duke.
giun-ge-re vi fe-ce a me? Se an-ge-lo
won-drous strange! what brought thee here? Be't heav'n or
Gilda.
de-mo-ne, che im-por-ta a te? Io t'a-mo...
dev-il-ry, so thou art near, I love thee.
U-sci-te!.. a-des-so! O-ra che ac-
gone from me. Al-read-y to leave thee! Bright burns the
cen-de-ne un fuo-co sol les-so! Ah in-se-pa-
flame of love for thee! be-lieve me! Ah, nev-er
ra-bi-le d'a-mo-re il di-o strin-ge-va ver-gi-ne, tuo fa-tal
more on earth be we di-vid-ed, By love it-self I to thy feet was
15959

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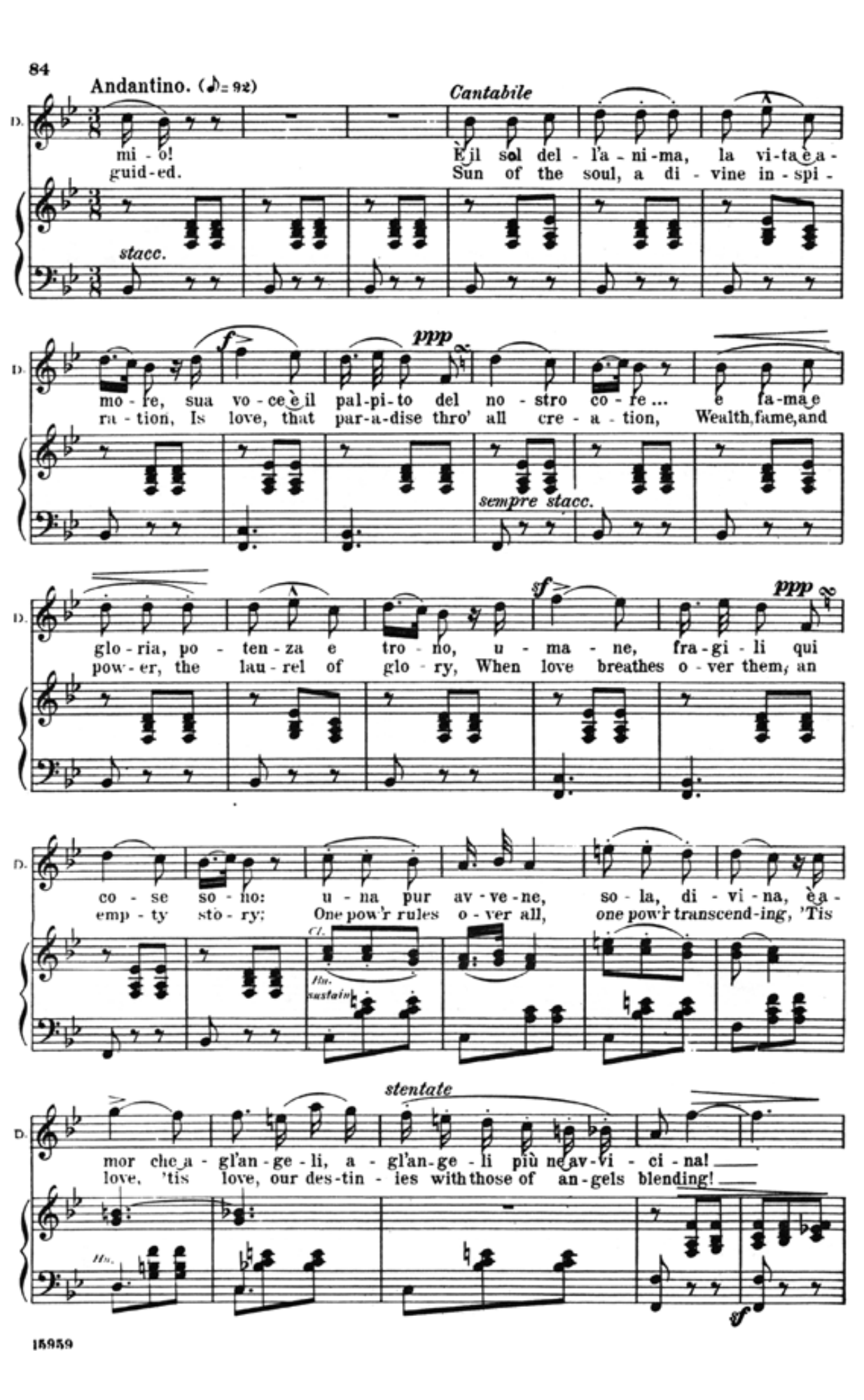
84
Andantino. (♩=94)
Cantabile
mi-o! È il sol del-l'a-ni-ma, la vi-ta è a-
guid-ed. Sun of the soul, a di-vine in-spi-
stacc.
mo-re, sua vo-ce è il pal-pi-to del no-stro co-re... e fa-ma e
ra-tion, Is love, that par-a-dise thro' all cre-a-tion, Wealth, fame, and
sempre stacc.
glo-ria, po-ten-za e tro-no, u-ma-ne, fra-gi-li qui
pow-er, the lau-rel of glo-ry, When love breathes o-ver them, an
co-se so-no: u-na pur av-ve-ne, so-la, di-vi-na, è a-
emp-ty sto-ry: One pow'r rules o-ver all, one pow'r transcending; 'Tis
stentate
mor che a-gl'an-ge-li, a-gl'an-ge-li più ne av-vi-ci-na!
love, 'tis love, our des-ti-nies with those of an-gels blending!
15959

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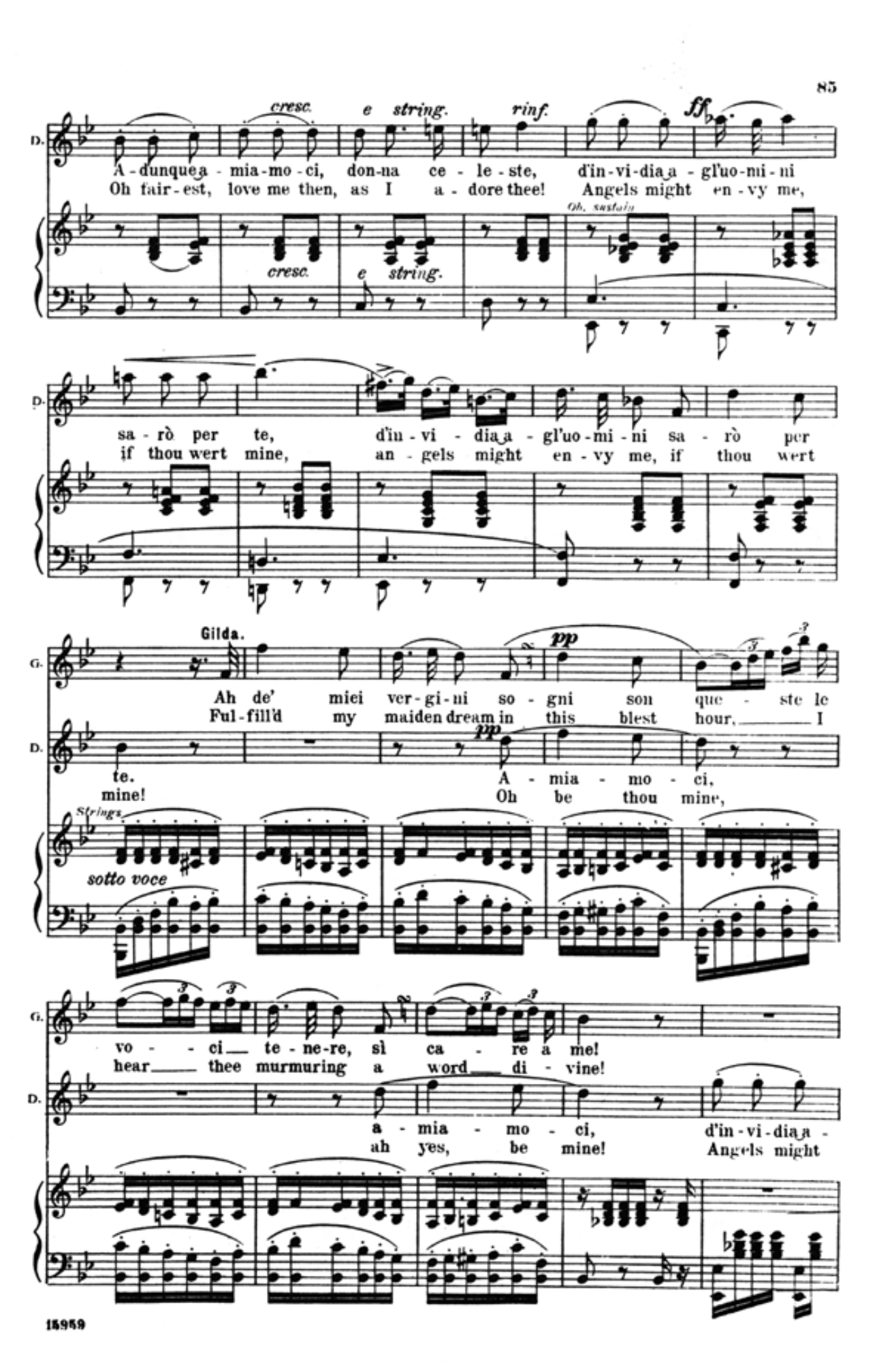
85
cresc. e string. rinf. ff
A-dunque a-mia-mo-ci, don-na ce-le-ste, d'in-vi-dia a-gl'uo-mi-ni
Oh fair-est, love me then, as I a-dore thee! Angels might en-vy me,
sa-rò per-te, d'in-vi-dia a-gl'uo-mi-ni sa-rò per
if thou wert mine, an-gels might en-vy me, if thou wert
Gilda.
Ah de' miei ver-gi-ni so-gni son que-ste le
Ful-fill'd my maiden dream in this blest hour.
te. A-mia-mo-ci,
mine! Oh be thou mine,
sotto voce
vo-ci te-ne-re, sì ca-re me!
hear thee murmuring a word di-vine!
a-mia-mo-ci, d'in-vi-dia
ah yes, be mine! Angels might
15959

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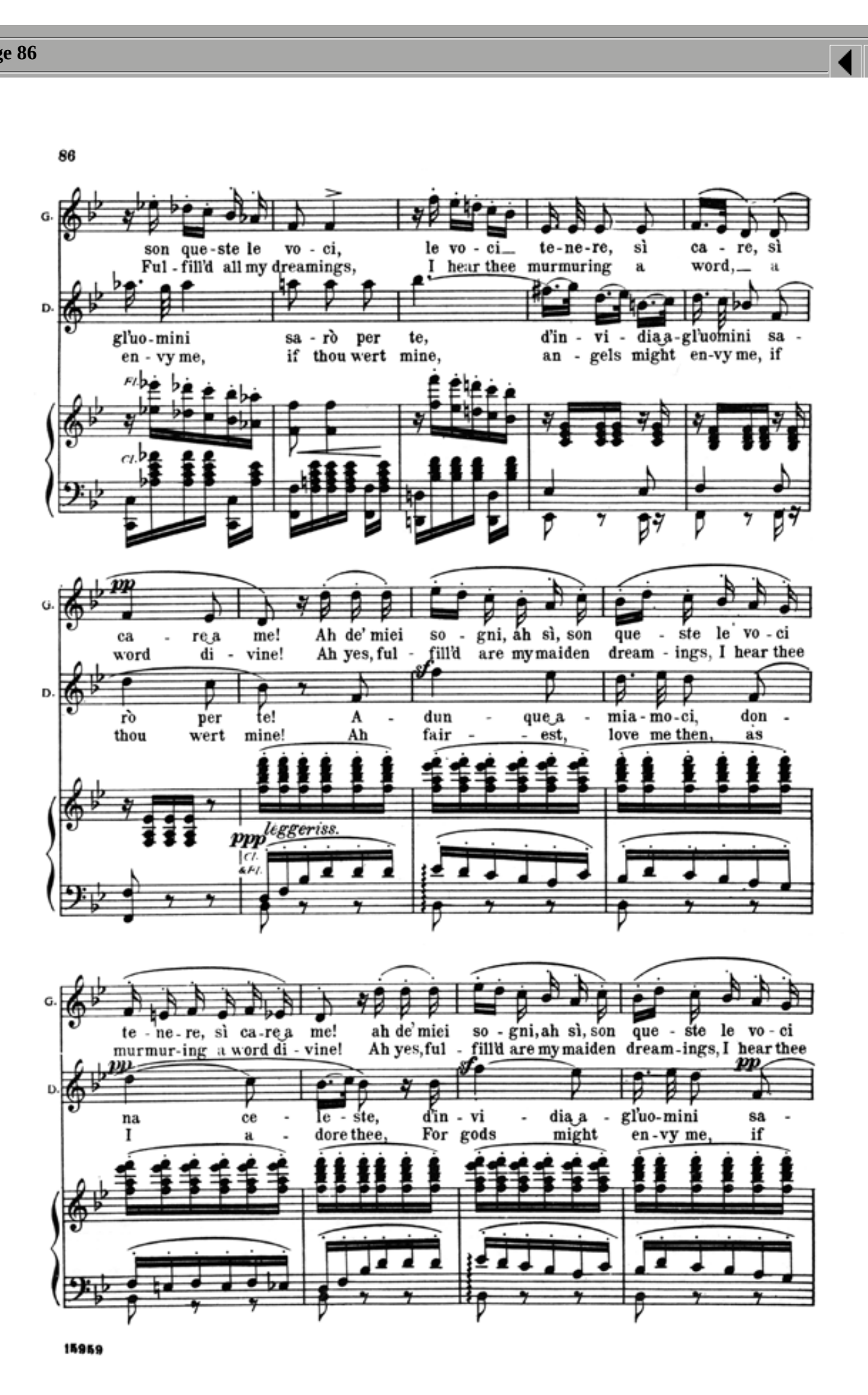
86
son que-ste le vo-ci, le vo-ci te-ne-re, sì ca-re, sì
Ful-fill'd all my dreamings, I hear thee murmuring a word, a
gl'uo-mi-ni sa-rò per-te, d'in-vi-dia a-gl'uo-mi-ni sa-
en-vy me, if thou wert mine, an-gels might en-vy me, if
ca-re a me! Ah de' miei so-gni, ah sì, son que-ste le vo-ci
word di-vine! Ah yes, ful-fill'd are my maiden dream-ings, I hear thee
rò per te! A-dun-que a-mia-mo-ci, don-
thou wert mine! Ah fair-est, love me then, as
pp leggeriss.
te-ne-re, sì ca-re a me! ah de' miei so-gni, ah sì, son que-ste le vo-ci
murmuring a word di-vine! Ah yes, ful-fill'd are my maiden dream-ings, I hear thee
na ce-le-ste, d'in-vi-dia a-gl'uo-mi-ni sa-
I a-dore thee, For gods might en-vy me, if
15959

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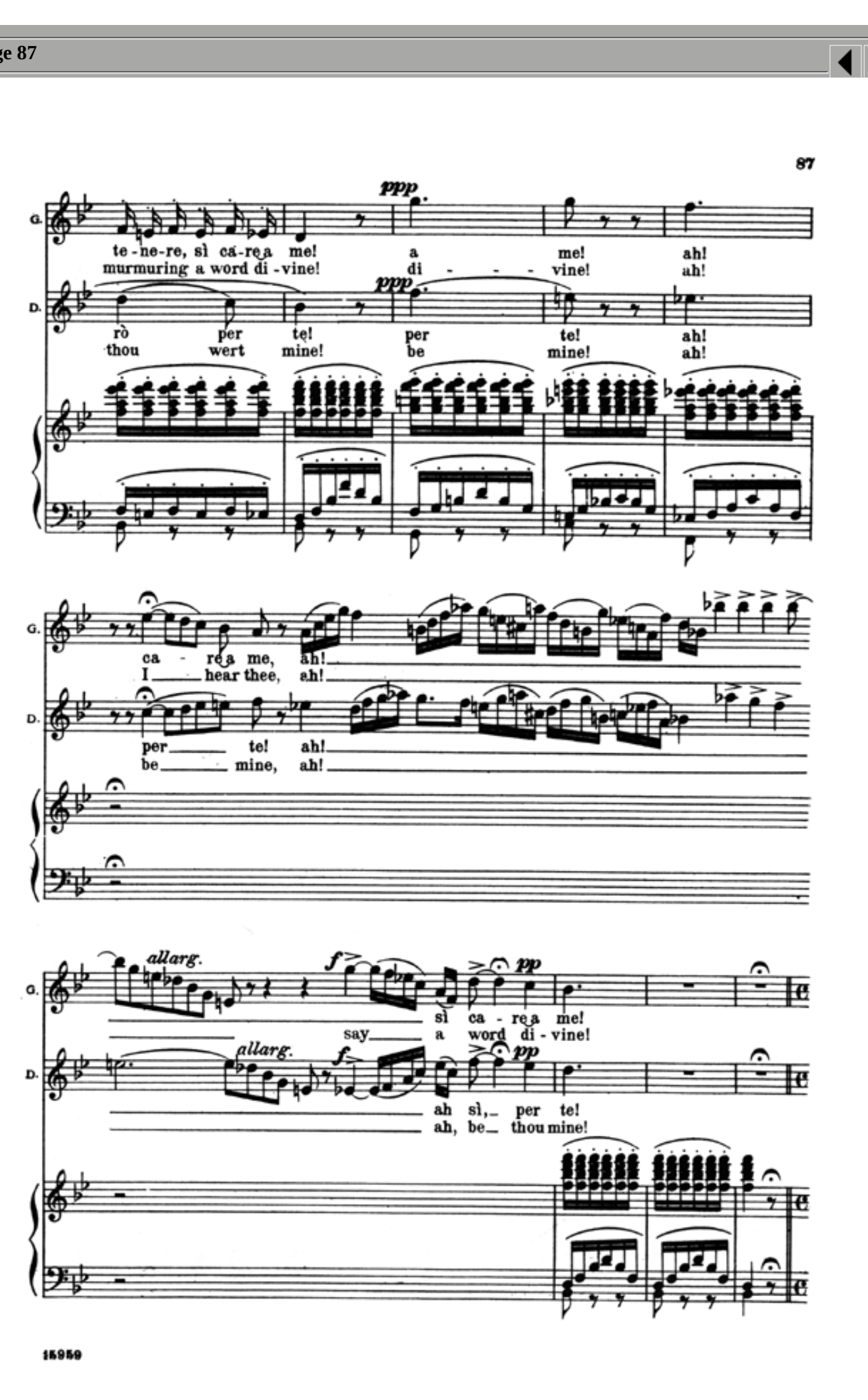
87
ppp
te-ne-re, sì ca-re a me! a me! ah!
murmuring a word di-vine! di-vine! ah!
rò per te! per te! ah!
thou wert mine! be mine! ah!
ca-re a me, ah!
I hear thee, ah!
per-te! ah!
be mine, ah!
allarg.
sì ca-re a me!
say a word di-vine!
ah sì, per te!
ah, be thou mine!
15959

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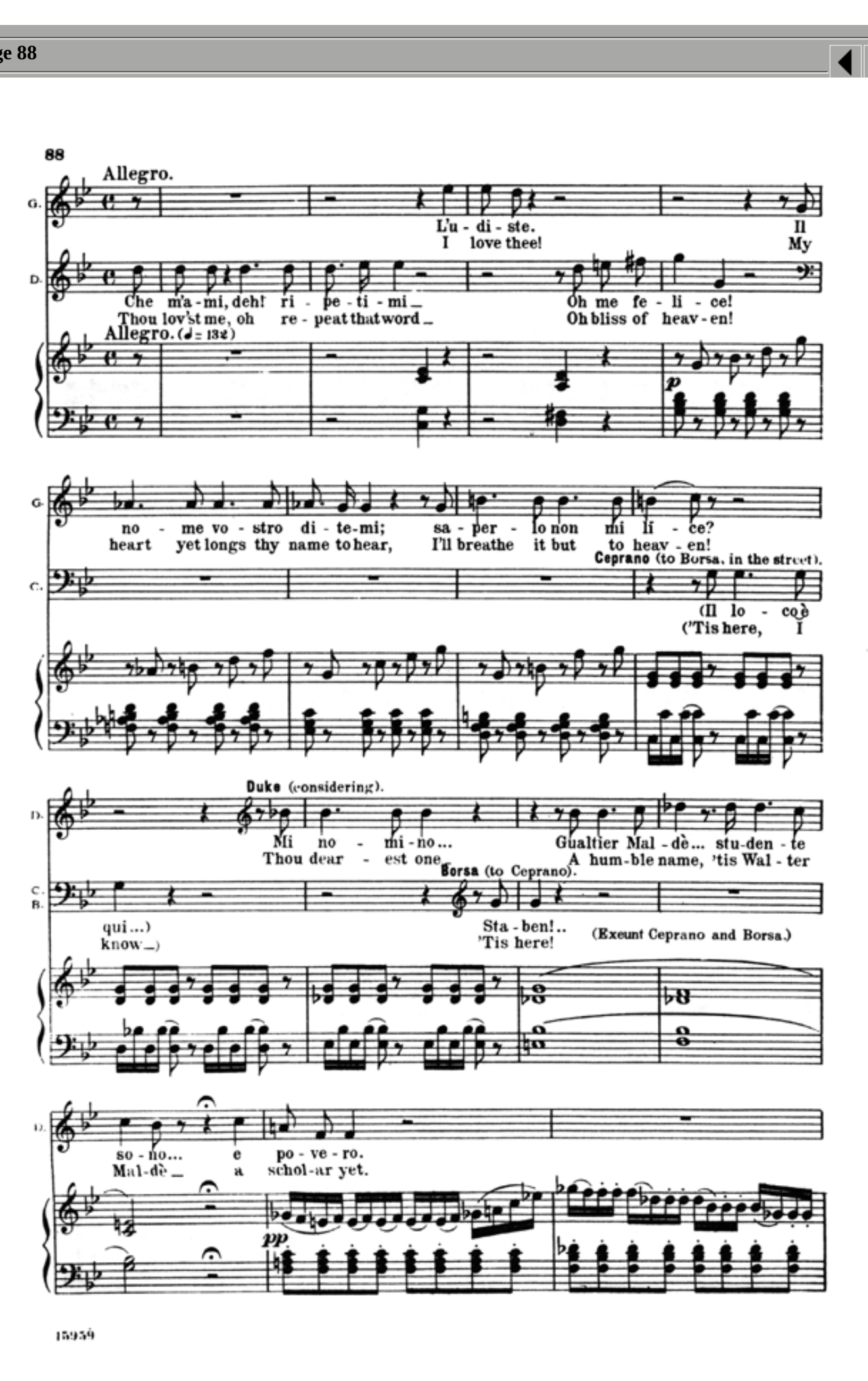
88
Allegro.
L'u-di-ste. Il
I love thee! My
Che m'a-mi, deh! ri-pe-ti-mi... Oh me fe-li-ce!
Thou lov'st me, oh repeat that word... Oh bliss of heav-en!
Allegro. (♩=132)
no-me vo-stro di-te-mi; sa-per-lo non mi li-ce?
heart yet longs thy name to hear, I'll breathe it but to heav-en!
Ceprano (to Borsa, in the street).
(Il lo-co
('Tis here, I
Duke (considering).
Mi no-mi-no... Gualtier Mal-dè... stu-den-te
Thou dear-est one... A hum-ble name, 'tis Wal-ter
Borsa (to Ceprano).
qui...) Sta-ben!..
know...) 'Tis here!
(Exeunt Ceprano and Borsa.)
so-no... e po-ve-ro.
Mal-dè... a schol-ar yet.
15959

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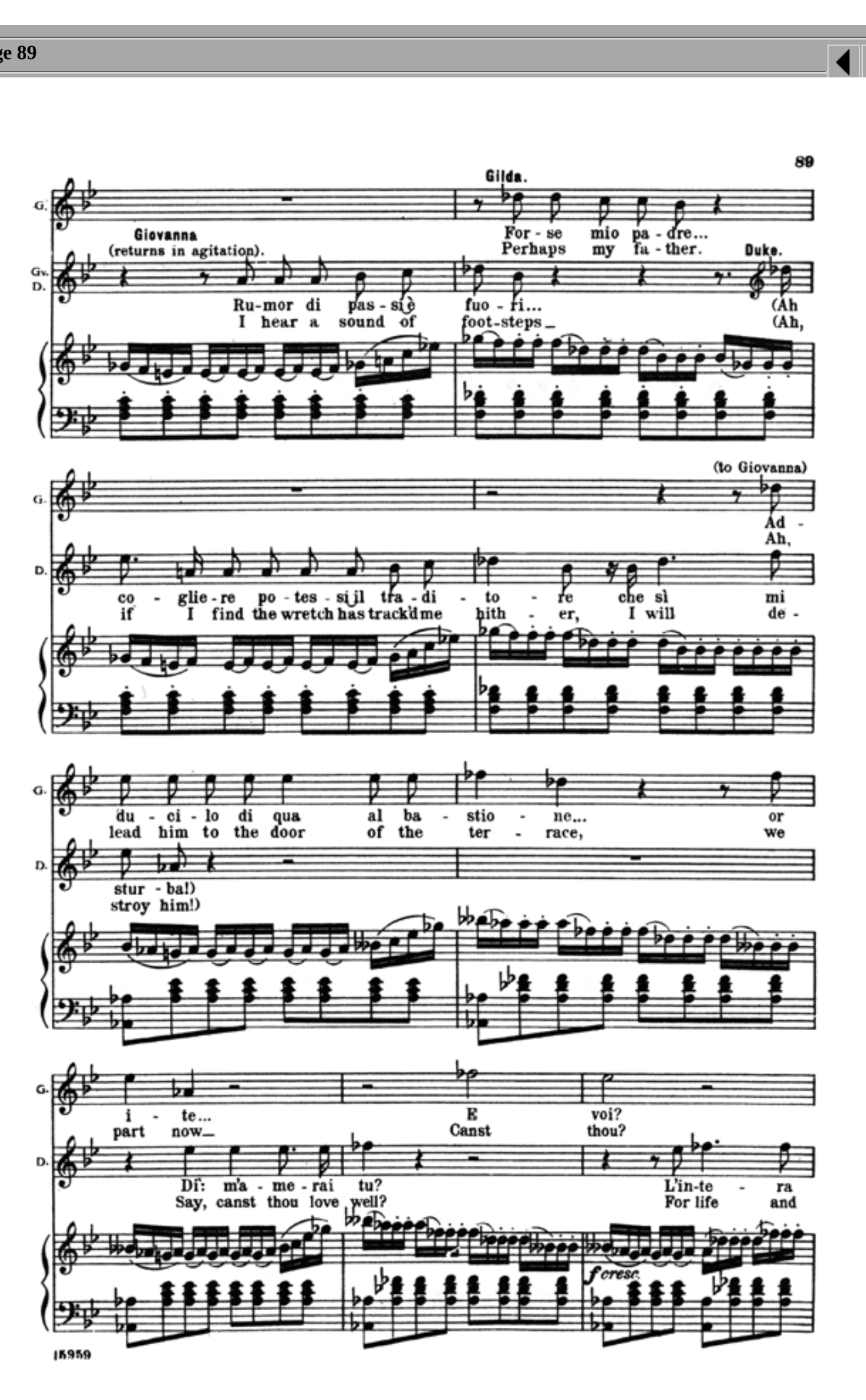
89
Gilda.
Giovanna (returns in agitation).
For-se mio pa-dre...
Perhaps my fa-ther.
Duke.
Ru-mor di pas-si è fuo-ri...
I hear a sound of foot-steps...
(Ah
(Ah,
(to Giovanna)
Ad-
Ah,
co-glie-re po-tes-si il tra-di-to-re che sì mi
if I find the wretch has track'd me hith-er, I will de-
du-ci-lo di qua al ba-stio-ne... or
lead him to the door of the ter-race, we
stur-ba!)
stroy him!)
i-te...
part now...
E voi?
Canst thou?
Di' m'a-me-rai tu?
Say, canst thou love well?
L'in-te-
For life and
15959

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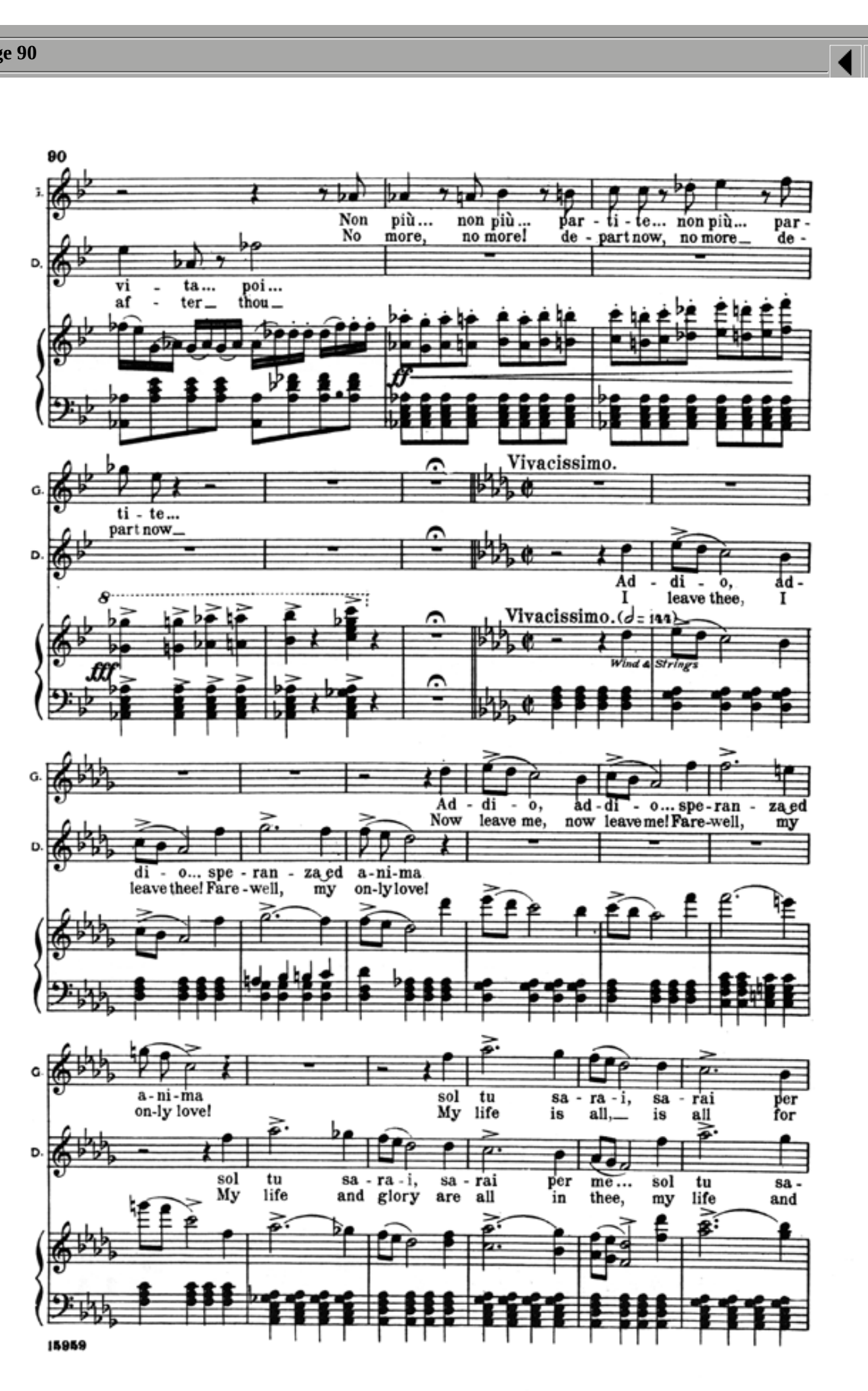
90
Non più... non più... par-ti-te... non più... par-
No more, no more! de-part now, no more... de-
vi-ta... poi...
af-ter... thou...
ti-te...
part now...
Vivacissimo.
Ad-di-o, ad-
I leave thee, I
Vivacissimo. (♩=144)
Wind & Strings
Ad-di-o, ad-di-o... spe-ran-za ed
Now leave me, now leave me! Fare-well, my
di-o... spe-ran-za ed a-ni-ma
leave thee! Fare-well, my on-ly love!
a-ni-ma sol tu sa-ra-i, sa-rai per
on-ly love! My life is all... is all for
sol tu sa-ra-i, sa-rai per me... sol tu sa-
My life and glory are all in thee, my life and
15959

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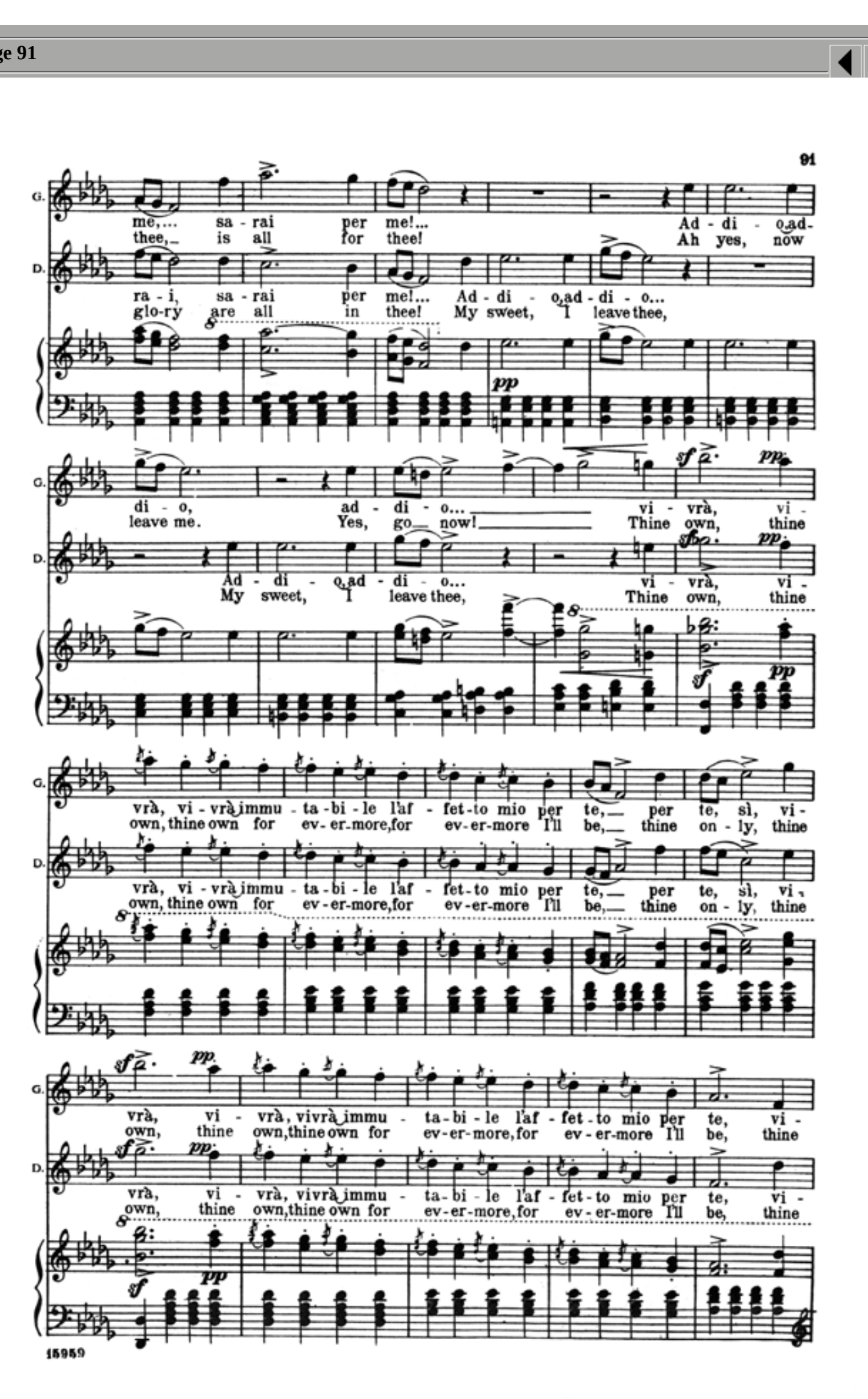
91
me... sa-rai per me!.. Ad-di-o ad-
thee... is all for thee! Ah yes, now
ra-i, sa-rai per me!.. Ad-di-o ad-di-o...
glo-ry are all in thee! My sweet, I leave thee,
di-o, ad-di-o... vi-vrà, vi-
leave me. Yes, go, now! Thine own, thine
Ad-di-o ad-di-o... vi-vrà, vi-
My sweet, I leave thee, Thine own, thine
vrà, vi-vrà im-mu-ta-bi-le l'af-fet-to mio per te, per te, sì, vi-
own, thine own for ev-er-more, for ev-er-more I'll be, thine on-ly, thine
vrà, vi-vrà, vi-vrà im-mu-ta-bi-le l'af-fet-to mio per te, vi-
own, thine own, thine own for ev-er-more, for ev-er-more I'll be, thine
15959

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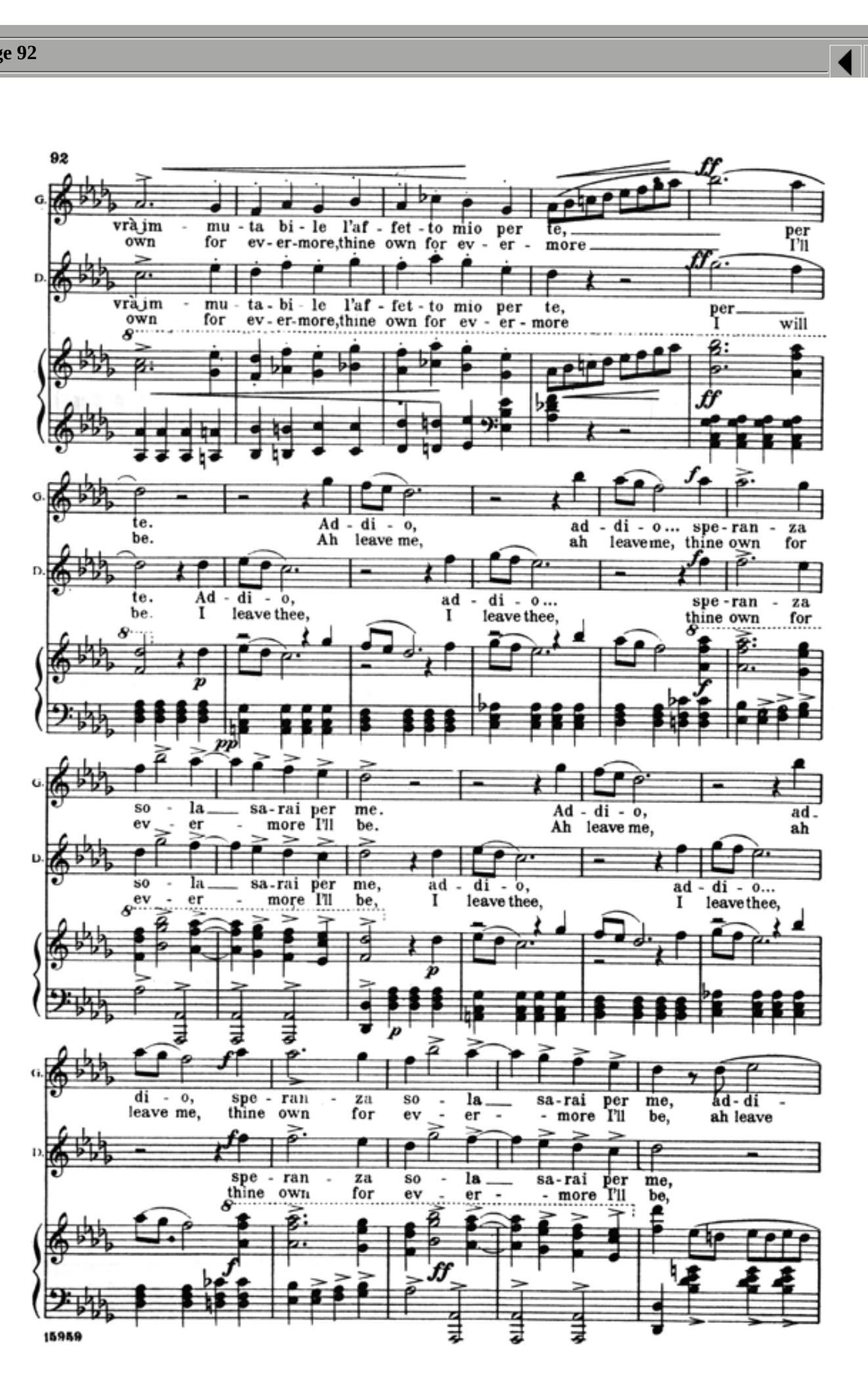
92
vrà im-mu-ta-bi-le l'af-fet-to mio per te, per
own for ev-er-more, thine own for ev-er-more, I'll
per
I will
te. Ad-di-o, ad-di-o... spe-ran-za
be. Ah leave me, ah leave me, thine own for
so-la sa-rai per me. Ad-di-o, ad-
ev-er-more I'll be. Ah leave me, ah
di-o, spe-ran-za so-la sa-rai per me, ad-di-o,
leave me, thine own for ev-er-more I'll be, ah leave
spe-ran-za so-la sa-rai per me,
thine own for ev-er-more I'll be,
15959

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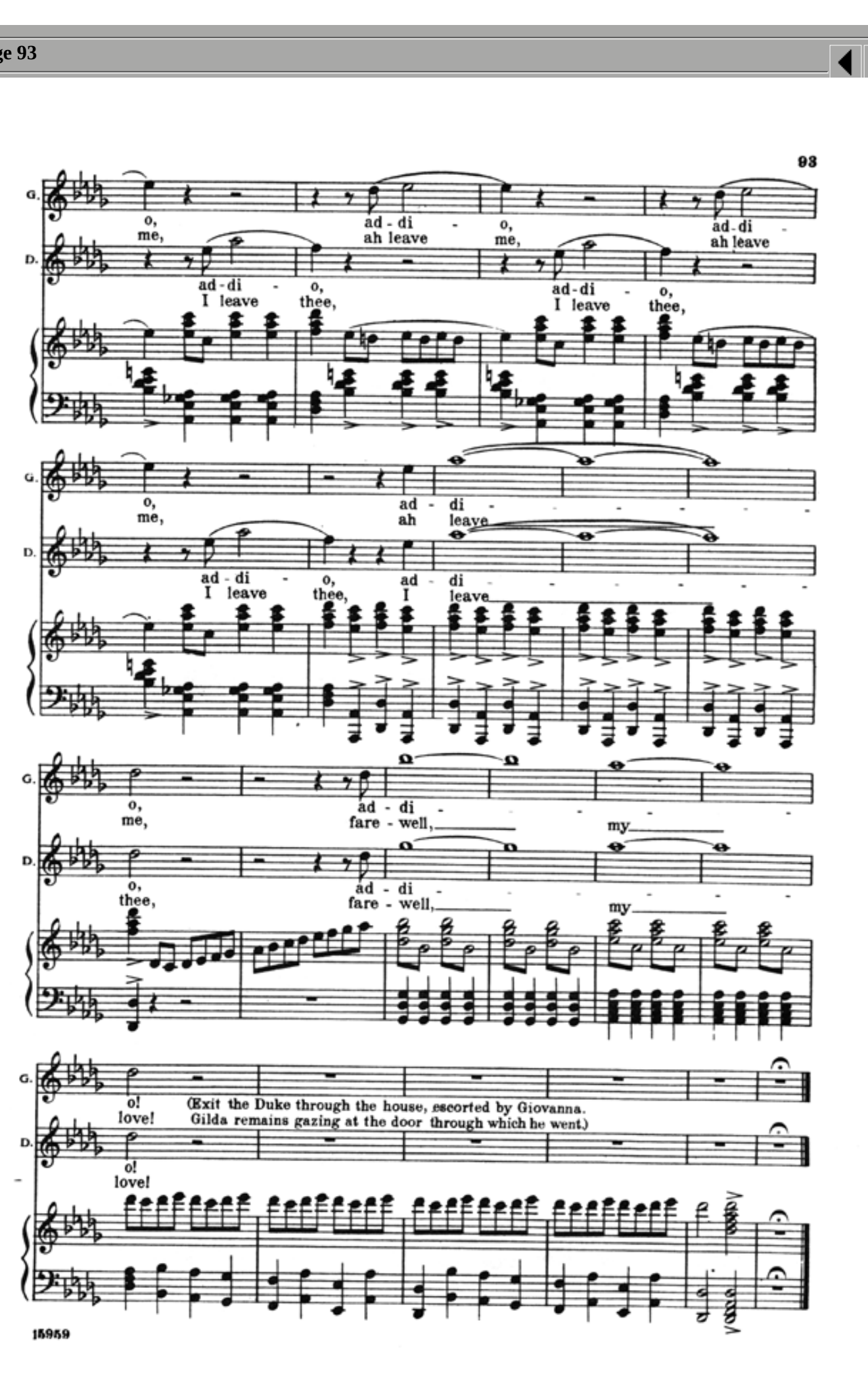
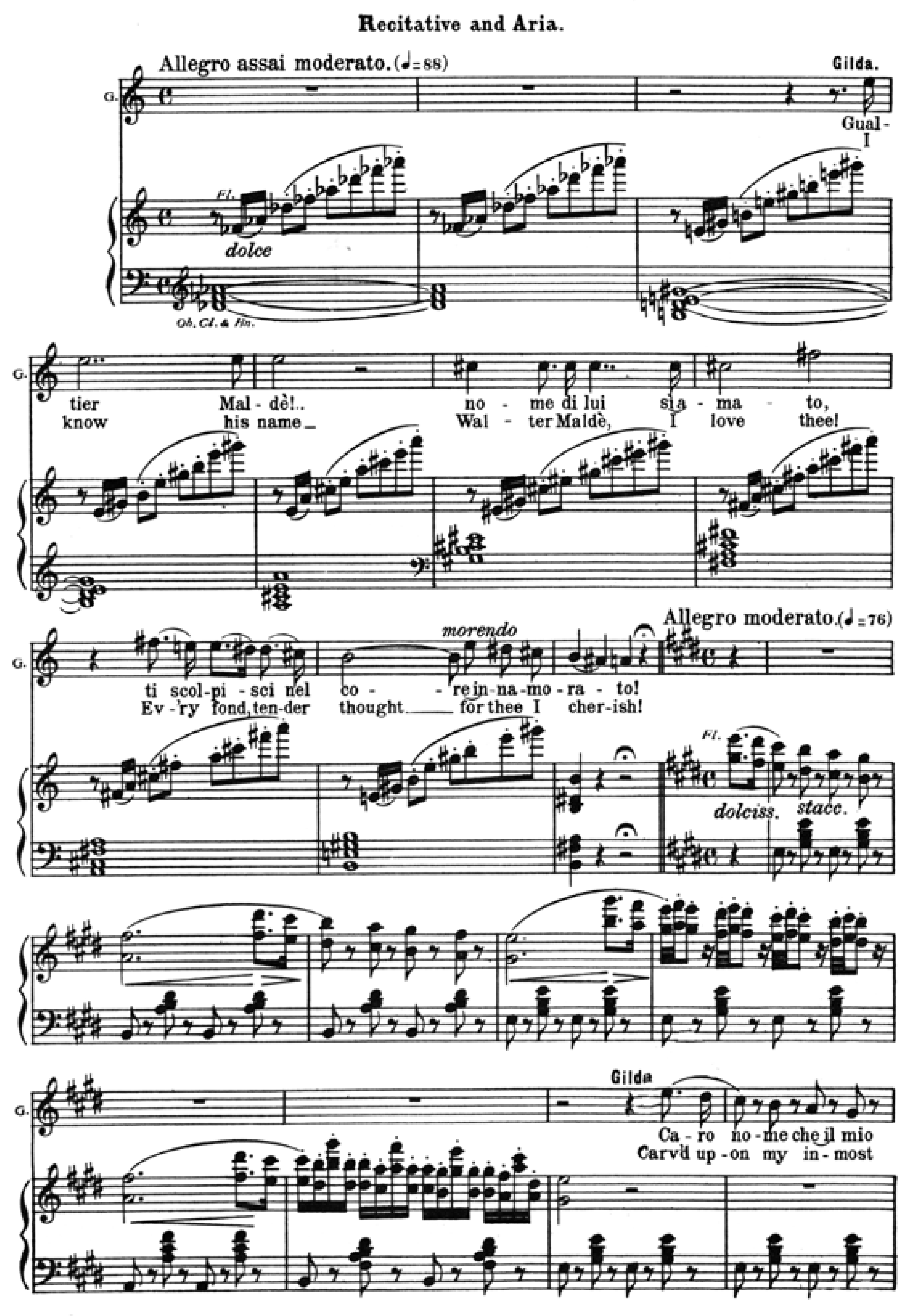
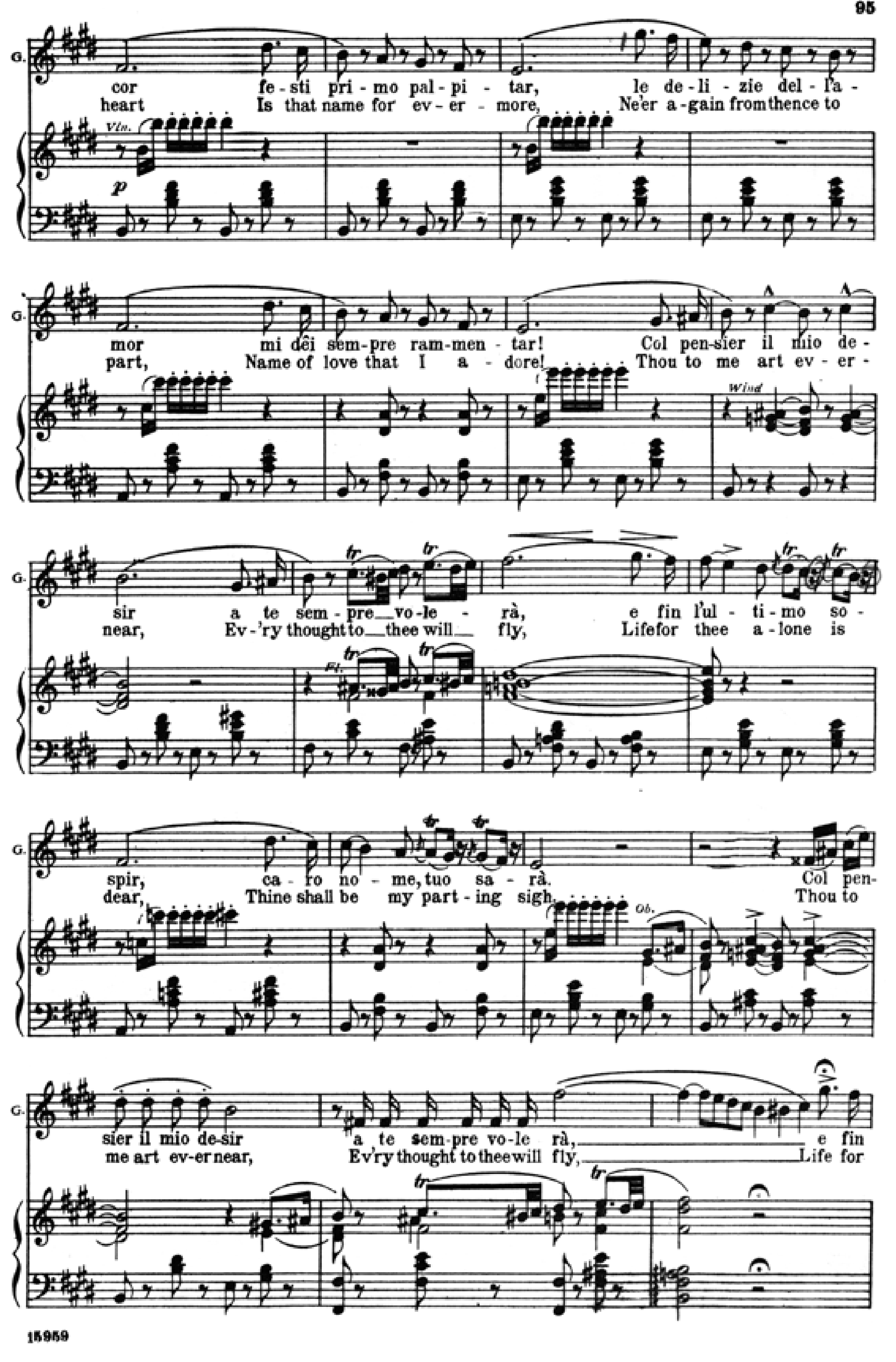
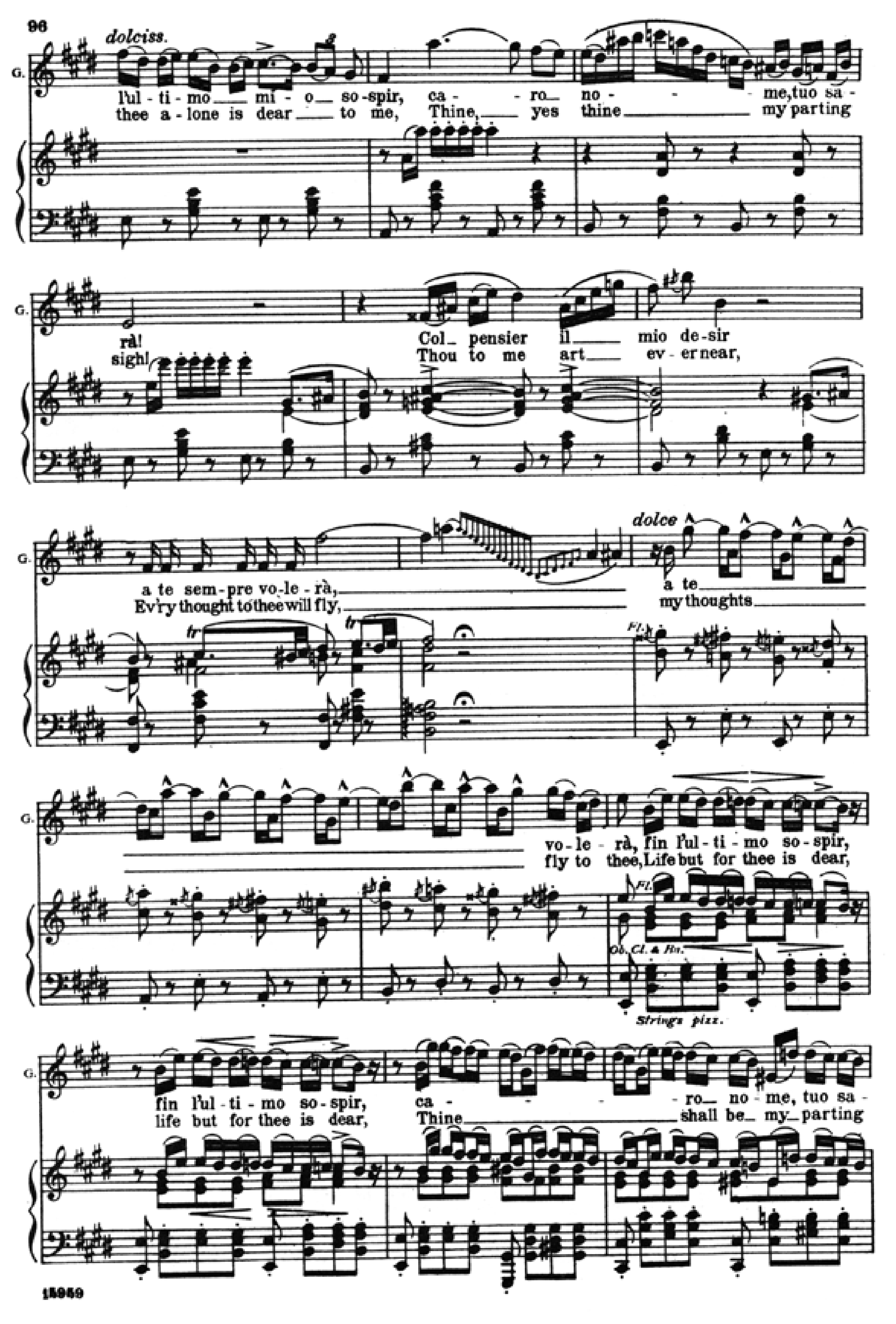

93
o, ad-di-o, ad-di-
me, ah leave me, ah leave
ad-di-o, ad-di-o,
I leave thee, I leave thee,
o, ad-di-
me, ah leave
o, ad-di- my-
me, fare-well, my-
o! (Exit the Duke through the house, escorted by Giovanna. Gilda remains gazing at the door through which he went.)
love!
15959

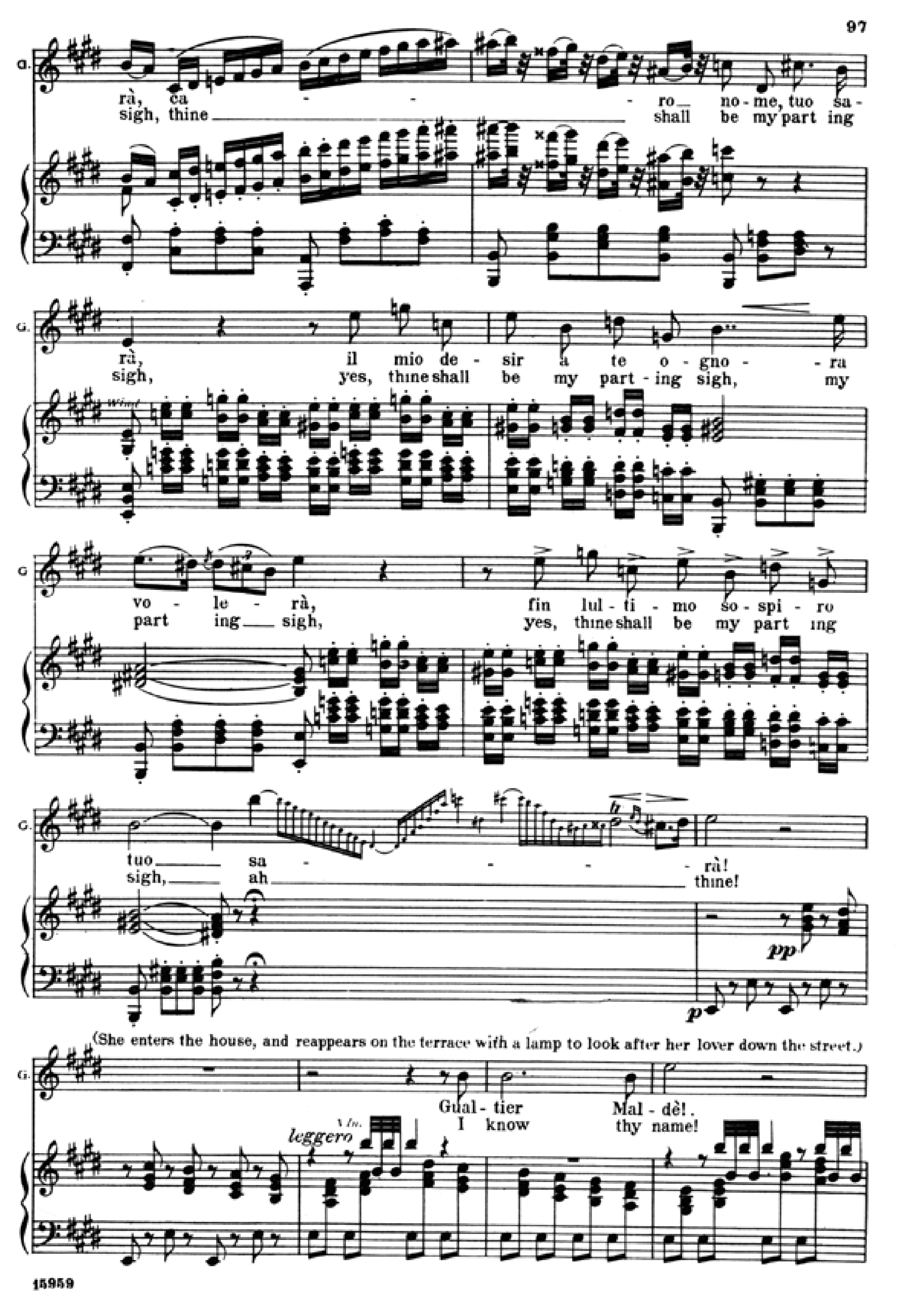
Nº 9. "Caro nome che il mio cor."

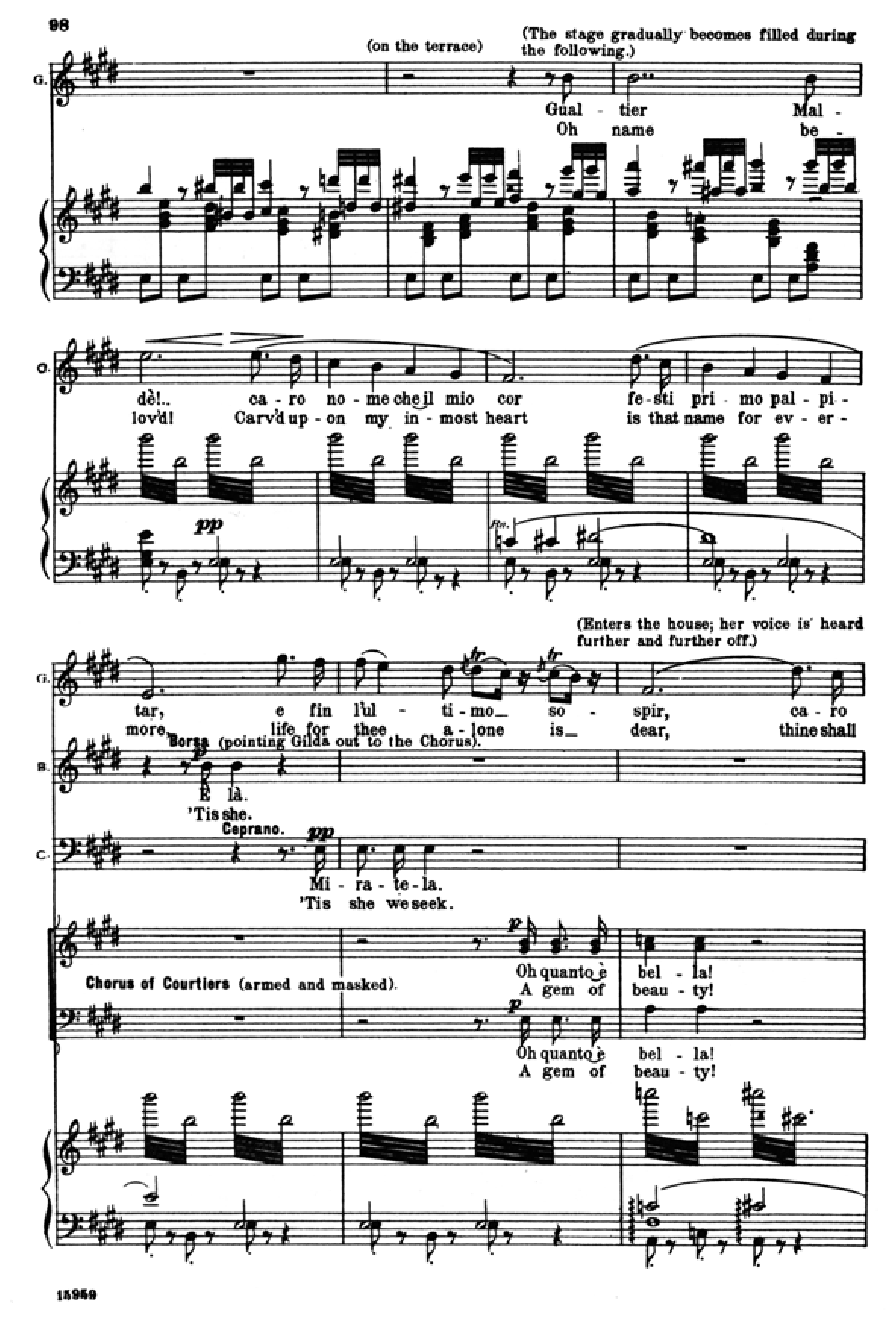
Recitative and Aria.

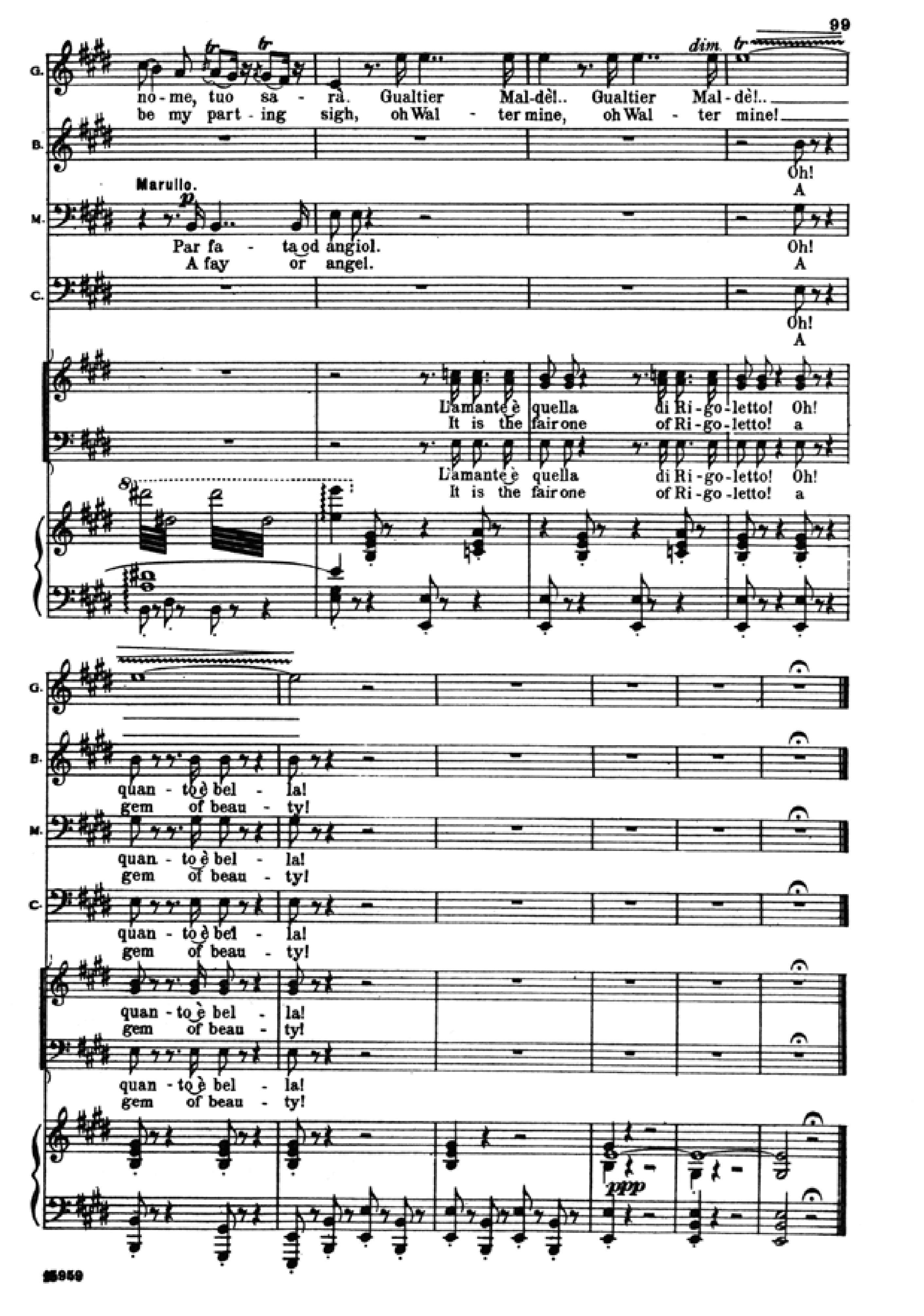

Allegro assai moderato. (♩= 88)
Gilda.
G.
Fl.
dolce
Ob. Cl. & Fn.
Gual - tier Mal - dè!.. no - me di lui si a - ma - to,
I know his name _ Wal - ter Maldè, I love thee!
ti scol-pi - sci nel co - re in-na-mo - ra - to!
Ev - 'ry fond, ten-der thought _ for thee I cher-ish!
morendo
Allegro moderato. (♩= 76)
dolciss.
stacc.
Gilda
Ca - ro no - me che il mio
Carv'd up - on my in - most


G.
cor fe - sti pri - mo pal - pi - tar, le de - li - zie del - l'a -
heart Is that name for ev - er - more, Ne'er a - gain from thence to
Vln.
p
mor mi dèi sem - pre ram - men - tar! Col pen - sier il mio de -
part, Name of love that I a - dore! Thou to me art ev - er -
Wind
sir a te sem - pre vo - le - rà, e fin l'ul - ti - mo so -
near, Ev - 'ry thought to _ thee will _ fly, Life for thee a - lone is
tr
Fl.
spir, ca - ro no - me, tuo sa - rà. Col pen -
dear, Thine shall be my part - ing sigh. Thou to
Ob.
sier il mio de - sir a te sem - pre vo - le rà, e fin
me art ev - er near, Ev'ry thought to thee will fly, Life for


dolciss.
G.
l'ul - ti - mo _ mi - o _ so - spir, ca - ro _ no - me, tuo sa -
thee a - lone is dear _ to me, Thine, _ yes thine _ my parting
rà! Col _ pensier il _ mio de - sir
sigh! Thou to me art _ ev - er near,
a te sem - pre vo - le - rà, a te _
Ev'ry thought to thee will fly, my thoughts _
dolce
tr
Fl.
vo - le - rà, fin l'ul - ti - mo so - spir,
fly to thee, Life but for thee is dear,
Ob. Cl. & Fn.
Strings pizz.
fin l'ul - ti - mo so - spir, ca - ro _ no - me, tuo sa -
life but for thee is dear, Thine _ shall be _ my _ parting

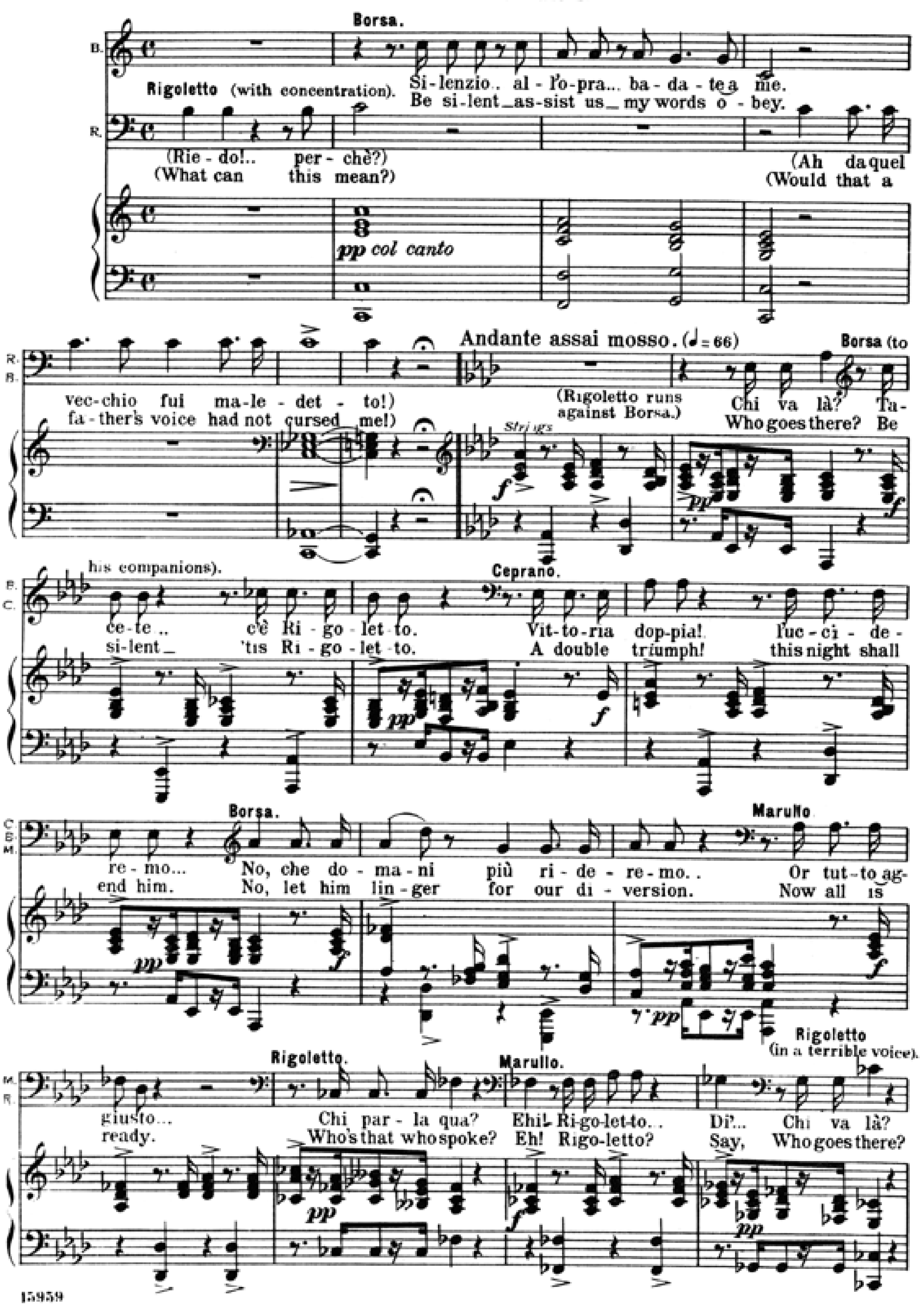

G.
rà, ca - ro _ no - me, tuo sa -
sigh, thine _ shall be my part ing
rà, il mio de - sir a te o - gno - ra
sigh, yes, thine shall be my part - ing sigh, my
Wind
vo - le - rà, fin l'ul - ti - mo so - spi - ro
part ing _ sigh, yes, thine shall be my part ing
tuo _ sa - rà!
sigh, _ ah _ thine!
pp
p
(She enters the house, and reappears on the terrace with a lamp to look after her lover down the street.)
Gual - tier Mal - dè!.
I know thy name!
leggero
Vln.

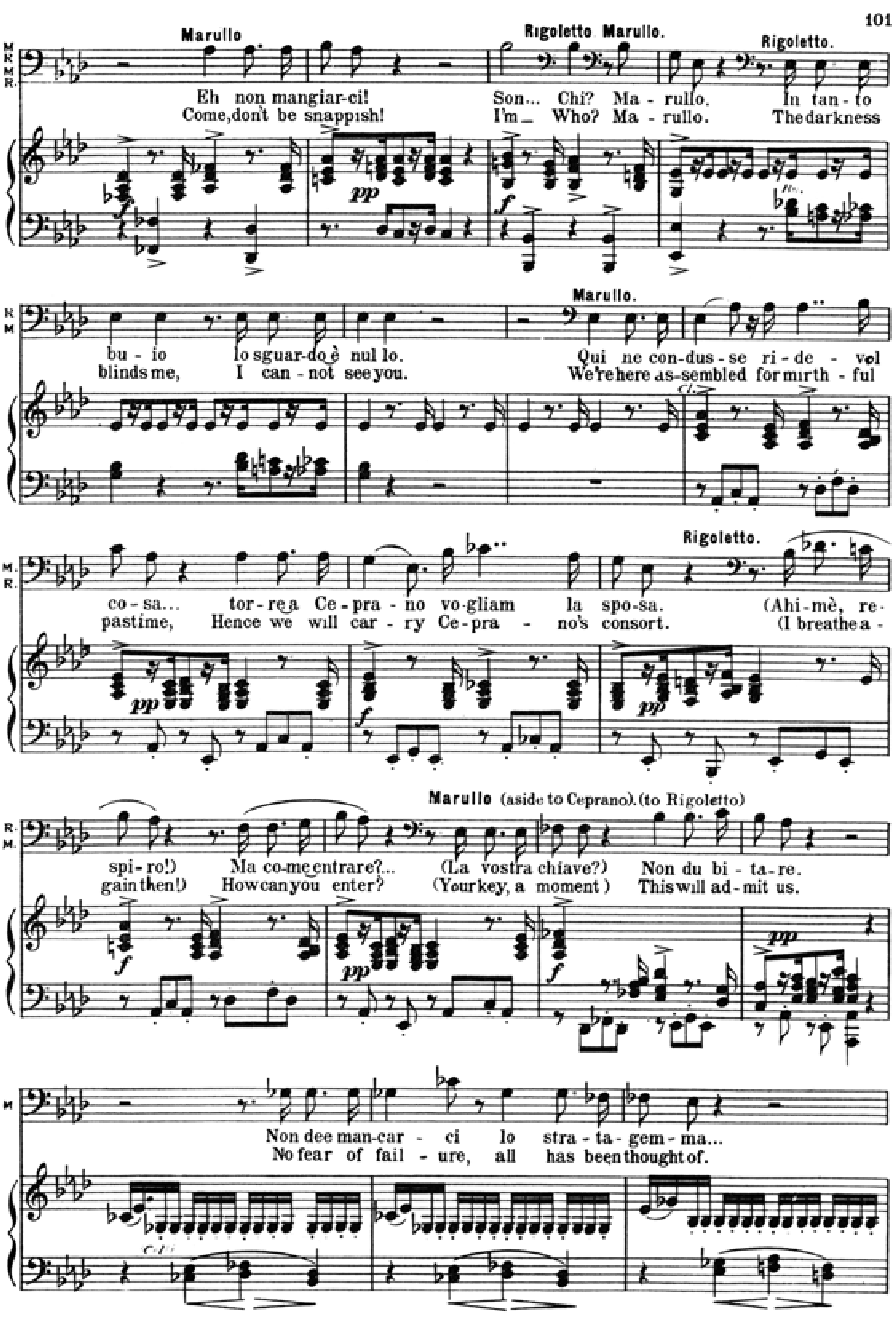

(on the terrace)
(The stage gradually becomes filled during the following.)
G.
Gual - tier Mal -
Oh name be -
dè!.. ca - ro no - me che il mio cor fe - sti pri - mo pal - pi -
lov'd! Carv'd up - on my in - most heart is that name for ev - er -
pp
Fn.
(Enters the house; her voice is heard further and further off.)
tar, e fin l'ul - ti - mo _ so - spir, ca - ro
more, life for thee a - lone is _ dear, thine shall
Borsa (pointing Gilda out to the Chorus).
B.
È là.
'Tis she.
Ceprano.
C.
pp
Mi - ra - te - la.
'Tis she we seek.
Chorus of Courtiers (armed and masked).
p
Oh quanto è bel - la!
A gem of beau - ty!
Oh quanto è bel - la!
A gem of beau - ty!

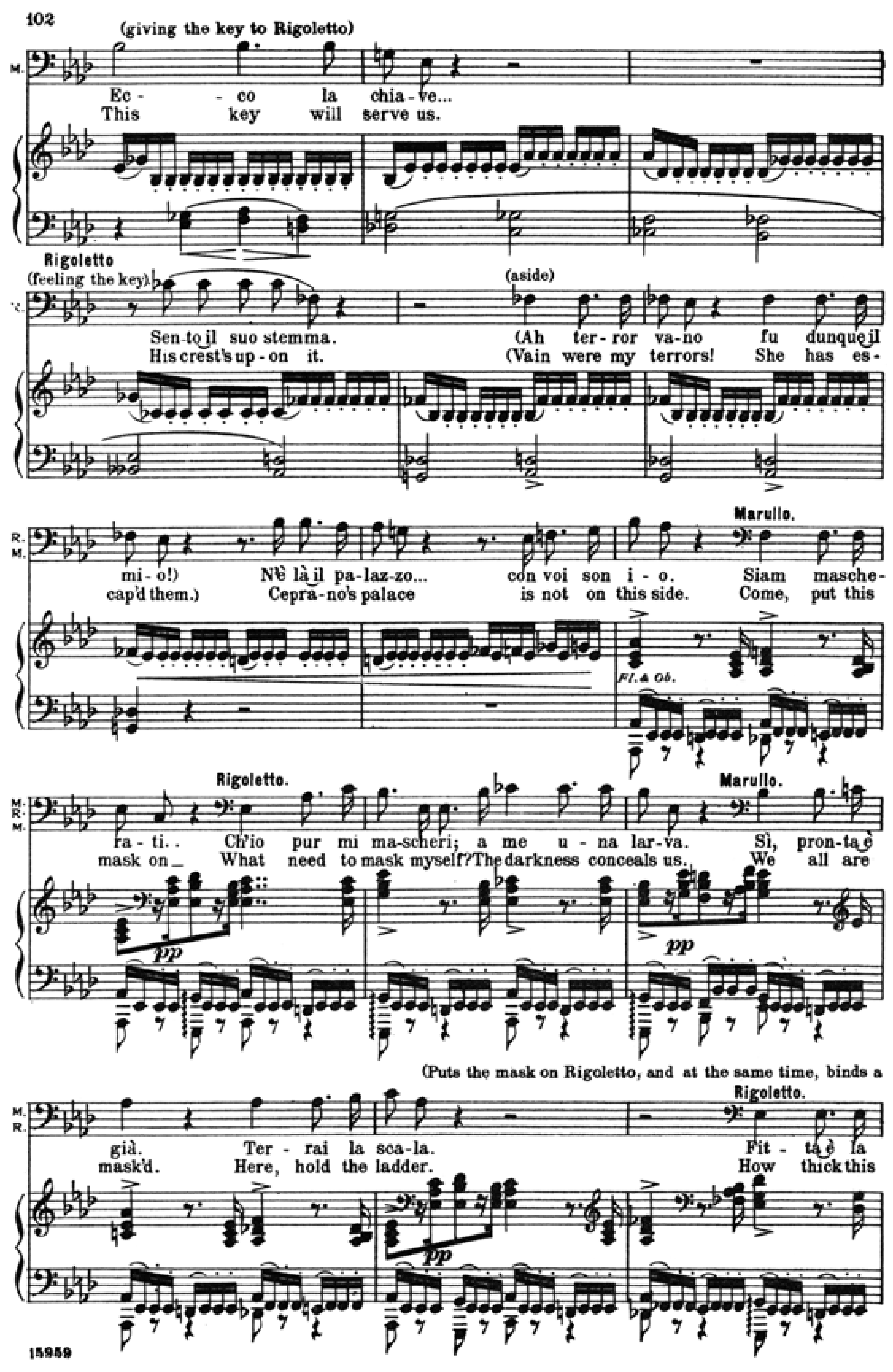

dim.
tr
G.
no - me, tuo sa - rà. Gualtier Mal - dè!.. Gualtier Mal - dè!..
be my part - ing sigh, oh Wal - ter mine, oh Wal - ter mine!
B.
Oh!
A
Marullo.
M.
p
Par fa - ta od angiol.
A fay or angel.
Oh!
A
C.
Oh!
A
L'amante è quella di Ri - go - letto! Oh!
It is the fair one of Ri - go - letto! a
L'amante è quella di Ri - go - letto! Oh!
It is the fair one of Ri - go - letto! a
8
quan - to è bel - la!
gem of beau - ty!
quan - to è bel - la!
gem of beau - ty!
quan - to è bel - la!
gem of beau - ty!
quan - to è bel - la!
gem of beau - ty!
quan - to è bel - la!
gem of beau - ty!
ppp

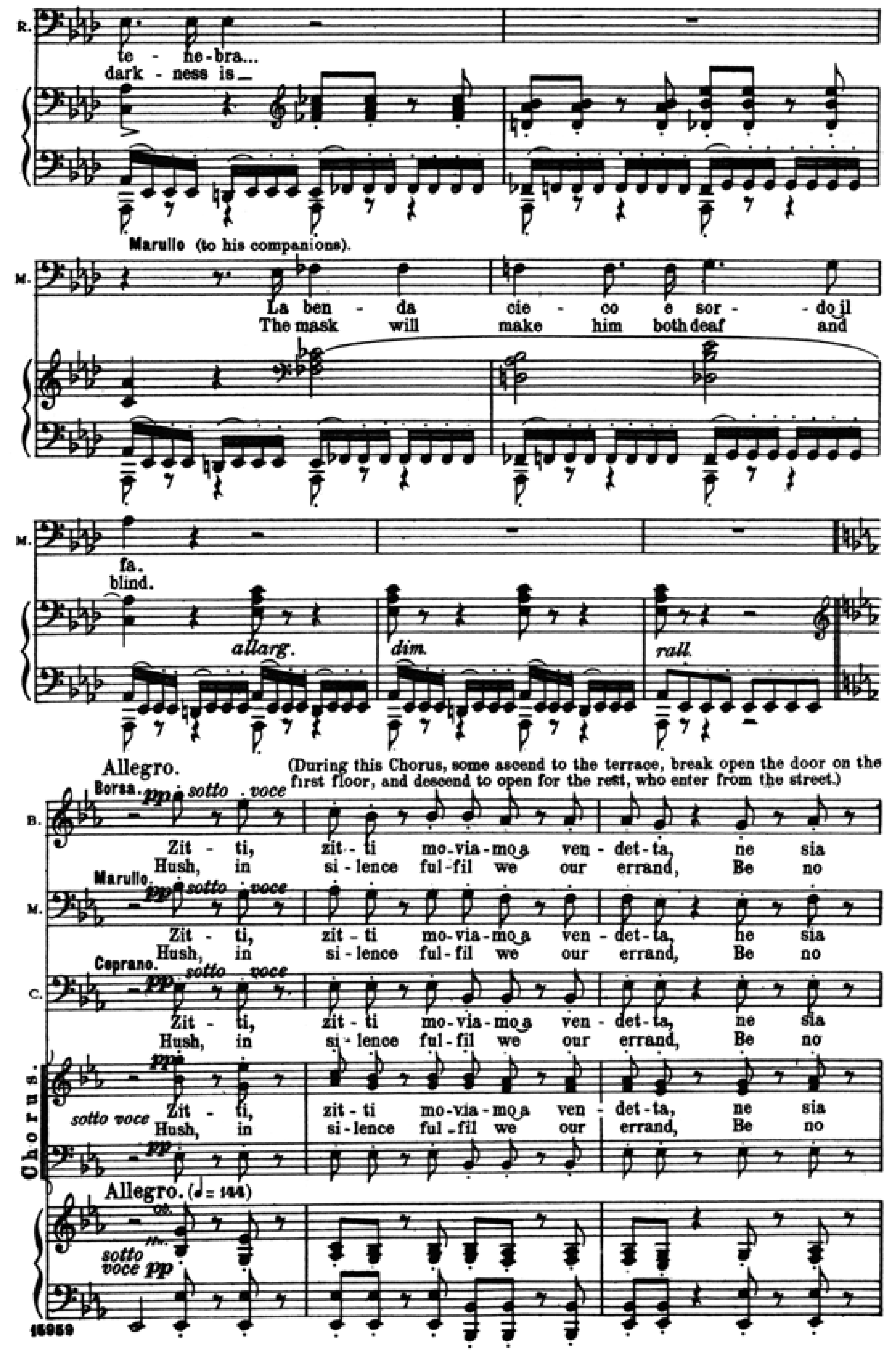
Nº 10. "Zitti, zitti moviamo a vendetta."

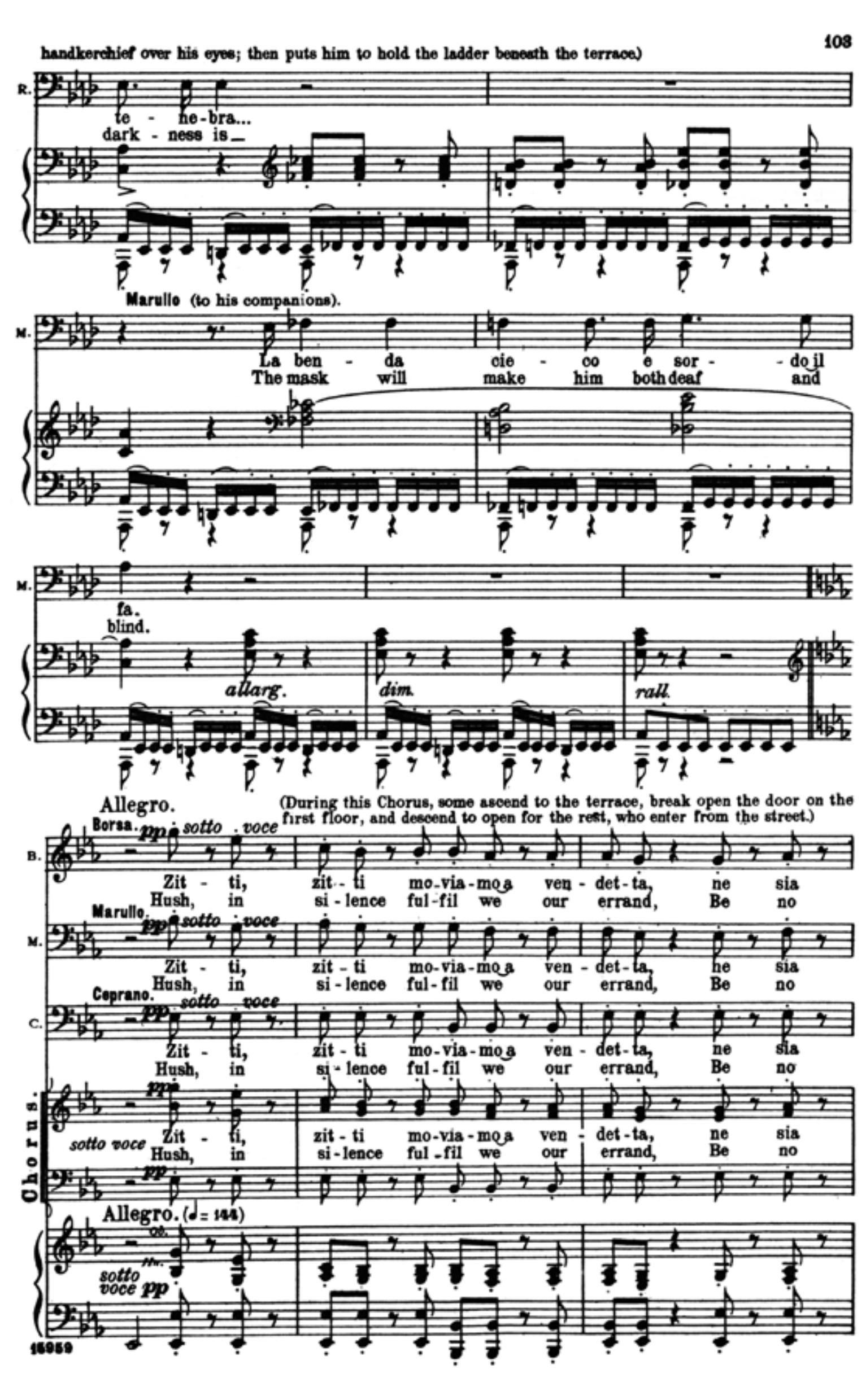
Recitative and Finale I.

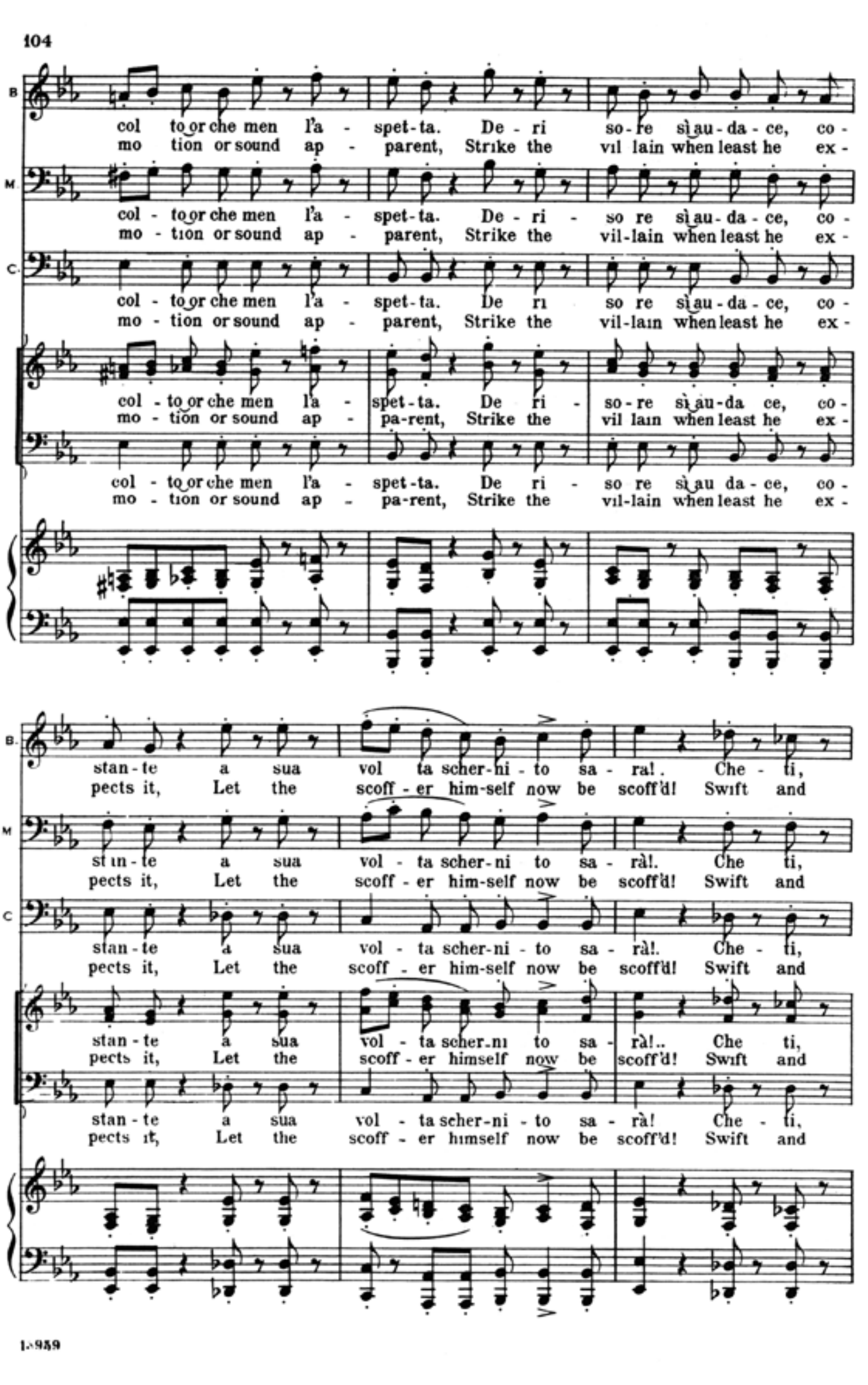

Borsa.
B.
Rigoletto (with concentration).
Si-lenzio.. al-l'o-pra... ba-da-te a me.
Be si-lent as-sist us my words o-bey.
R.
(Rie-do!.. per-chè?)
(What can this mean?)
(Ah da quel
(Would that a
pp col canto
vec-chio fui ma-le-det-to!)
fa-ther's voice had not cursed me!)
Andante assai mosso. (♩= 66)
Strings
f
(Rigoletto runs against Borsa.)
Borsa (to his companions).
Chi va là? Ta-
Who goes there? Be
ce-te... c'è Ri-go-let-to.
si-lent 'tis Ri-go-let-to.
Ceprano.
Vit-to-ria dop-pia! l'uc-ci-de-
A double triumph! this night shall
Borsa.
re-mo... No, che do-ma-ni più ri-de-re-mo..
end him. No, let him lin-ger for our di-version.
Marullo
Or tut-to ag-
Now all is
giusto...
ready.
Rigoletto.
Chi par-la qua?
Who's that who spoke?
Marullo.
Ehi! Ri-go-let-to..
Eh! Rigo-letto?
Rigoletto (in a terrible voice).
Di?... Chi va là?
Say, Who goes there?
pp
f

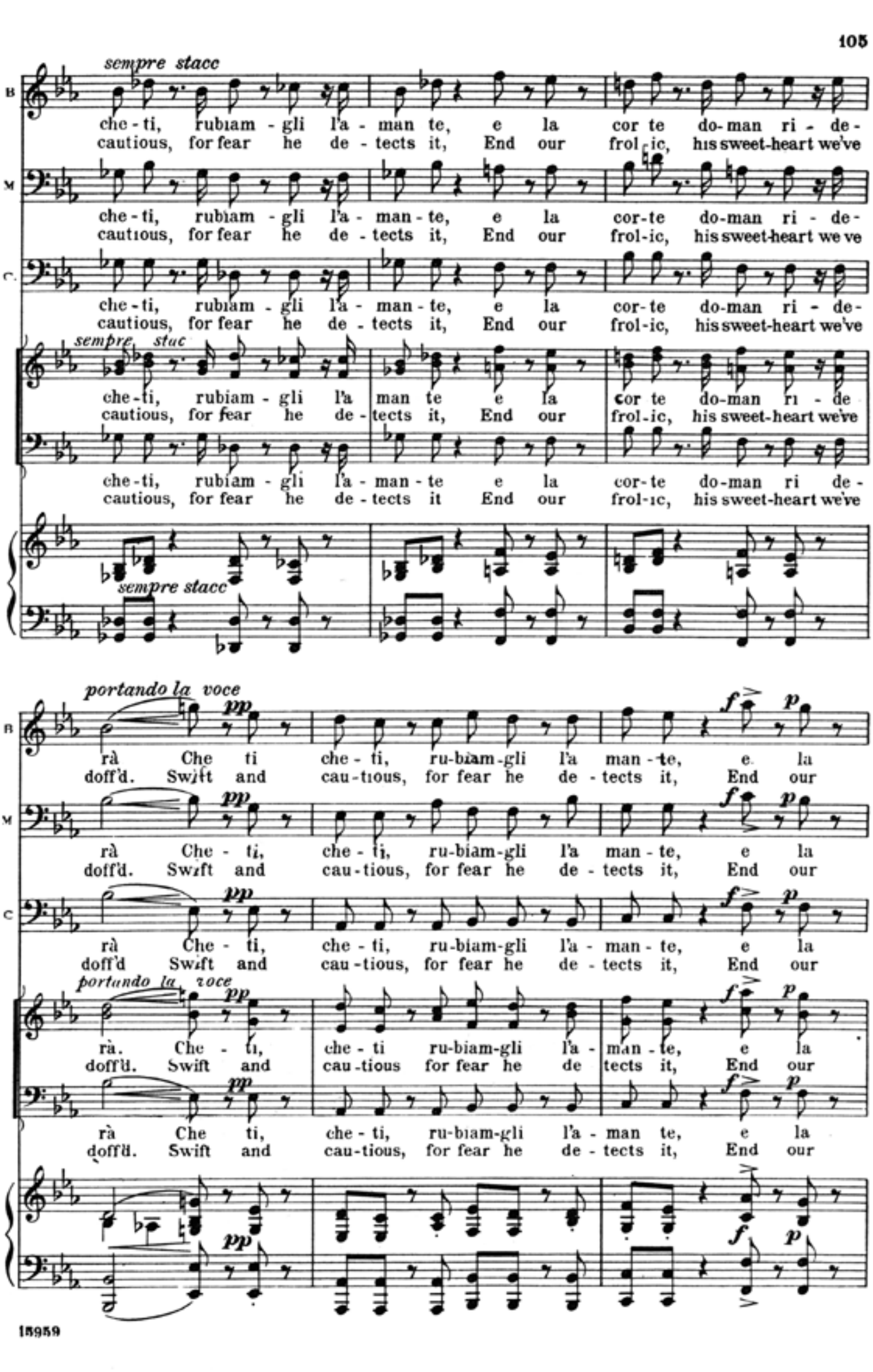

Marullo
Eh non mangiar-ci!
Come, don't be snappish!
Rigoletto. Marullo.
Son... Chi? Ma-rullo.
I'm Who? Ma-rullo.
Rigoletto.
In tan-to bu-io lo sguar-do è nul lo.
The darkness blinds me, I can-not see you.
Marullo.
Qui ne con-dus-se ri-de-vol co-sa... tor-re a Ce-pra-no vo-gliam la spo-sa.
We're here as-sembled for mirth-ful pastime, Hence we will car-ry Ce-pra-no's consort.
Rigoletto.
(Ahi-mè, re-spi-ro!)
(I breathe a-gain then!)
Ma co-me entrare?...
How can you enter?
Marullo (aside to Ceprano). (to Rigoletto)
(La vostra chiave?)
(Your key, a moment)
Non du bi-ta-re.
This will ad-mit us.
Non dee man-car-ci lo stra-ta-gem-ma...
No fear of fail-ure, all has been thought of.
pp
f

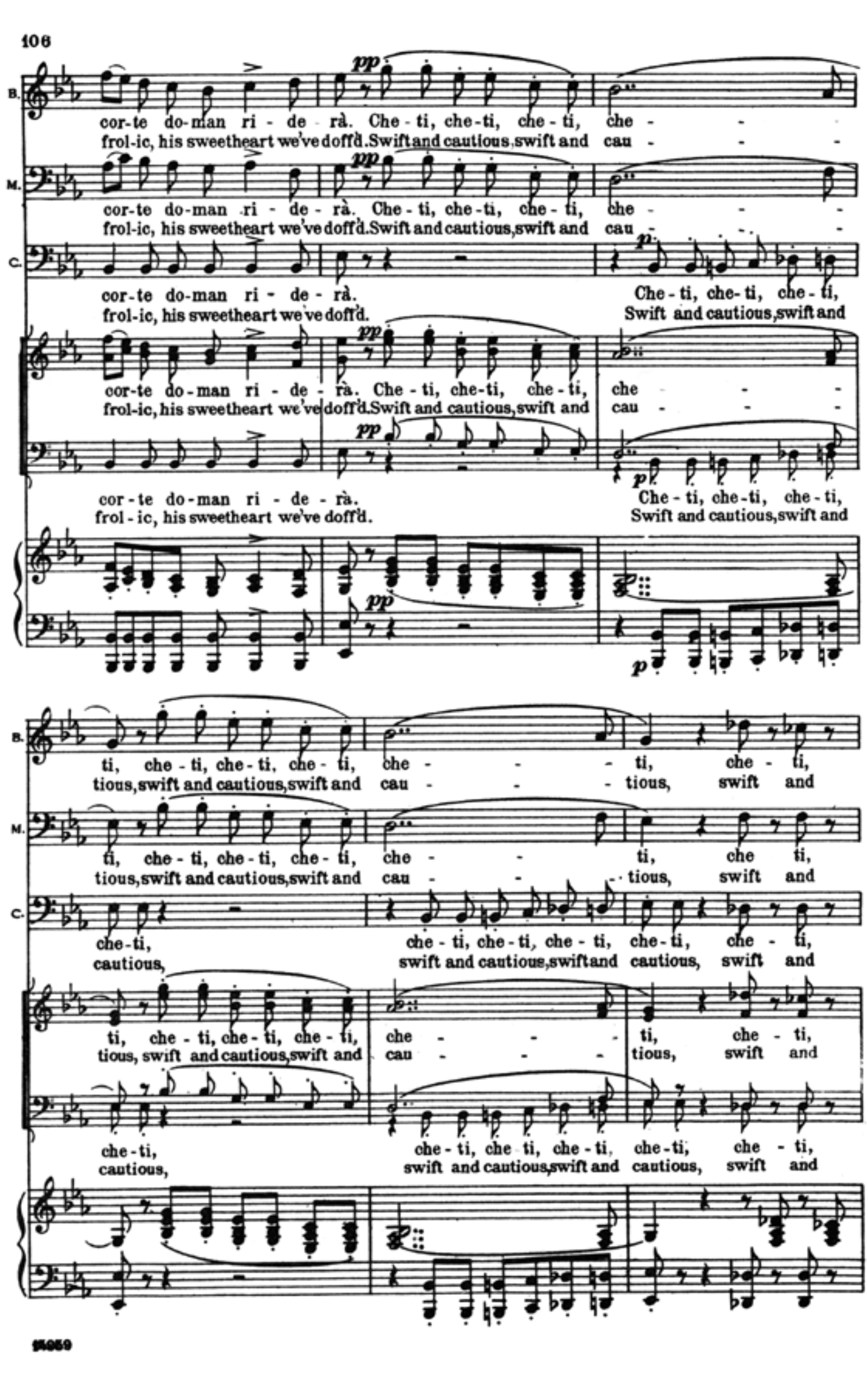

(giving the key to Rigoletto)
M.
Ec-co la chia-ve...
This key will serve us.
Rigoletto (feeling the key).
Sen-to il suo stemma.
His crest's up-on it.
(aside)
(Ah ter-ror va-no fu dunque il mi-o!)
(Vain were my terrors! She has es-cap'd them.)
Nè là il pa-laz-zo... con voi son i-o.
Cepra-no's palace is not on this side.
Marullo.
Siam masche-ra-ti..
Come, put this mask on
Fl. & Ob.
Rigoletto.
Ch'io pur mi ma-scheri; a me u-na lar-va.
What need to mask myself? The darkness conceals us.
Marullo.
Sì, pron-ta è già.
We all are mask'd.
Ter-rai la sca-la.
Here, hold the ladder.
(Puts the mask on Rigoletto, and at the same time, binds a
Rigoletto.
Fit-ta è la
How thick this
pp

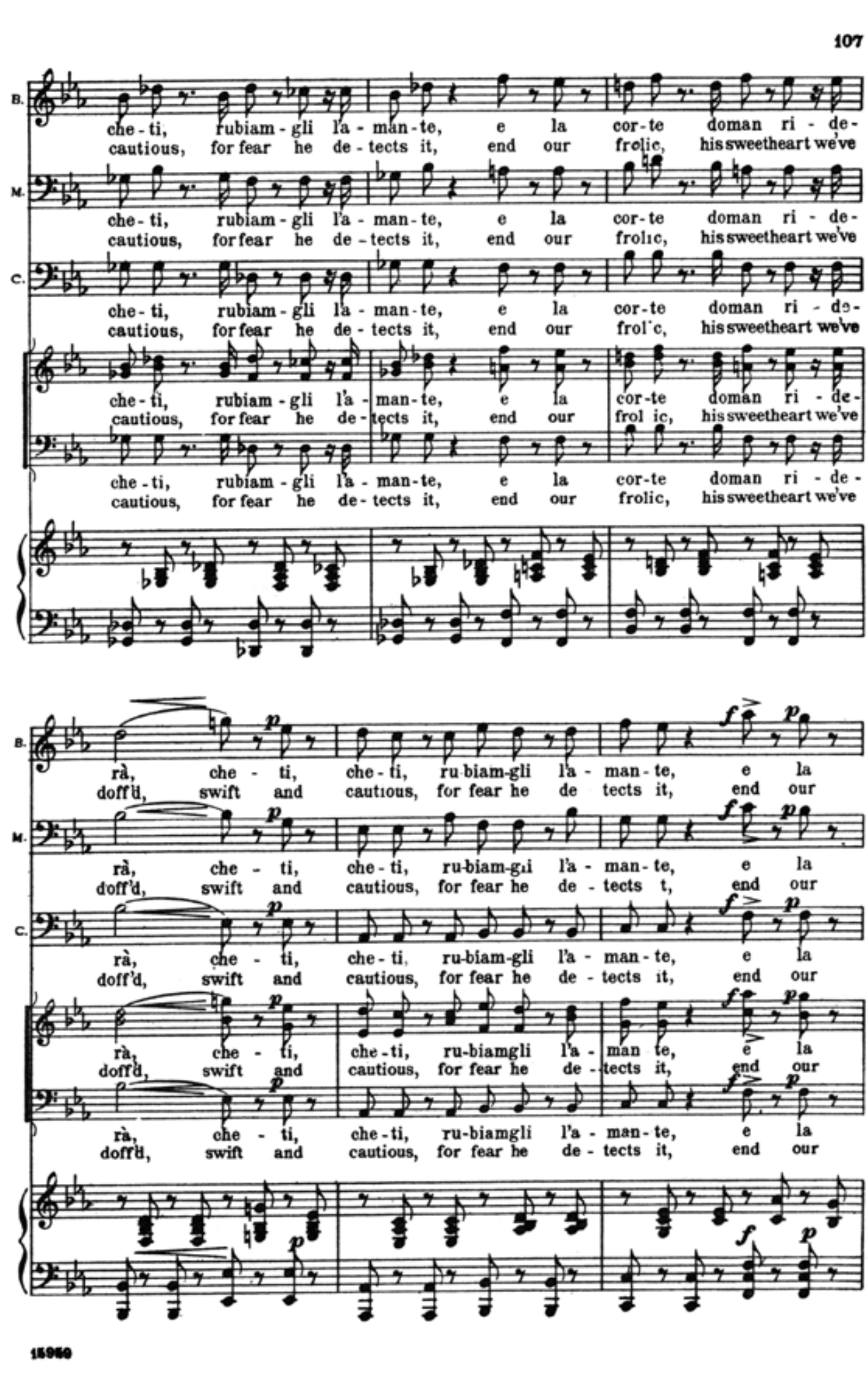

handkerchief over his eyes; then puts him to hold the ladder beneath the terrace.)
R.
te-ne-bra...
dark-ness is
Marullo (to his companions).
M.
La ben-da cie-co e sor-do il fa.
The mask will make him both deaf and blind.
allarg.
dim.
rall.
Allegro.
(During this Chorus, some ascend to the terrace, break open the door on the first floor, and descend to open for the rest, who enter from the street.)
Borsa.
B.
pp sotto voce
Zit-ti, zit-ti mo-via-mo a ven-det-ta, ne sia
Hush, in si-lence ful-fil we our errand, Be no
Marullo.
M.
Ceprano.
C.
Chorus.
sotto voce
Allegro. (♩= 144)
Ob.
Hn.
sotto voce pp

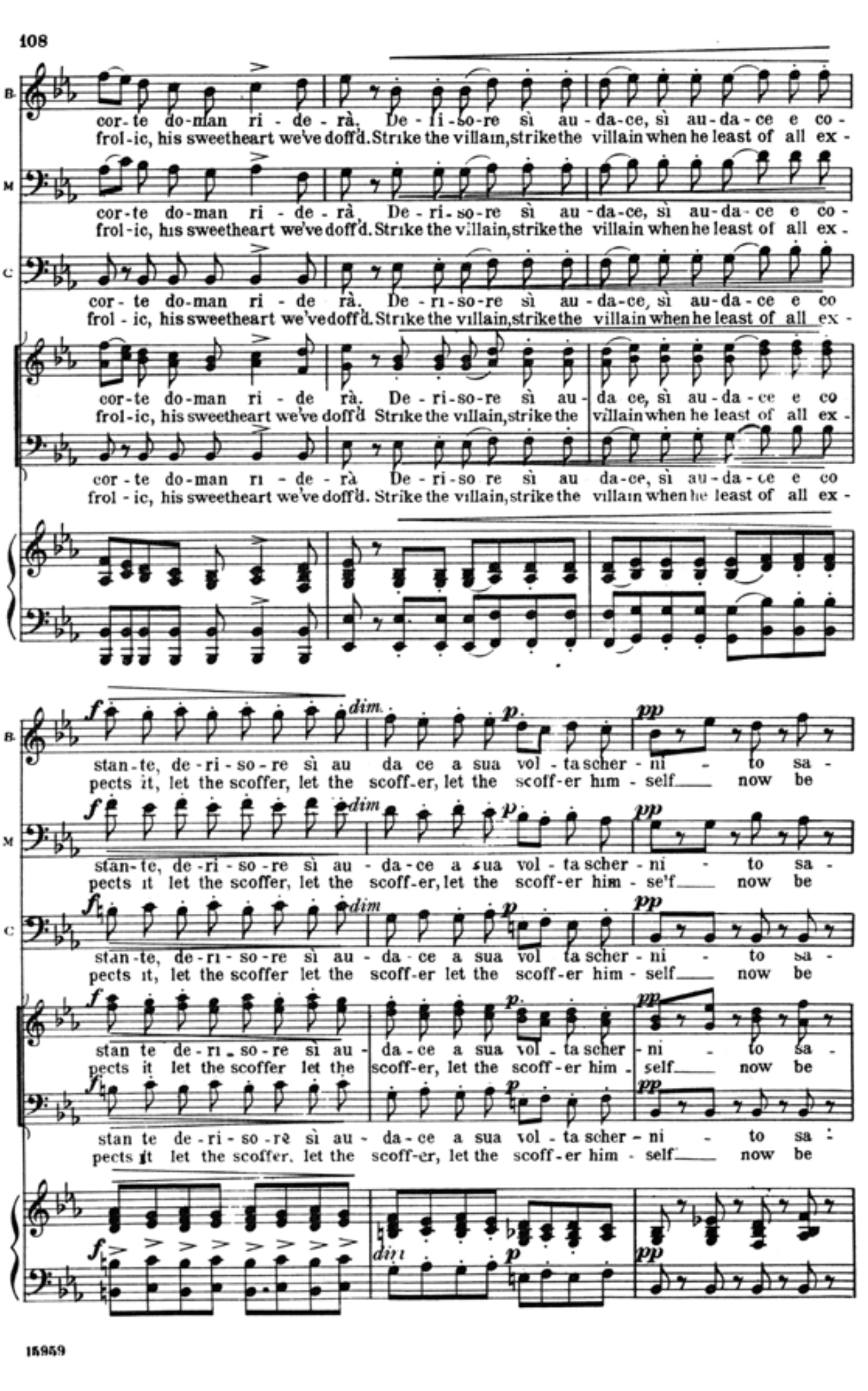

handkerchief over his eyes; then puts him to hold the ladder beneath the terrace)
Marullo (to his companions).
allarg.
dim.
rall.
Allegro.
(During this Chorus, some ascend to the terrace, break open the door on the first floor, and descend to open for the rest, who enter from the street.)
Borsa.
Marullo
Ceprano.
Chorus
sotto voce
Allegro. (♩= 144)

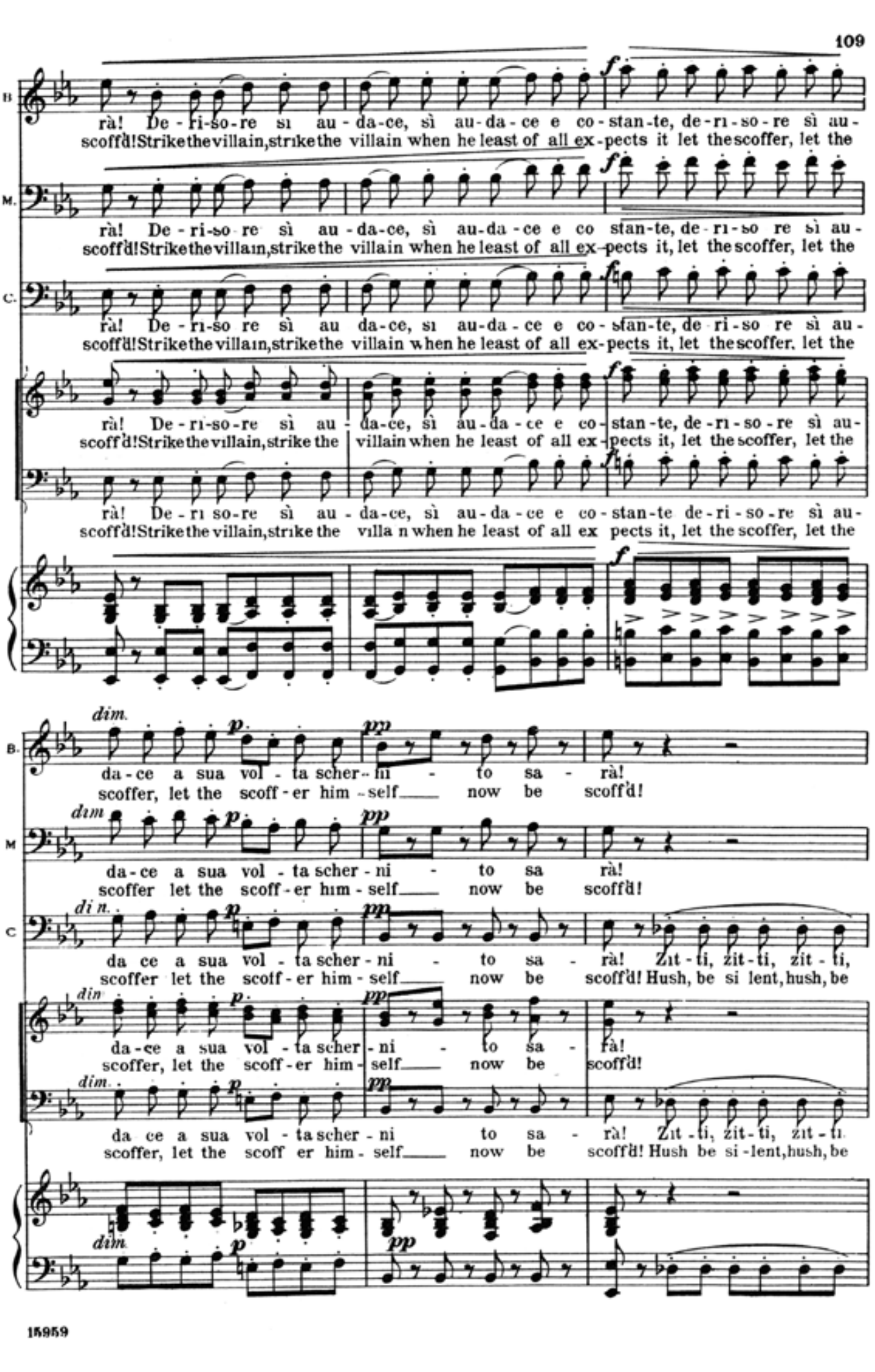


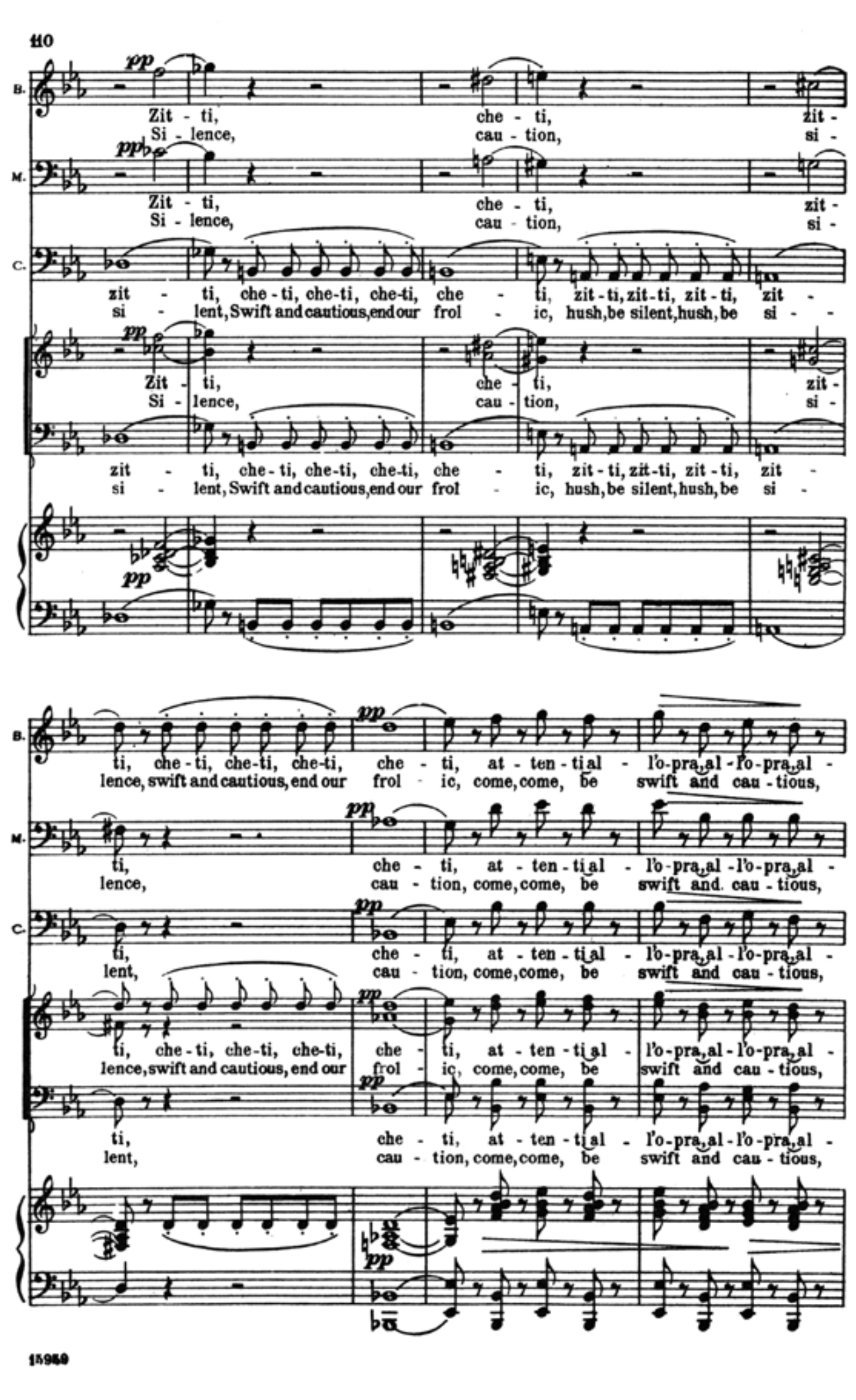


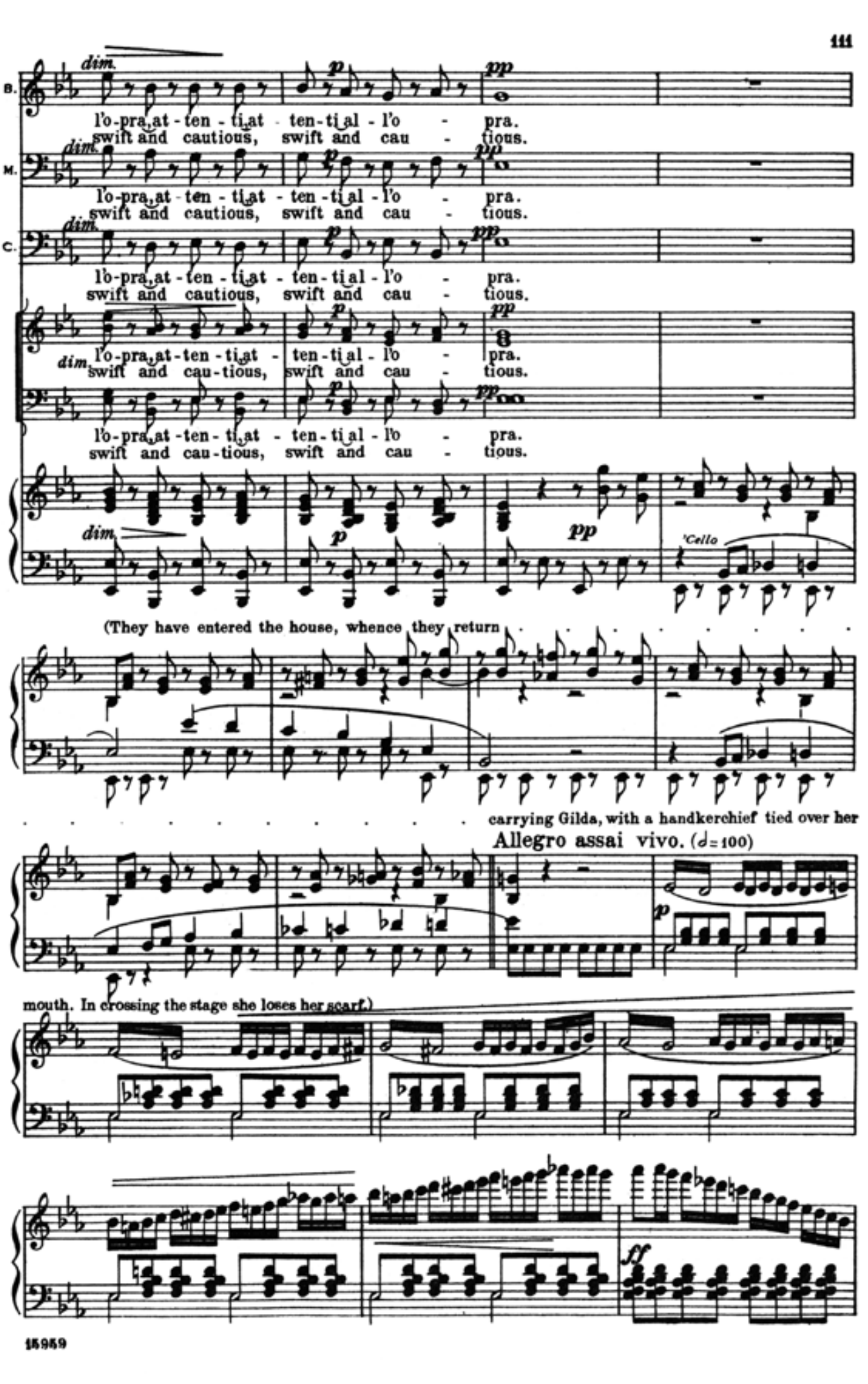


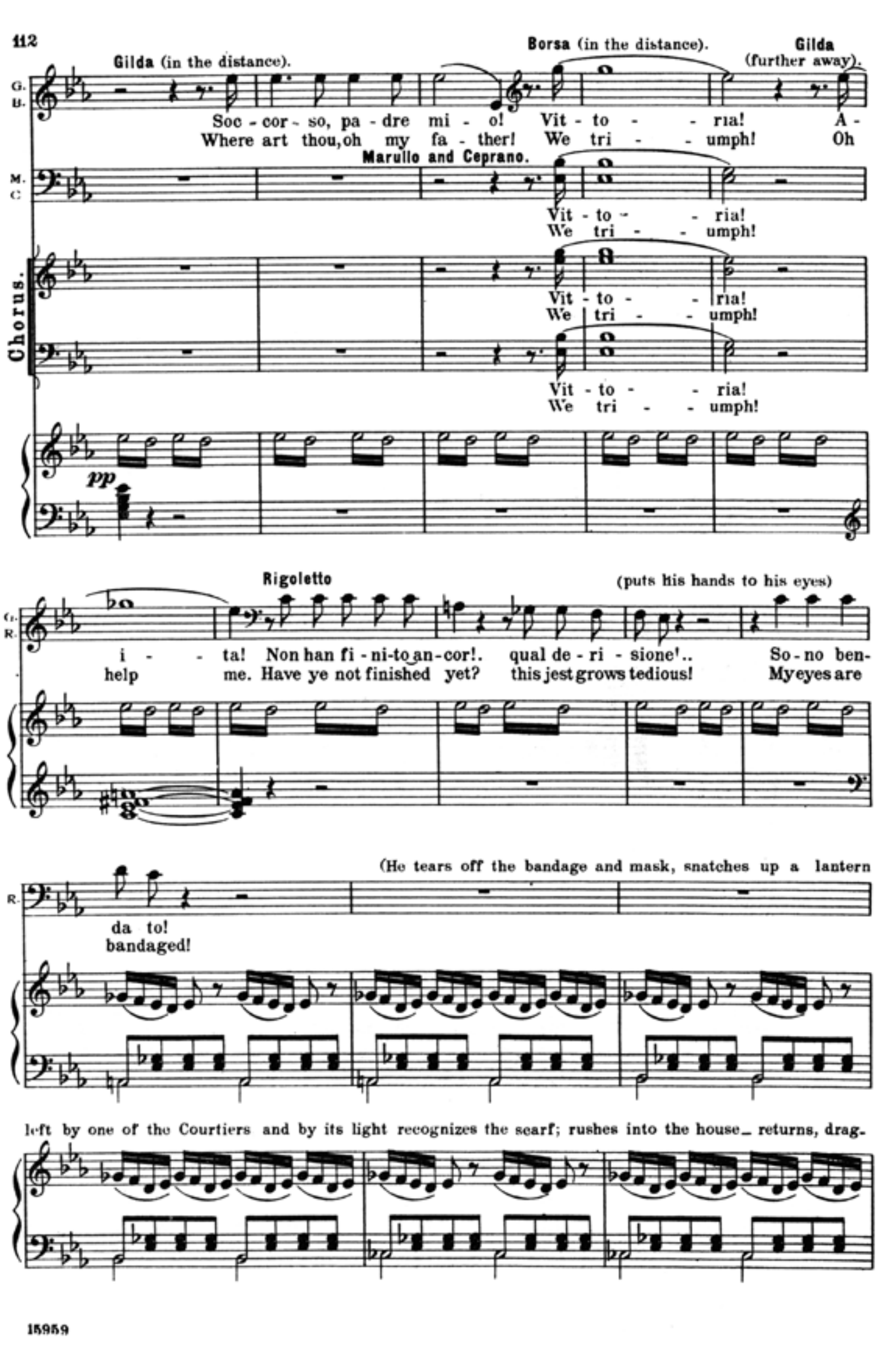


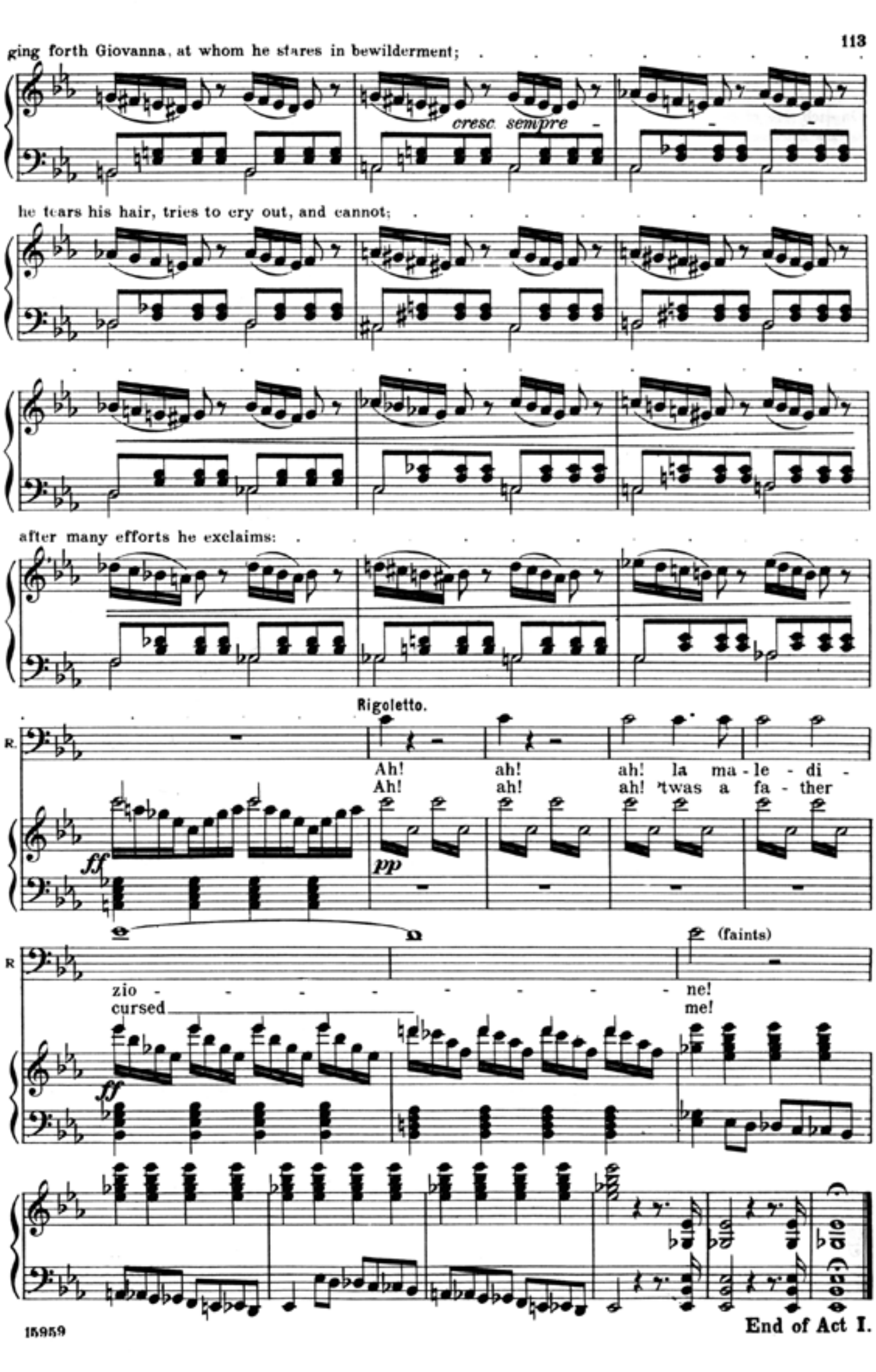







(They have entered the house, whence they return carrying Gilda, with a handkerchief tied over her mouth. In crossing the stage she loses her scarf.)
Allegro assai vivo. (𝅗𝅥= 100)
'Cello


Gilda (in the distance).
Borsa (in the distance).
Gilda (further away).
Marullo and Ceprano.
Chorus.
Rigoletto
(puts his hands to his eyes)
(He tears off the bandage and mask, snatches up a lantern left by one of the Courtiers and by its light recognizes the scarf; rushes into the house_ returns, drag-


ging forth Giovanna, at whom he stares in bewilderment;
cresc. sempre
he tears his hair, tries to cry out, and cannot;
after many efforts he exclaims:
Rigoletto.
(faints)

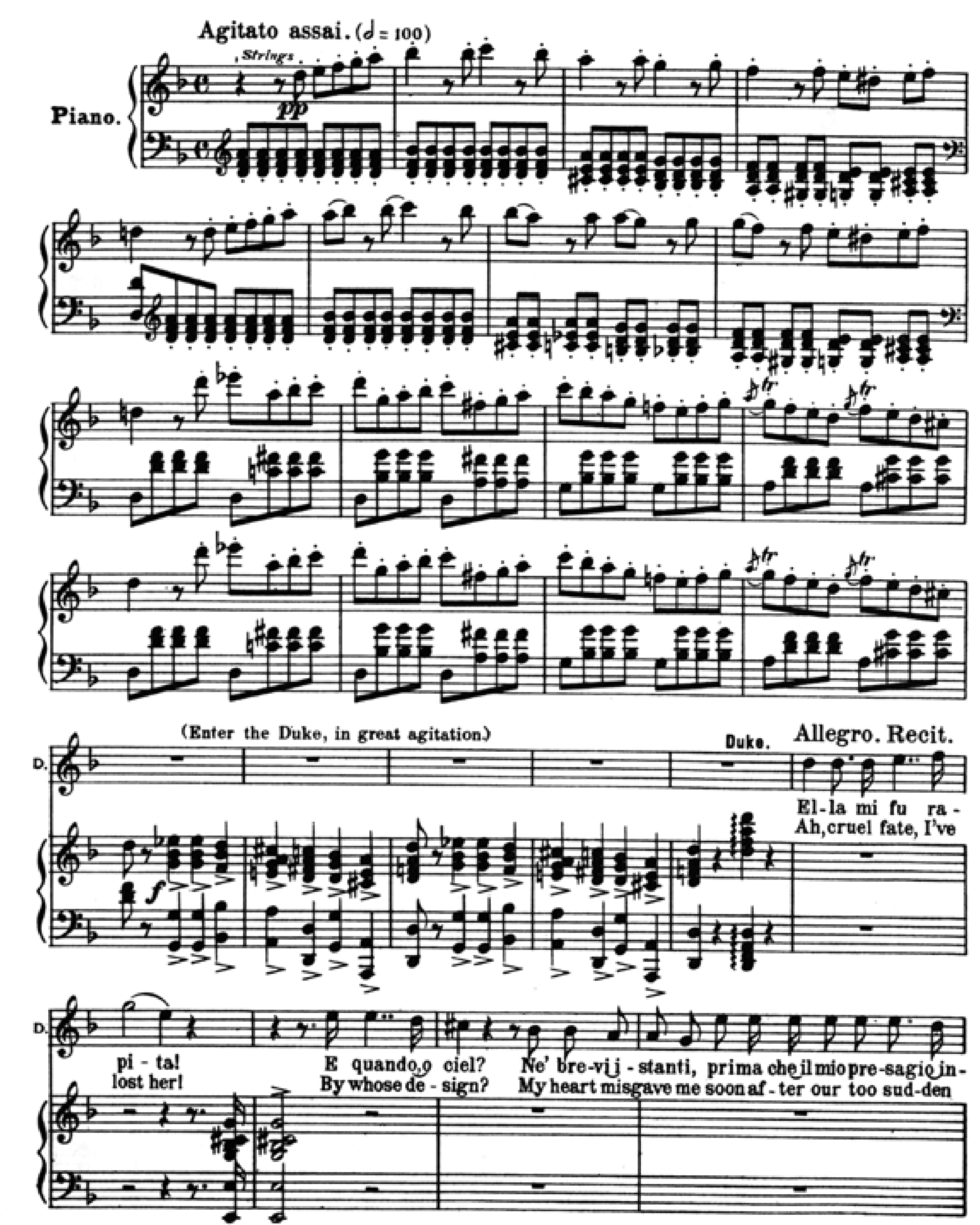
End of Act I.

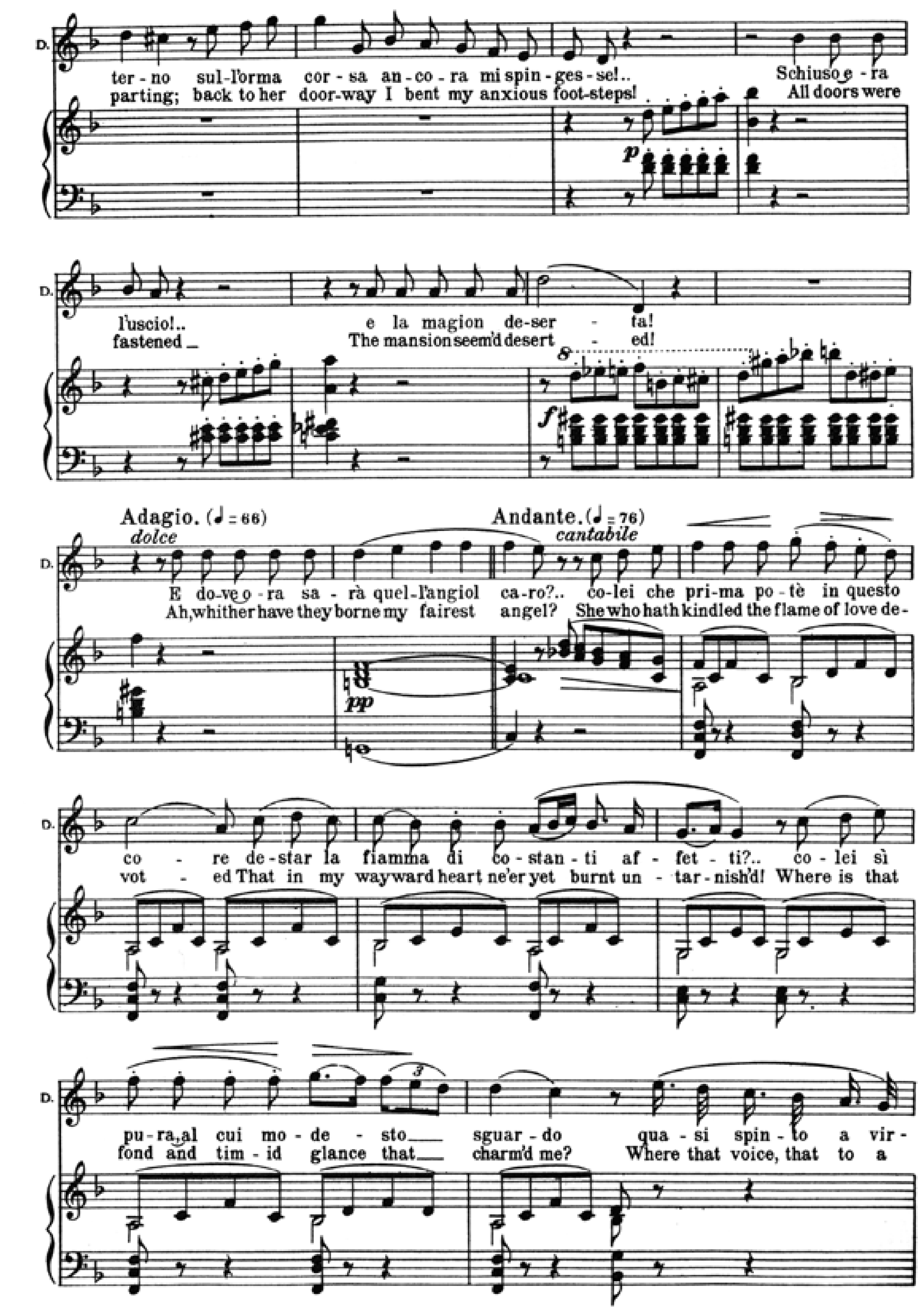
Act II.

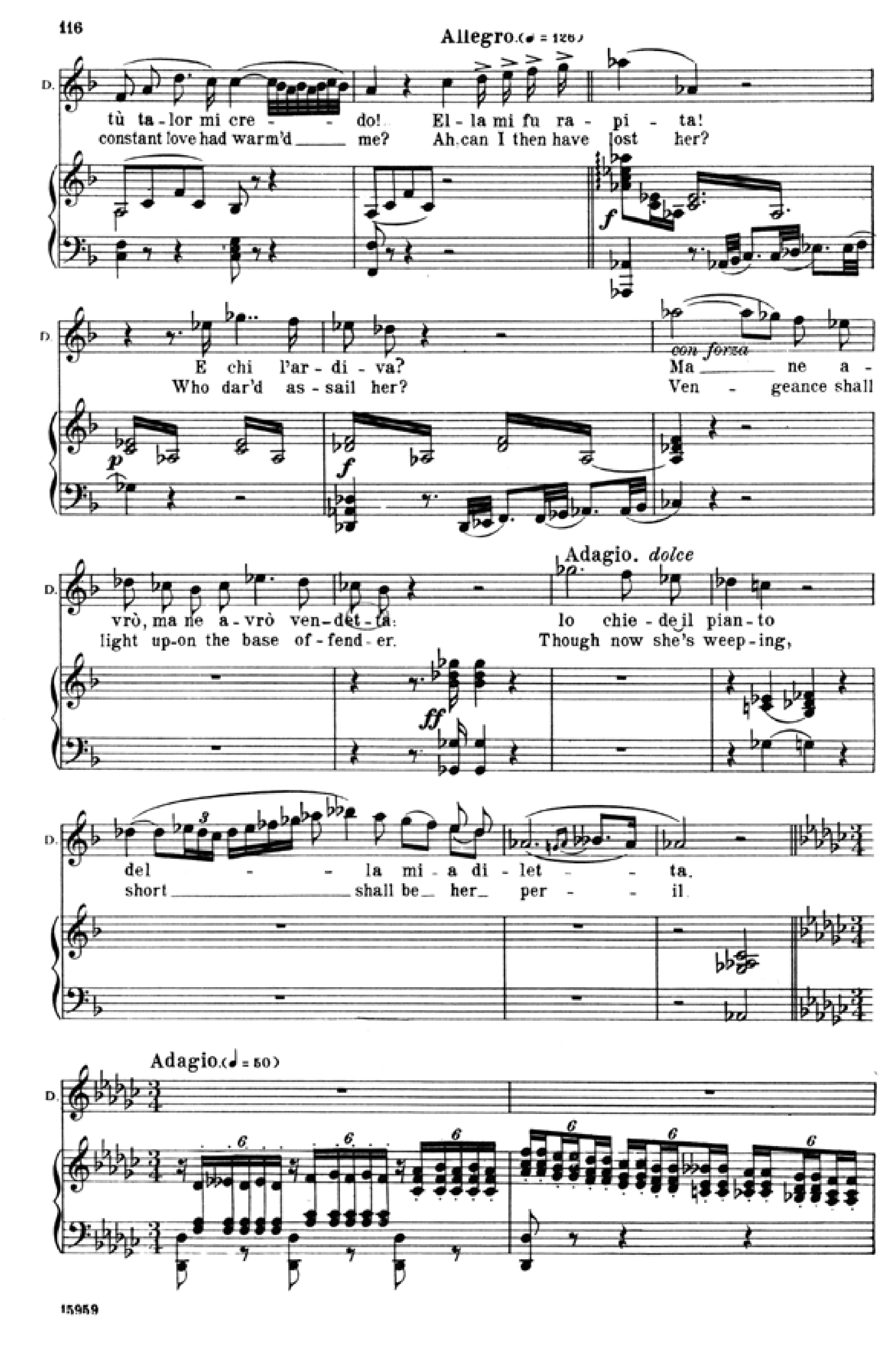
An anti-chamber in the ducal palace; two side-doors, and large folding doors at the back, which are shut. On each side of the folding doors hangs a large portrait; on the left, that of the Duke, on the right, that of his Duchess. There is an armchair beside a table covered with velvet, and other furniture.

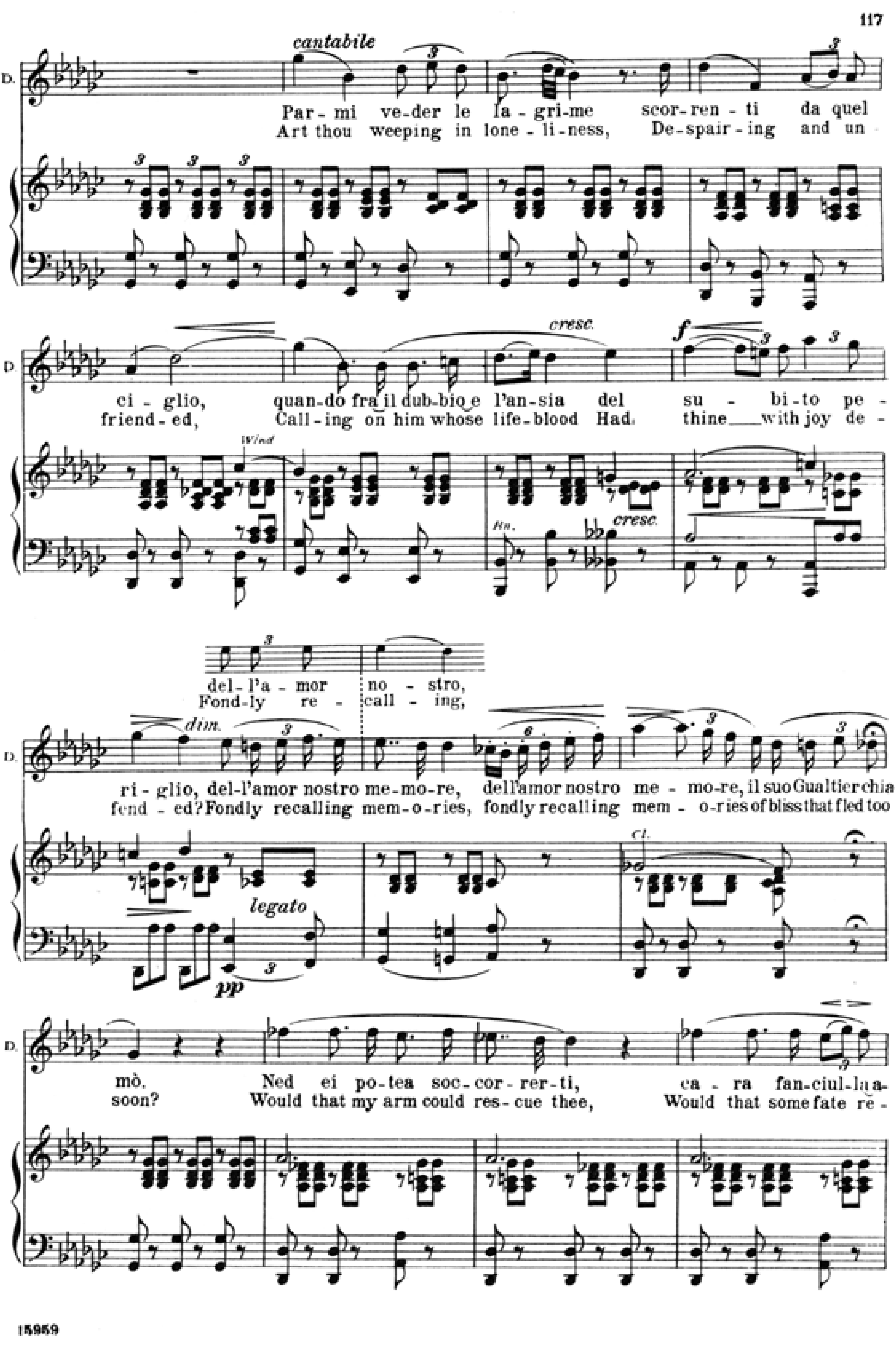
Nº 11. "Parmi veder le lagrime."

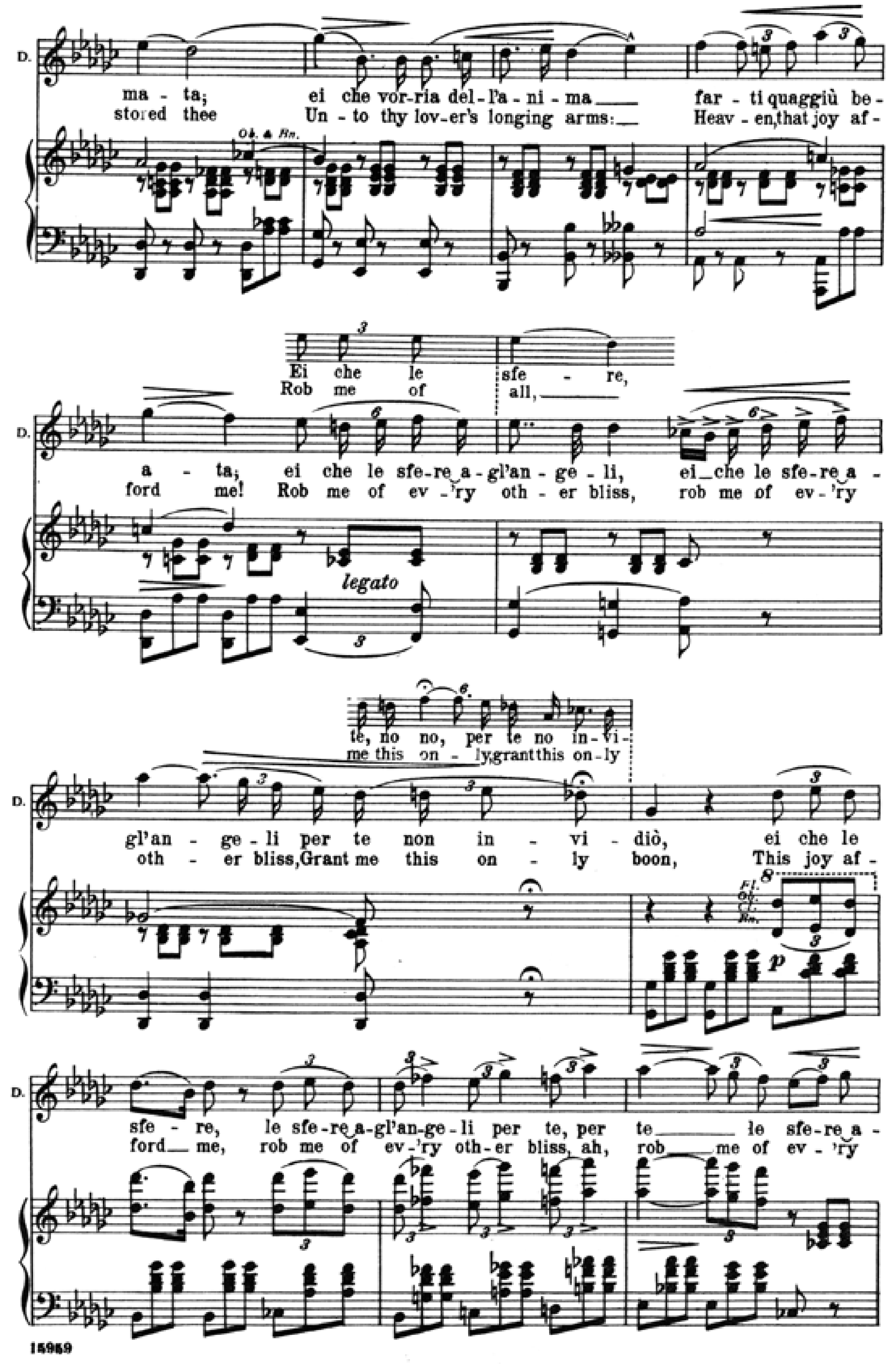
Recitative and Aria.

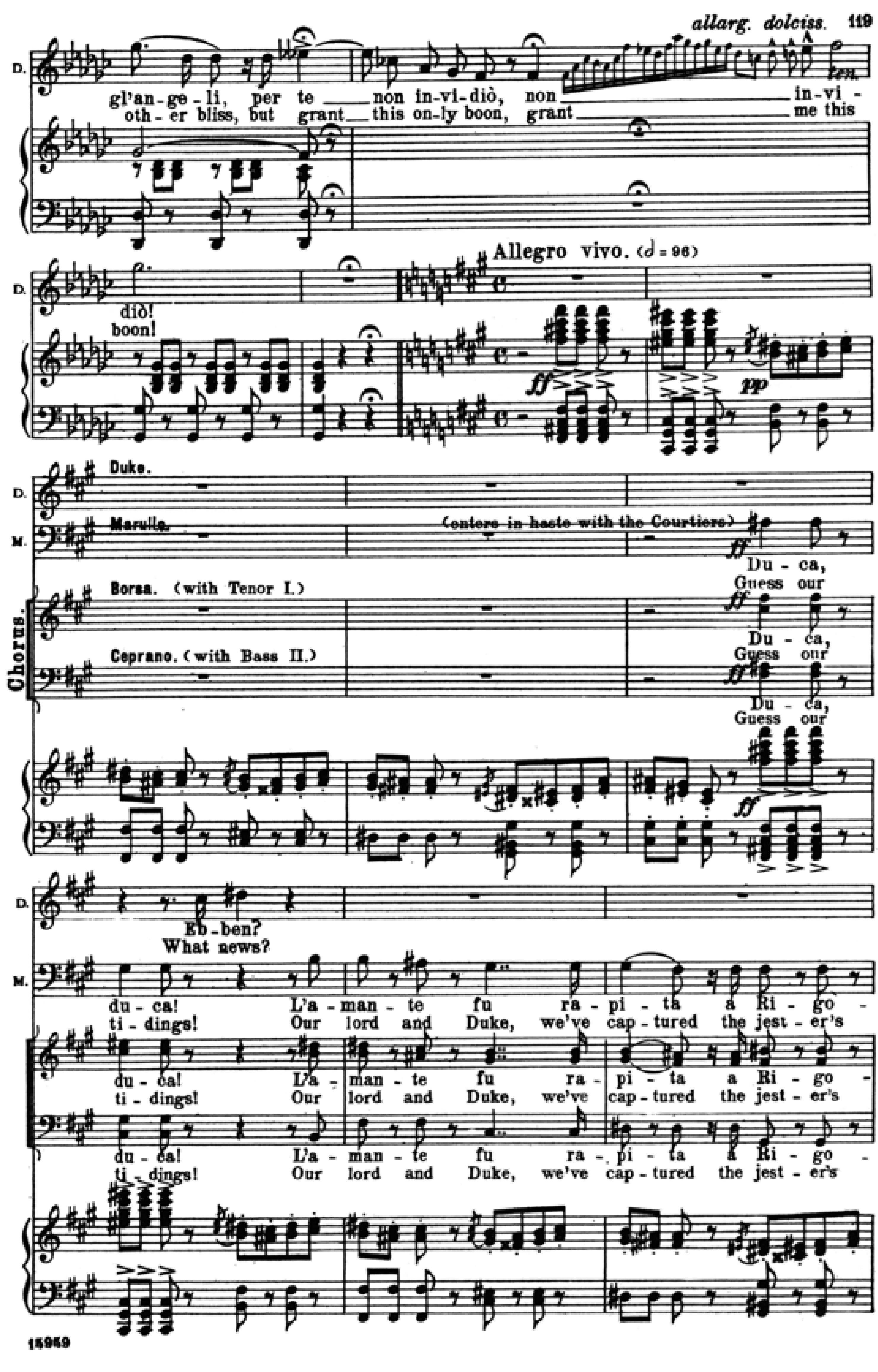

Agitato assai. (𝅗𝅥 = 100)
Strings
pp
Piano.
(Enter the Duke, in great agitation)
D.
Duke.
Allegro. Recit.
f
El-la mi fu ra-pi-ta!
Ah, cruel fate, I've lost her!
E quando, o ciel?
By whose de-sign?
Ne' bre-vi i-stanti, prima che il mio pre-sagio in-
My heart misgave me soon af-ter our too sud-den

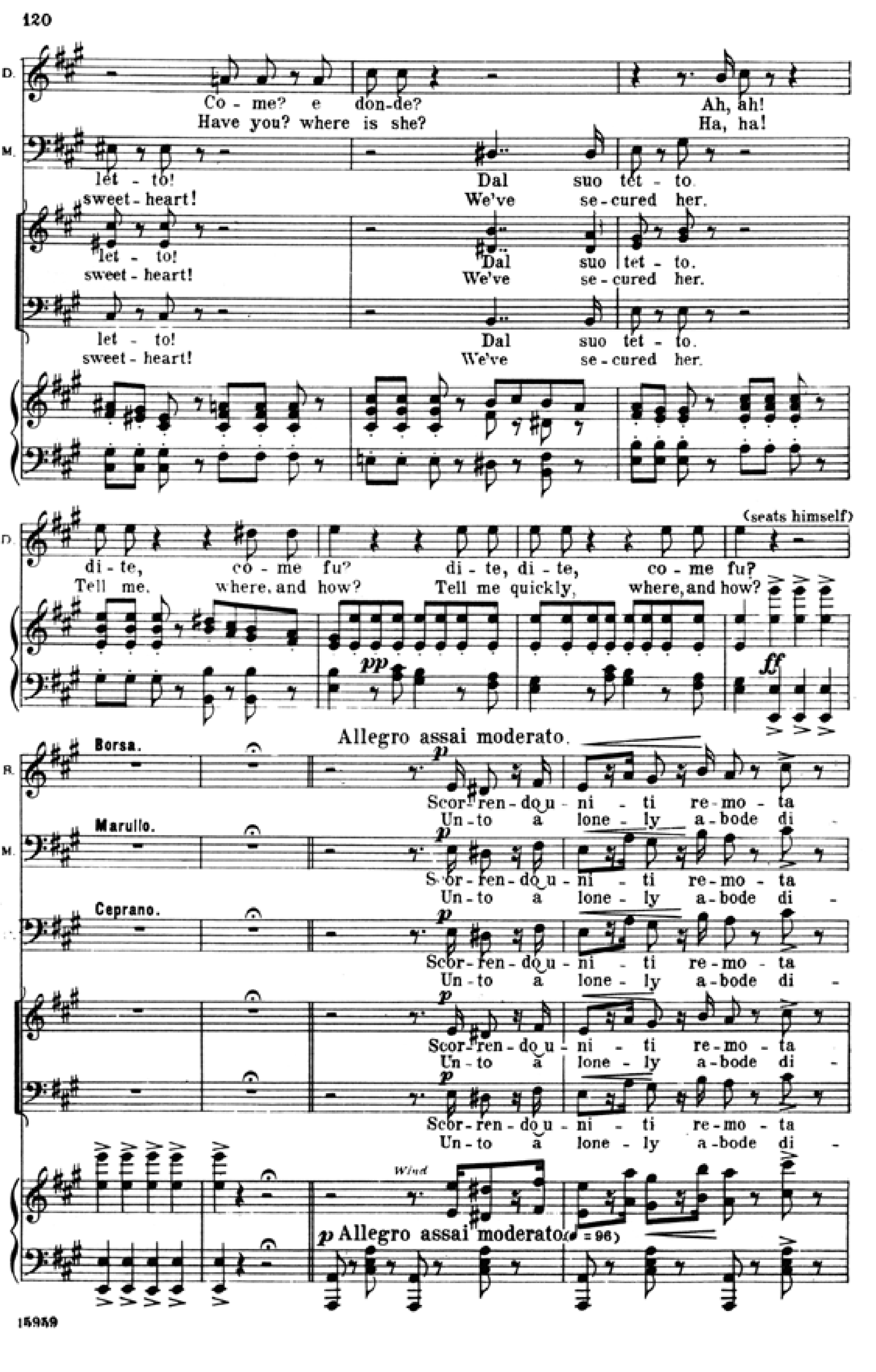

D.
ter-no sul-l'orma cor-sa an-co-ra mi spin-ges-se!..
parting; back to her door-way I bent my anxious foot-steps!
p
Schiuso e-ra l'uscio!..
All doors were fastened
e la magion de-ser-ta!
The mansion seem'd desert-ed!
8
f
Adagio. (♩ = 66)
dolce
E do-ve o-ra sa-rà quel-l'angiol ca-ro?..
Ah, whither have they borne my fairest angel?
pp
Andante. (♩ = 76)
cantabile
co-lei che pri-ma po-tè in questo co-re de-star la fiamma di co-stan-ti af-fet-ti?..
She who hath kindled the flame of love de-vot-ed That in my wayward heart ne'er yet burnt un-tar-nish'd!
co-lei sì pu-ra, al cui mo-de-sto sguar-do qua-si spin-to a vir-
Where is that fond and tim-id glance that charm'd me? Where that voice, that to a
3


D.
tù ta-lor mi cre-do!
constant love had warm'd me?
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 126)
El-la mi fu ra-pi-ta!
Ah, can I then have lost her?
f
p
E chi l'ar-di-va?
Who dar'd as-sail her?
f
con forza
Ma ne a-vrò, ma ne a-vrò ven-det-ta:
Ven-geance shall light up-on the base of-fend-er.
ff
Adagio. dolce
lo chie-de il pian-to del-la mi-a di-let-ta.
Though now she's weep-ing, short shall be her per-il.
3
Adagio. (♩ = 50)
6

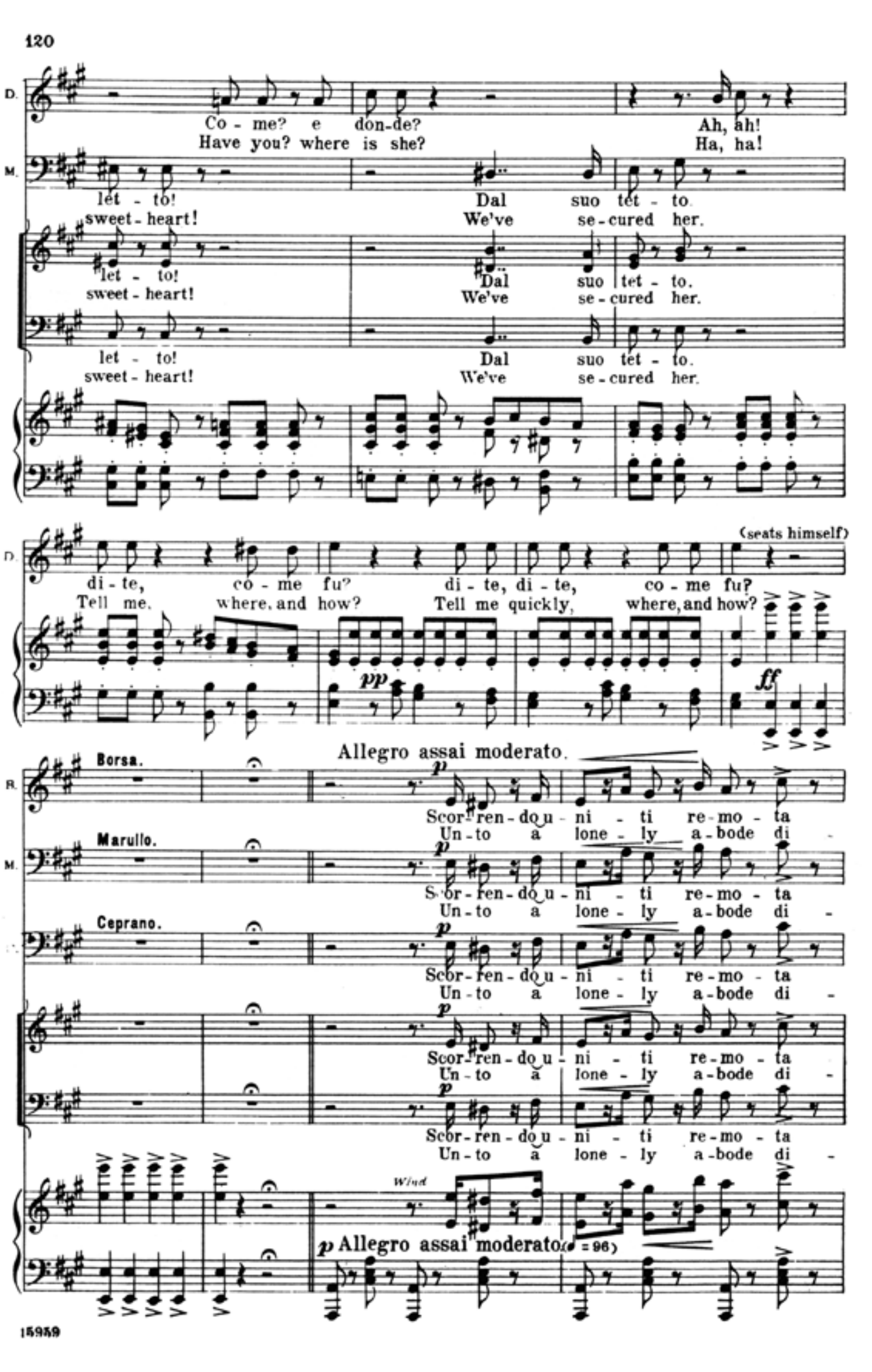

cantabile
D.
Par-mi ve-der le la-gri-me scor-ren-ti da quel
Art thou weeping in lone-li-ness, De-spair-ing and un
ci-glio, quan-do fra il dub-bio e l'an-sia del su-bi-to pe-
friend-ed, Call-ing on him whose life-blood Had thine with joy de-
Wind
cresc.
f
del-l'a-mor no-stro,
Fond-ly re-call-ing,
dim.
ri-glio, del-l'amor nostro me-mo-re, dell'amor nostro me-mo-re, il suo Gualtier chia-
fend-ed? Fondly recalling mem-o-ries, fondly recalling mem-o-ries of bliss that fled too
legato
pp
Cl.
mò. Ned ei po-tea soc-cor-rer-ti, ca-ra fan-ciul-la a-
soon? Would that my arm could res-cue thee, Would that some fate re-


D.
ma-ta; ei che vor-ria del-l'a-ni-ma far-ti quaggiù be-
stored thee Un-to thy lov-er's longing arms: Heav-en, that joy af-
Ob. & Bn.
Ei che le sfe-re,
Rob me of all,
a-ta; ei che le sfe-re a-gl'an-ge-li, ei che le sfe-re a-
ford me! Rob me of ev-'ry oth-er bliss, rob me of ev-'ry
legato
te, no no, per te no in-vi-
me this on-ly, grant this on-ly
gl'an-ge-li per te non in-vi-diò, ei che le
oth-er bliss, Grant me this on-ly boon, This joy af-
Fl. Ob. Cl. Bn.
p
sfe-re, le sfe-re a-gl'an-ge-li per te, per te le sfe-re a-
ford me, rob me of ev-'ry oth-er bliss, ah, rob me of ev-'ry

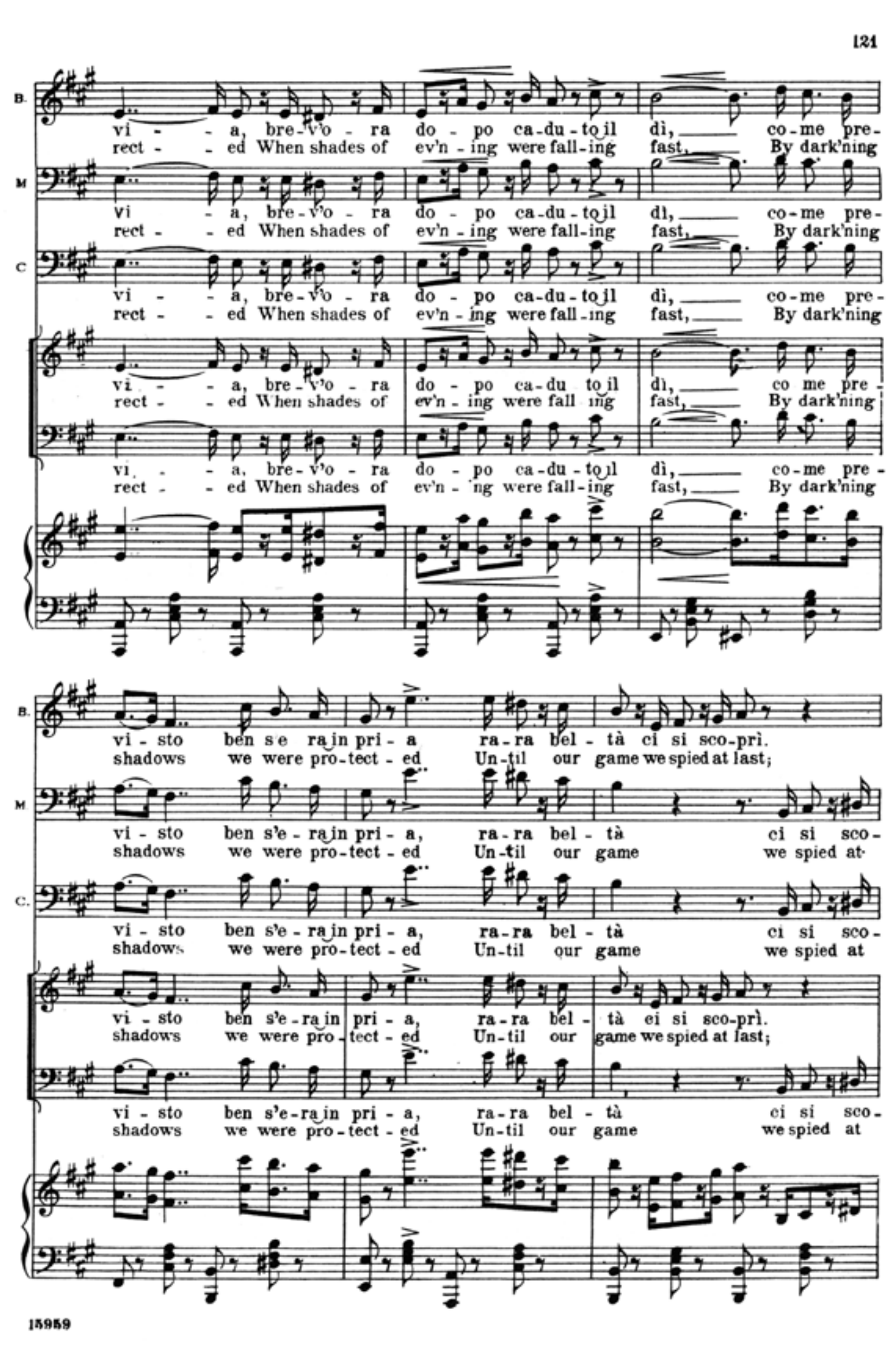

allarg. dolciss.
D.
gl'an-ge-li, per te non in-vi-diò, non in-vi-
oth-er bliss, but grant this on-ly boon, grant me this
ten.
diò!
boon!
Allegro vivo. (♩ = 96)
ff
pp
Duke.
Marullo.
(enters in haste with the Courtiers)
Borsa. (with Tenor I.)
Ceprano. (with Bass II.)
Chorus.
Du-ca, Guess our
Eb-ben? What news?
du-ca! L'a-man-te fu ra-pi-ta a Ri-go-
ti-dings! Our lord and Duke, we've cap-tured the jest-er's


D.
M.
Co-me? e don-de? Ah, ah!
Have you? where is she? Ha, ha!
let-to! Dal suo tet-to.
sweet-heart! We've se-cured her.
di-te, co-me fu? di-te, di-te, co-me fu?
Tell me, where, and how? Tell me quickly, where, and how?
(seats himself)
pp
ff
Allegro assai moderato.
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
p
Scor-ren-do u-ni-ti re-mo-ta
Un-to a lone-ly a-bode di-
Wind
p Allegro assai moderato (♩ = 96)

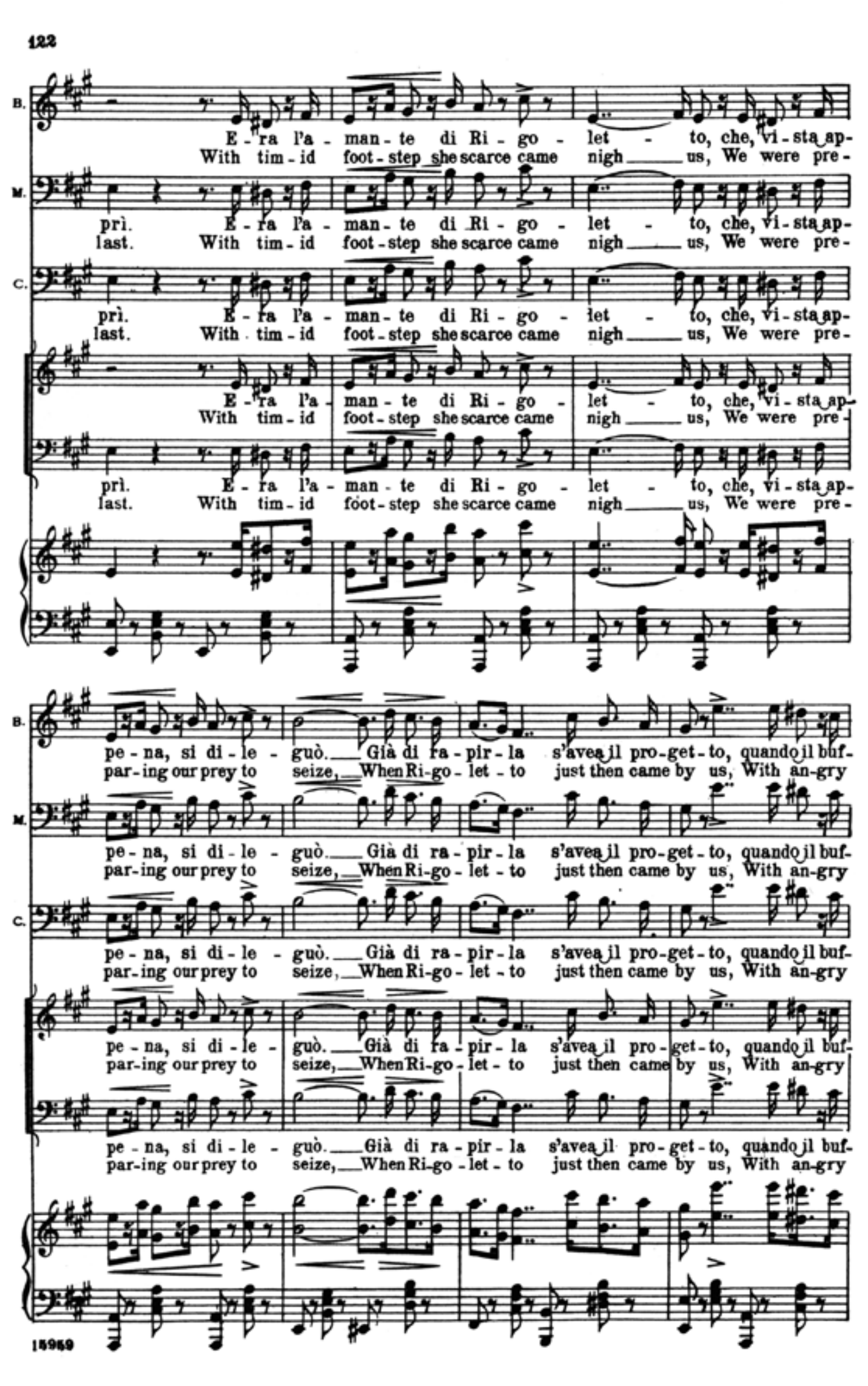
Page 120


120
D.
Co-me? e don-de? Ah, ah!
Have you? where is she? Ha, ha!
M.
let-to! Dal suo tet-to.
sweet-heart! We've se-cured her.
di-te, co-me fu? di-te, di-te, co-me fu?
Tell me, where, and how? Tell me quickly, where, and how?
(seats himself)
pp
ff
Allegro assai moderato.
R.
Borsa.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
p
Scor-ren-do u-ni-ti re-mo-ta
Un-to a lone-ly a-bode di-
Wind
p Allegro assai moderato (♩=96)
15959

Page 121


121
B.
M
C
vi-a, bre-v'o-ra do-po ca-du-to il dì, co-me pre-
rect-ed When shades of ev'n-ing were fall-ing fast, By dark'ning
vi-sto ben s'e-ra in pri-a, ra-ra bel-tà ci si sco-prì.
shadows we were pro-tect-ed Un-til our game we spied at last;
ci si sco-
we spied at
15959

Page 122


122
prì.
last.
E-ra l'a-man-te di Ri-go-let-to, che, vi-sta ap-
With tim-id foot-step she scarce came nigh us, We were pre-
pe-na, si di-le-guò. Già di ra-pir-la s'avea il pro-get-to, quando il buf-
par-ing our prey to seize, When Ri-go-let-to just then came by us, With an-gry
15959

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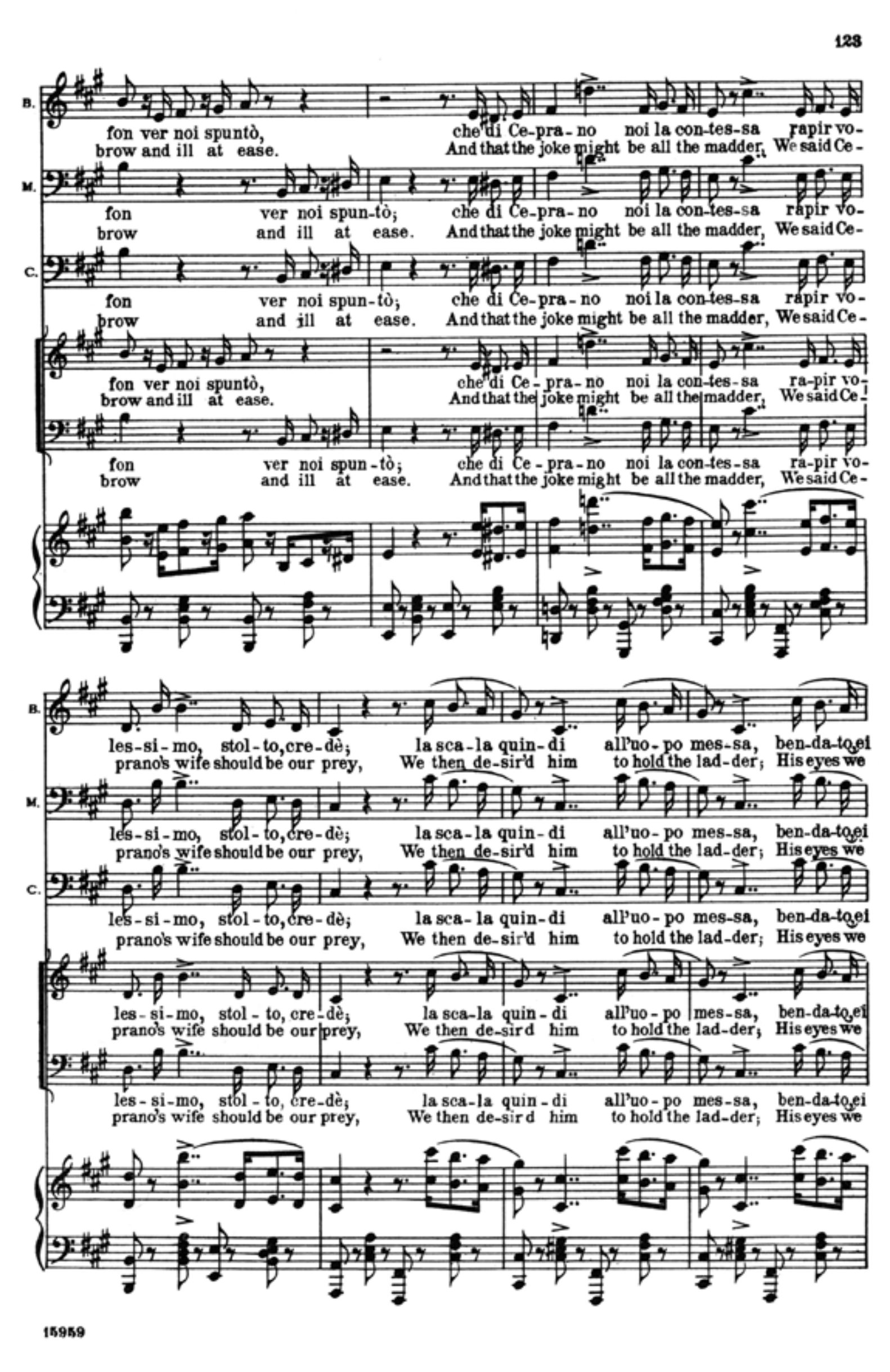
123
fon ver noi spuntò, che di Ce-pra-no noi la con-tes-sa rapir vo-
brow and ill at ease. And that the joke might be all the madder, We said Ce-
les-si-mo, stol-to, cre-dè; la sca-la quin-di all'uo-po mes-sa, ben-da-to ei
prano's wife should be our prey, We then de-sir'd him to hold the lad-der; His eyes we
15959

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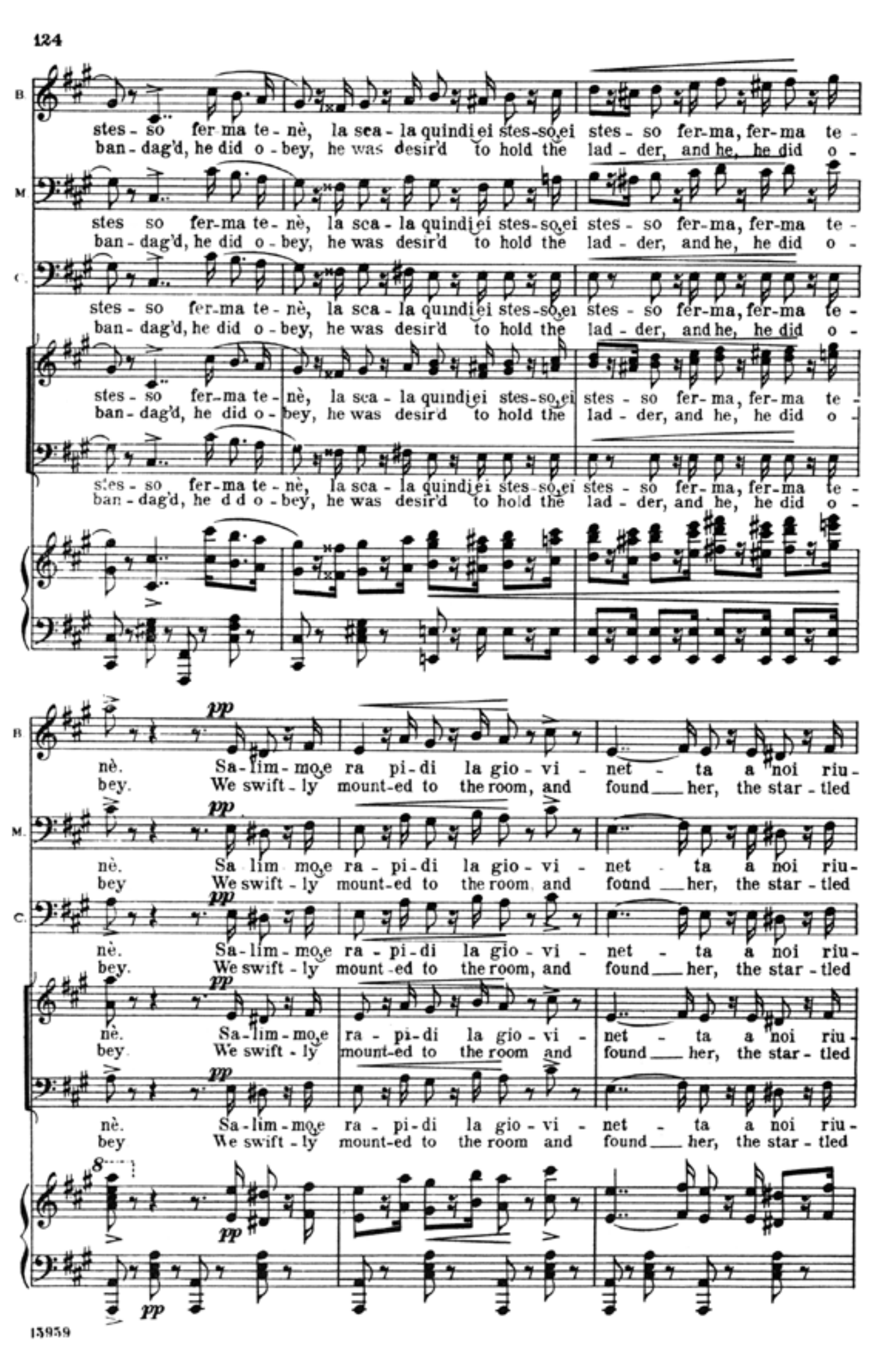
124
stes-so fer-ma te-nè, la sca-la quindi ei stes-so ei stes-so fer-ma, fer-ma te-
ban-dag'd, he did o-bey, he was desir'd to hold the lad-der, and he, he did o-
nè. Sa-lim-mo e ra-pi-di la gio-vi-net-ta a noi riu-
bey. We swift-ly mount-ed to the room, and found her, the star-tled
pp
8
15959

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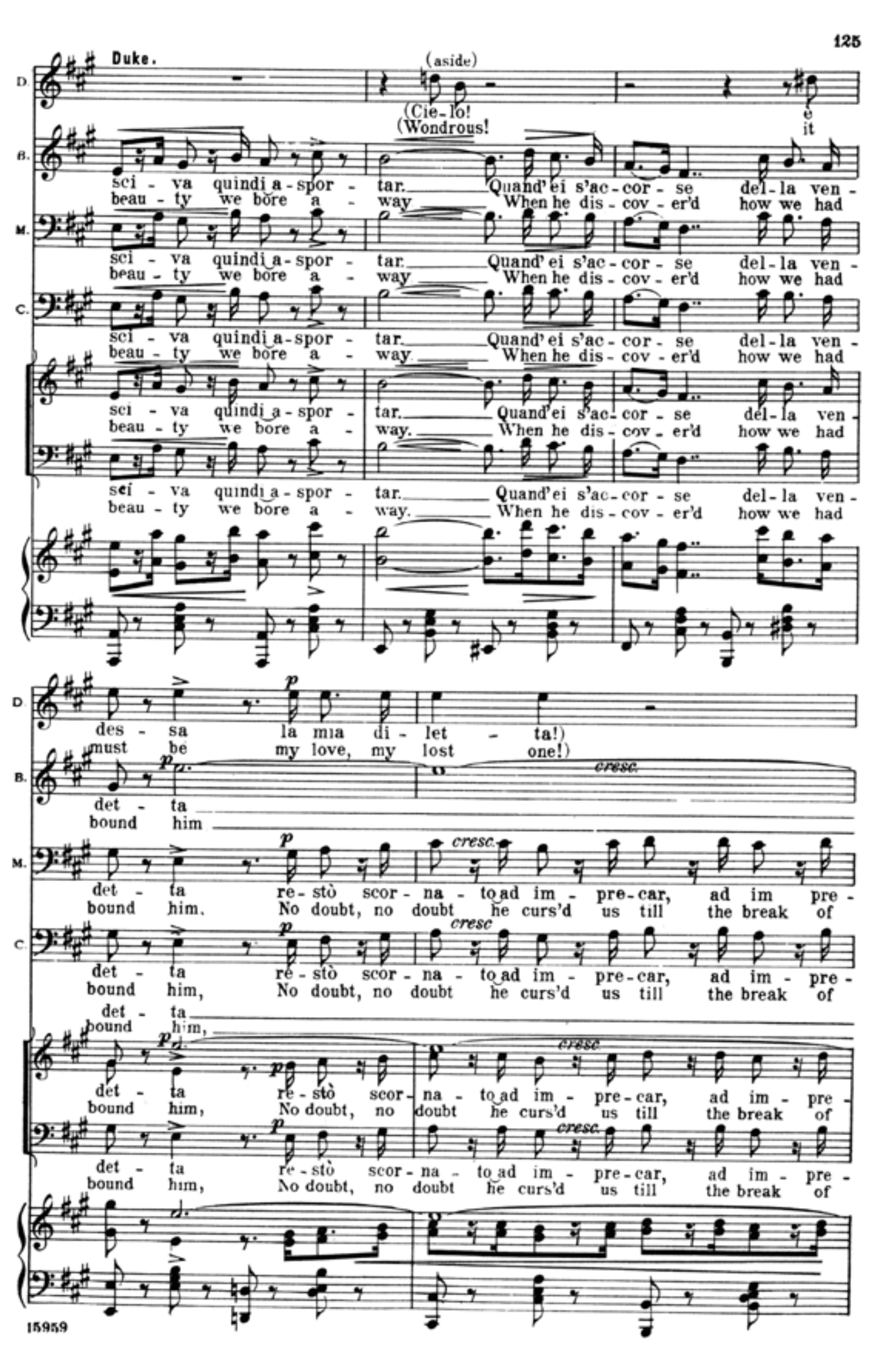
125
Duke.
D.
(aside)
(Cie-lo!
(Wondrous!
è
it
sci-va quindi a-spor-tar. Quand' ei s'ac-cor-se del-la ven-
beau-ty we bore a-way. When he dis-cov-er'd how we had
des-sa la mia di-let-ta!)
must be my love, my lost one!)
det-ta re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-car, ad im-pre-
bound him, No doubt, no doubt he curs'd us till the break of
p
cresc.
15959

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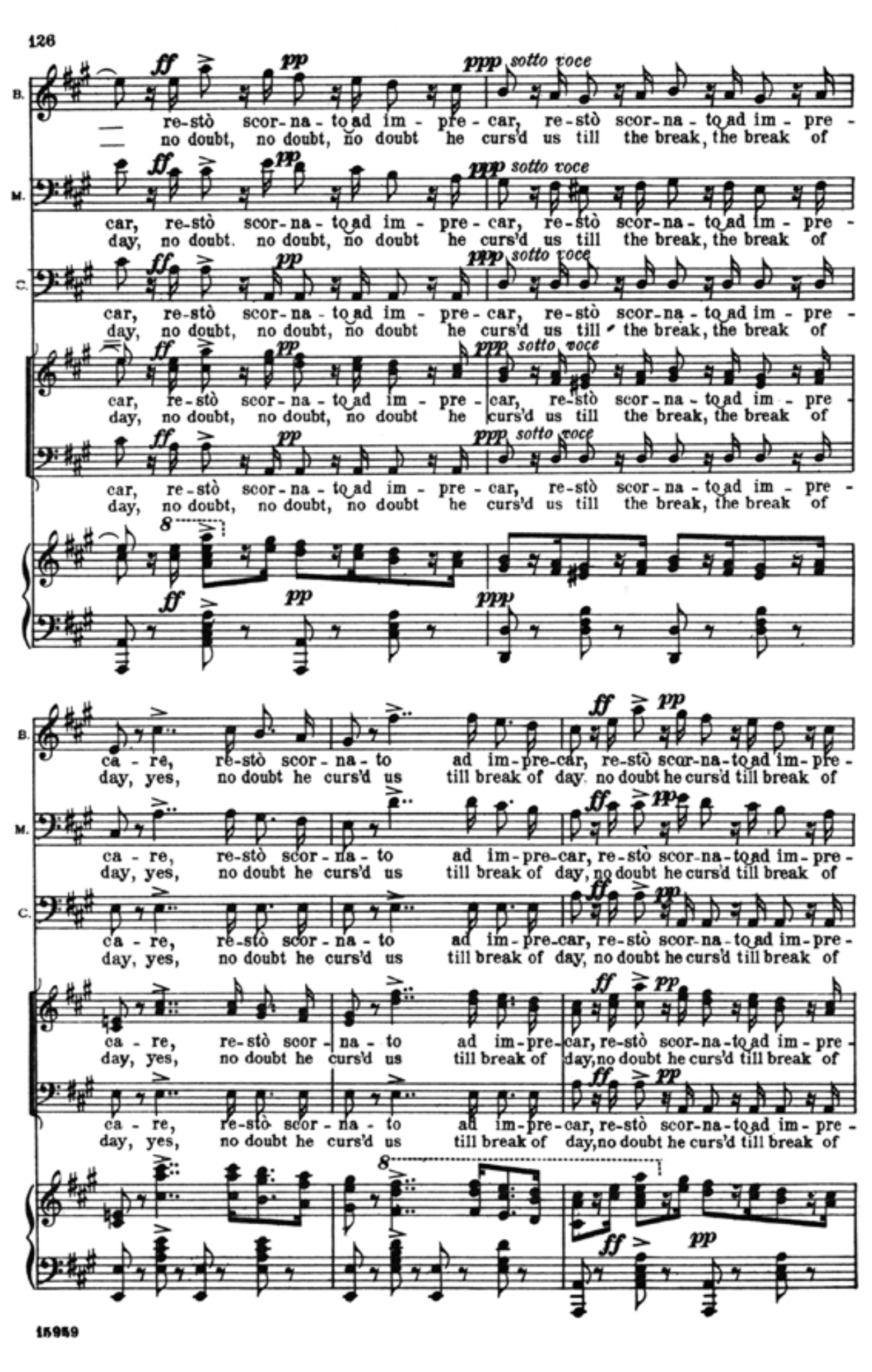
126
ff
pp
ppp sotto voce
car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-
day, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt he curs'd us till the break, the break of
ca-re, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-
day, yes, no doubt he curs'd us till break of day, no doubt he curs'd till break of
8
15959

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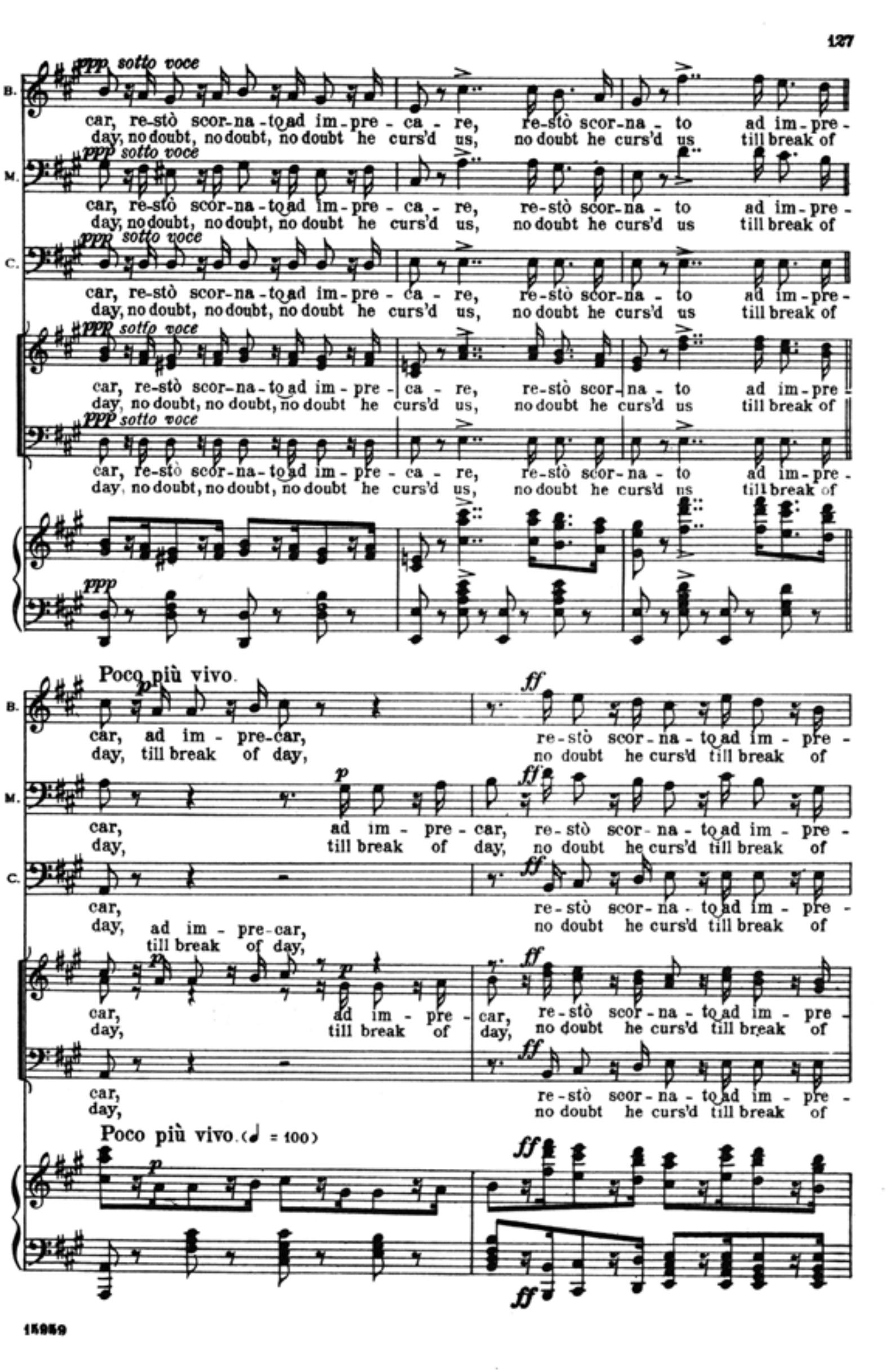
127
ppp sotto voce
car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-ca-re, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-
day, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt he curs'd us, no doubt he curs'd us till break of
Poco più vivo.
car, ad im-pre-car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-
day, till break of day, no doubt he curs'd till break of
ff
Poco più vivo. (♩ = 100)
15959

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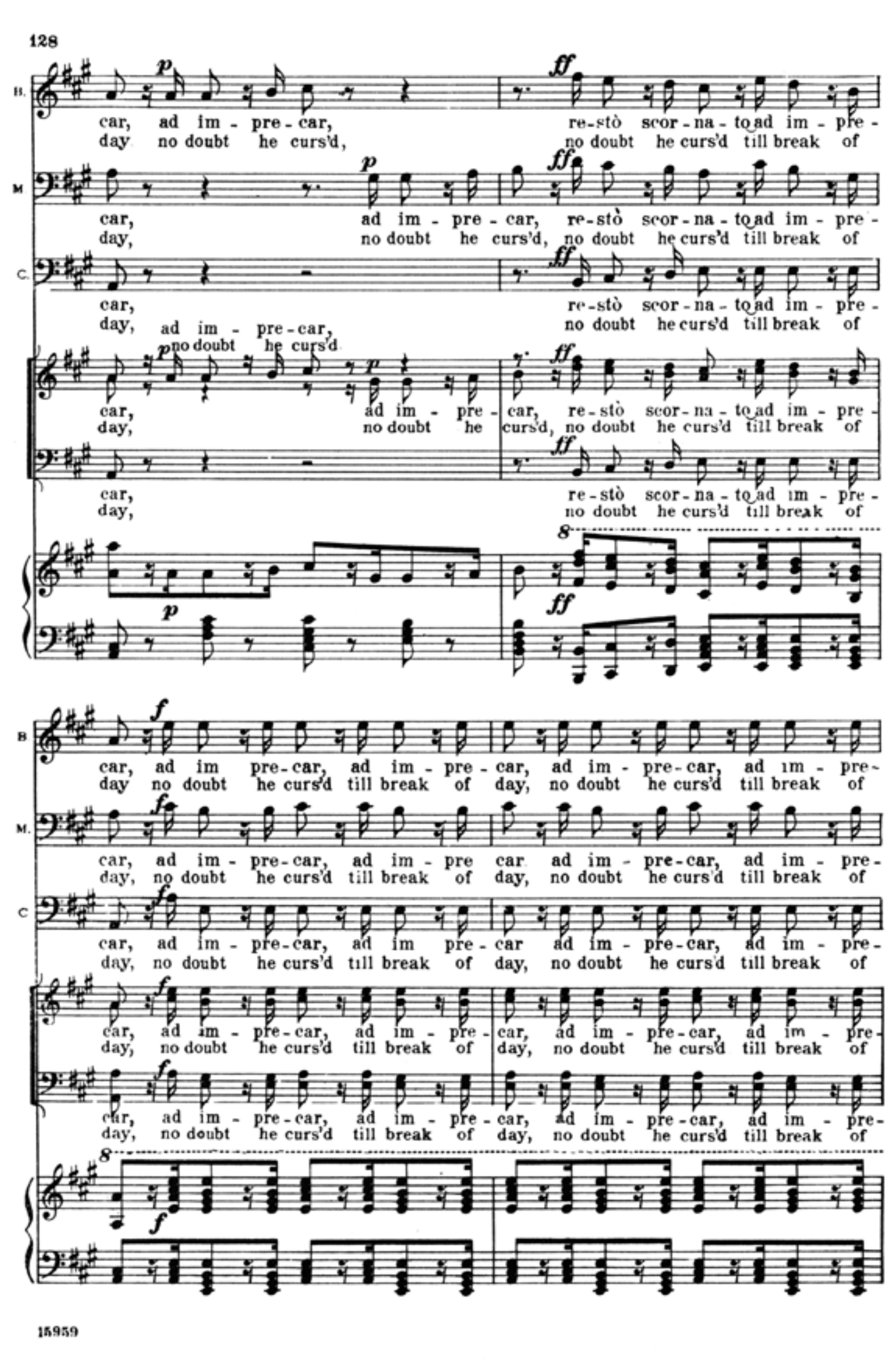
128
p
ff
car, ad im-pre-car, re-stò scor-na-to ad im-pre-
day no doubt he curs'd, no doubt he curs'd till break of
f
car, ad im-pre-car, ad im-pre-car, ad im-pre-car, ad im-pre-car, ad im-pre-
day no doubt he curs'd till break of day, no doubt he curs'd till break of
8
15959

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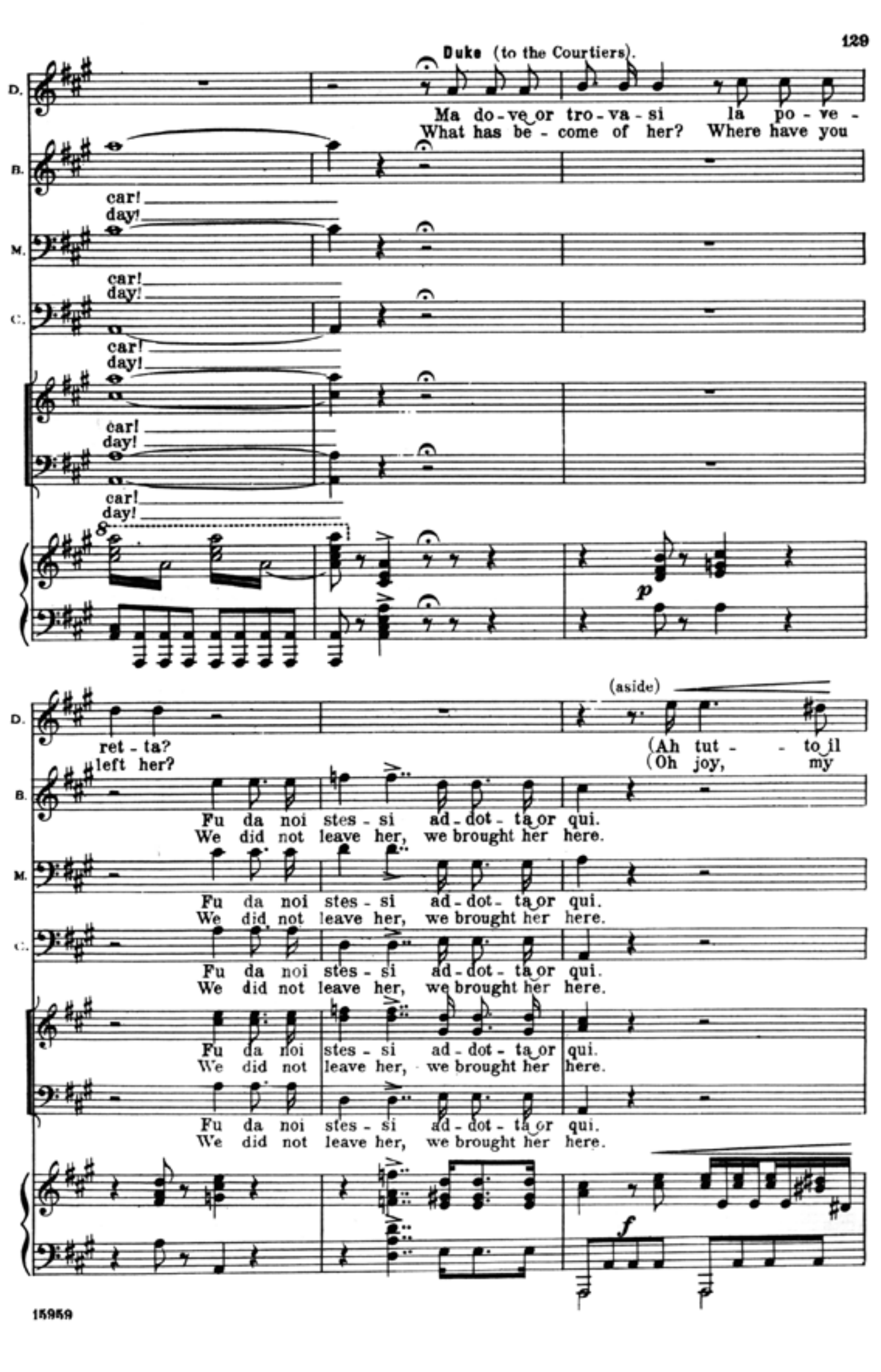
129
Duke (to the Courtiers).
Ma do-ve or tro-va-si la po-ve-ret-ta?
What has be-come of her? Where have you left her?
car!
day!
(aside)
(Ah tut-to il
(Oh joy, my
Fu da noi stes-si ad-dot-ta or qui.
We did not leave her, we brought her here.
p
f
15959

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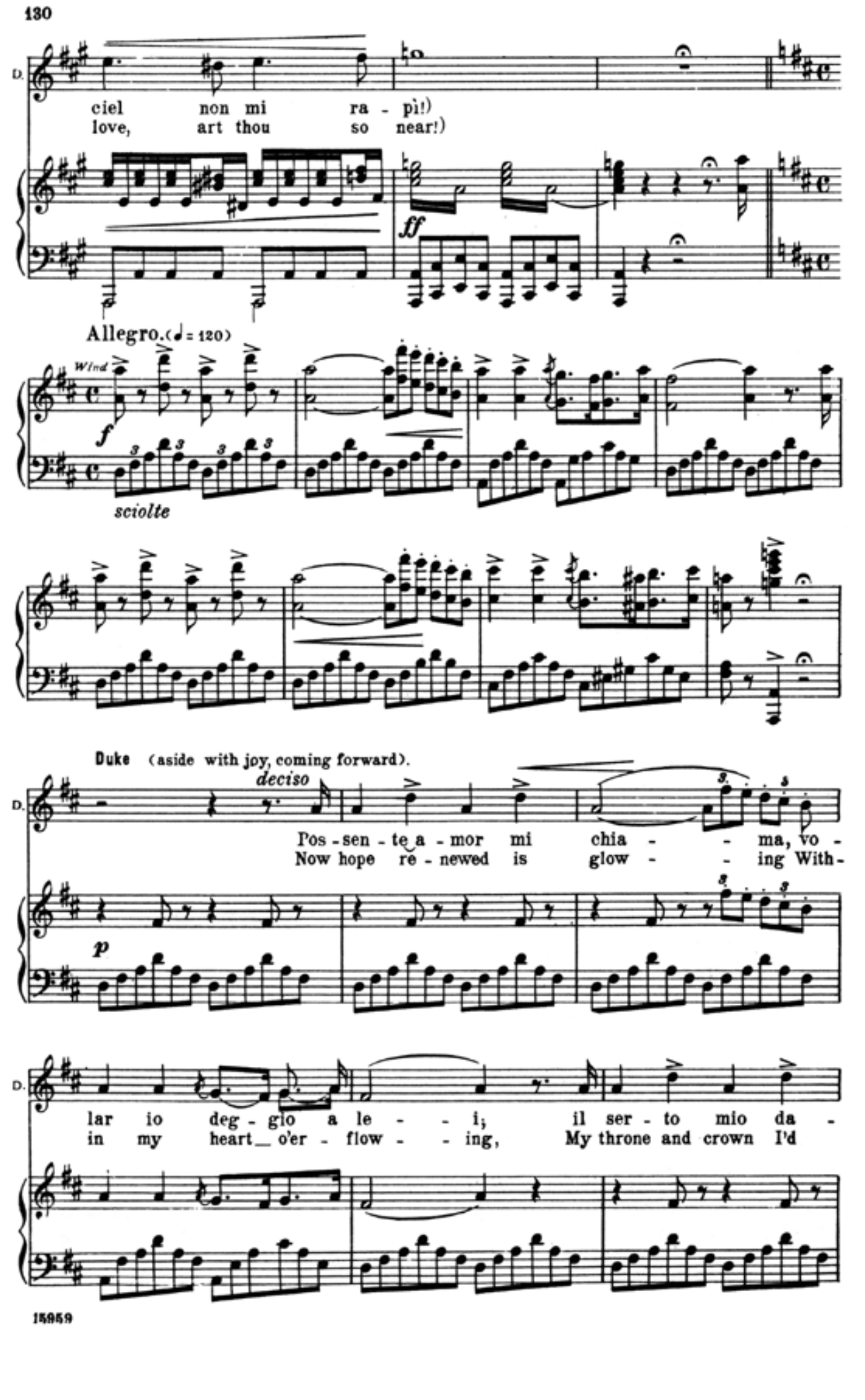
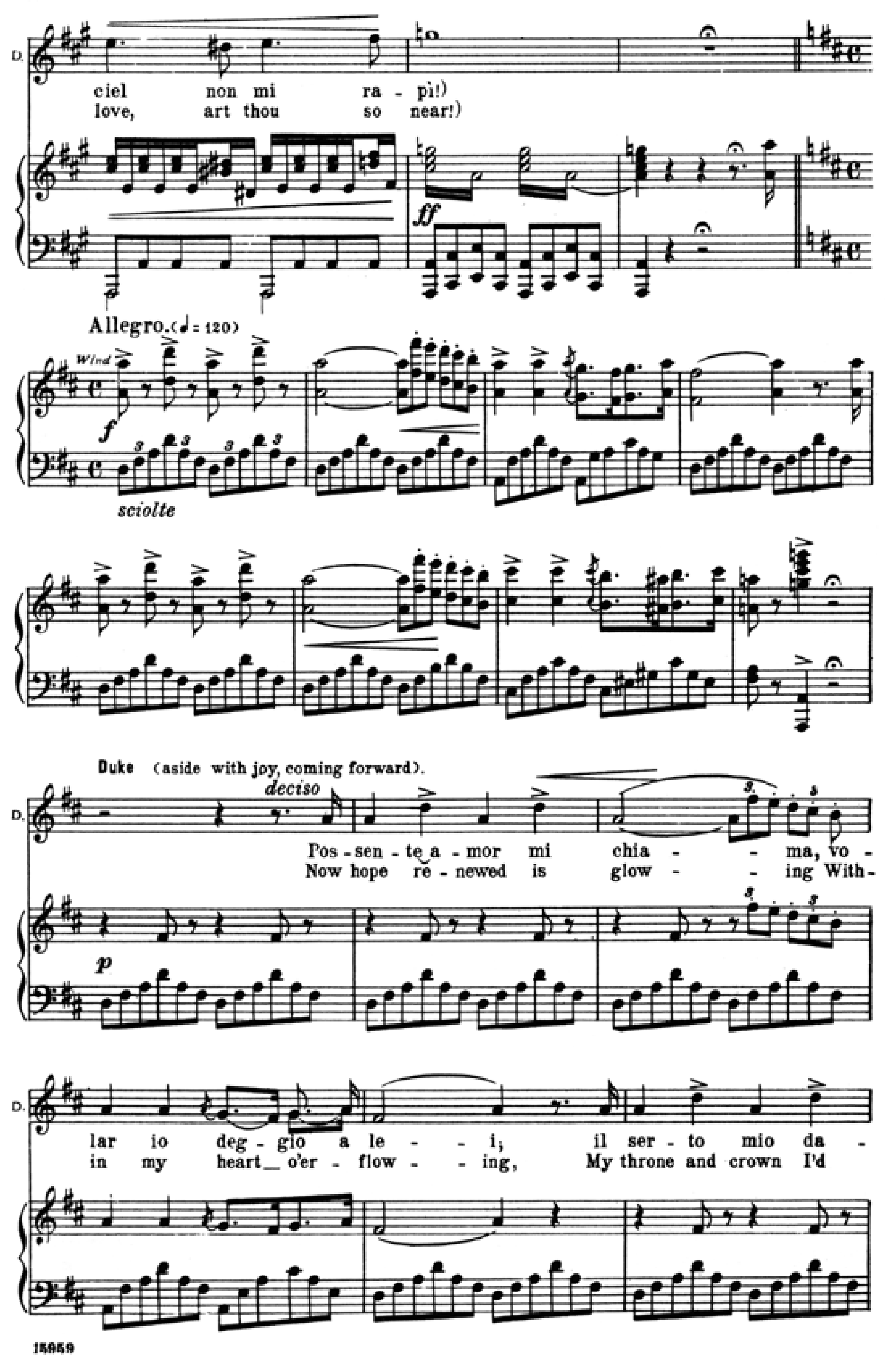
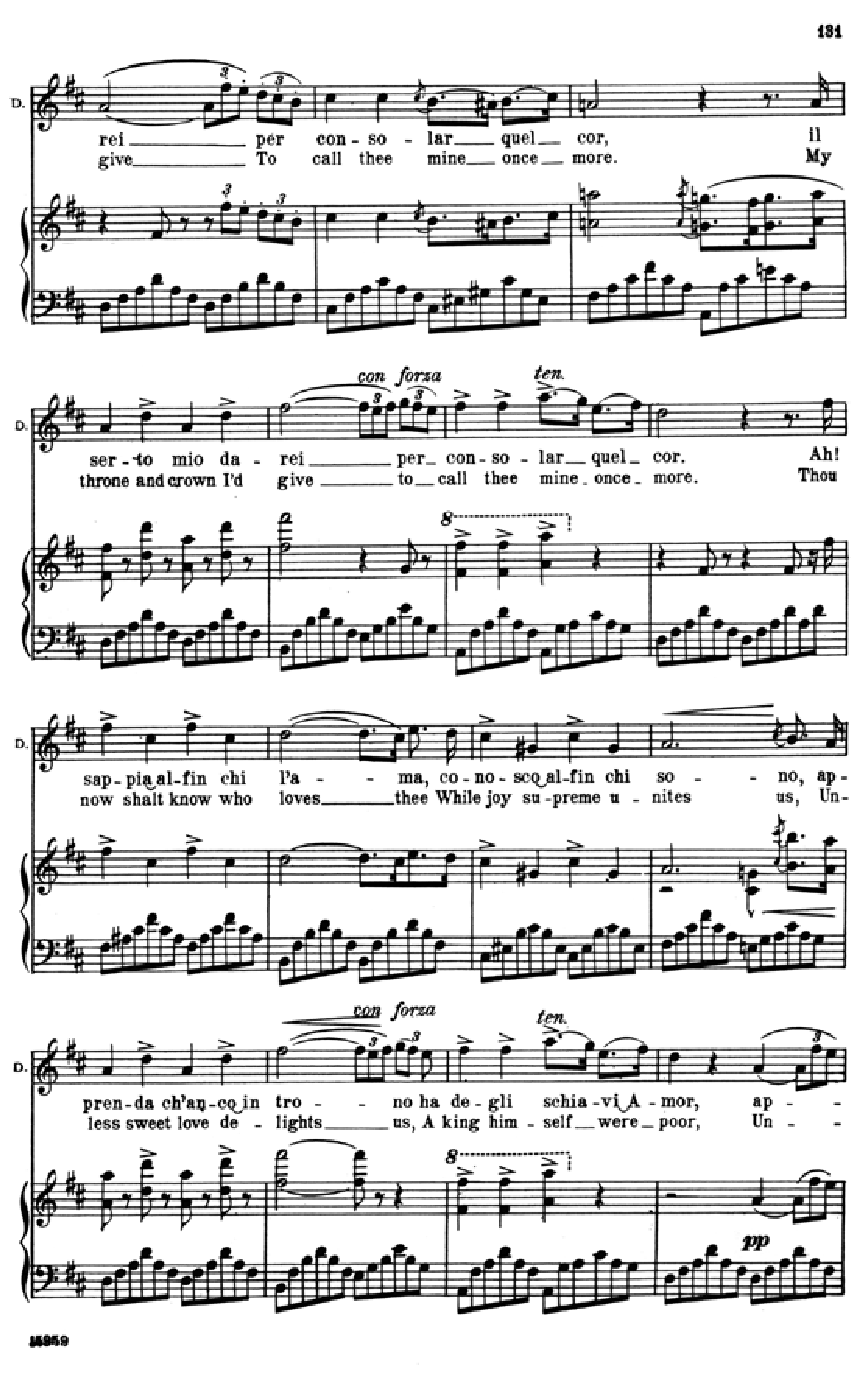
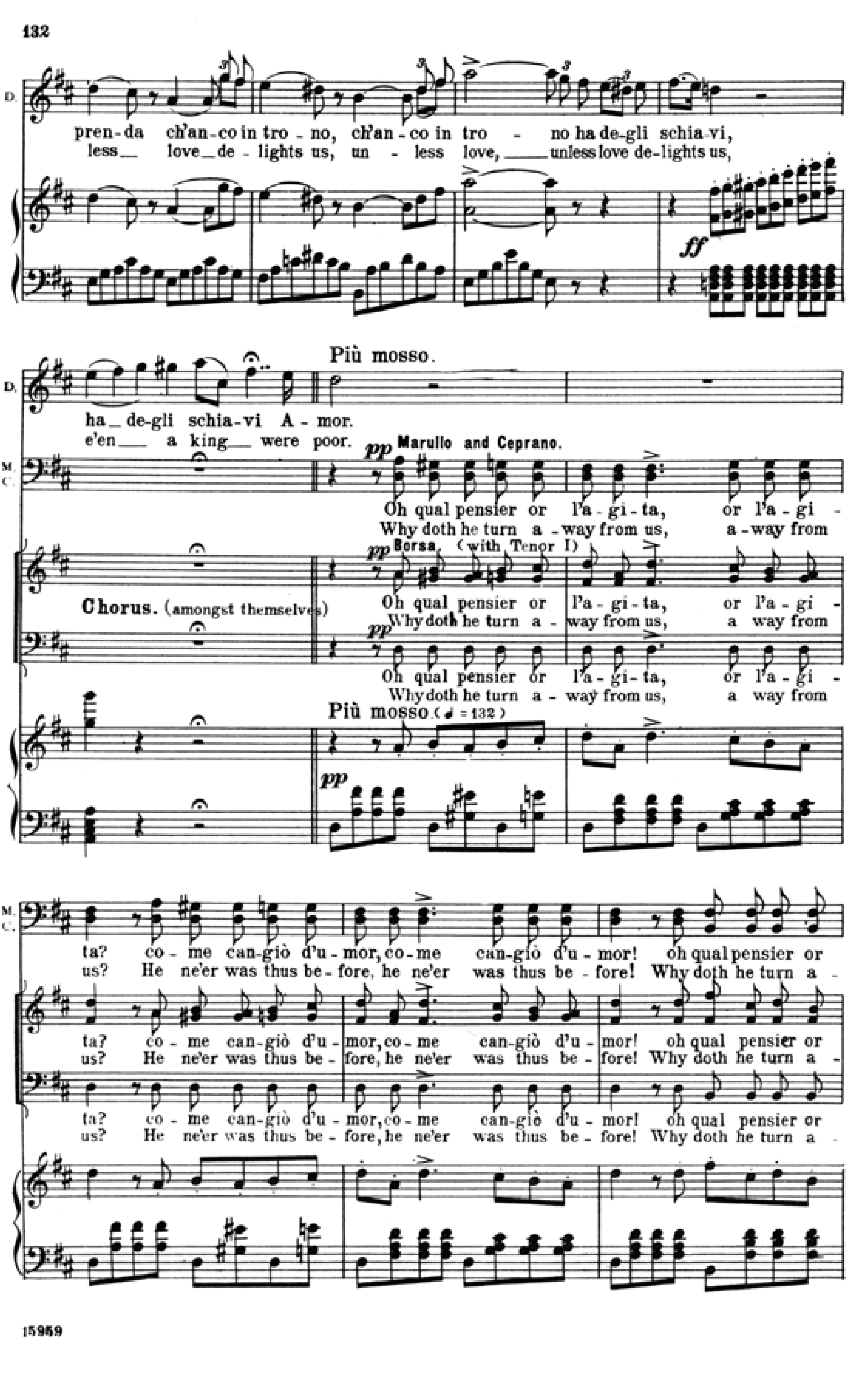
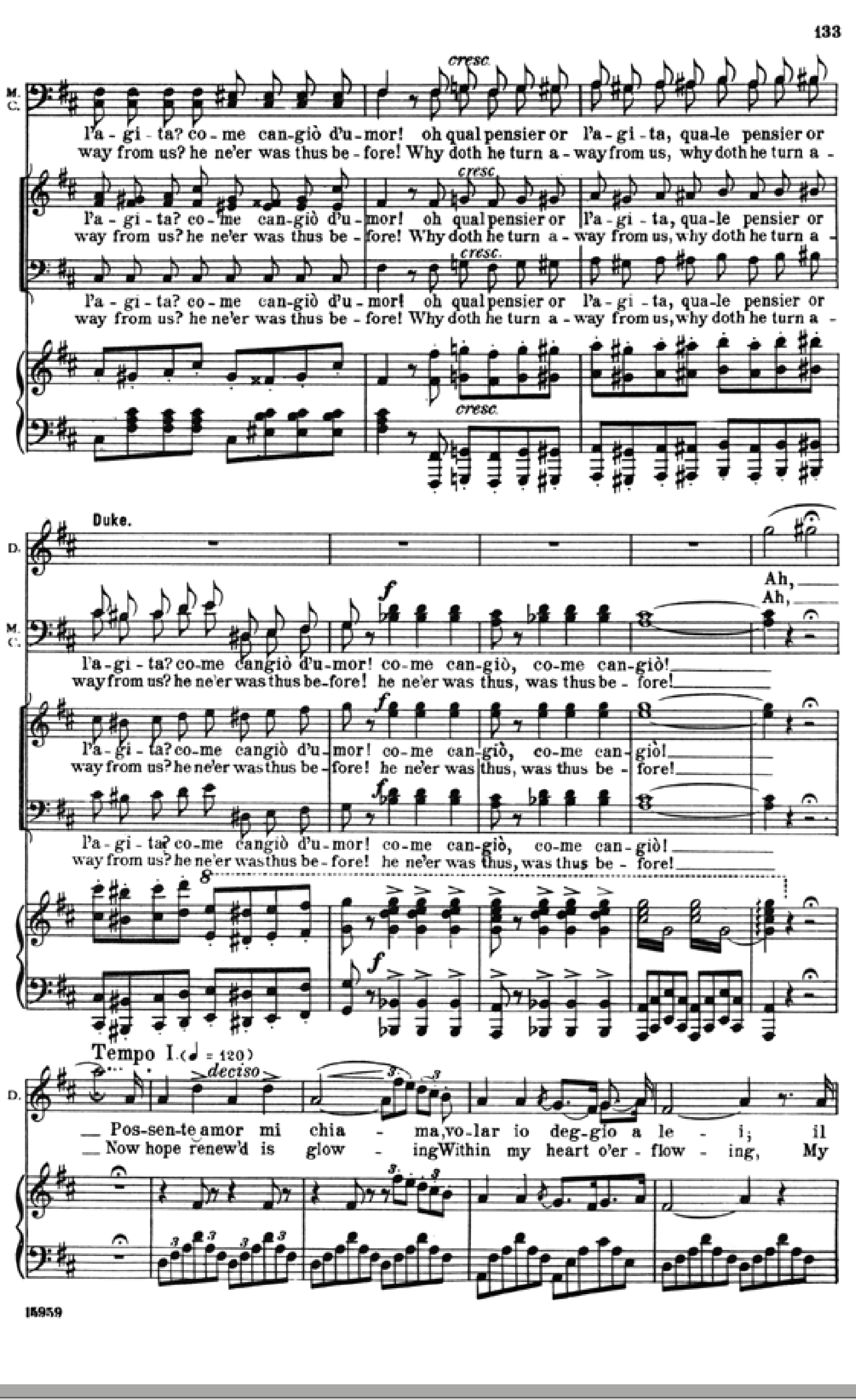
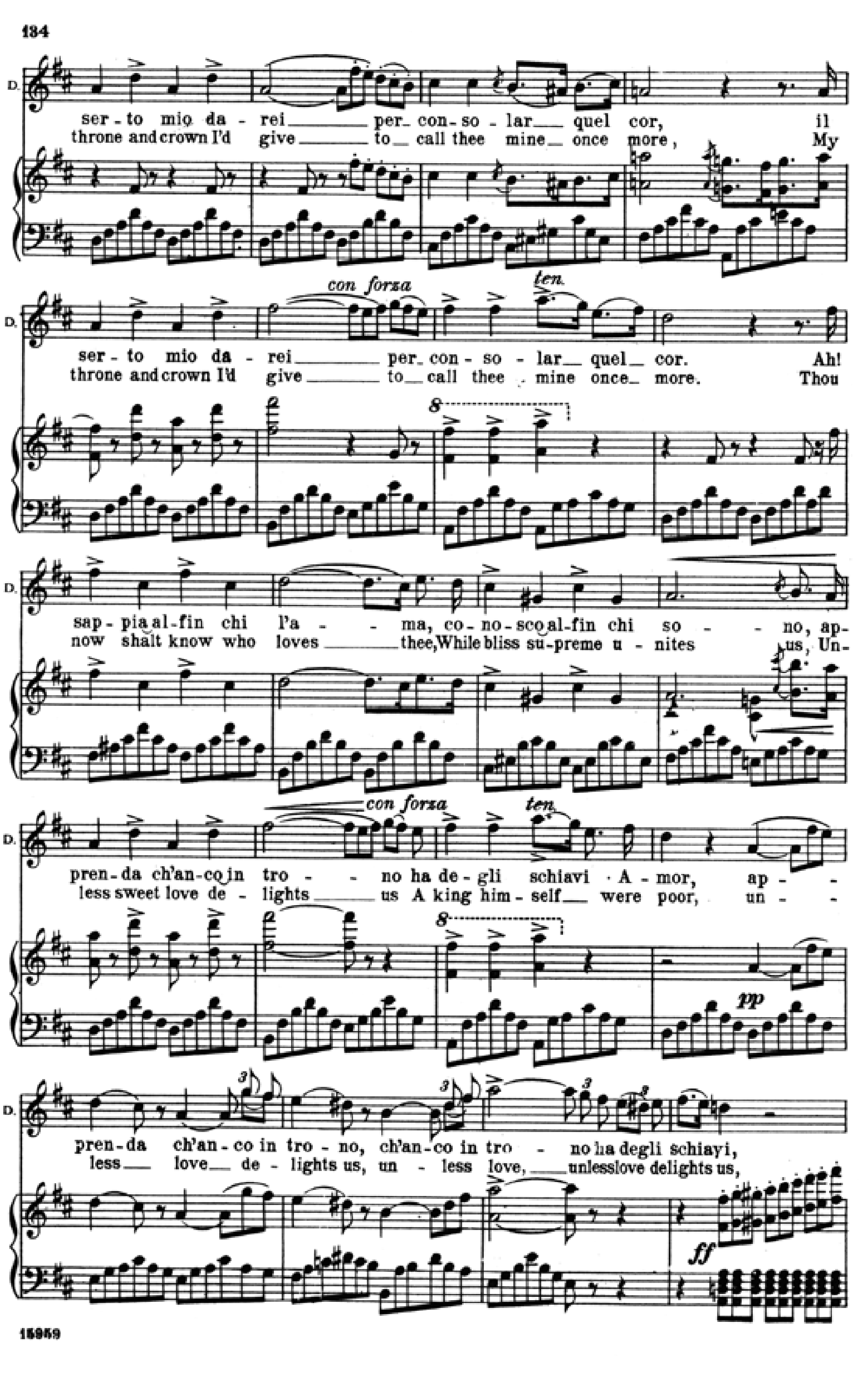

130
ciel non mi ra-pì!)
love, art thou so near!)
ff
Allegro. (♩ = 120)
Wind
f
sciolte
Duke (aside with joy, coming forward).
deciso
Pos-sen-te a-mor mi chia-ma, vo-
Now hope re-newed is glow-ing With-
lar io deg-gio a le-i; il ser-to mio da-
in my heart o'er-flow-ing, My throne and crown I'd
p
15959

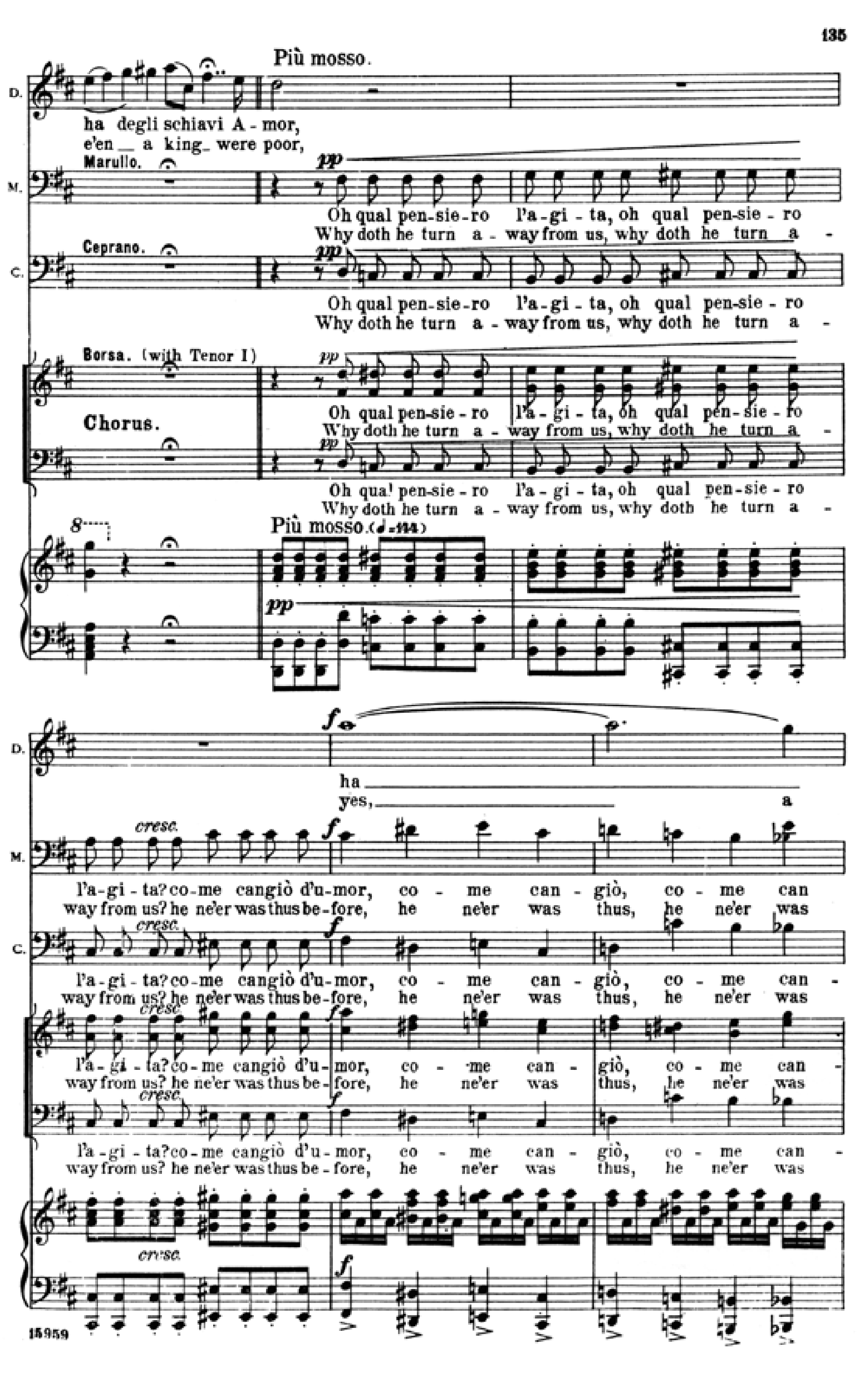

D.
ciel non mi ra - pi!)
love, art thou so near!)
ff
Allegro. (♩= 120)
Wind
f
sciolte
Duke (aside with joy, coming forward).
deciso
p
Pos - sen - te a - mor mi chia - - ma, vo -
Now hope re - newed is glow - - ing With -
lar io deg - gio a le - - i; il ser - to mio da -
in my heart o'er - flow - - ing, My throne and crown I'd

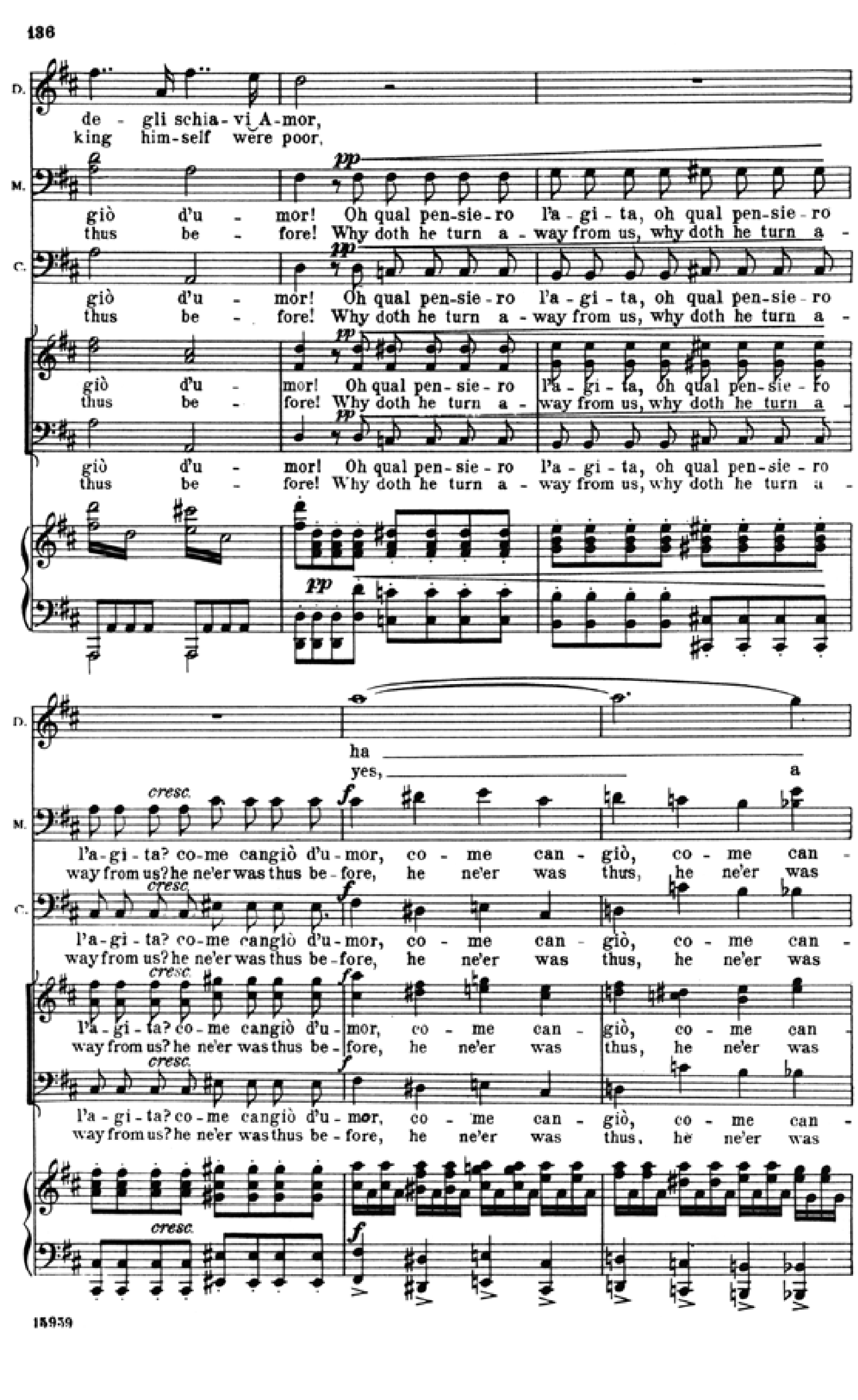

D.
rei per con - so - lar quel cor, il
give To call thee mine once more. My
con forza
ten.
ser - to mio da - rei per con - so - lar quel cor. Ah!
throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more. Thou
sap - pia al - fin chi l'a - ma, co - no - sca al - fin chi so - no, ap -
now shalt know who loves thee While joy su - preme u - nites us, Un -
pren - da ch'an - co in tro - no ha de - gli schia - vi A - mor, ap -
less sweet love de - lights us, A king him - self were poor, Un -
pp

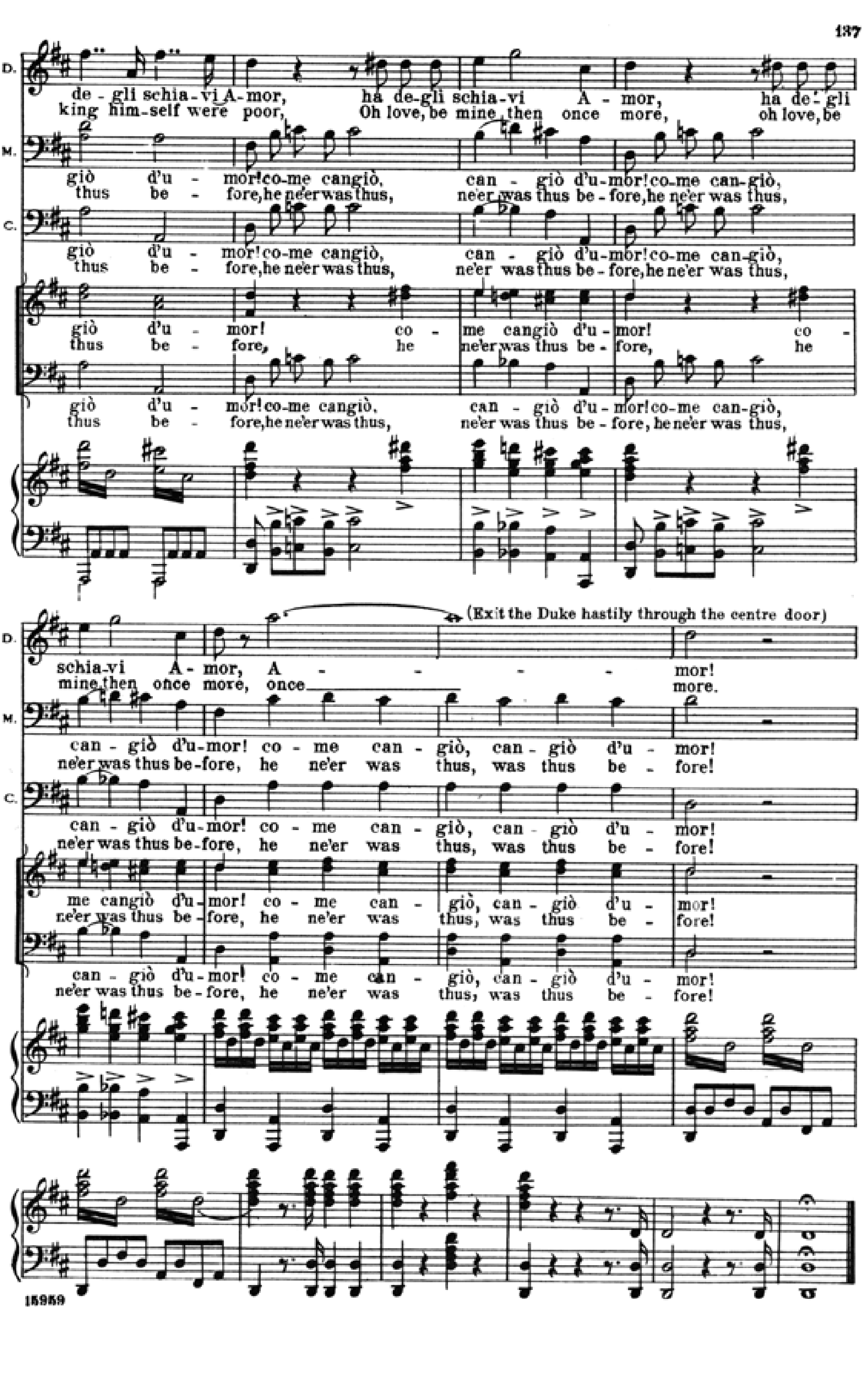

D.
pren - da ch'an - co in tro - no, ch'an - co in tro - no ha de - gli schia - vi,
less love de - lights us, un - less love, unless love de - lights us,
ff
Più mosso.
ha de - gli schia - vi A - mor.
e'en a king were poor.
M. C.
pp Marullo and Ceprano.
Oh qual pensier or l'a - gi - ta, or l'a - gi -
Why doth he turn a - way from us, a - way from
pp Borsa. (with Tenor I)
Chorus. (amongst themselves)
Più mosso. (♩= 132)
ta? co - me can - giò d'u - mor, co - me can - giò d'u - mor! oh qual pensier or
us? He ne'er was thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a -


M. C.
cresc.
l'a - gi - ta? co - me can - giò d'u - mor! oh qual pensier or l'a - gi - ta, qua - le pensier or
way from us? he ne'er was thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -
Duke.
Ah,
f
l'a - gi - ta? co - me cangiò d'u - mor! co - me can - giò, co - me can - giò!
way from us? he ne'er was thus be - fore! he ne'er was thus, was thus be - fore!
Tempo I. (♩= 120)
deciso
Pos - sen - te amor mi chia - ma, vo - lar io deg - gio a le - i; il
Now hope renew'd is glow - ing Within my heart o'er - flow - ing, My


D.
ser - to mio da - rei per - con - so - lar quel cor, il
throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more, My
con forza
ten.
ser - to mio da - rei per con - so - lar quel cor. Ah!
throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more. Thou
sap - pia al - fin chi l'a - ma, co - no - sca al - fin chi so - no, ap -
now shalt know who loves thee, While bliss su - preme u - nites us, Un -
pren - da ch'an - co in tro - no ha de - gli schiavi A - mor, ap -
less sweet love de - lights us A king him - self were poor, un -
pp
pren - da ch'an - co in tro - no, ch'an - co in tro - no ha degli schiavi,
less love de - lights us, un - less love, unless love delights us,
ff


Più mosso.
D.
ha degli schiavi A - mor,
e'en a king were poor,
Marullo.
M.
pp
Oh qual pen - sie - ro l'a - gi - ta, oh qual pen - sie - ro
Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -
Ceprano.
C.
Borsa. (with Tenor I)
Chorus.
Più mosso. (♩= 144)
f
ha
yes,
a
cresc.
l'a - gi - ta? co - me cangiò d'u - mor, co - me can - giò, co - me can -
way from us? he ne'er was thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus, he ne'er was


D.
de - gli schia - vi A - mor,
king him - self were poor,
M.
giò d'u - mor! Oh qual pen - sie - ro l'a - gi - ta, oh qual pen - sie - ro
thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -
C.
pp
ha
yes,
a
cresc.
l'a - gi - ta? co - me cangiò d'u - mor, co - me can - giò, co - me can -
way from us? he ne'er was thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus, he ne'er was


D.
de - gli schia - vi A - mor, ha de - gli schia - vi A - mor, ha de - gli
king him - self were poor, Oh love, be mine then once more, oh love, be
M.
giò d'u - mor! co - me cangiò, can - giò d'u - mor! co - me can - giò,
thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus, ne'er was thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus,
C.
giò d'u - mor! co - me can - giò d'u - mor! co -
thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus be - fore, he
(Exit the Duke hastily through the centre door)
schia - vi A - mor, A - mor!
mine then once more, once more.
can - giò d'u - mor! co - me can - giò, can - giò d'u - mor!
ne'er was thus be - fore, he ne'er was thus, was thus be - fore!

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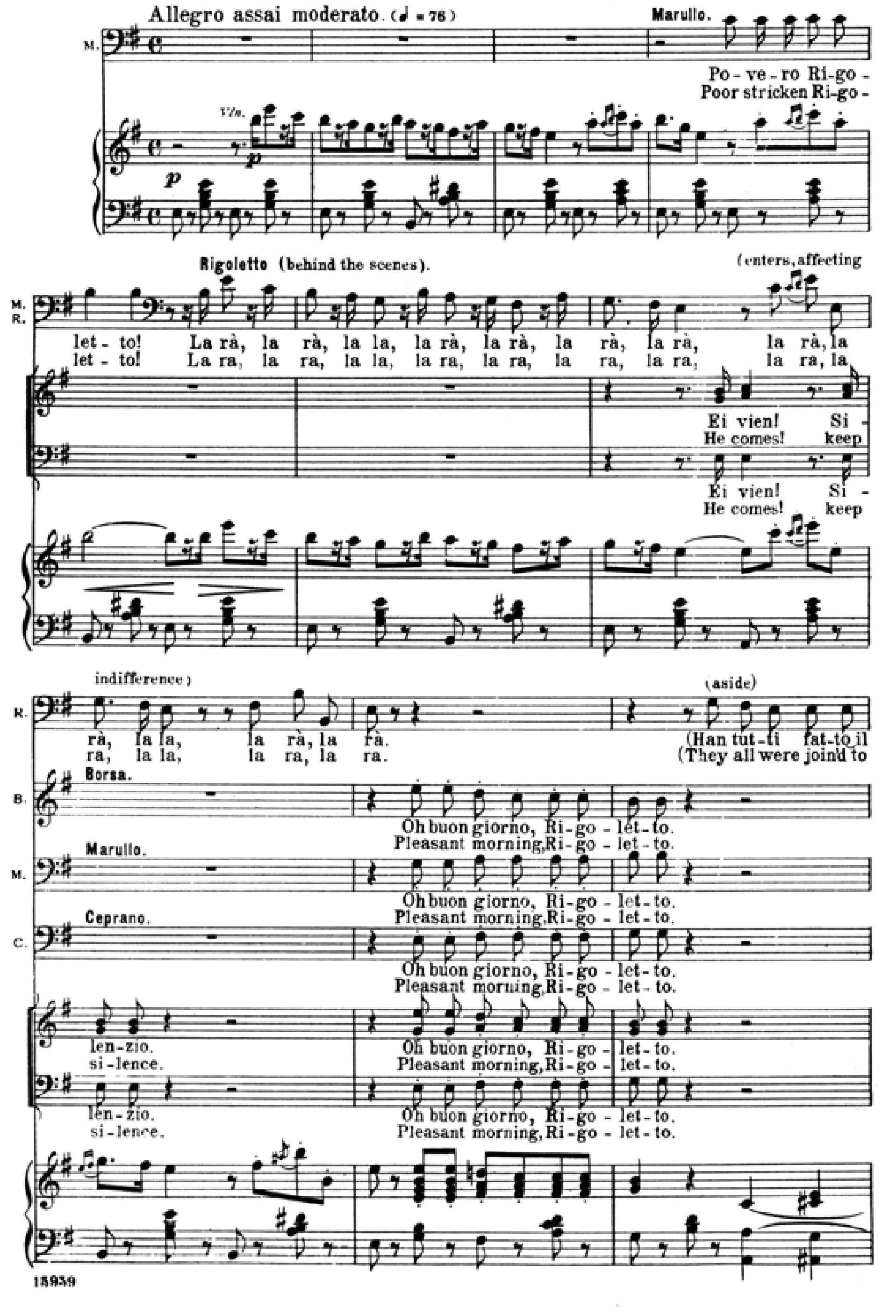
Nº 12. "Cortigiani, vil razza dannata."
Recitative and Aria.


138
Allegro assai moderato. (♩ = 76)
Marullo.
Po - ve - ro Ri - go -
Poor stricken Ri - go -
Rigoletto (behind the scenes).
(enters, affecting
let - to! La rà, la rà, la la, la rà, la rà, la rà, la rà, la rà, la
let - to! La ra, la ra, la la, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la
Ei vien! Si -
He comes! keep
indifference)
rà, la la, la rà, la rà.
ra, la la, la ra, la ra.
(aside)
(Han tut - ti fat - to il
(They all were join'd to
Borsa.
Oh buon giorno, Ri - go - let - to.
Pleasant morning, Ri - go - let - to.
Marullo.
Ceprano.
len - zio.
si - lence.
15959

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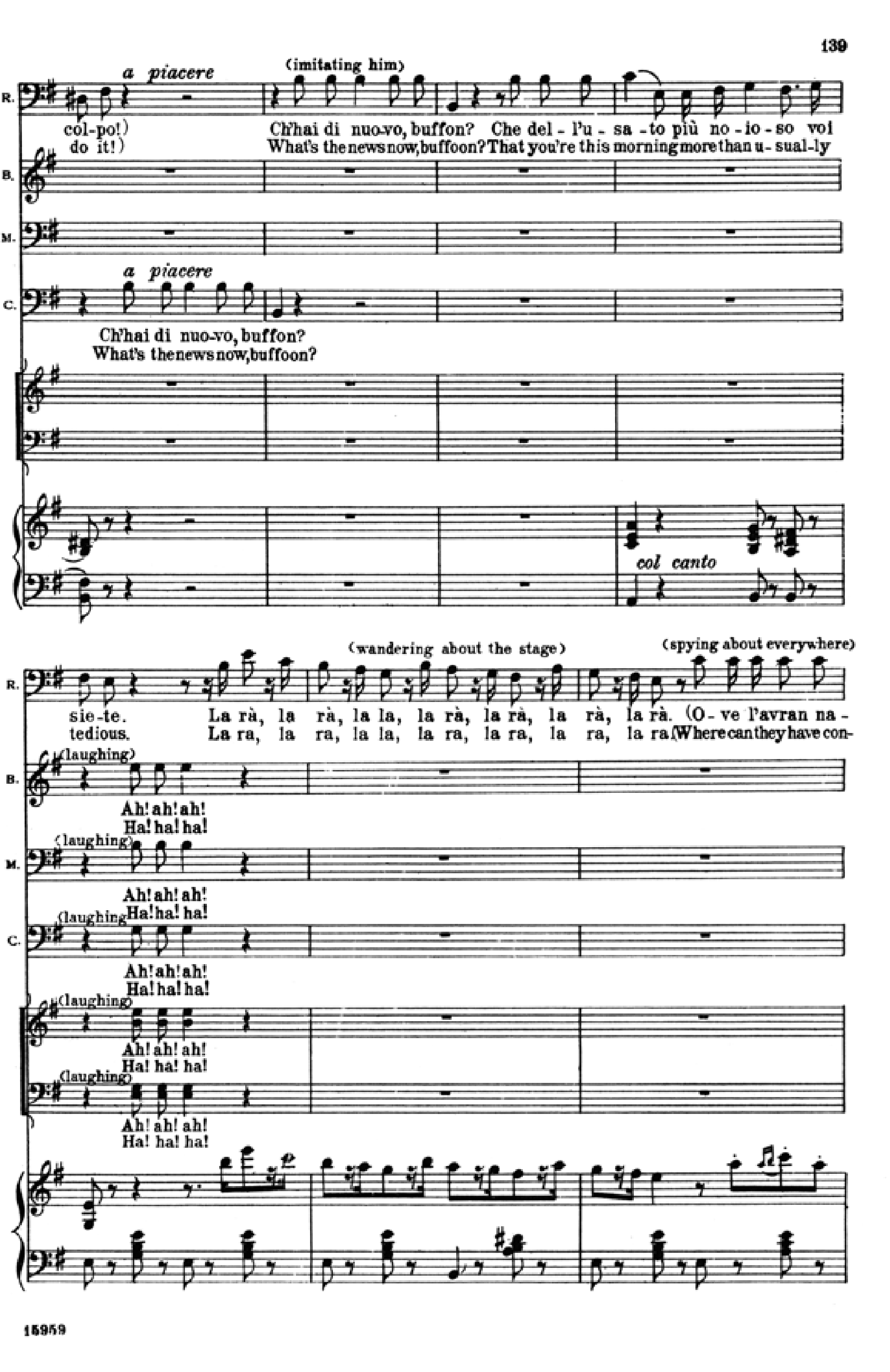
139
a piacere
(imitating him)
col - po!)
do it!)
Ch'hai di nuo - vo, buffon? Che del - l'u - sa - to più no - io - so voi
What's the news now, buffoon? That you're this morning more than u - sual - ly
Ch'hai di nuo - vo, buffon?
What's the news now, buffoon?
col canto
(wandering about the stage)
(spying about everywhere)
sie - te.
tedious.
La rà, la rà, la la, la rà, la rà, la rà, la rà. (O - ve l'avran na -
15959

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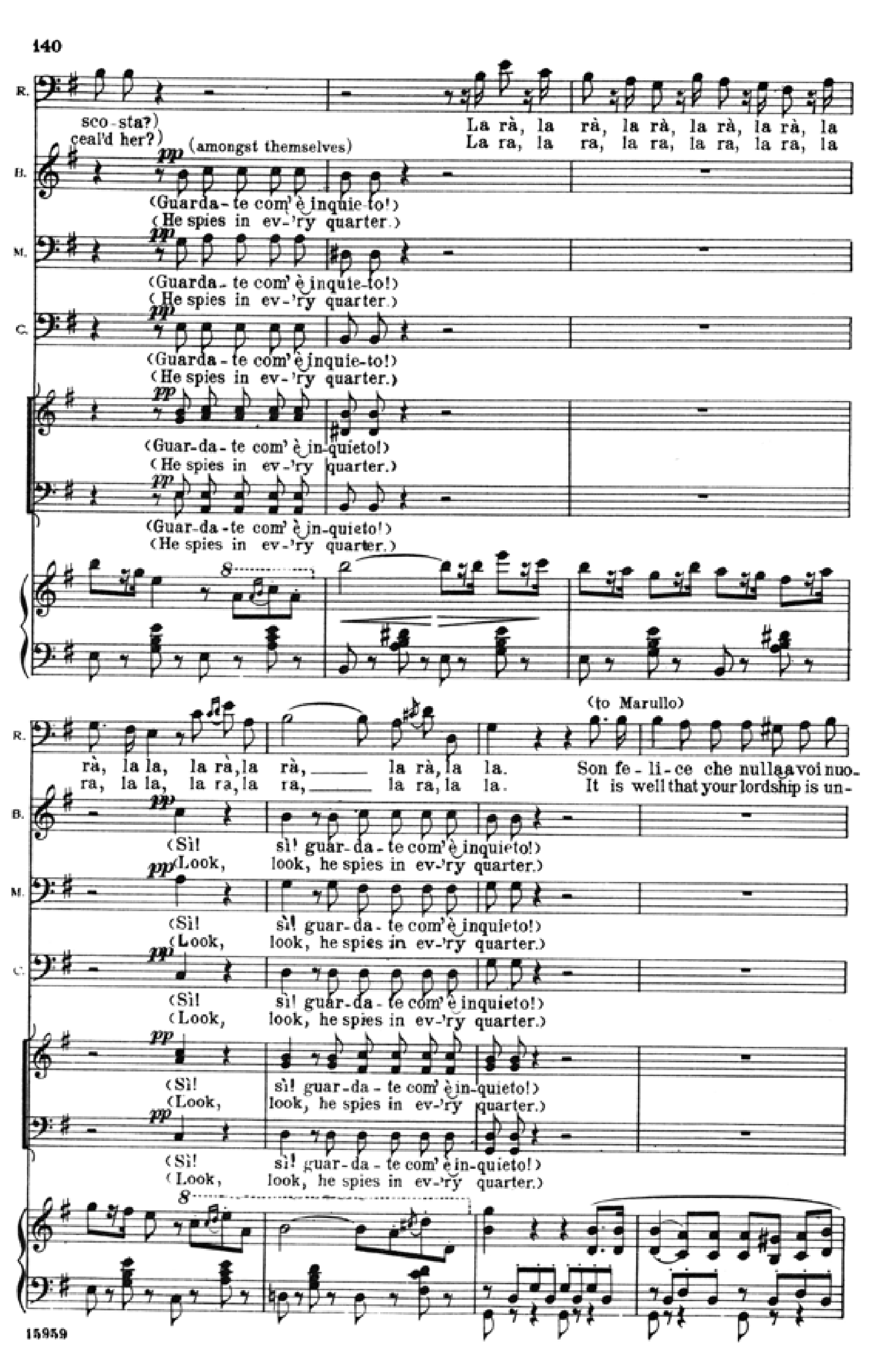

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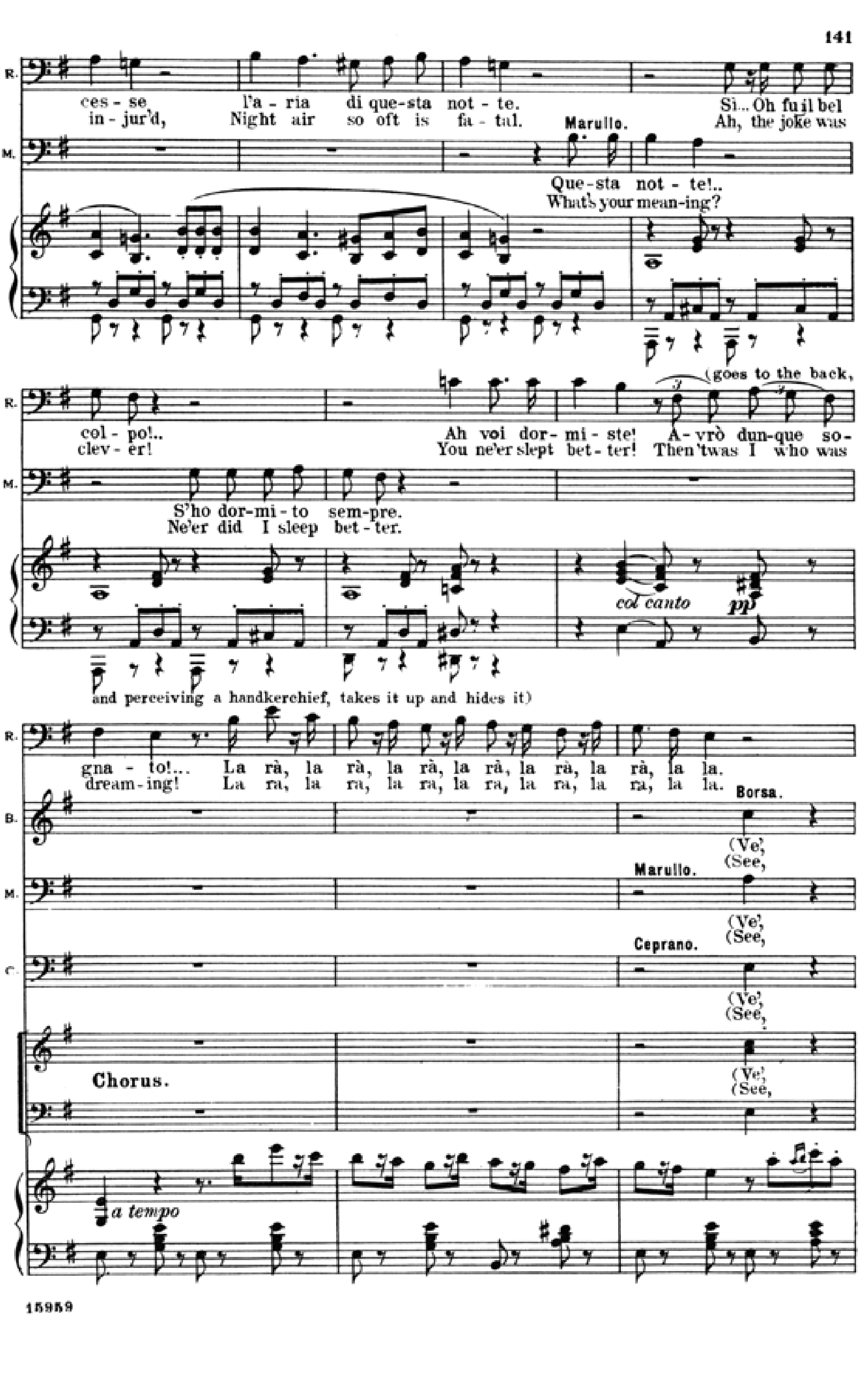

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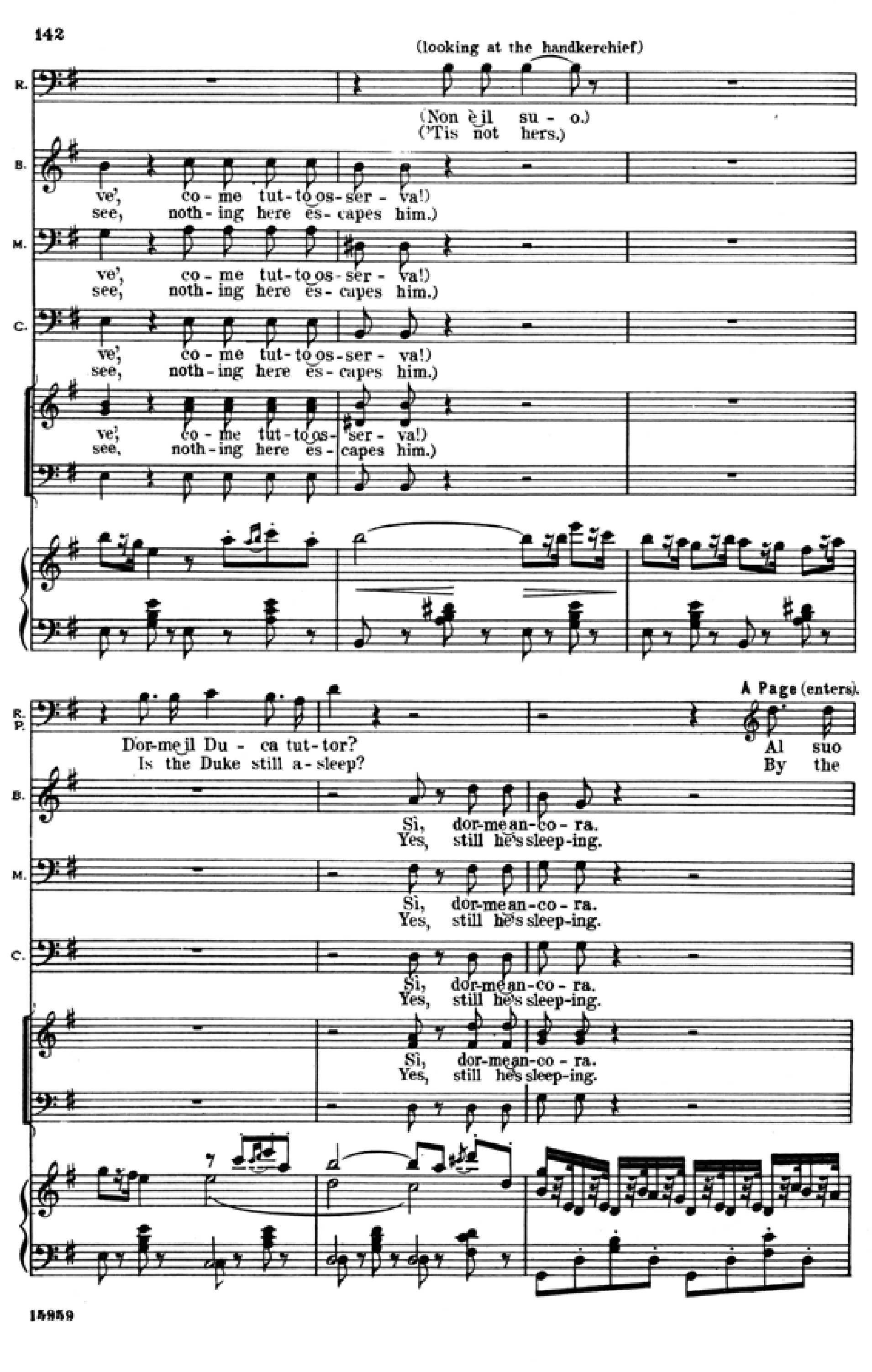

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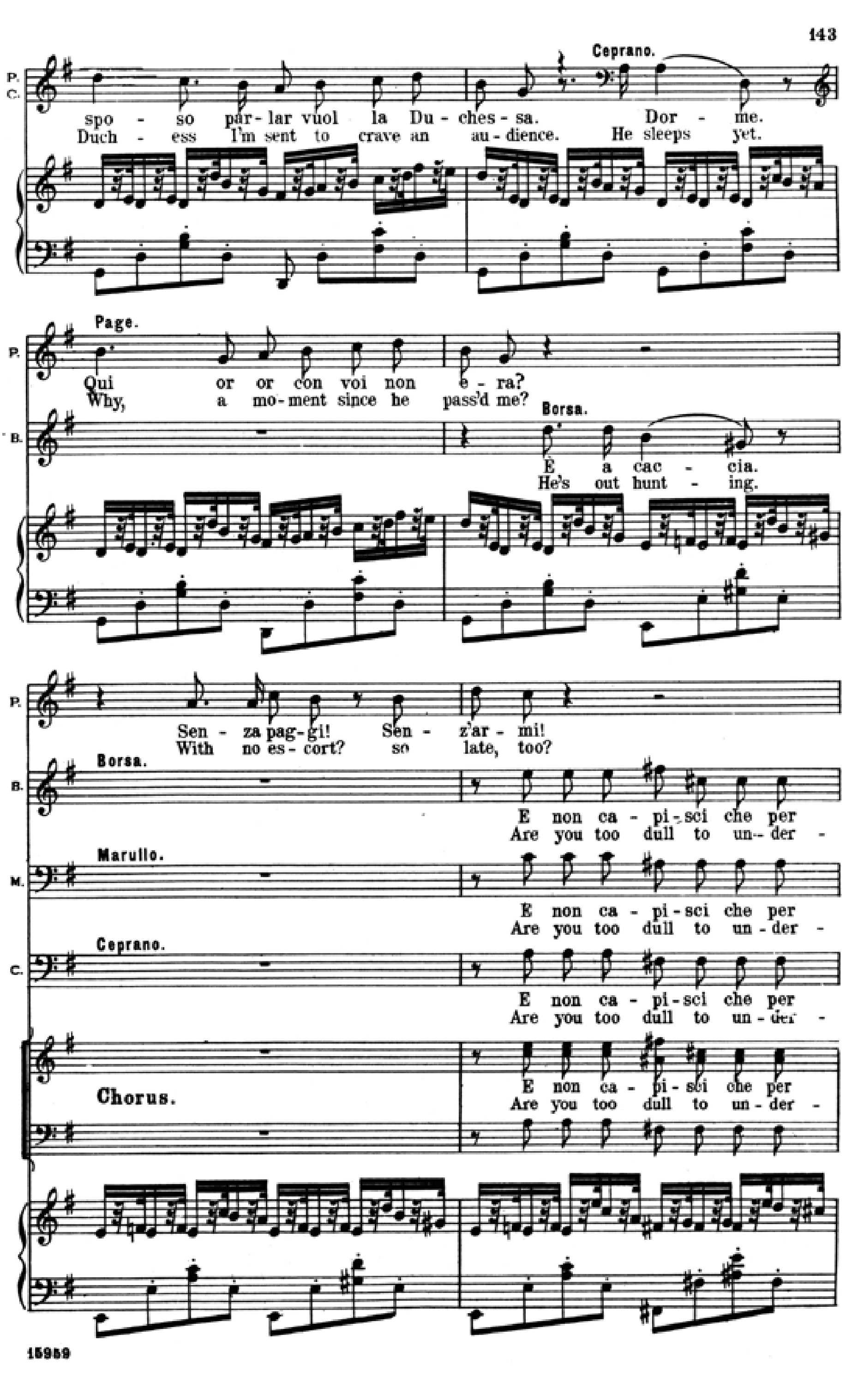

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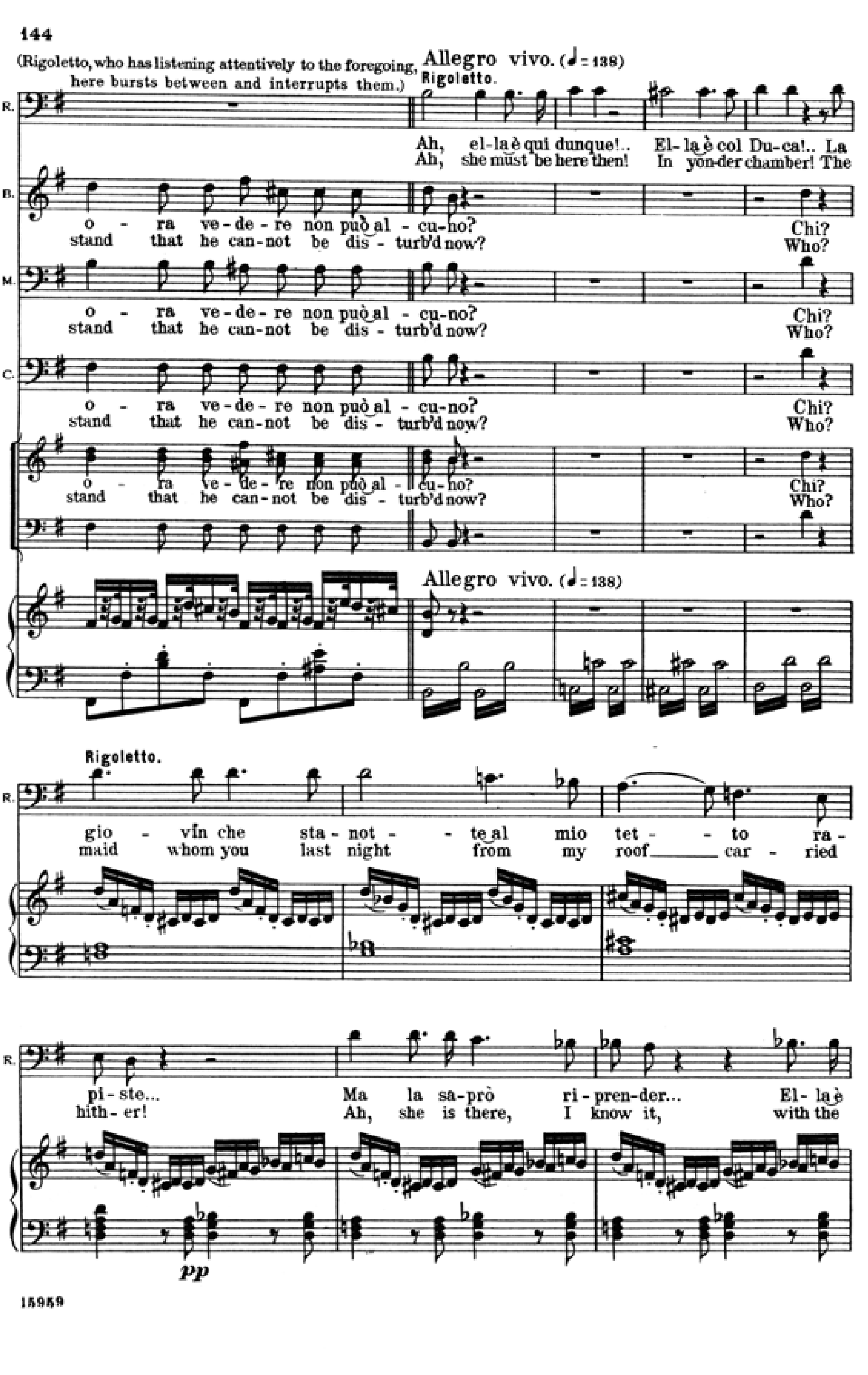

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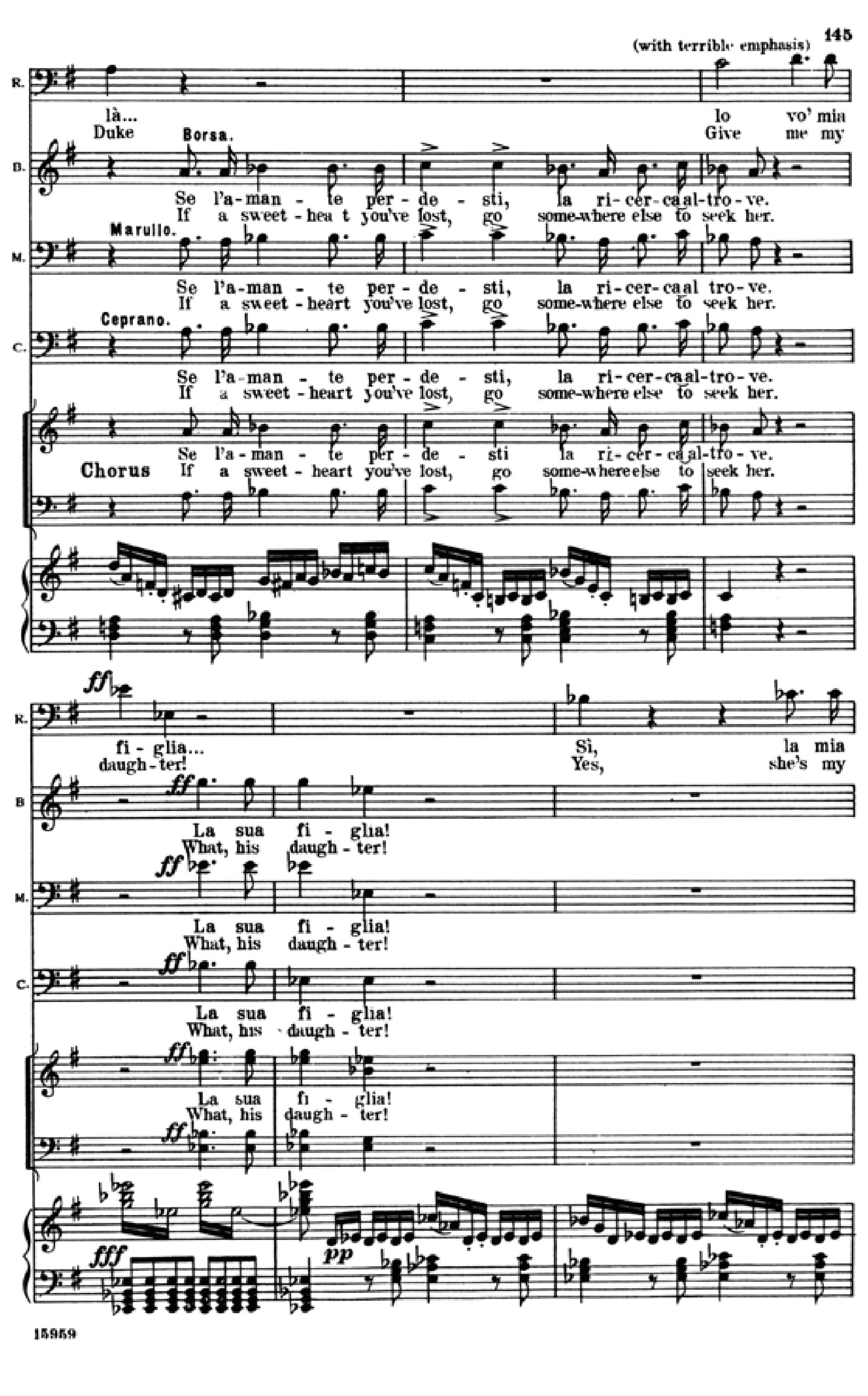
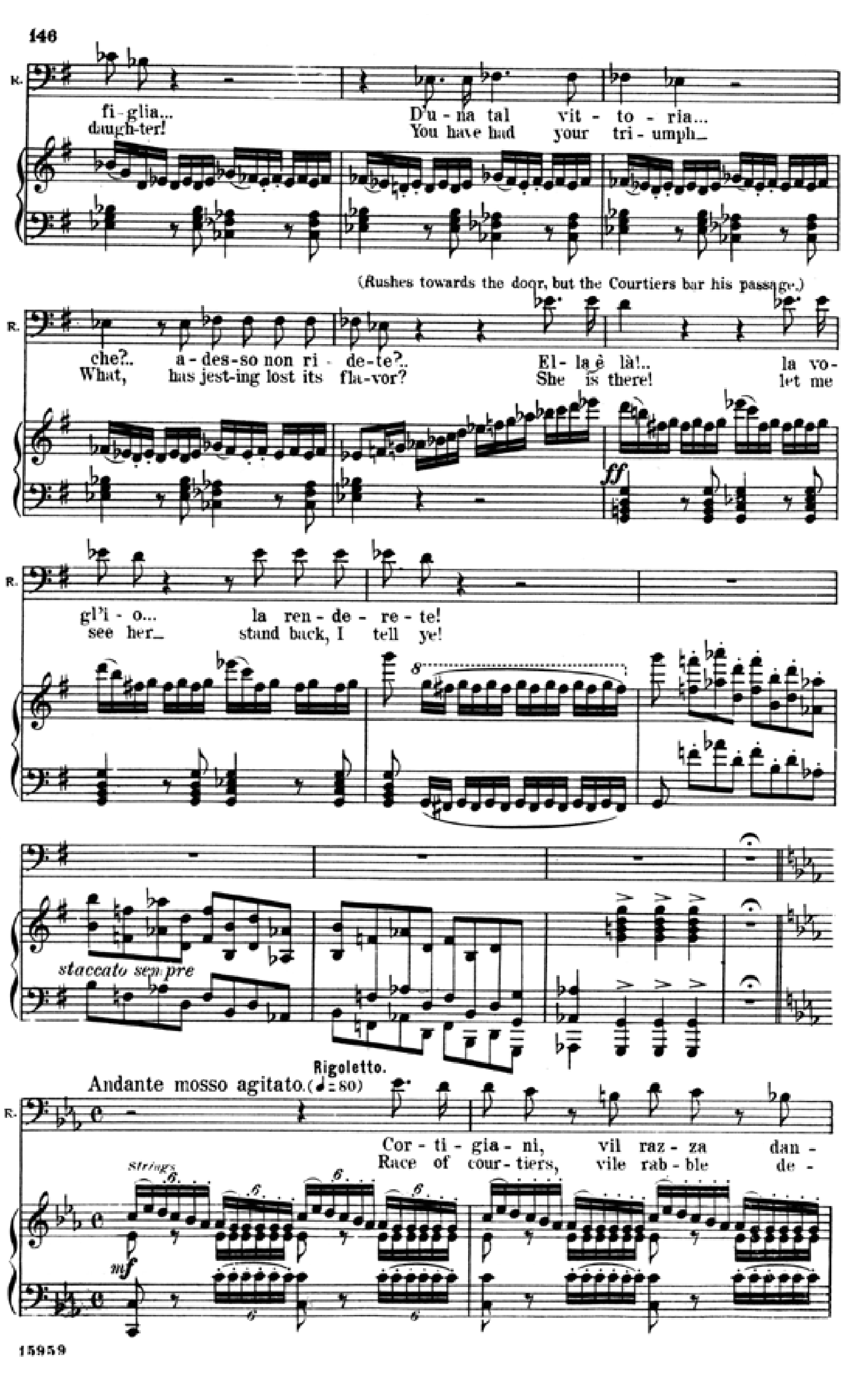

fi - glia...
daugh - ter!
Sì, la mia
Yes, she's my
La sua fi - glia!
What, his daugh - ter!
fff
pp
15959

Page 146


146
fi - glia...
daugh - ter!
D'u - na tal vit - to - ria...
You have had your tri - umph
(Rushes towards the door, but the Courtiers bar his passage.)
che?.. a - des - so non ri - de - te?..
What, has jest - ing lost its fla - vor?
El - la è là!..
She is there!
la vo -
let me
gl'i - o... la ren - de - re - te!
see her stand back, I tell ye!
staccato sempre
Andante mosso agitato. (♩ = 80)
Rigoletto.
Cor - ti - gia - ni, vil raz - za dan -
Race of cour - tiers, vile rab - ble de -
Strings
mf
15959

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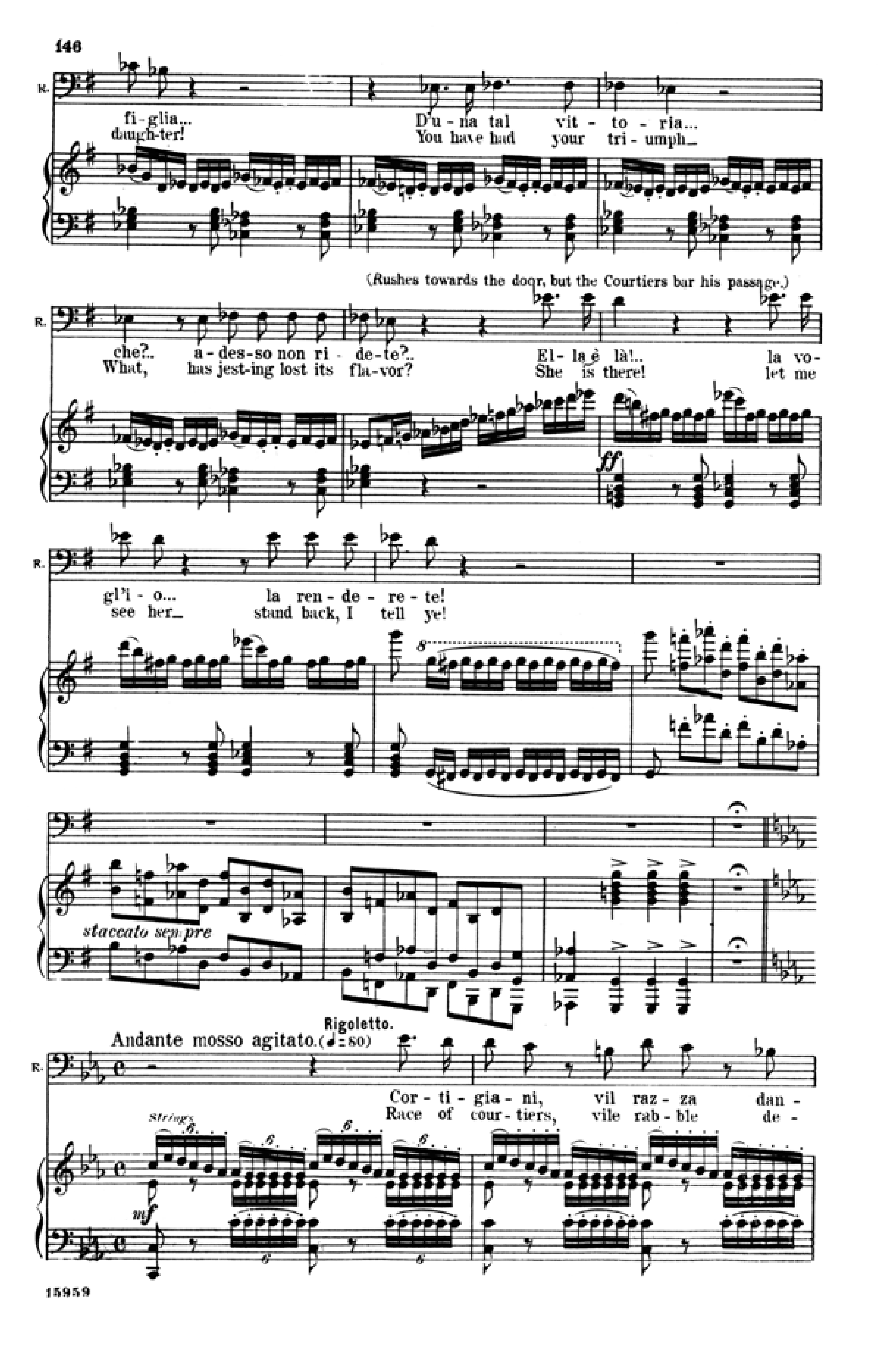
Andante mosso agitato
Rigoletto

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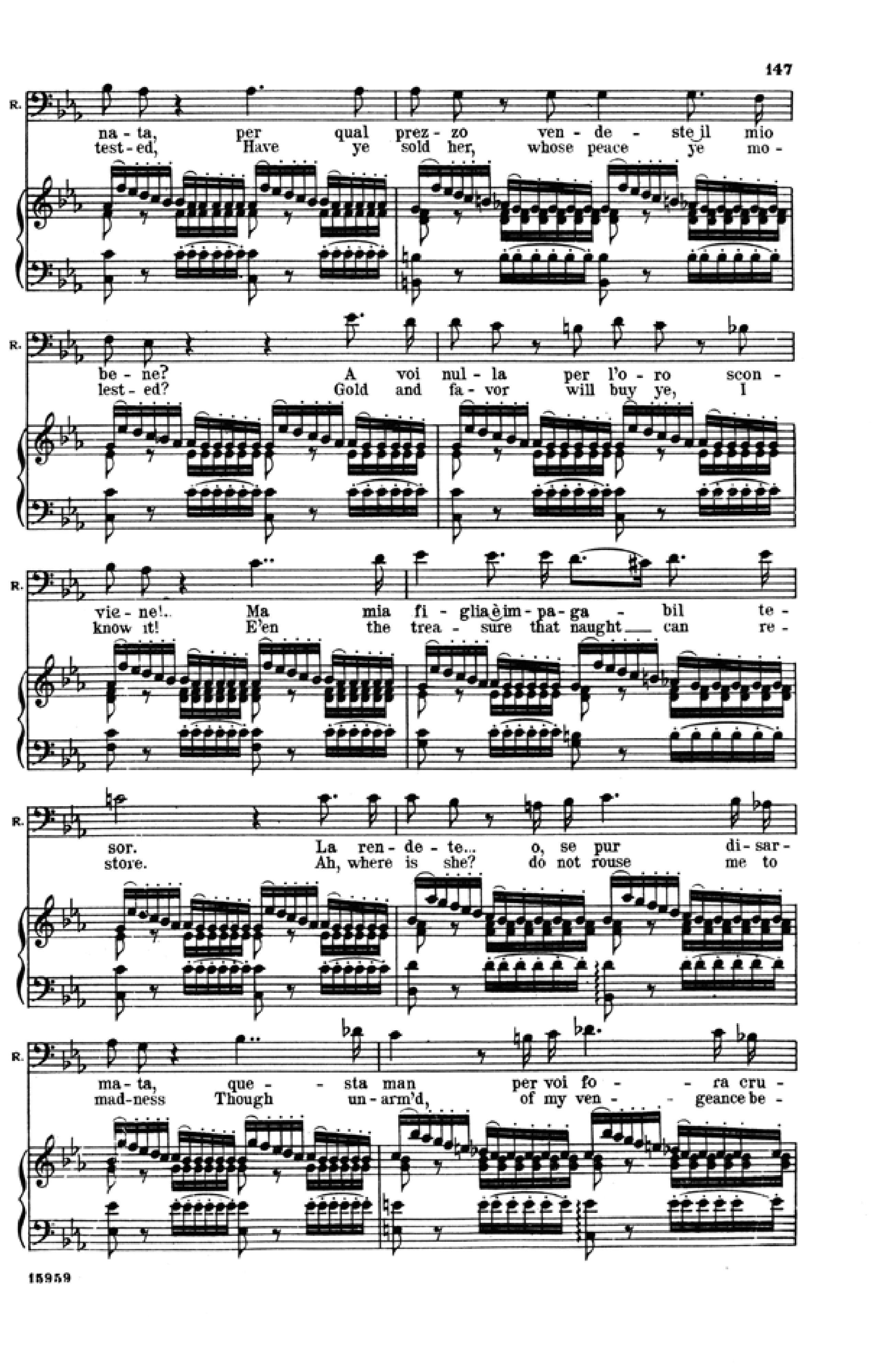

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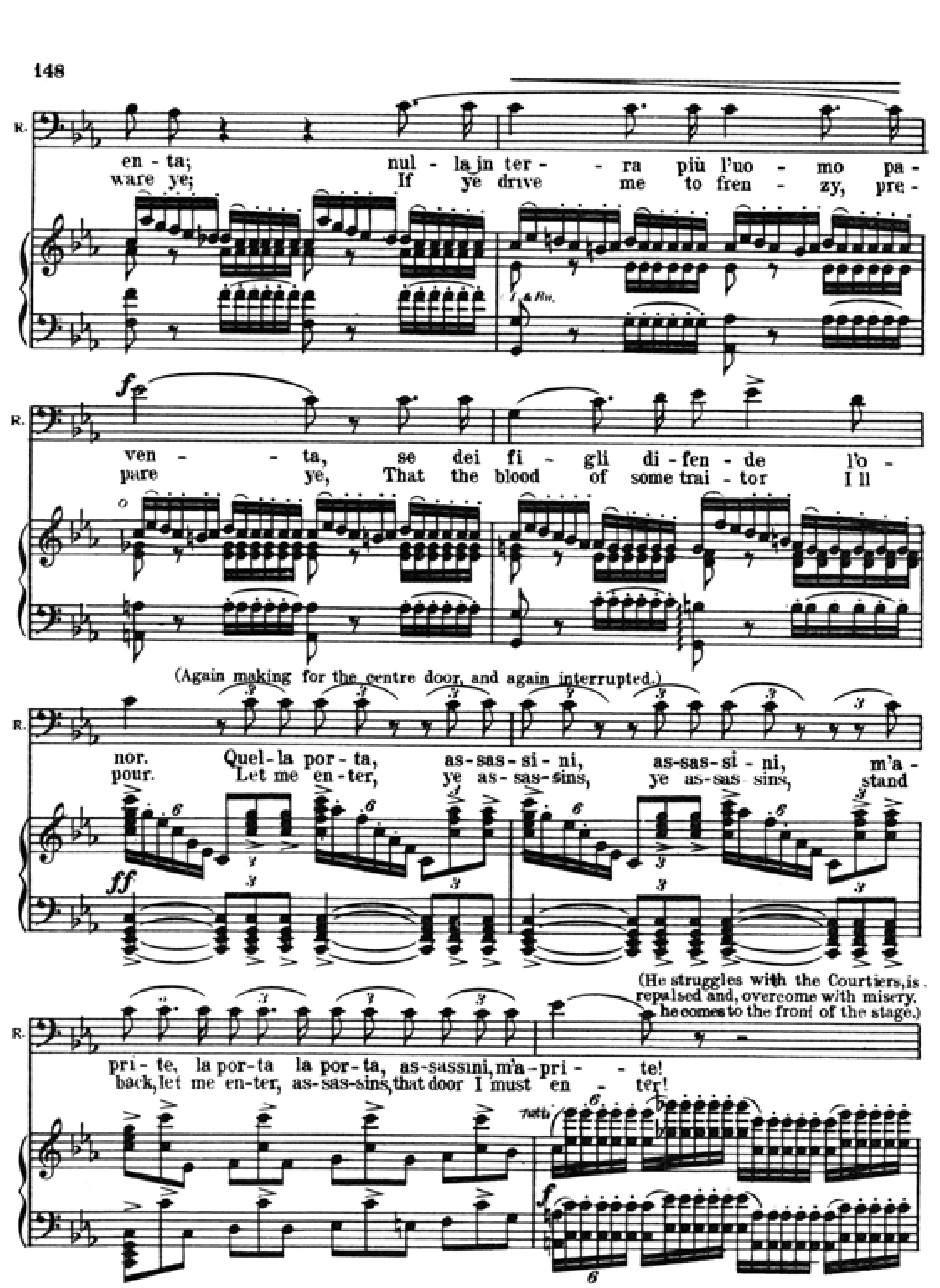

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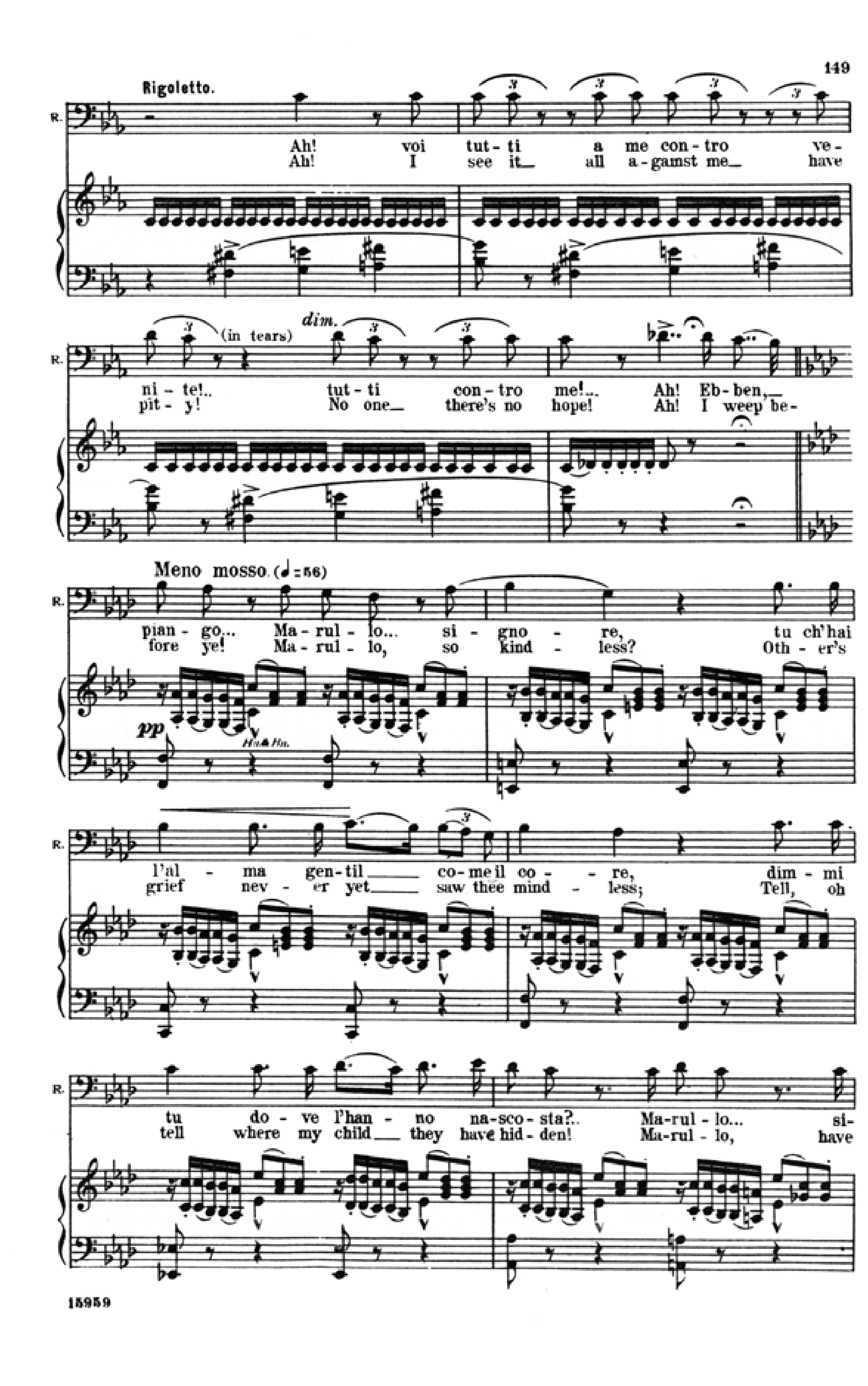
Rigoletto
Meno mosso

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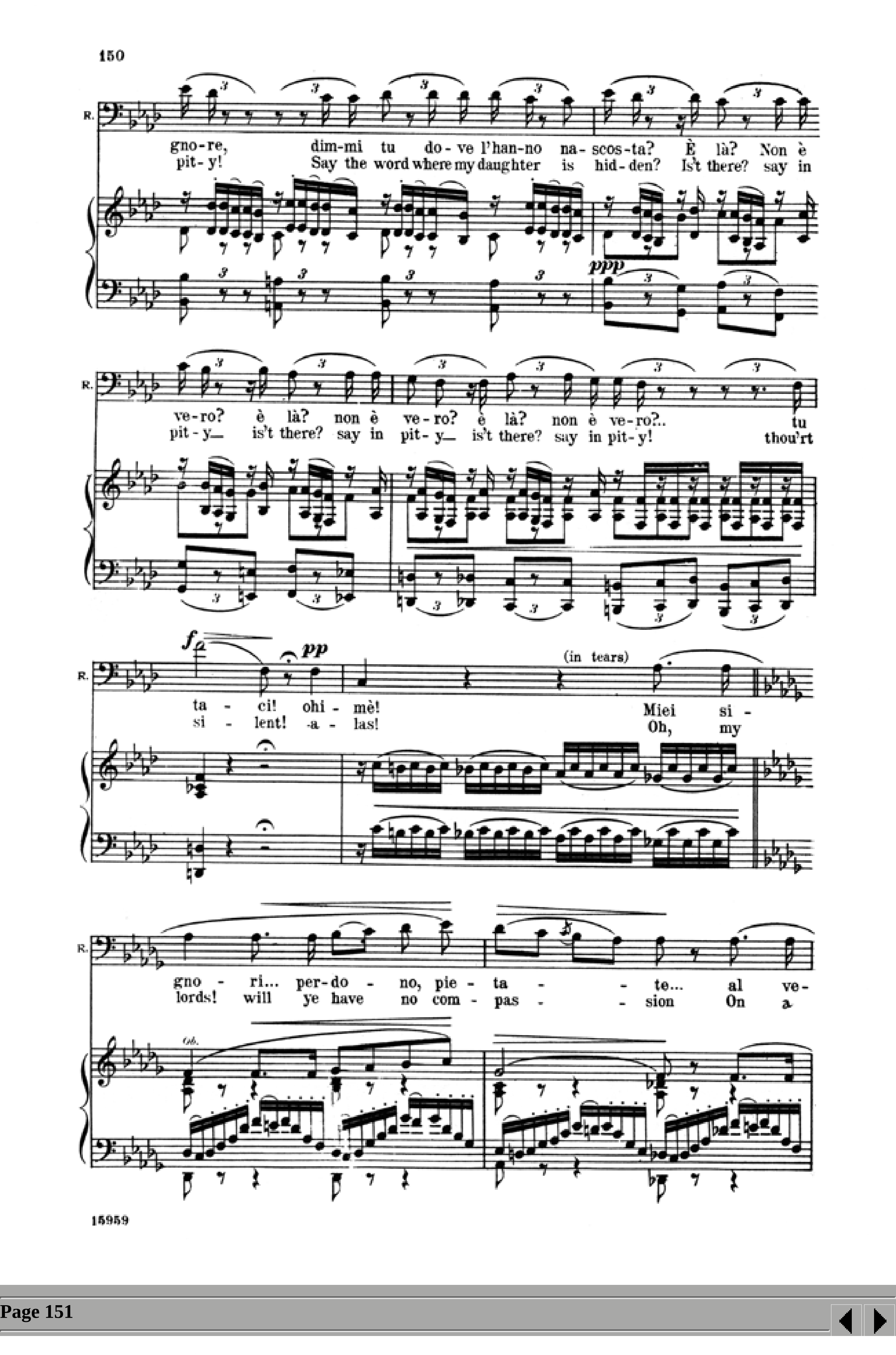

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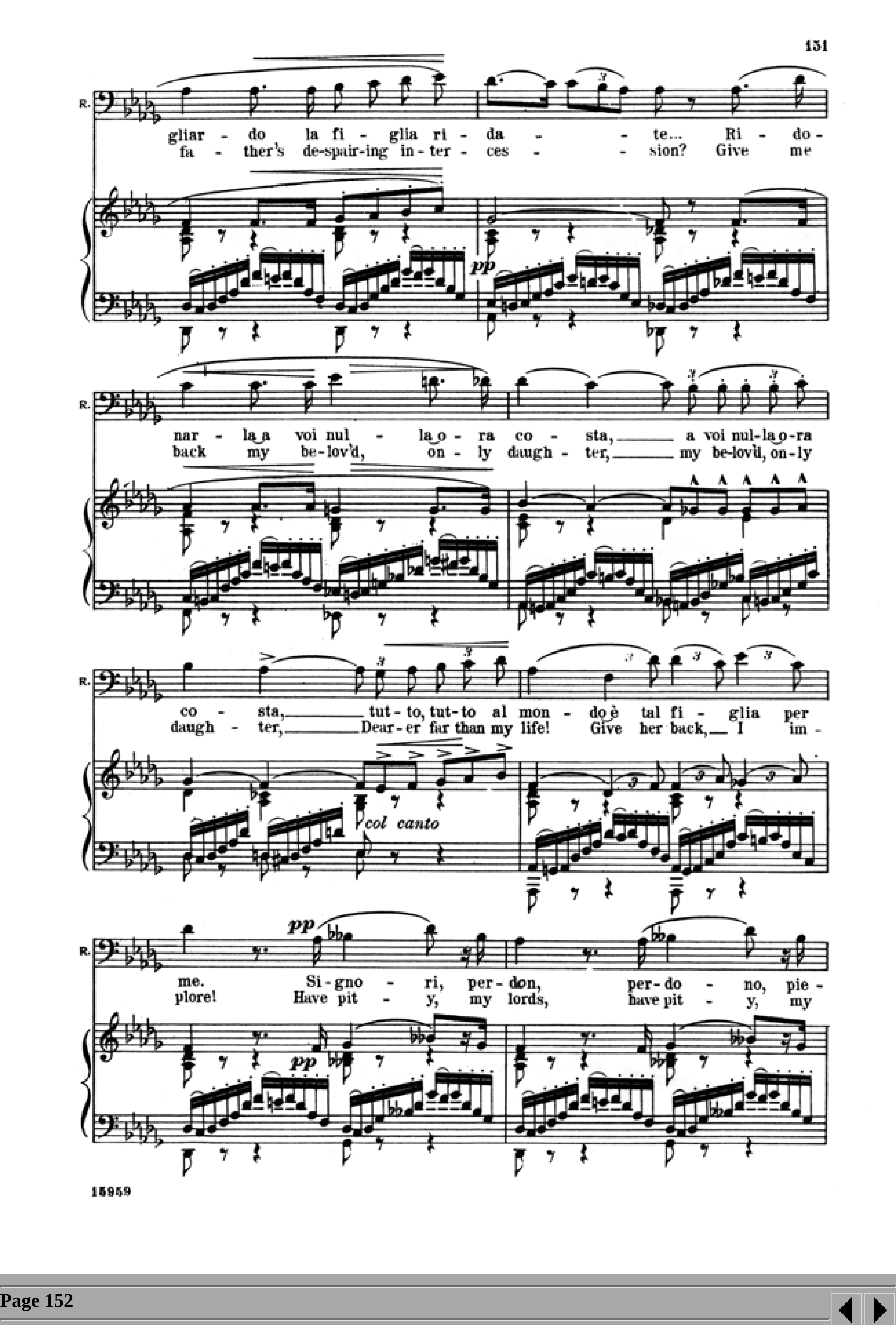

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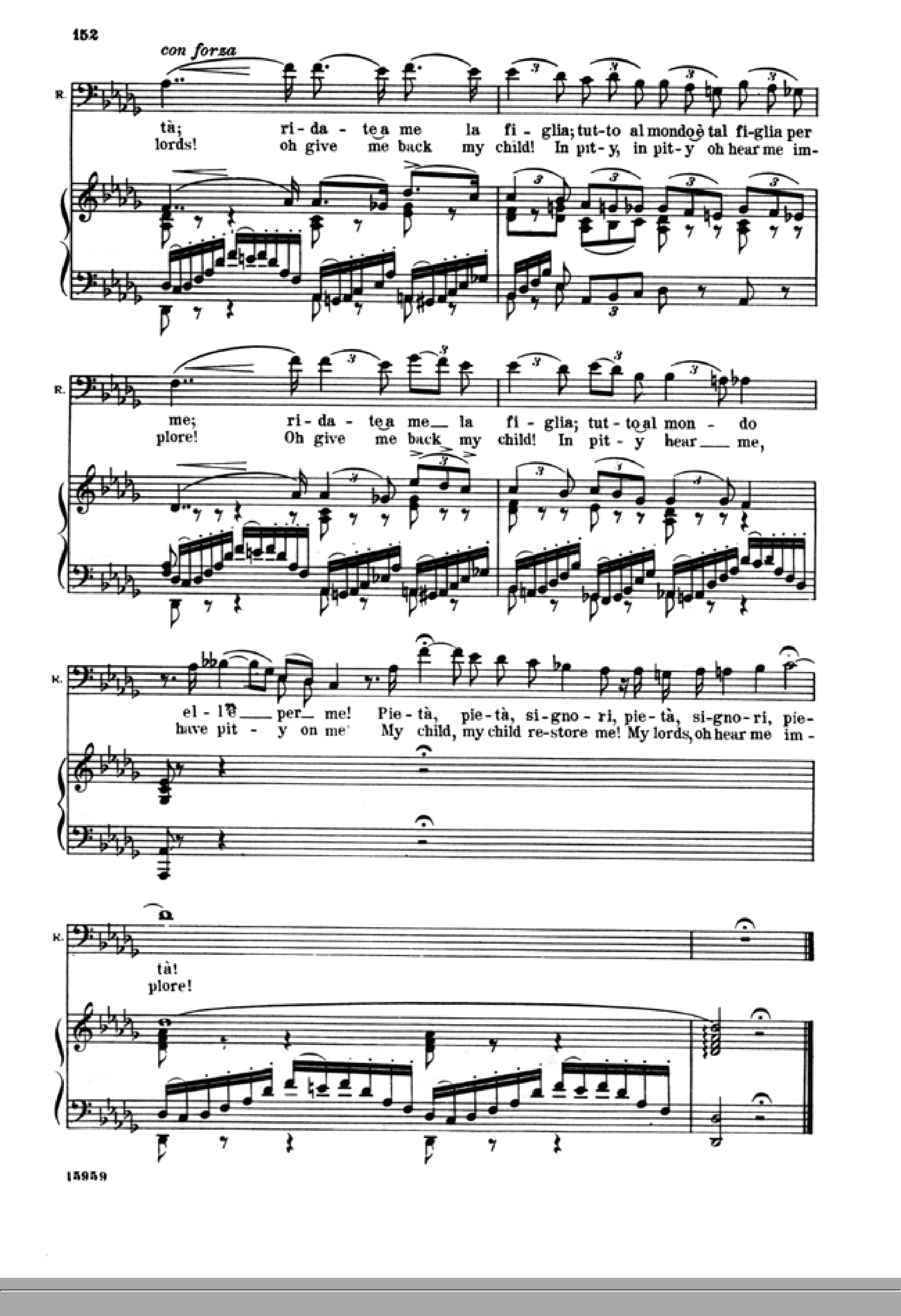
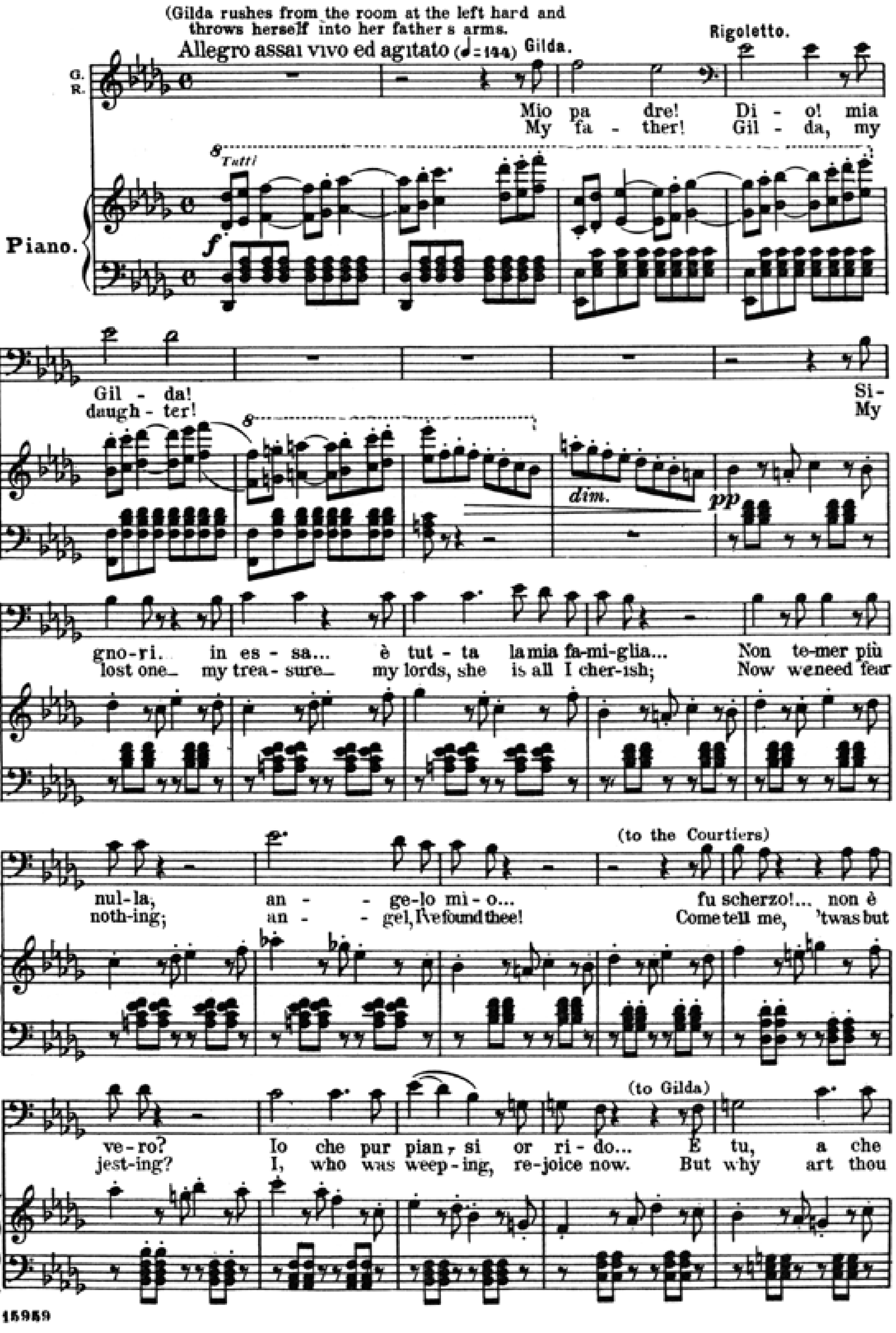
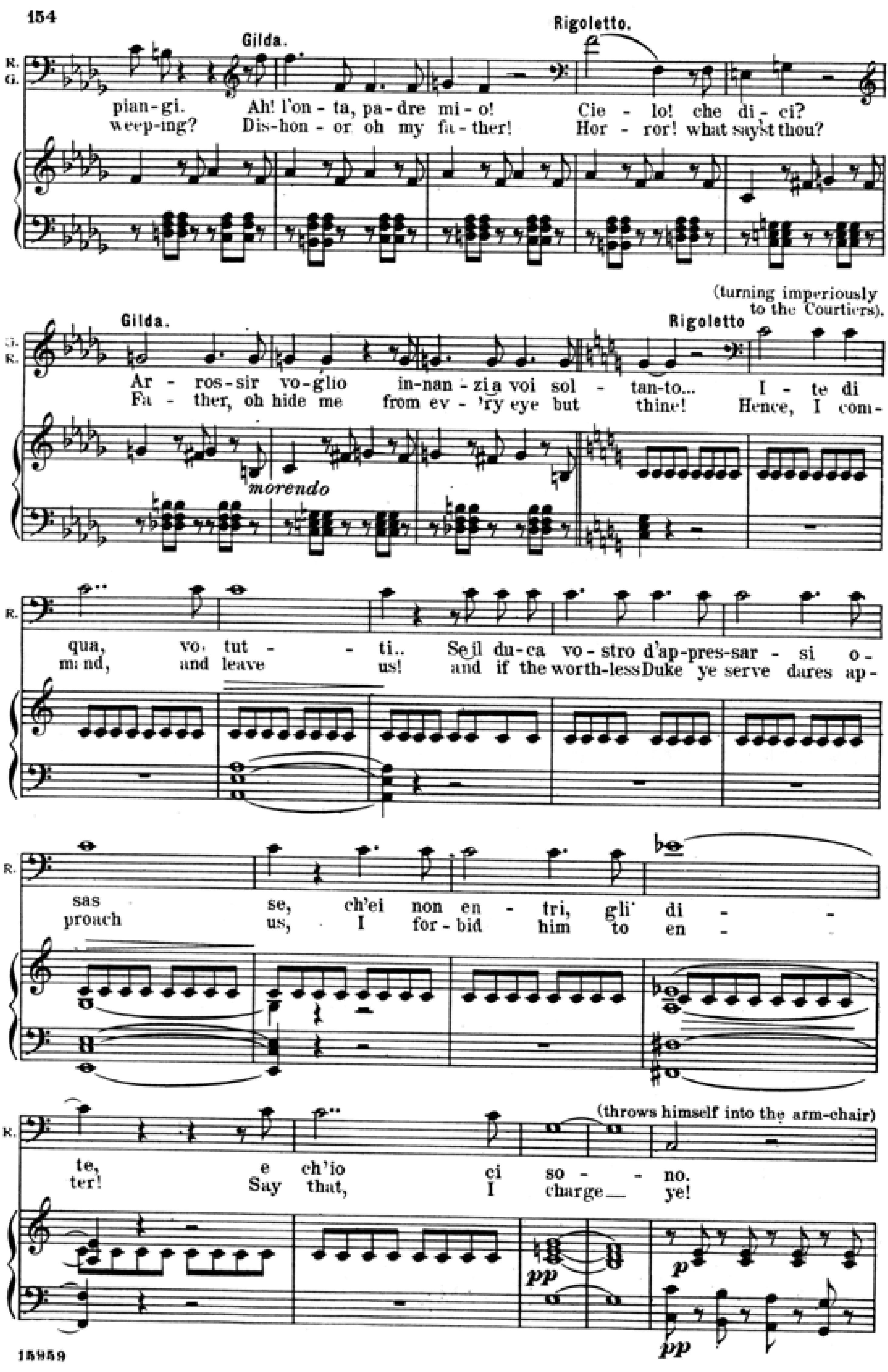


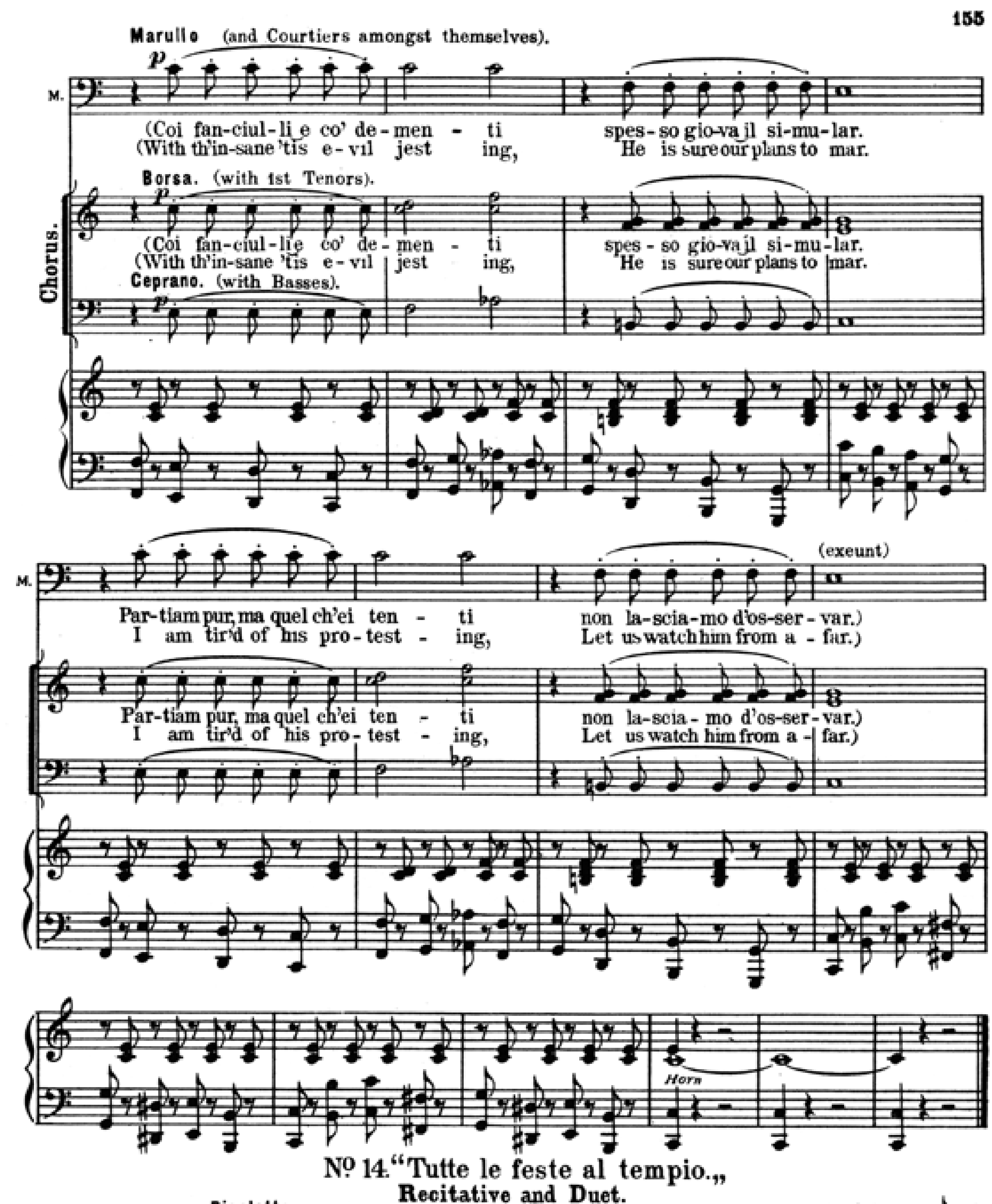
Nº 13 & 14 "Tutte le feste al tempio."

Recitative, Chorus and Duet.

(Gilda rushes from the room at the left hard and throws herself into her father's arms.

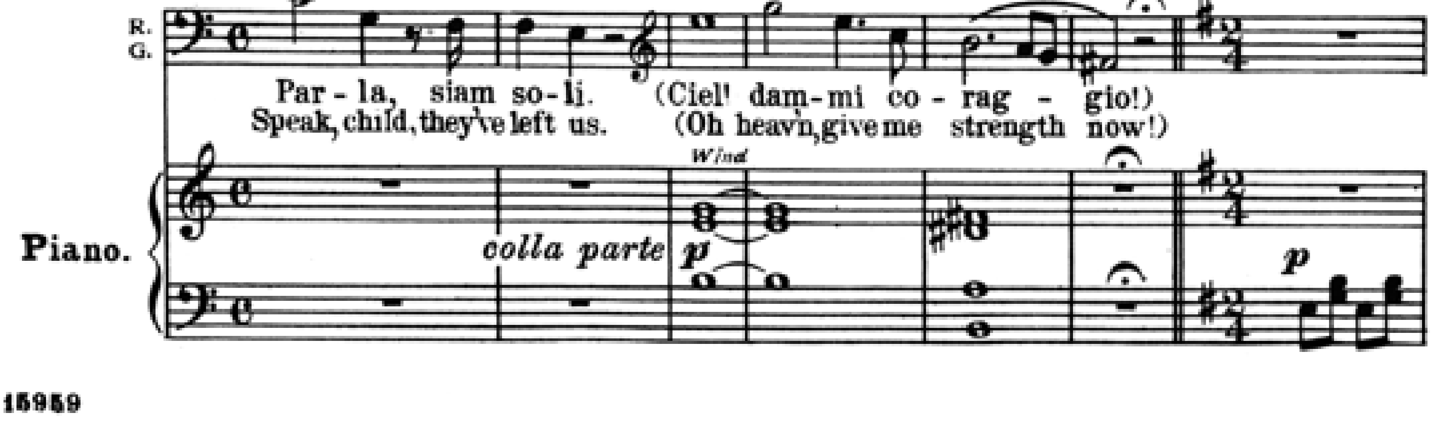

Allegro assai vivo ed agitato (♩=144)
Gilda.
Rigoletto.
G.
R.
Mio padre!
My father!
Dio! mia Gilda!
Gilda, my daughter!
Piano.
Tutti
f
dim.
pp
Signori... in essa... è tutta la mia famiglia...
My lost one... my treasure... my lords, she is all I cherish;
Non temer più nulla, angelo mio...
Now we need fear nothing; angel, I've found thee!
(to the Courtiers)
fu scherzo!... non è vero?
Come tell me, 'twas but jesting?
Io che pur piansi or rido...
I, who was weeping, rejoice now.
(to Gilda)
E tu, a che
But why art thou

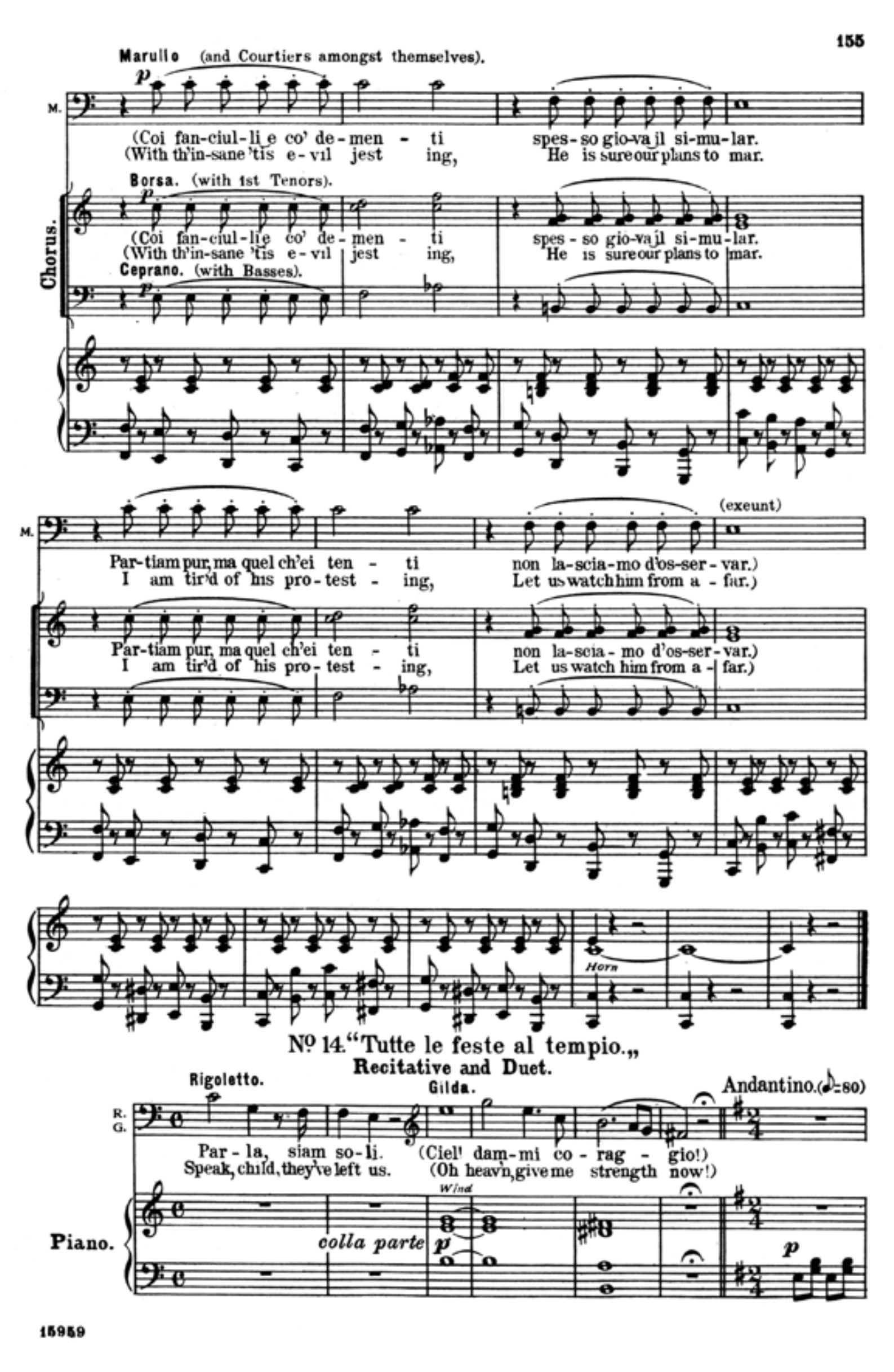

R.
G.
Gilda.
Rigoletto.
piangi.
weeping?
Ah! l'onta, padre mio!
Dishonor oh my father!
Cielo! che dici?
Horror! what say'st thou?
Gilda.
Arrossir voglio innanzi a voi soltanto...
Father, oh hide me from ev'ry eye but thine!
Rigoletto
(turning imperiously to the Courtiers).
morendo
Ite di qua, voi tutti..
Hence, I command, and leave us!
Se il duca vostro d'appressarsi osasse, ch'ei non entri, gli' dite,
and if the worthless Duke ye serve dares approach us, I forbid him to enter!
e ch'io ci sono.
Say that, I charge ye!
(throws himself into the arm-chair)
pp
p
pp

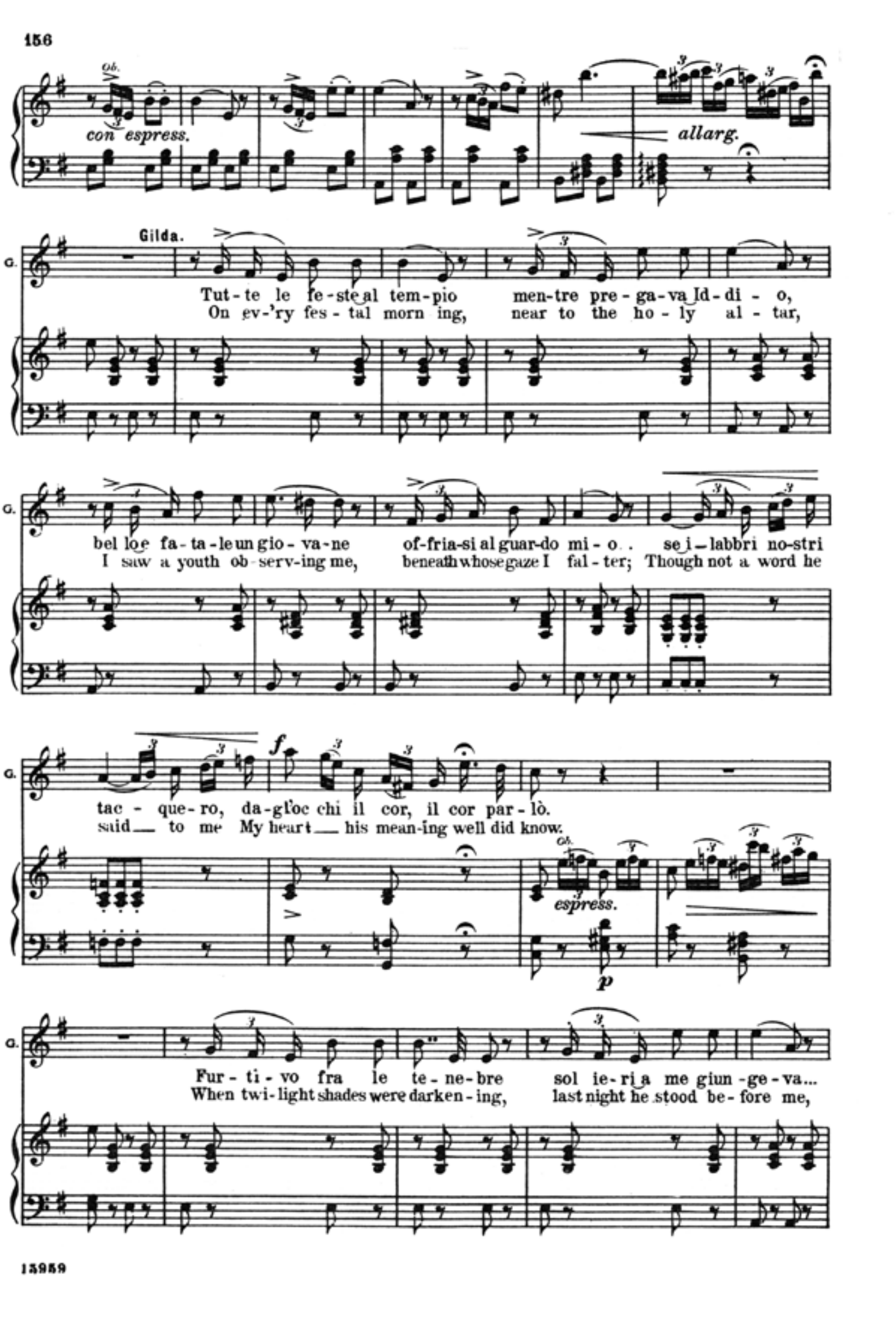

Marullo (and Courtiers amongst themselves).
M.
p
(Coi fanciulli e co' dementi spesso giova il simular.
(With th'insane 'tis evil jesting, He is sure our plans to mar.
Chorus.
Borsa. (with 1st Tenors).
Ceprano. (with Basses).
Partiam pur, ma quel ch'ei tenti non lasciamo d'osservar.)
I am tir'd of his protesting, Let us watch him from afar.)
(exeunt)
Horn

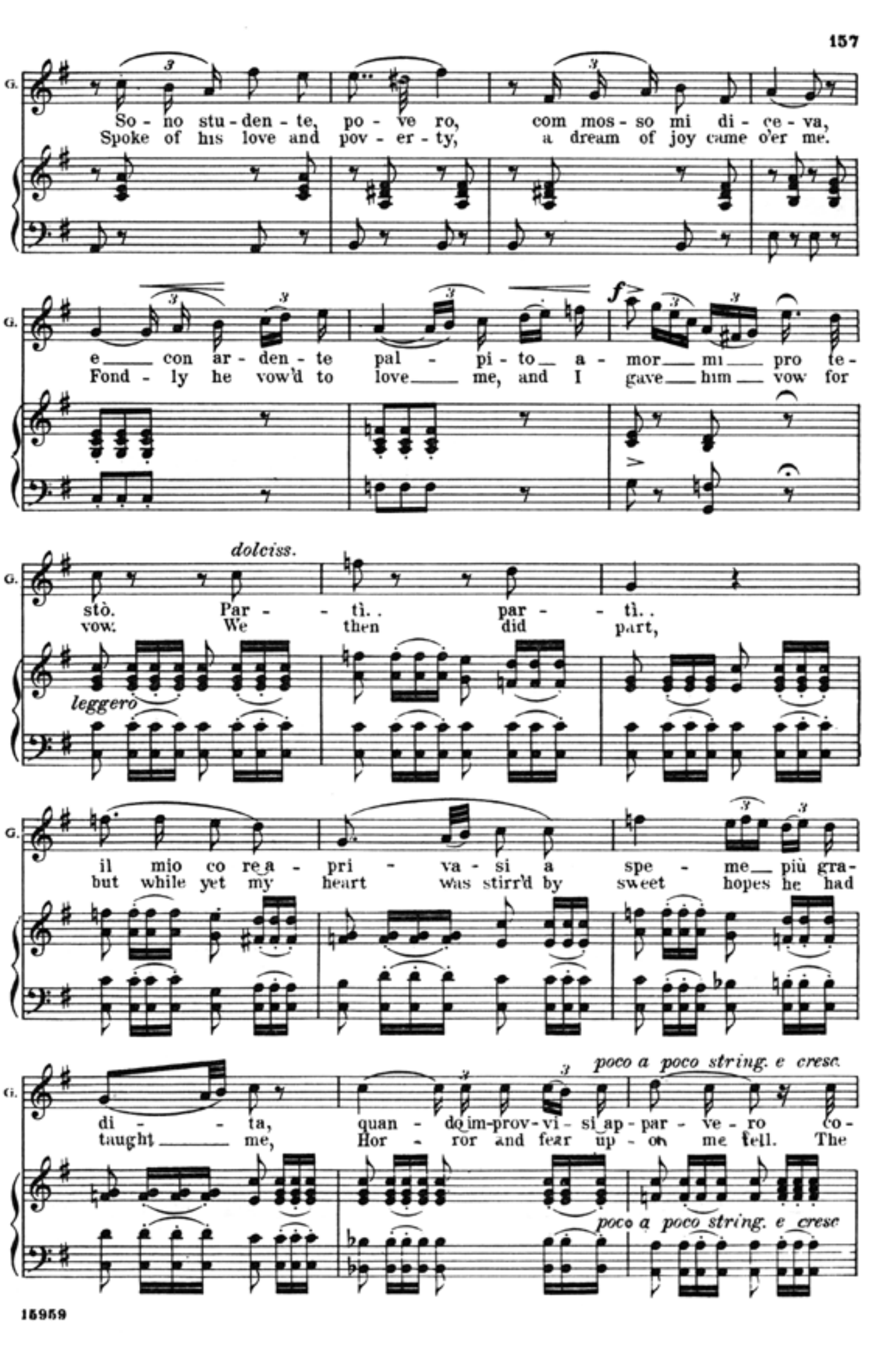
Nº 14. "Tutte le feste al tempio."

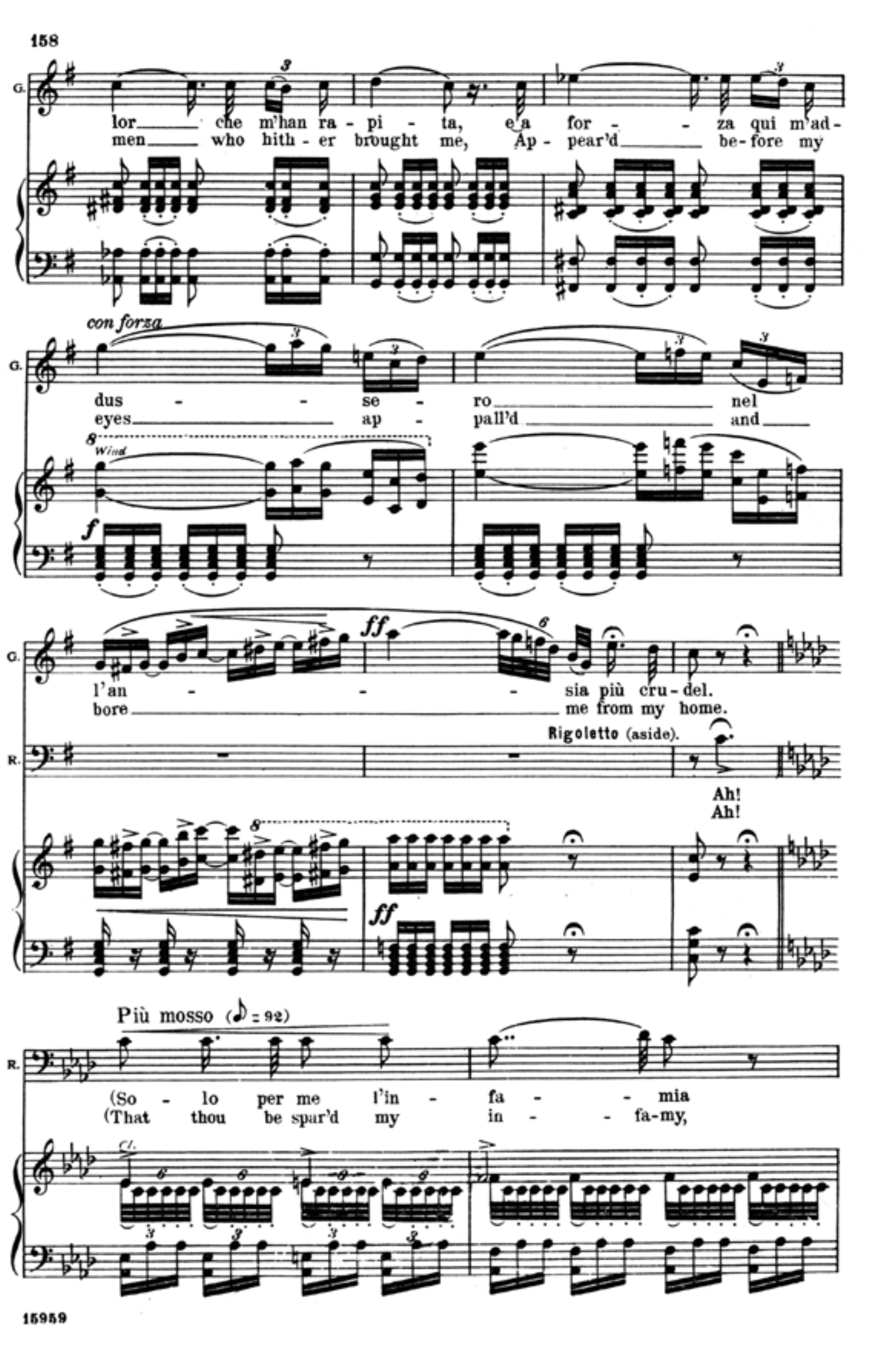
Recitative and Duet.

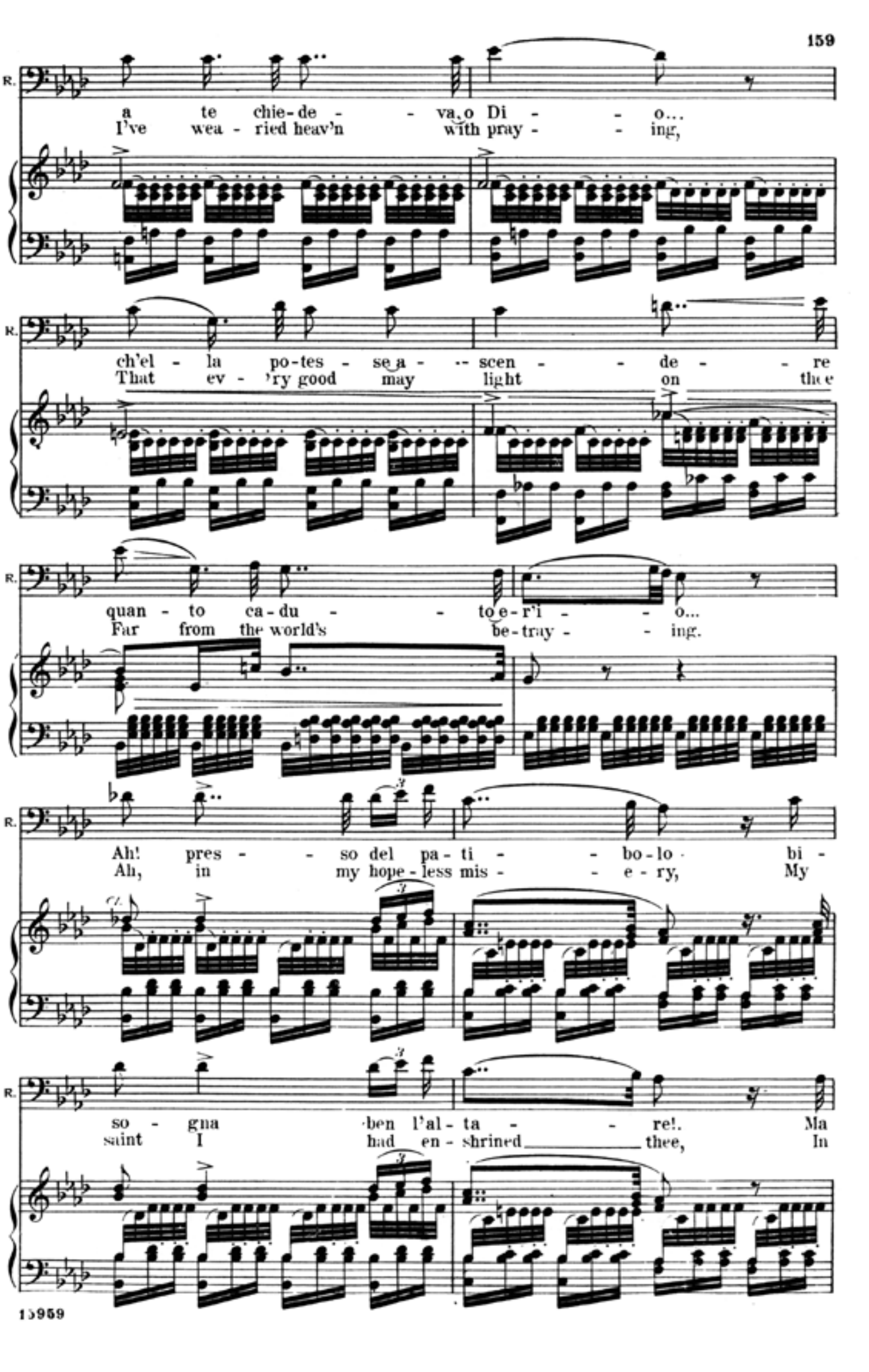

Rigoletto.
Gilda.
Andantino. (♪=80)
R.
G.
Parla, siam soli.
Speak, child, they've left us.
(Ciel! dammi coraggio!)
(Oh heav'n, give me strength now!)
Piano.
colla parte
Wind
p
p

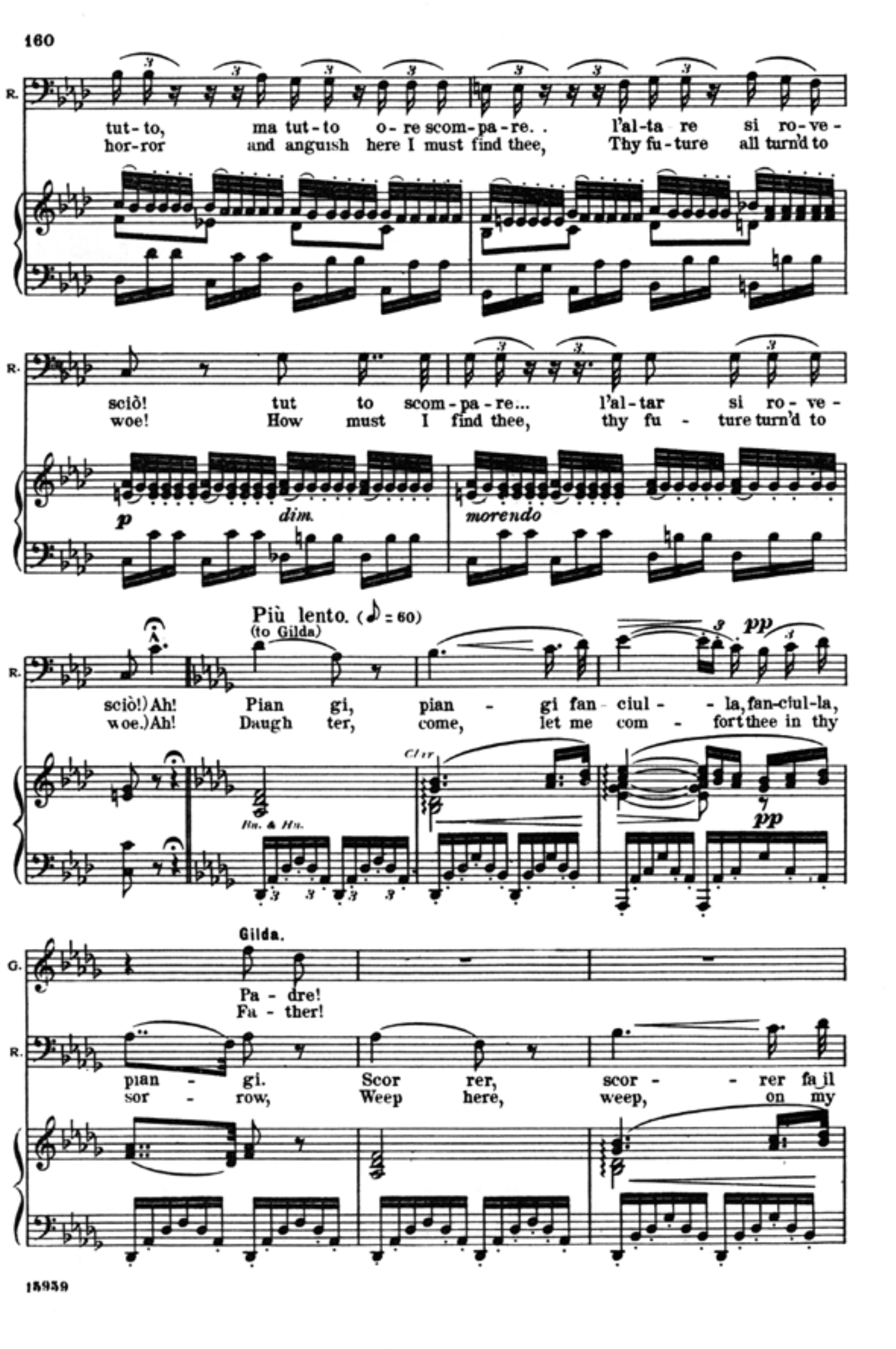

Marullo (and Courtiers amongst themselves).
M.
(Coi fanciulli e co' dementi spesso giova il simular.
(With th'insane 'tis evil jesting, He is sure our plans to mar.
Borsa. (with 1st Tenors).
Chorus.
Ceprano. (with Basses).
Partiam pur, ma quel ch'ei tenti non lasciamo d'osservar.)
I am tir'd of his protesting, Let us watch him from afar.)
(exeunt)
Horn
Nº 14. "Tutte le feste al tempio.„
Recitative and Duet.
Rigoletto.
Gilda.
Andantino. (♪=80)
R.
G.
Parla, siam soli. (Ciel! dammi coraggio!)
Speak, child, they've left us. (Oh heav'n, give me strength now!)
Wind
colla parte
Piano.
p

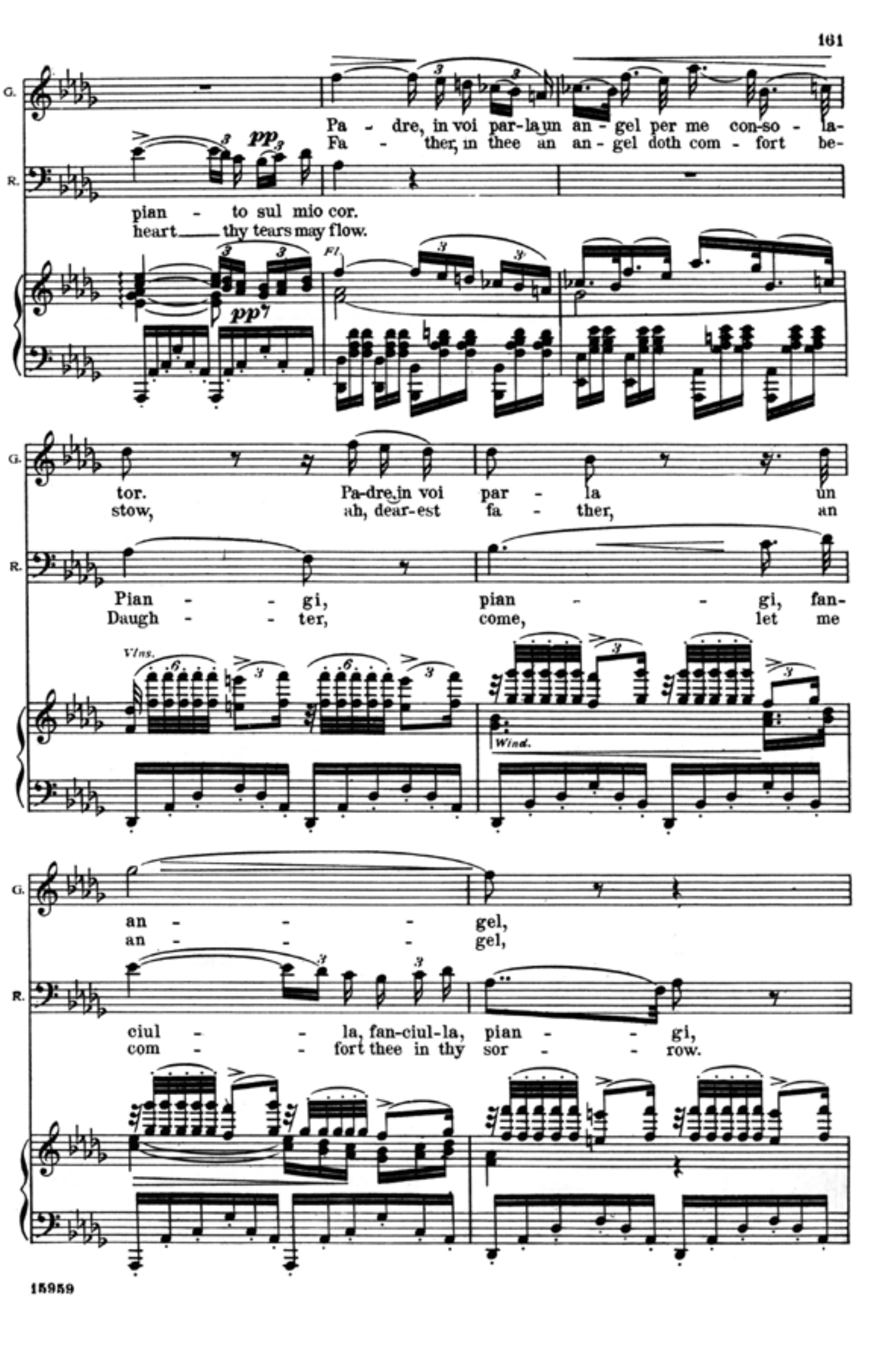

Ob.
con espress.
allarg.
Gilda.
G.
Tutte le feste al tempio mentre pregava Iddio,
On ev'ry festal morning, near to the holy altar,
bel loe fatale un giovane offriasi al guardo mio.. se i labbri nostri
I saw a youth observing me, beneath whose gaze I falter; Though not a word he
tacquero, dagl'occhi il cor, il cor parlò.
said to me My heart his meaning well did know.
Ob.
espress.
p
f
Furtivo fra le tenebre sol ieri a me giungeva...
When twilight shades were darkening, last night he stood before me,

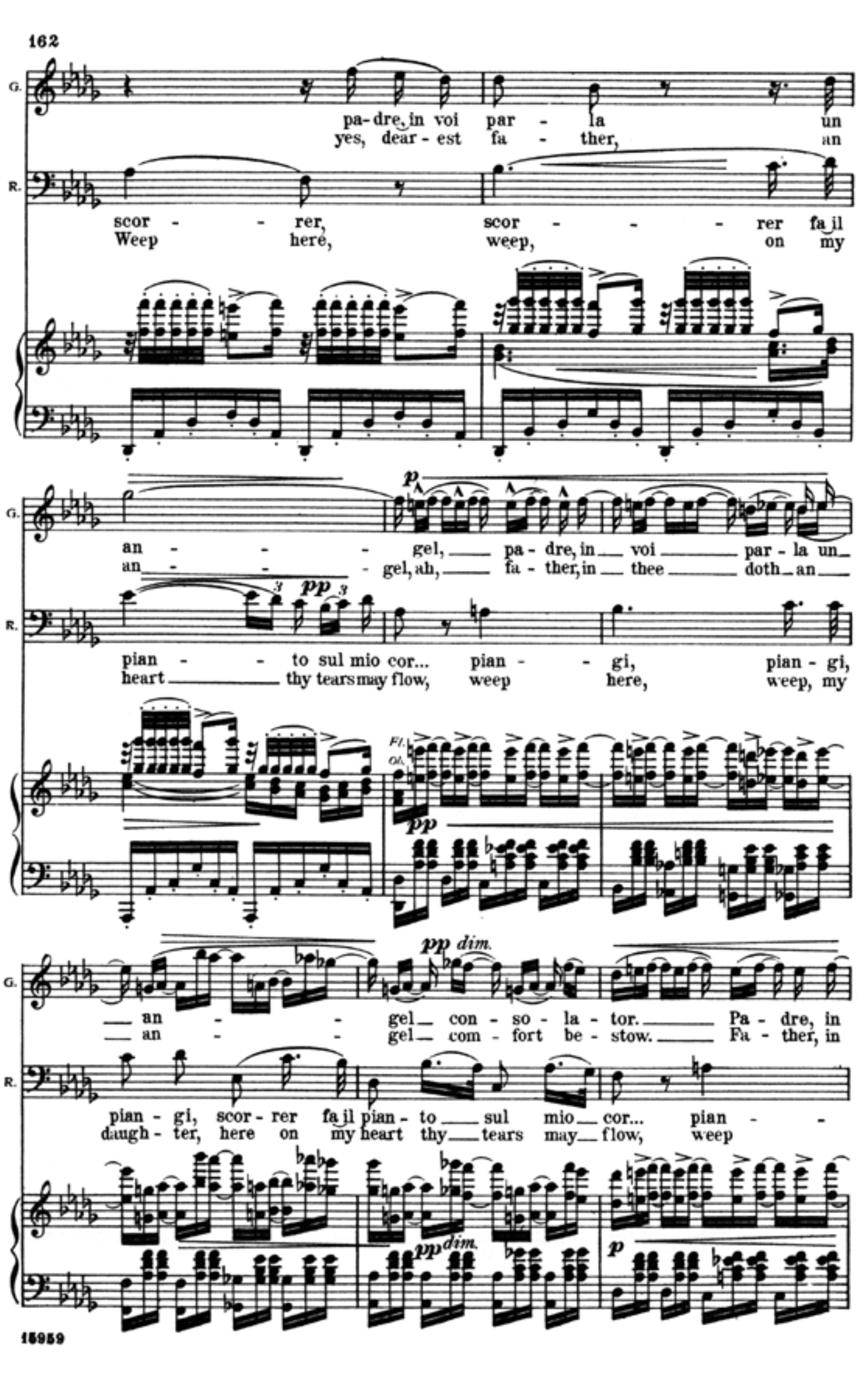

G.
Sono studente, povero, commosso mi diceva,
Spoke of his love and poverty, a dream of joy came o'er me.
e con ardente palpito amor mi protestò.
Fondly he vow'd to love me, and I gave him vow for vow.
f
dolciss.
Partì.. partì..
We then did part,
leggero
il mio cor aprì vasi a speme più gradita,
but while yet my heart was stirr'd by sweet hopes he had taught me,
quando improvvisi apparvero co-
Horror and fear upon me fell. The
poco a poco string. e cresc.

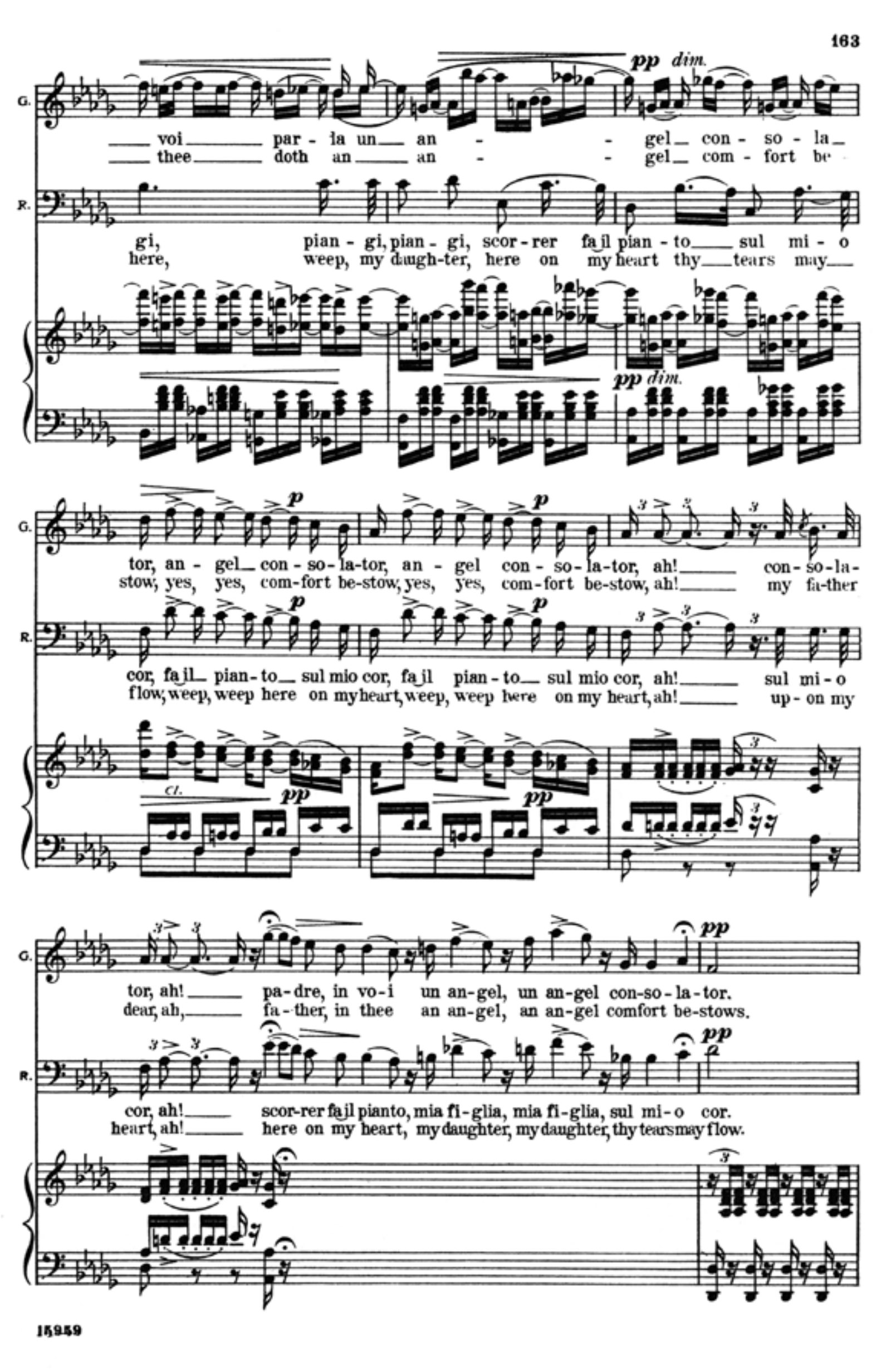

G.
lor che m'han rapita, e a forza qui m'ad-
men who hither brought me, Appear'd before my
con forza
dus sero nel
eyes appall'd and
Wind
f
l'ansia più crudel.
bore me from my home.
ff
Rigoletto (aside).
R.
Ah!
Ah!
Più mosso (♪=92)
(Solo per me l'infamia
(That thou be spar'd my infamy,
Cl.

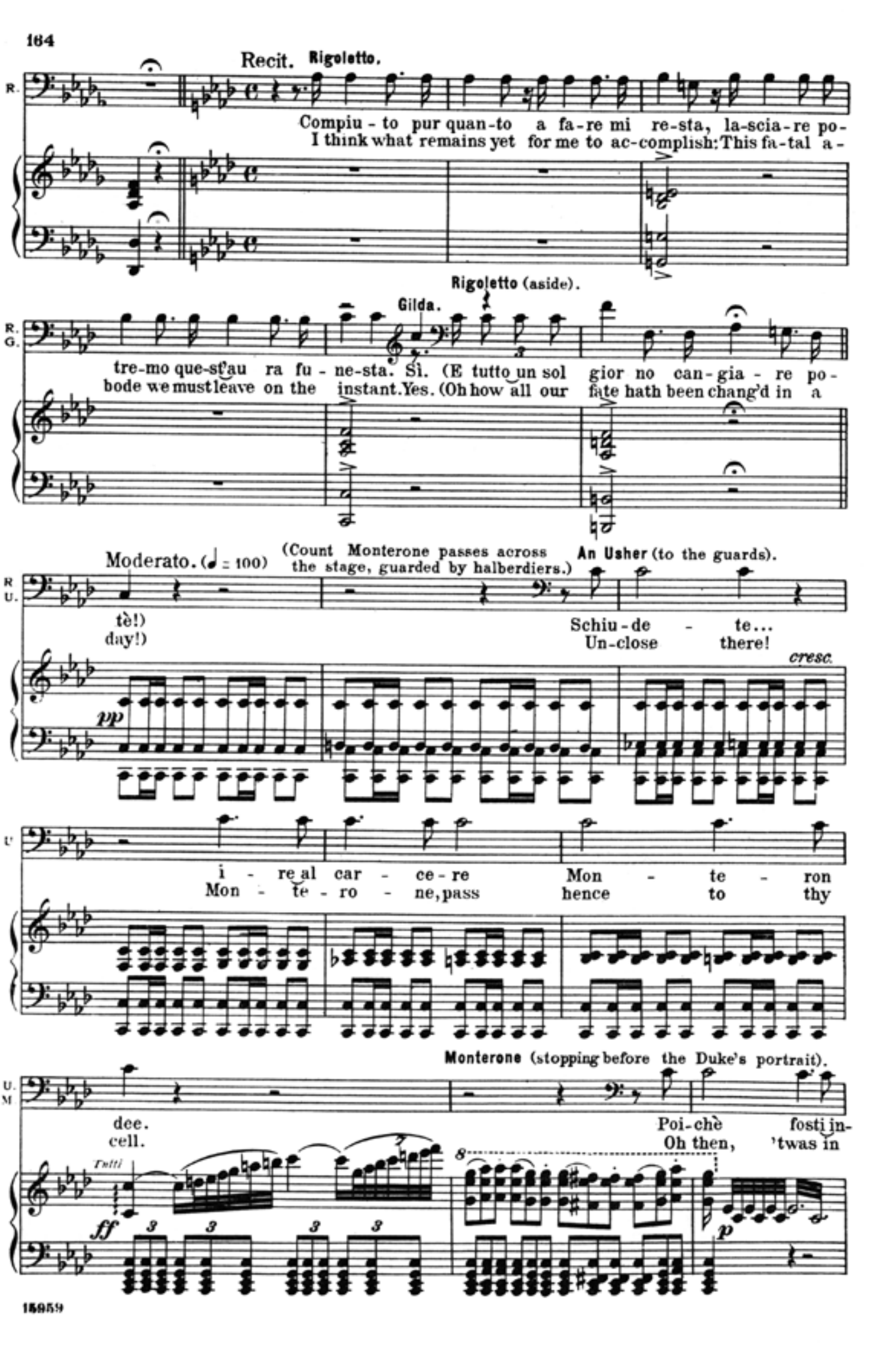

R.
a te chiedeva, o Dio... o...
I've wearied heav'n with praying,
ch'ella potesse ascendere
That ev'ry good may light on thee
quanto caduto e r'i... o...
Far from the world's betraying.
Ah! presso del patibolo bi-
Ah, in my hopeless misery, My
Cl.
sogna ben l'altare! Ma
saint I had enshrined thee, In

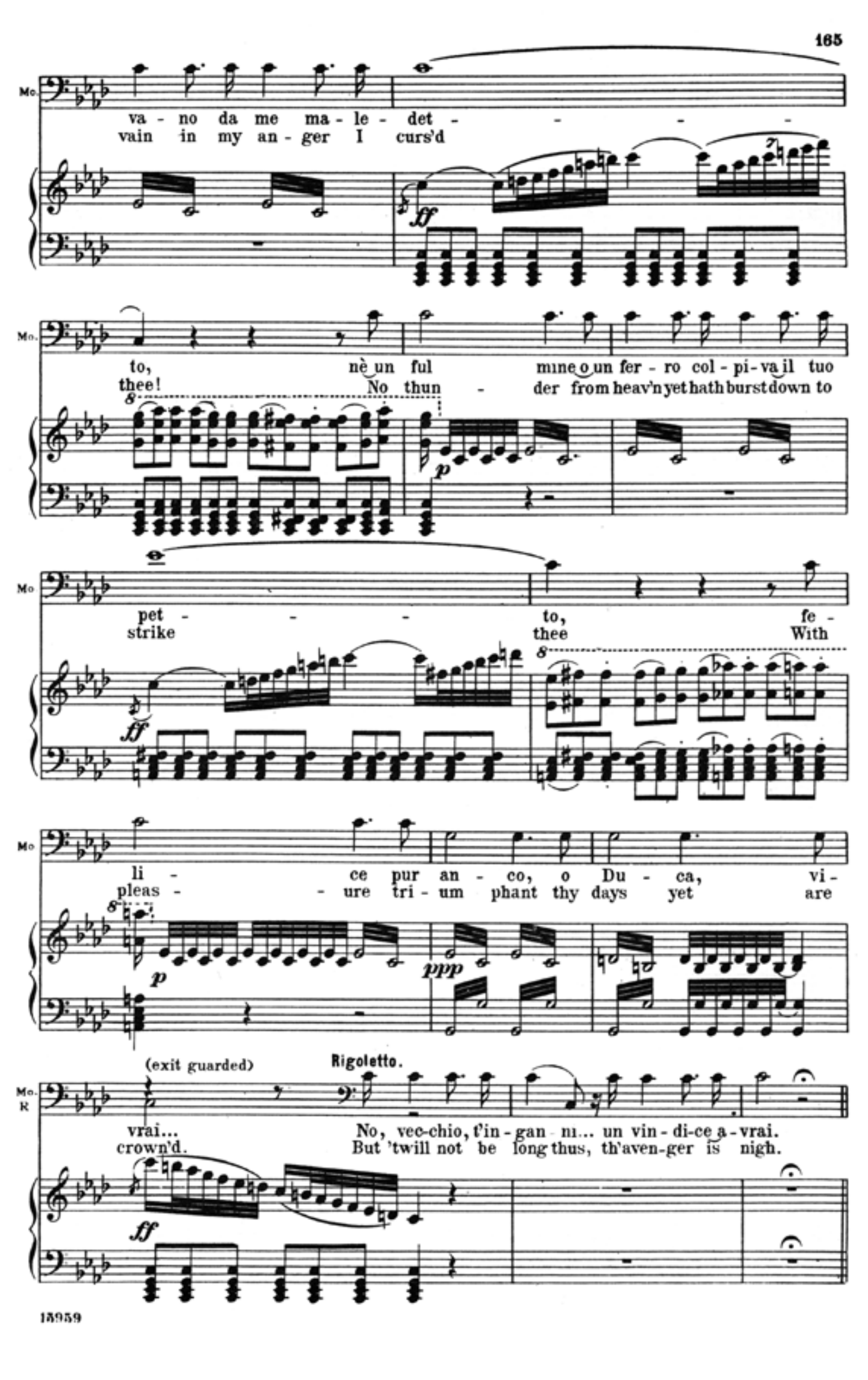

R.
tutto, ma tutto ore scompare.. l'altare si rove-
horror and anguish here I must find thee, Thy future all turn'd to
sciò! tut to scompare... l'altar si rove-
woe! How must I find thee, thy future turn'd to
p
dim.
morendo
Più lento. (♪=60)
(to Gilda)
sciò!) Ah! Piangi, piangi fanciulla, fanciulla,
woe.) Ah! Daughter, come, let me comfort thee in thy
Cl.
Hn. & Hn.
pp
Gilda.
G.
Padre!
Father!
piangi. Scorrer, scorrer fa il
sorrow, Weep here, weep, on my

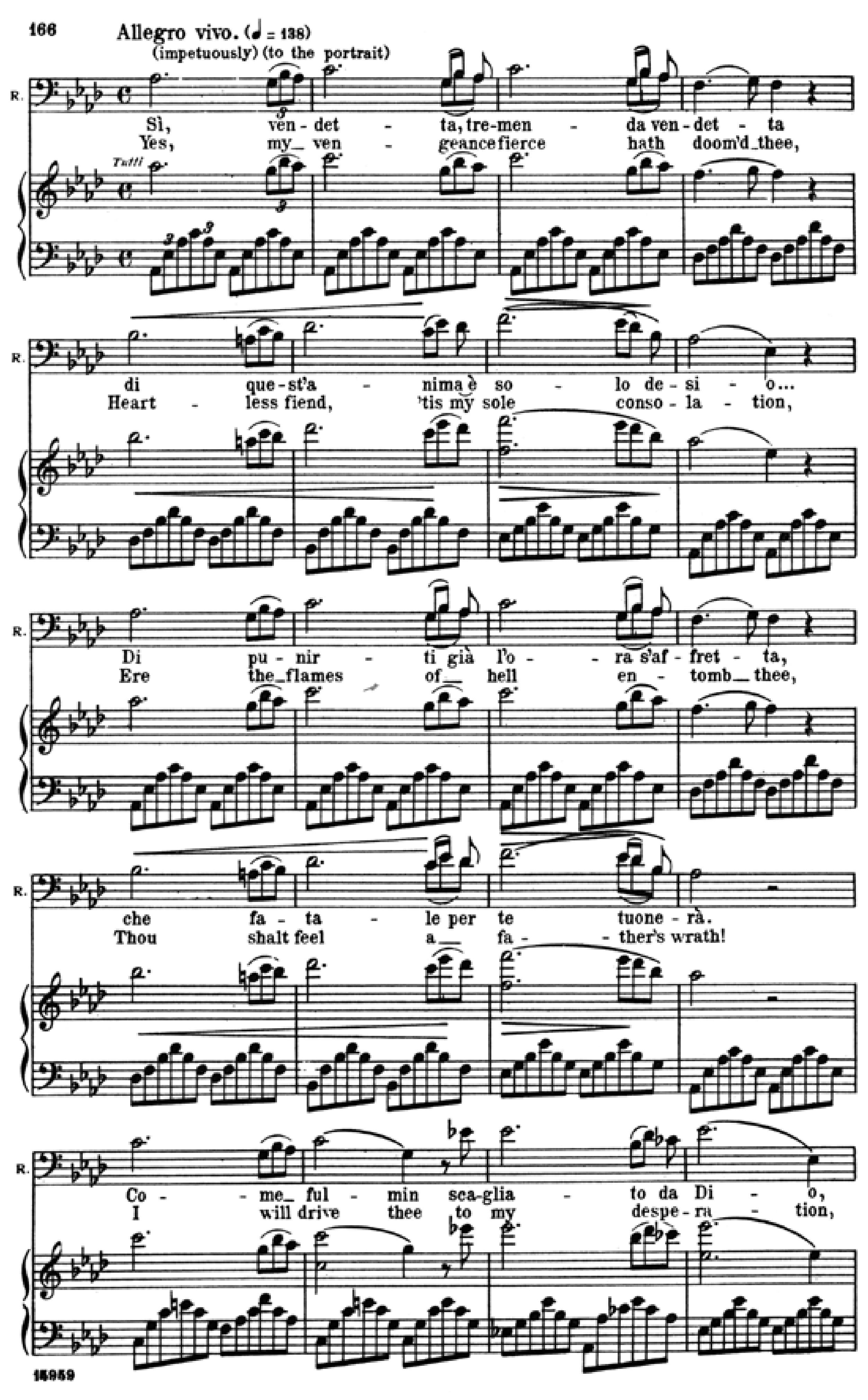

G.
Padre, in voi parla un angel per me consola-
Father, in thee an angel doth comfort be-
R.
pp
pianto sul mio cor.
heart thy tears may flow.
Fl.
pp
tor. Padre in voi parla un
stow, ah, dearest father, an
Piangi, piangi, fan-
Daughter, come, let me
Vlns.
Wind.
angel,
angel,
ciulla, fanciulla, piangi,
comfort thee in thy sorrow.

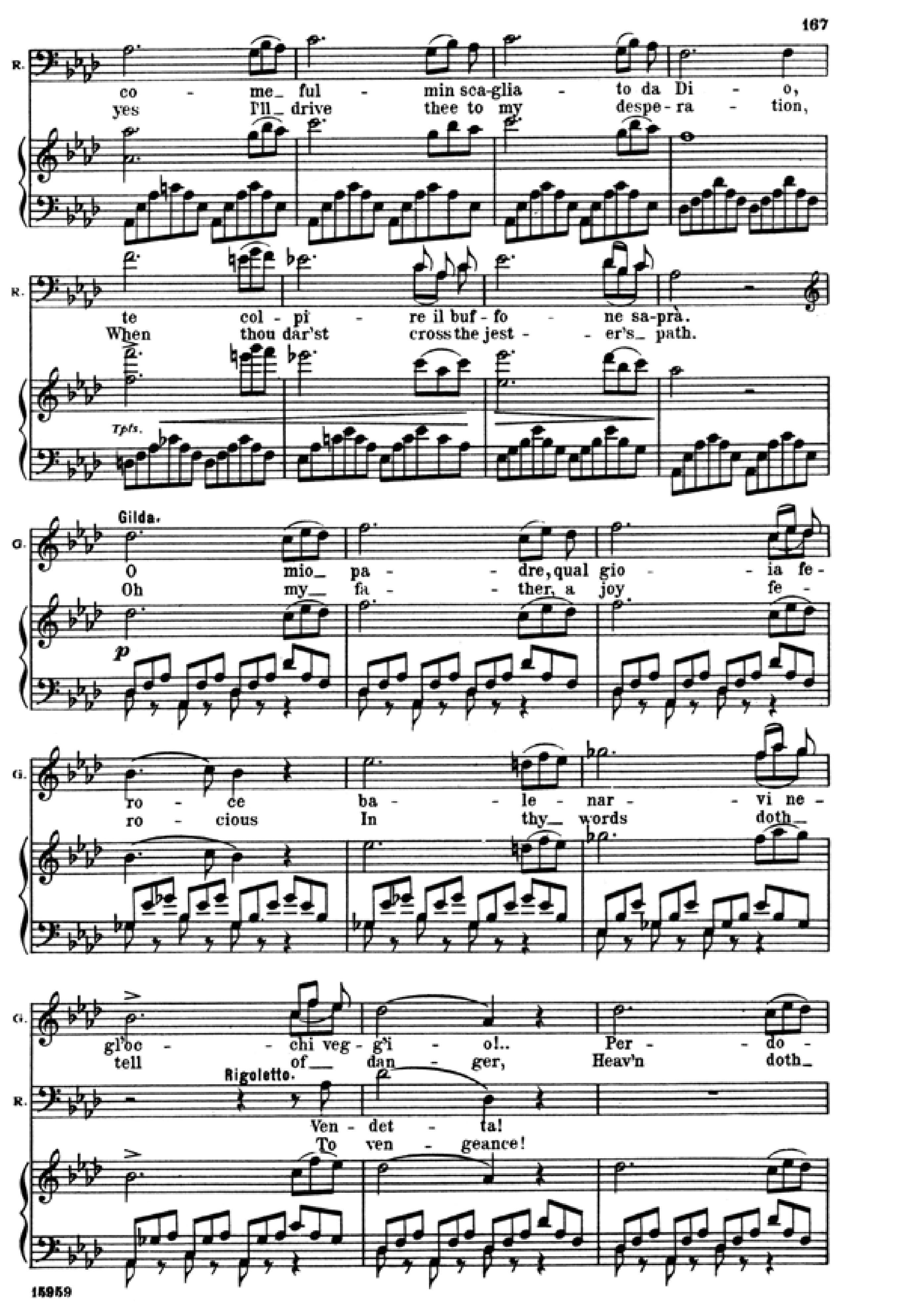

G.
padre, in voi parla un
yes, dearest father, an
R.
scorrer, scorrer fa il
Weep here, weep, on my
p
angel, padre, in voi parla un
angel, ah, father, in thee doth an
pp
pianto sul mio cor... piangi, piangi,
heart thy tears may flow, weep here, weep, my
Fl.
Ob.
pp
pp dim.
angel consolator. Padre, in
angel comfort bestow. Father, in
piangi, scorrer fa il pianto sul mio cor... pian-
daughter, here on my heart thy tears may flow, weep
pp dim.
p

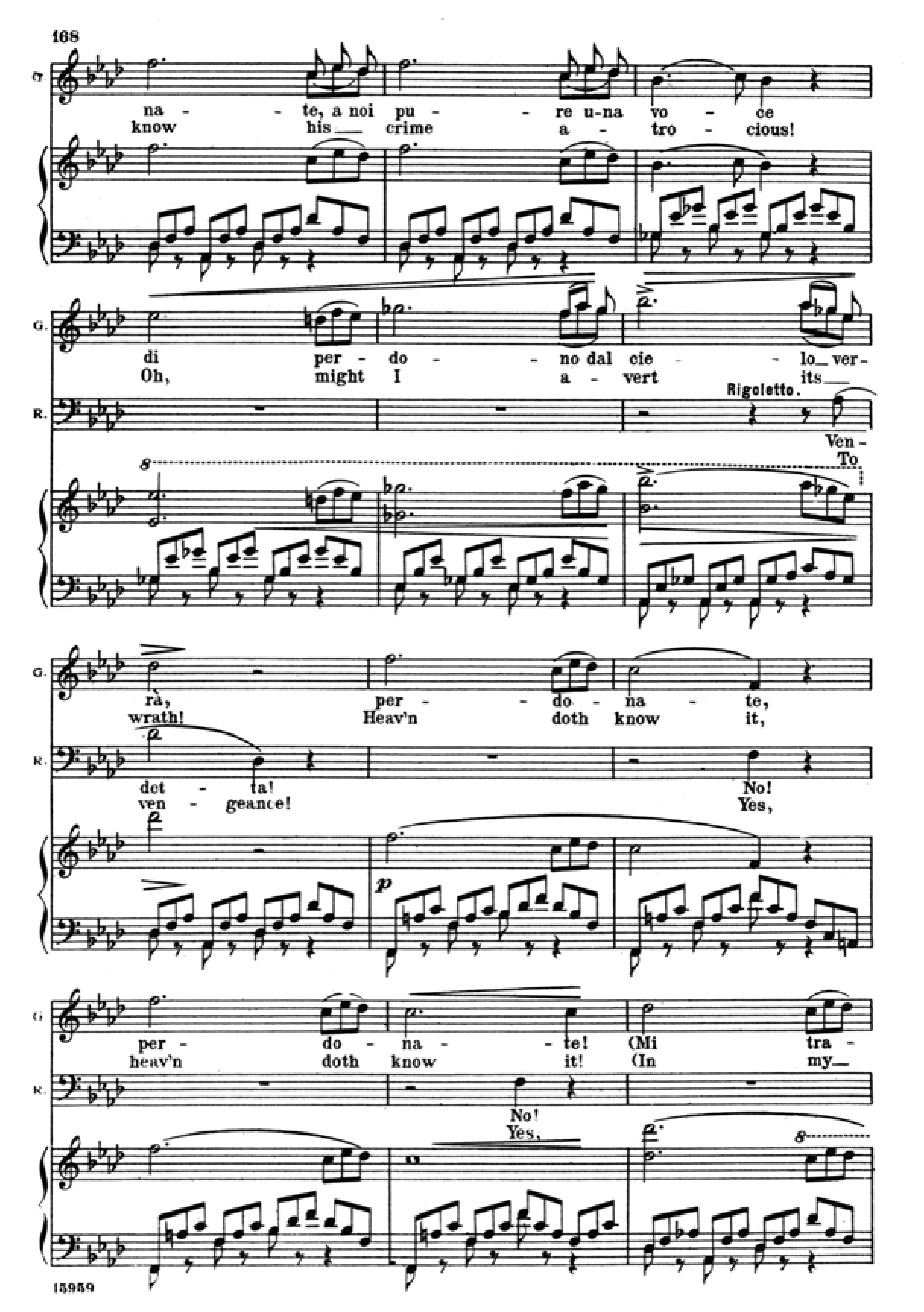

G.
voi parla un angel consola-
thee doth an angel comfort be-
pp dim.
R.
gi, piangi, piangi, scorrer fa il pianto sul mio
here, weep, my daughter, here on my heart thy tears may
pp dim.
tor, angel consolator, angel consolator, ah! consola-
stow, yes, yes, comfort bestow, yes, yes, comfort bestow, ah! my father
p
cor, fa il pianto sul mio cor, fa il pianto sul mio cor, ah! sul mio
flow, weep, weep here on my heart, weep, weep here on my heart, ah! upon my
Cl.
pp
tor, ah! padre, in voi un angel, un angel consolator.
dear, ah, father, in thee an angel, an angel comfort bestows.
pp
cor, ah! scorrer fa il pianto, mia figlia, mia figlia, sul mio cor.
heart, ah! here on my heart, my daughter, my daughter, thy tears may flow.

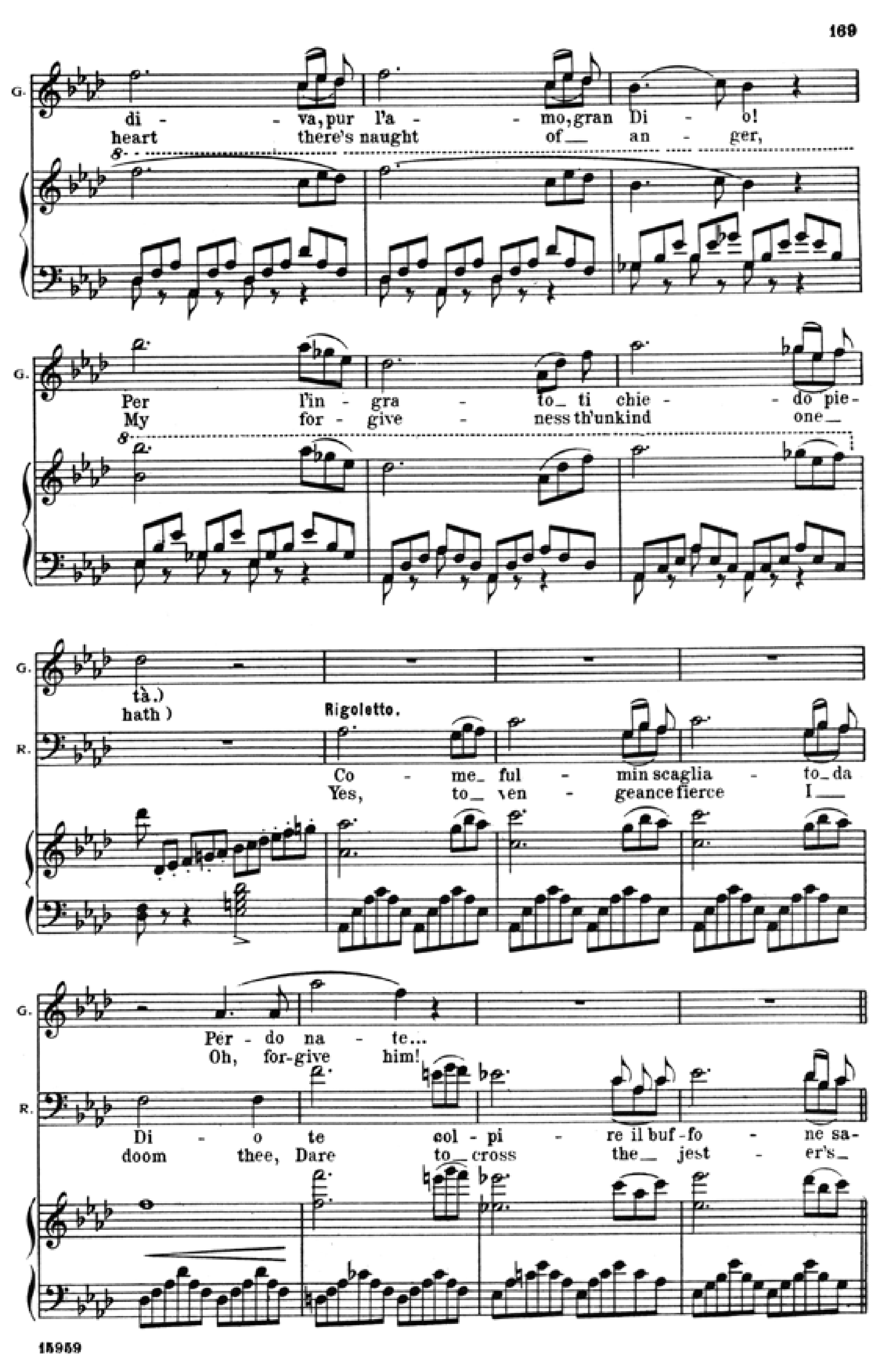

Recit.
Rigoletto.
R.
Compiuto pur quanto a fare mi resta, lasciare po-
I think what remains yet for me to accomplish: This fatal a-
Gilda.
Rigoletto (aside).
R.
G.
tremo quest'aura funesta. Sì. (E tutto un sol gior no cangiare po-
bode we must leave on the instant. Yes. (Oh how all our fate hath been chang'd in a
Moderato. (♩=100)
(Count Monterone passes across the stage, guarded by halberdiers.)
An Usher (to the guards).
R.
U.
tè!)
day!)
Schiudete...
Unclose there!
pp
cresc.
U.
i re al carcere Monteron
Monterone, pass hence to thy
Monterone (stopping before the Duke's portrait).
U.
M.
dee.
cell.
Poichè fosti in-
Oh then, 'twas in
Tutti
ff
p

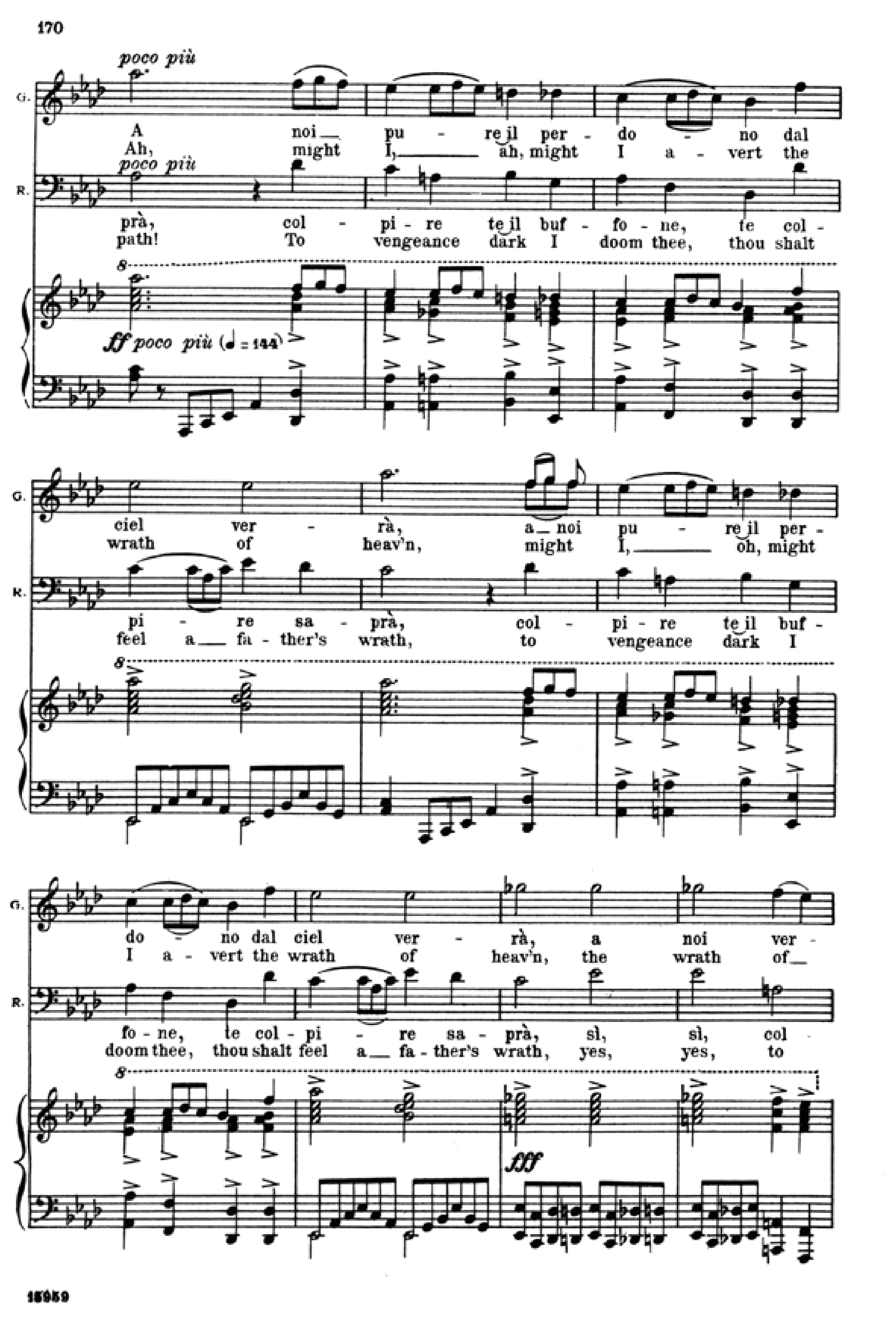

Mo.
vano da me maledetto,
vain in my anger I curs'd thee!
ff
nè un fulmine o un ferro colpì va il tuo petto,
No thunder from heav'n yet hath burst down to strike thee,
p
fe-
With
li ce pur anco, o Duca, vivrai...
pleasure triumphant thy days yet are crown'd.
ppp
(exit guarded)
Rigoletto.
Mo.
R.
No, vecchio, t'inganni... un vindice avrai.
But 'twill not be long thus, th'avenger is nigh.

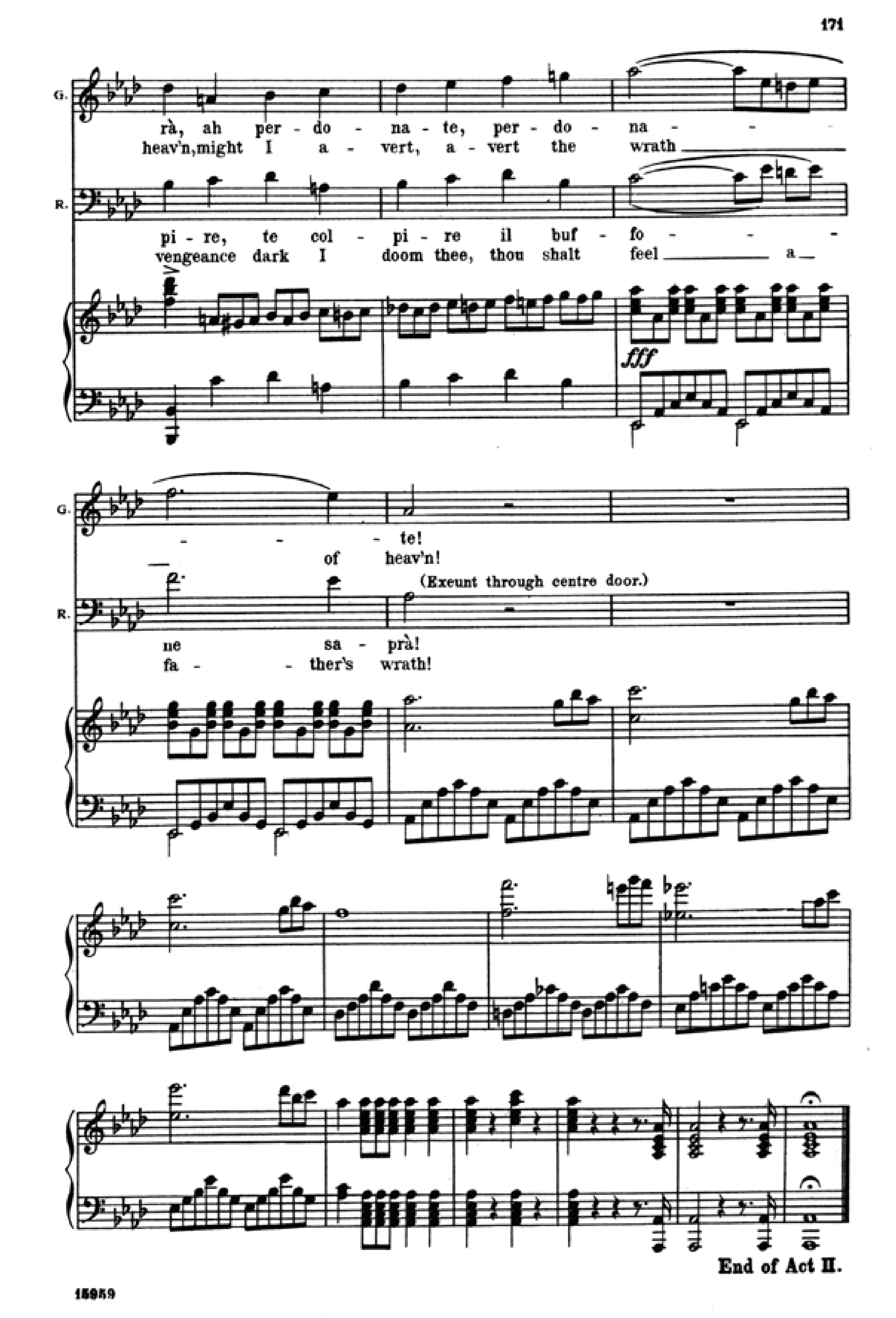

166
Allegro vivo. (♩ = 138)
(impetuously) (to the portrait)
R.
Sì, vendetta, tremenda vendetta
Yes, my vengeance fierce hath doom'd thee,
Tutti
di quest'anima è solo desio...
Heartless fiend, 'tis my sole consolation,
Di punir ti già l'ora s'affretta,
Ere the flames of hell entomb thee,
che fatale per te tuonerà.
Thou shalt feel a father's wrath!
Come fulmin scaglia to da Dio,
I will drive thee to my desperation,
15959


167
R.
come fulmin scaglia to da Dio,
yes I'll drive thee to my desperation,
te colpire il buffone saprà.
When thou dar'st cross the jester's path.
Tpts.
Gilda.
G.
O mio padre, qual gioia feroce
Oh my father, a joy ferocious
baleنar vi ne
ro cious In thy words doth
gl'occhi veggi o!.. Perdo
tell of danger, Heav'n doth
Rigoletto.
Vendetta!
To vengeance!
15959


168
G.
nate, a noi pure una voce
know his crime atrocious!
di perdono dal cielo verrà,
Oh, might I avert its wrath!
Rigoletto.
R.
Vendetta!
To vengeance!
perdonate,
Heav'n doth know it,
No!
Yes,
perdonate! (Mi tra
heav'n doth know it! (In my
15959


169
G.
diva, pur l'amo, gran Dio!
heart there's naught of anger,
Per l'ingrato ti chiedo pietà.)
My forgiveness th'unkind one hath)
Rigoletto.
R.
Come fulmin scaglia to da
Yes, to vengeance fierce I
Perdonate...
Oh, forgive him!
Dio te colpire il buffone sa
doom thee, Dare to cross the jester's
15959


170
poco più
G.
A noi pure il perdono dal ciel verrà, a noi pure il per
Ah, might I, ah, might I avert the wrath of heav'n, might I, oh, might
R.
prà, colpire te il buffone, te colpire saprà, colpire te il buf
path! To vengeance dark I doom thee, thou shalt feel a father's wrath, to vengeance dark I
ff poco più (♩ = 144)
dono dal ciel verrà, a noi ver
I avert the wrath of heav'n, the wrath of
fone, te colpire saprà, sì, sì, col
doom thee, thou shalt feel a father's wrath, yes, yes, to
fff
15959

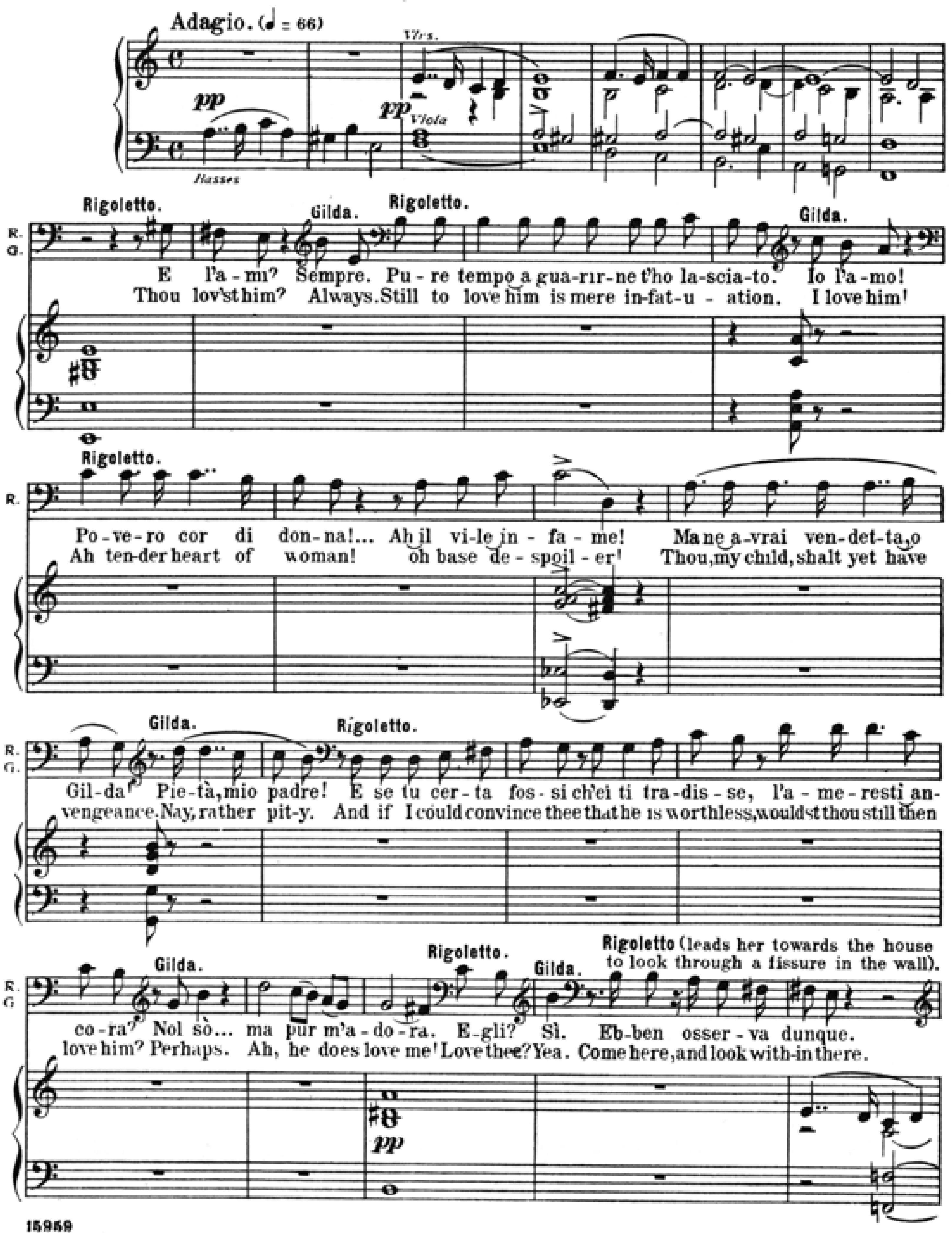

171
G.
rà, ah perdonate, perdonate!
heav'n, might I avert, avert the wrath of heav'n!
R.
pire, te colpire il buffone saprà!
vengeance dark I doom thee, thou shalt feel a father's wrath!
(Exeunt through centre door.)
fff
End of Act II.
15959

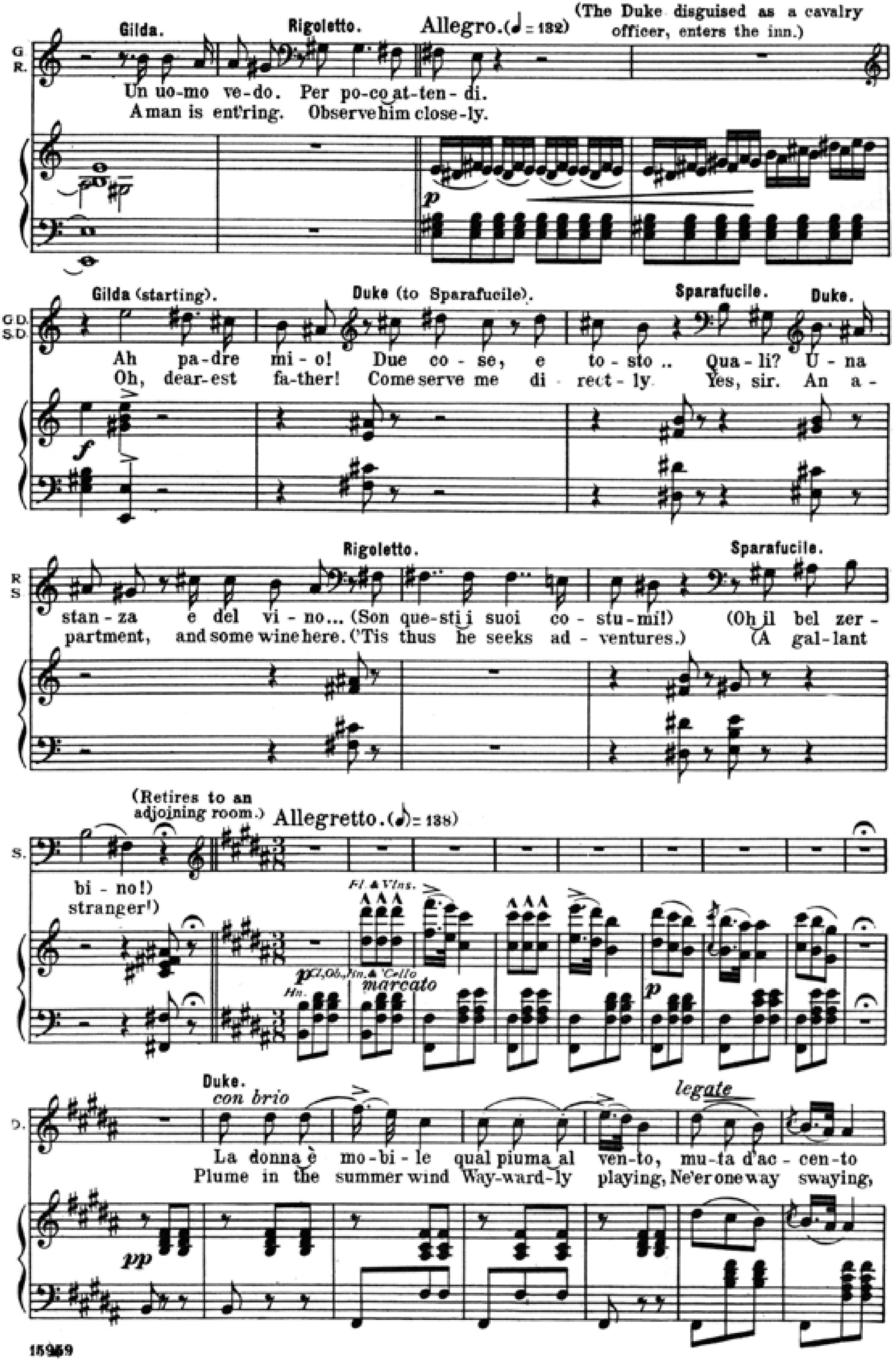
Act III.

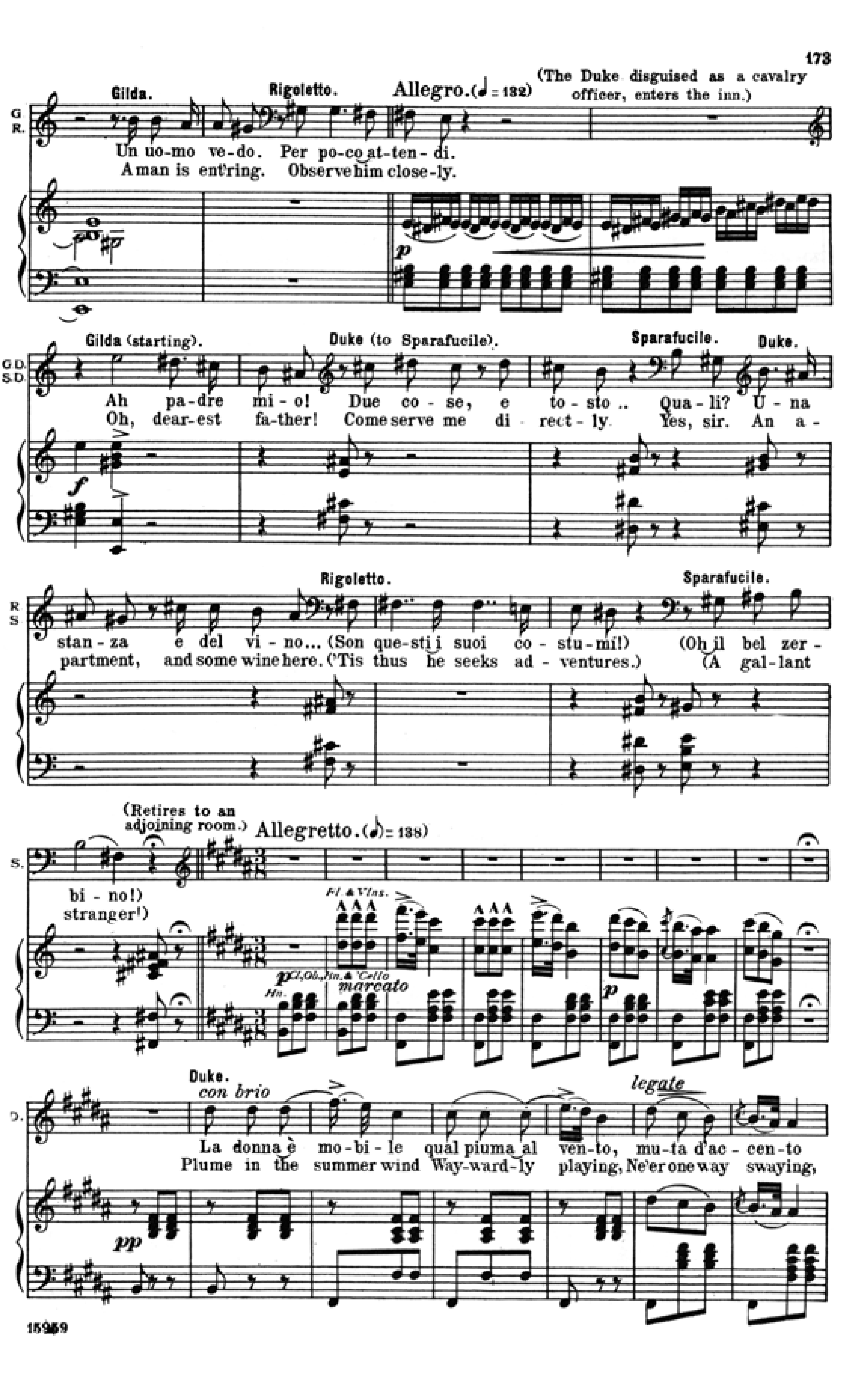
A lonely spot on the shores of the Mincio On the left, a two-story house almost in ruins, the front of which, open to the spectator, shows a rustic inn on the ground floor· a broken staircase leads from this to a loft where stands a rough couch. On the side towards the street is a door, and a low wall 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.

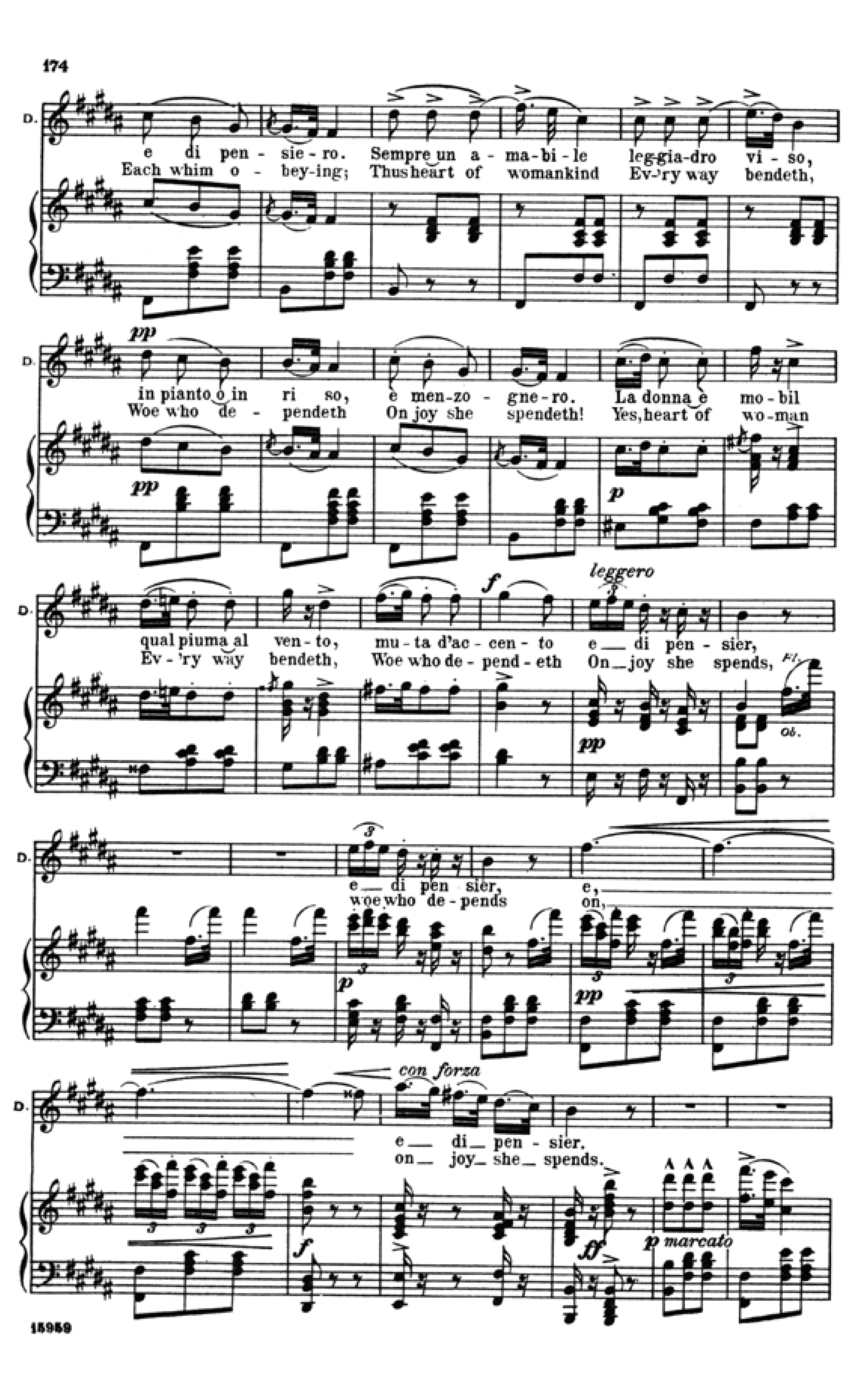
Nº 15. "La donna è mobile.,,

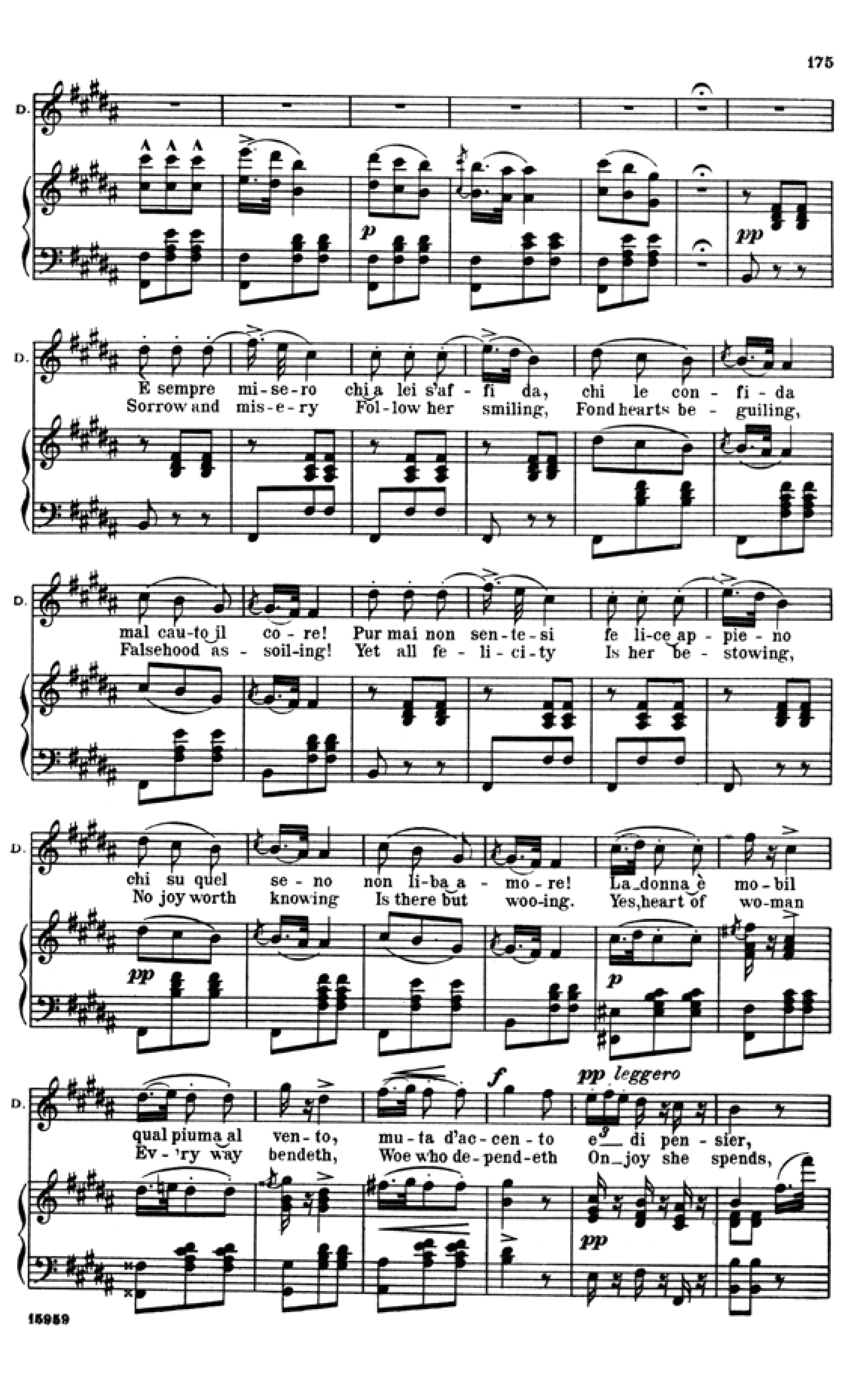
Prelude, Recitative and Canzone.

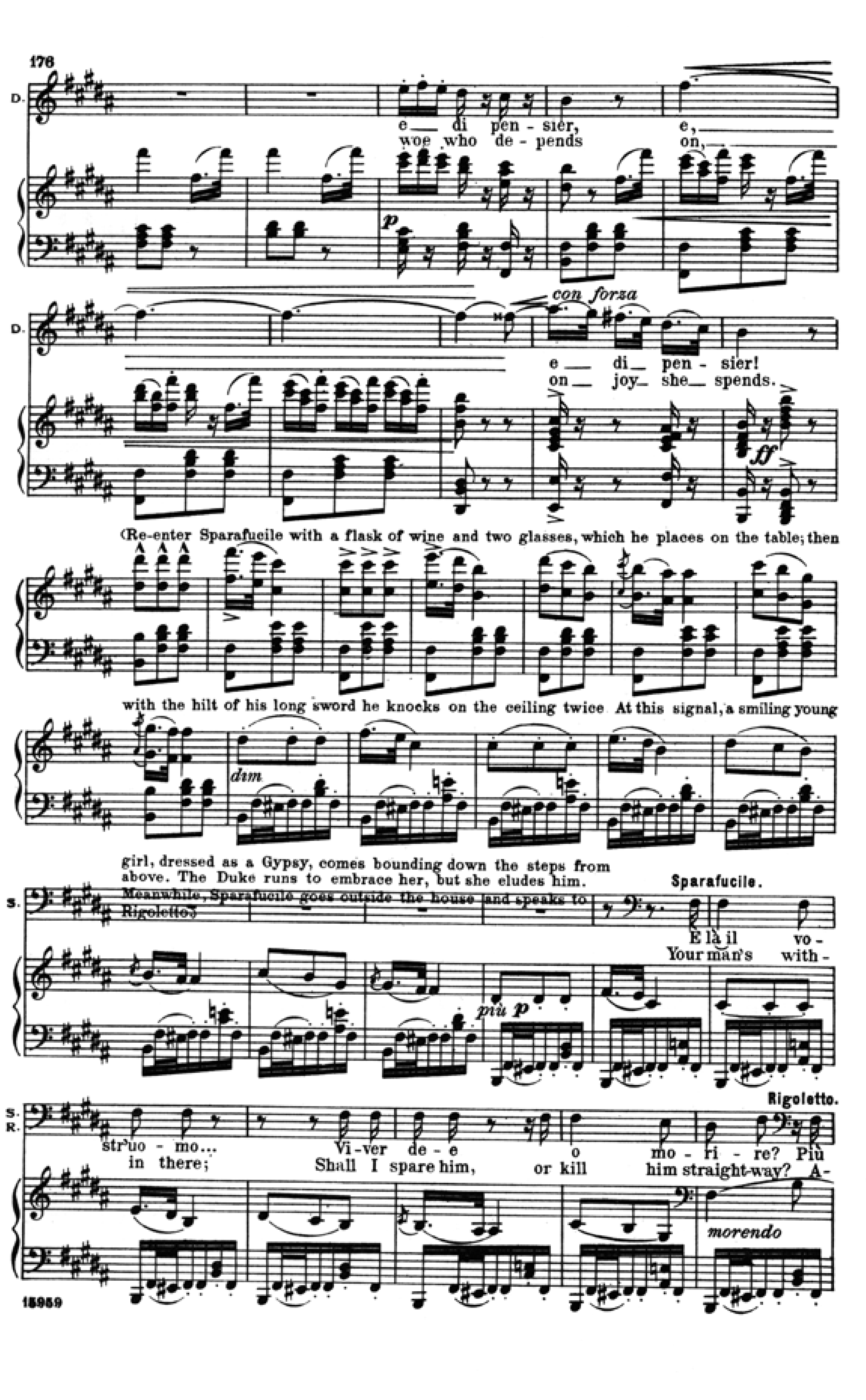

Adagio. (♩= 66)
pp
Vl's.
pp Viola
Basses
Rigoletto. Gilda. Rigoletto.
R. G.
E l'a-mi? Sempre. Pu-re tempo a gua-rir-ne t'ho la-scia-to. Io l'a-mo!
Thou lov'st him? Always. Still to love him is mere in-fat-u-ation. I love him!
Rigoletto.
R.
Po-ve-ro cor di don-na!... Ah il vi-le in-fa-me! Ma ne a-vrai ven-det-ta, o
Ah ten-der heart of woman! oh base de-spoil-er! Thou, my child, shalt yet have
Gilda. Rigoletto.
R. G.
Gil-da! Pie-tà, mio padre! E se tu cer-ta fos-si ch'ei ti tra-dis-se, l'a-me-resti an-
vengeance. Nay, rather pit-y. And if I could convince thee that he is worthless, wouldst thou still then
Gilda. Rigoletto. Gilda. Rigoletto (leads her towards the house to look through a fissure in the wall).
R. G.
co-ra? Nol sò... ma pur m'a-do-ra. E-gli? Sì. Eb-ben osser-va dunque.
love him? Perhaps. Ah, he does love me! Love thee? Yea. Come here, and look with-in there.
pp

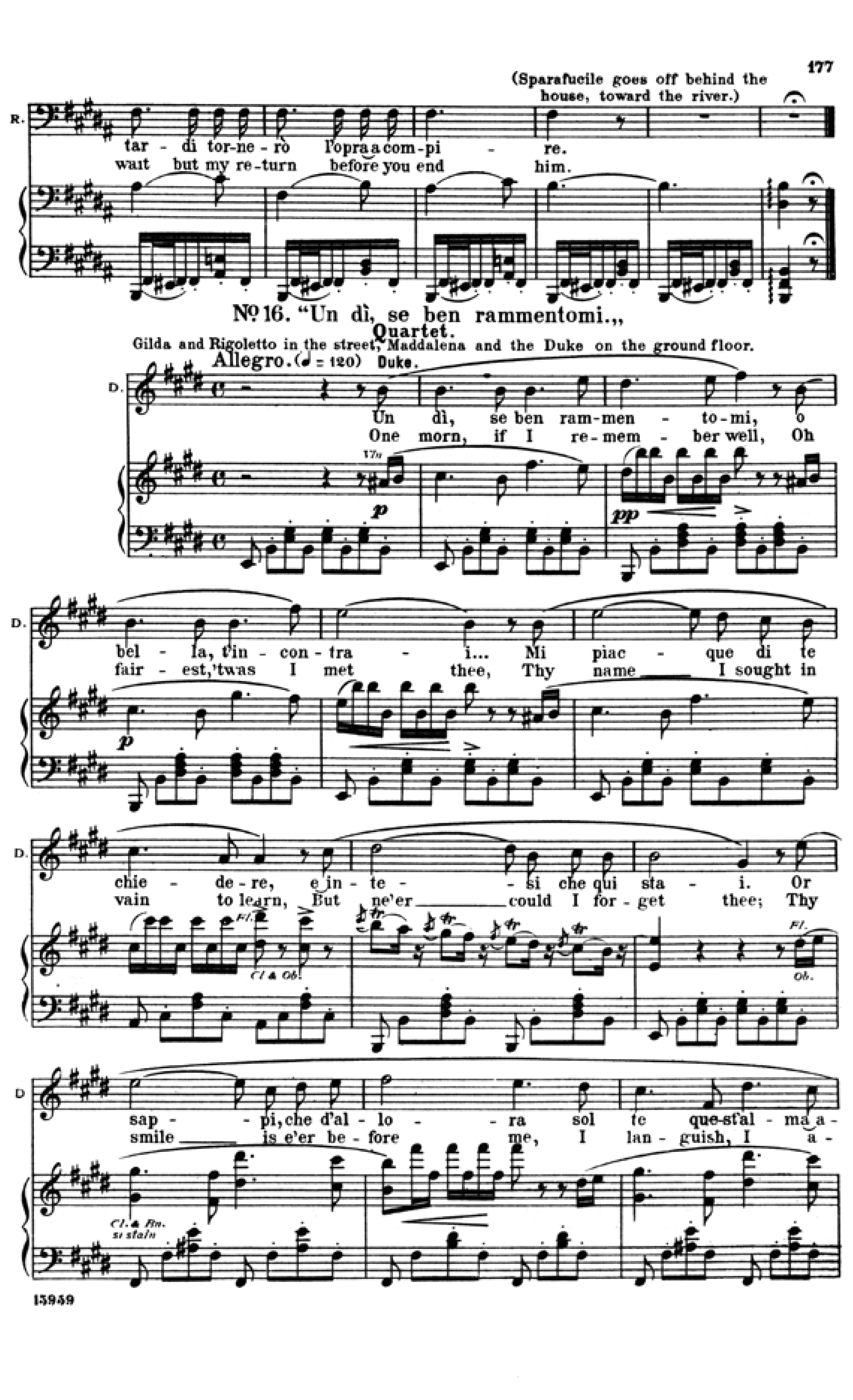

Gilda. Rigoletto. Allegro. (♩= 132)
(The Duke disguised as a cavalry officer, enters the inn.)
G. R.
Un uo-mo ve-do. Per po-co at-ten-di.
A man is ent'ring. Observe him close-ly.
p
Gilda (starting). Duke (to Sparafucile). Sparafucile. Duke.
G. D. S. D.
Ah padre mi-o! Due co-se, e to-sto.. Qua-li? U-na
Oh, dear-est fa-ther! Come serve me di-rect-ly. Yes, sir. An a-
f
Rigoletto. Sparafucile.
R. S.
stan-za e del vi-no... (Son que-sti i suoi co-stu-mi!) (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. & Vlns.
Cl., Ob., Fg. & 'Cello
marcato
Hn.
p
Duke. con brio legato
D.
La donna è mo-bi-le qual piuma al vento, mu-ta d'ac-cen-to
Plume in the summer wind Way-ward-ly playing, Ne'er one way swaying,
pp


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 ent'ring. Observe him close-ly.
p
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-
f
Rigoletto.
Sparafucile.
stan-za e del vi-no... (Son que-sti i suoi co-stu-mi!) (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)
bi-no!)
stranger!)
Fl. & Vlns.
Cl., Ob., Hn. & 'Cello
Hn.
p
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


e di pen-sie-ro. Sempre un a-ma-bi-le leggia-dro vi-so,
Each whim o-bey-ing; Thus heart of womankind Ev'ry way bendeth,
pp
in pianto o in ri so, è men-zo-gne-ro. La donna è mo-bil
Woe who de-pendeth On joy she spendeth! Yes, heart of wo-man
pp
p
leggero
f
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,
Fl.
Ob.
pp
e di pen sier, e,
woe who de-pends on,
p
pp
con forza
e di pen-sier.
on joy she spends.
f
ff
p marcato


p
pp
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,
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,
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
pp
p
pp leggero
f
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,
pp


e di pen-sier, e,
woe who de-pends on,
p
con forza
e di pen-sier!
on joy she spends.
ff
(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.)
dim
più p
Sparafucile.
È là il vo-stro uo-mo...
Your man's with-in there;
Vi-ver de-e o mo-ri-re? Più
Shall I spare him, or kill him straight-way? A-
Rigoletto.
morendo


(Sparafucile goes off behind the house, toward the river.)
tar-di tor-ne-rò l'opra a com-pi-re.
wait but my re-turn before you end him.
№ 16. "Un dì, se ben rammentomi.,,
Quartet.
Gilda and Rigoletto in the street, Maddalena and the Duke on the ground floor.
Allegro.(♩= 120)
Duke.
Un dì, se ben ram-men-to-mi, o
One morn, if I re-mem-ber well, Oh
p
pp
bel-la, t'in-con-tra-i... Mi piac-que di te
fair-est, 'twas I met thee, Thy name I sought in
p
chie-de-re, e in-te-si che qui sta-i. Or
vain to learn, But ne'er could I for-get thee; Thy
Cl. & Ob.
Fl.
Ob.
sap-pi, che d'al-lo-ra sol te que-st'al-ma a-
smile is e'er be-fore me, I lan-guish, I a-
Cl. & Bn. sostain

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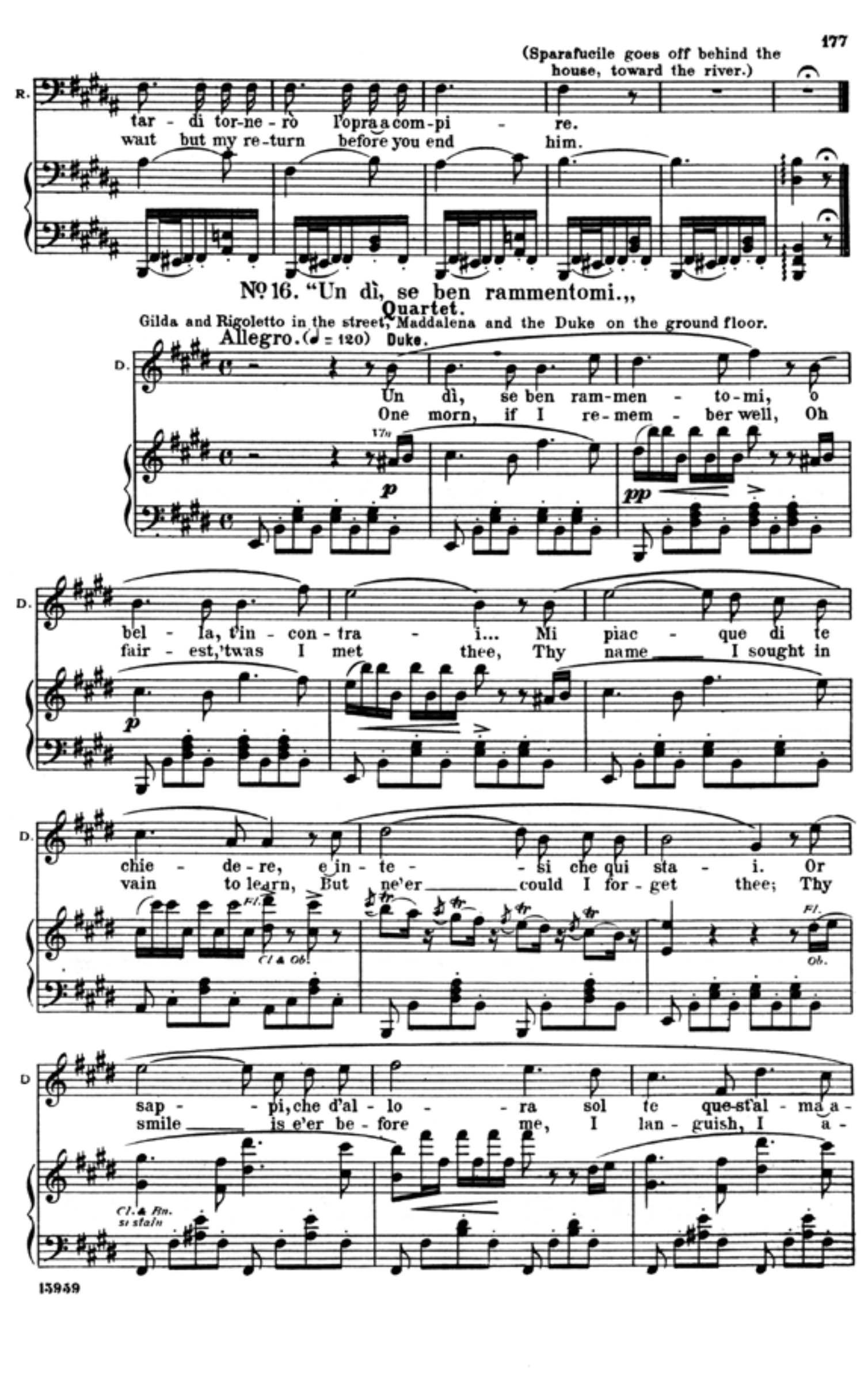
177
(Sparafucile goes off behind the house, toward the river.)
tar - di tor-ne-rò l'opra a com-pi - re.
wait but my re-turn before you end him.
Nº 16. "Un dì, se ben rammentomi."
Quartet.
Gilda and Rigoletto in the street, Maddalena and the Duke on the ground floor.
Allegro. (♩= 120) Duke.
Un dì, se ben ram-men - to-mi, o bel - la, t'in - con - tra - i... Mi piac - que di te chie - de-re, e in - te - si che qui sta - i. Or sap - pi, che d'al - lo - ra sol te que-st'al - ma a -
One morn, if I re-mem - ber well, Oh fair - est, 'twas I met thee, Thy name I sought in vain to learn, But ne'er could I for - get thee; Thy smile is e'er be - fore me, I lan - guish, I a -
15959

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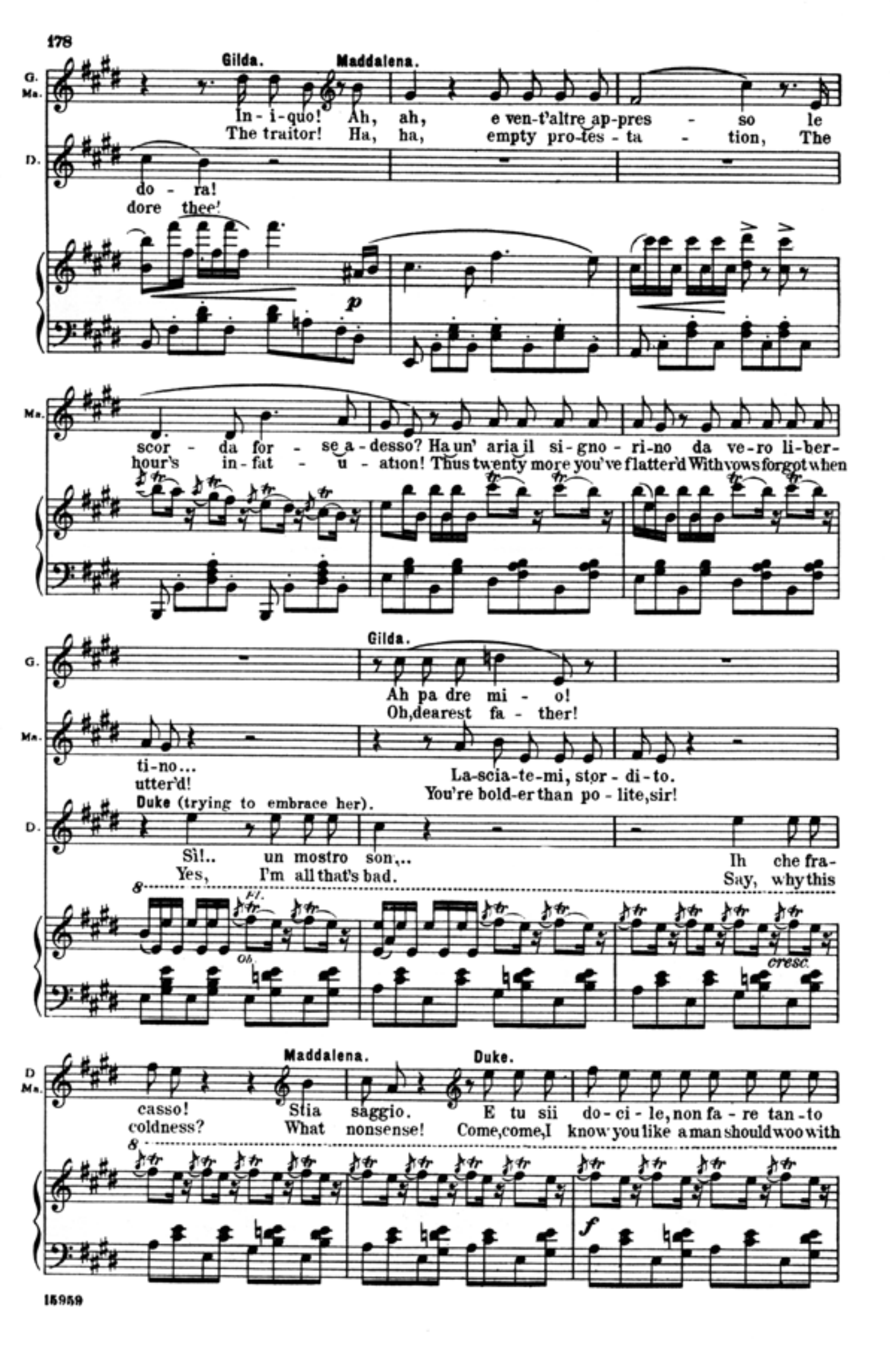
178
Gilda. Maddalena.
do - ra! In - i - quo! Ah, ah, e ven-t'altre ap-pres - so le scor - da for - se a-desso? Ha un' aria il si - gno - ri-no da ve-ro li-ber - ti-no...
dore thee! The traitor! Ha, ha, empty pro-tes - ta - tion, The hour's in-fat - u - ation! Thus twenty more you've flatter'd With vows forgot when utter'd!
Gilda. Ah pa dre mi - o! Oh, dearest fa - ther!
La-scia-te-mi, stor - di - to. You're bold-er than po - lite, sir!
Duke (trying to embrace her). Sì!.. un mostro son... Ih che fra - casso! Yes, I'm all that's bad. Say, why this coldness?
Maddalena. Stia saggio. What nonsense! Duke. E tu sii do - ci - le, non fa - re tan - to Come, come, I know you like a man should woo with
15959

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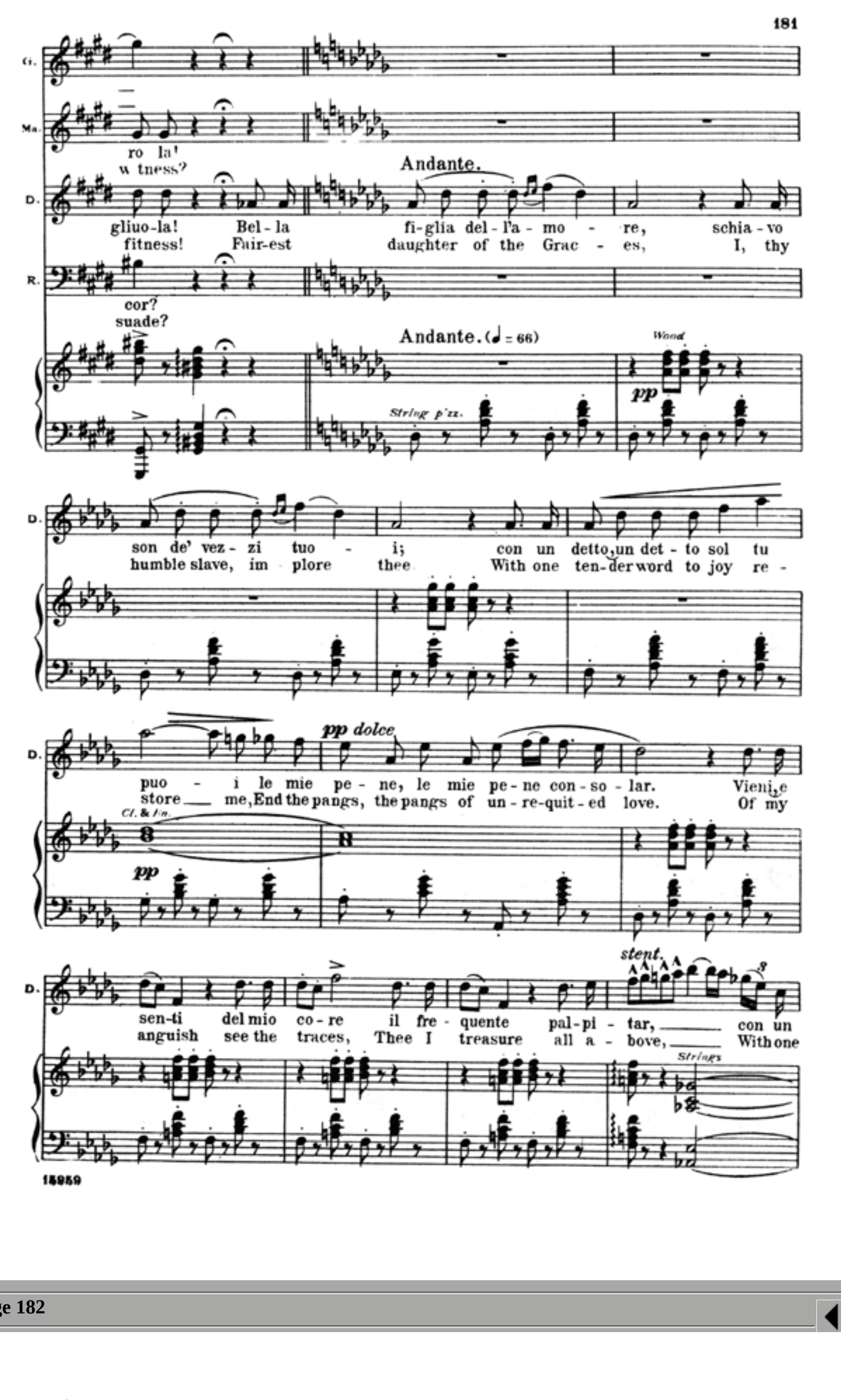

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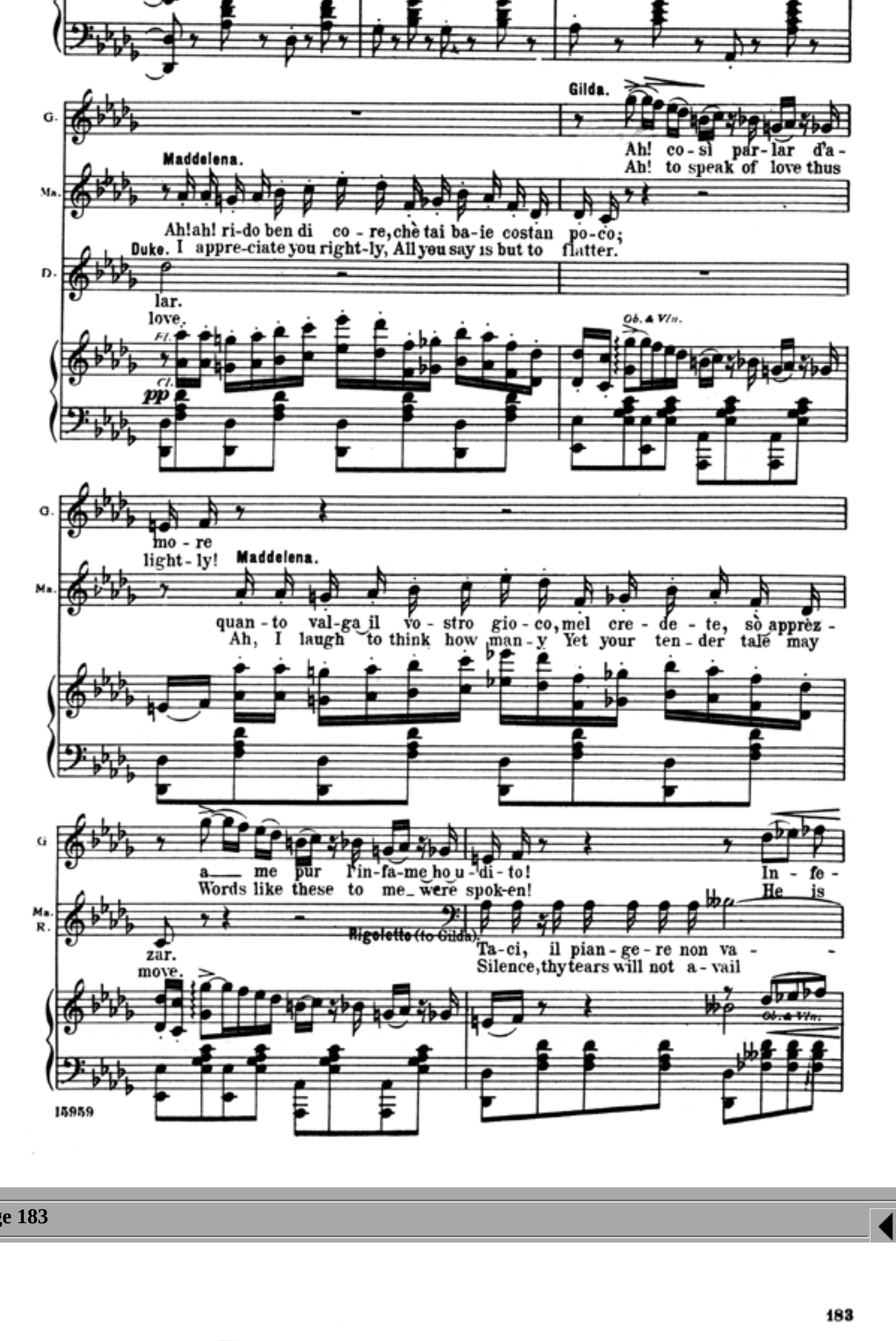

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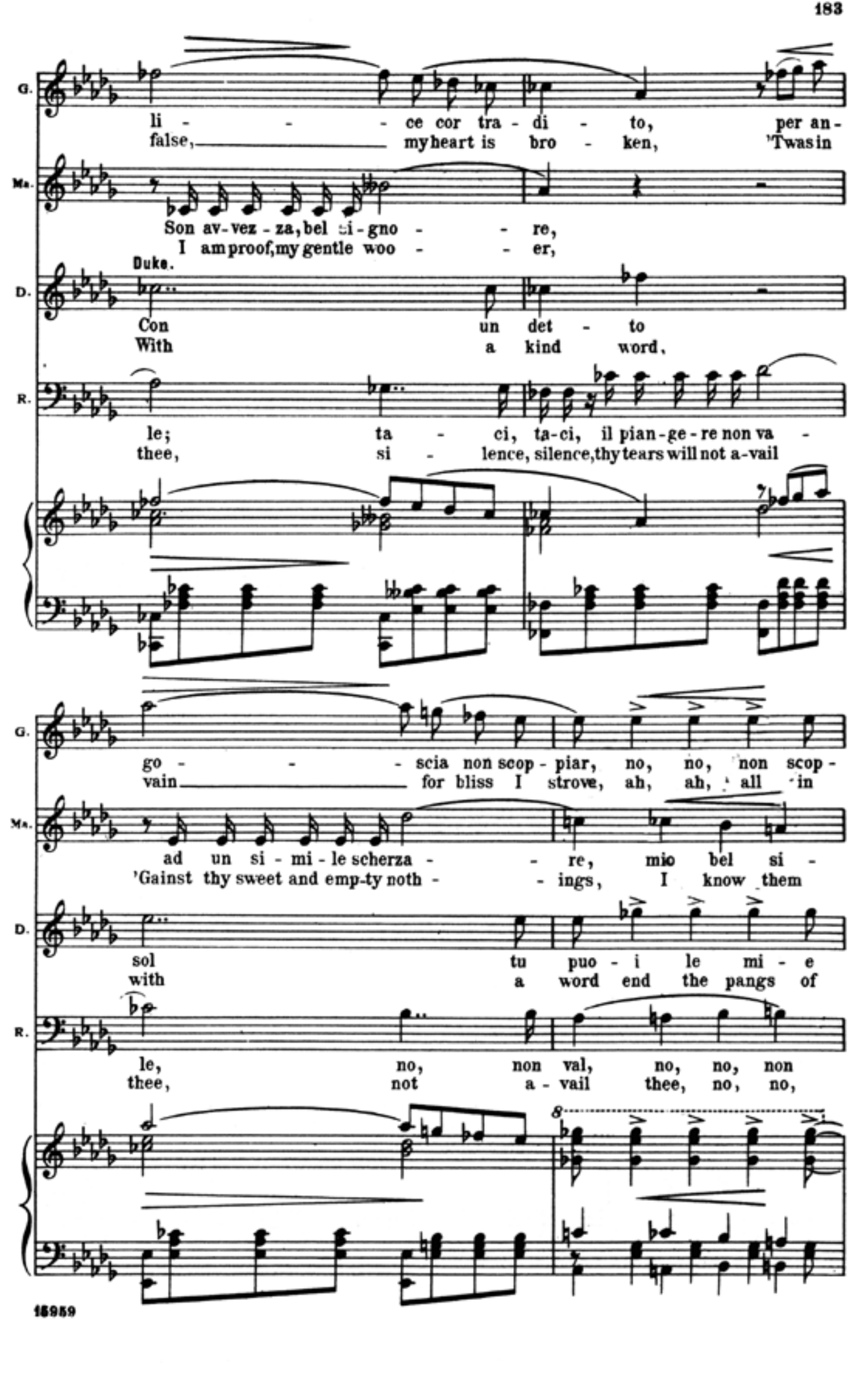

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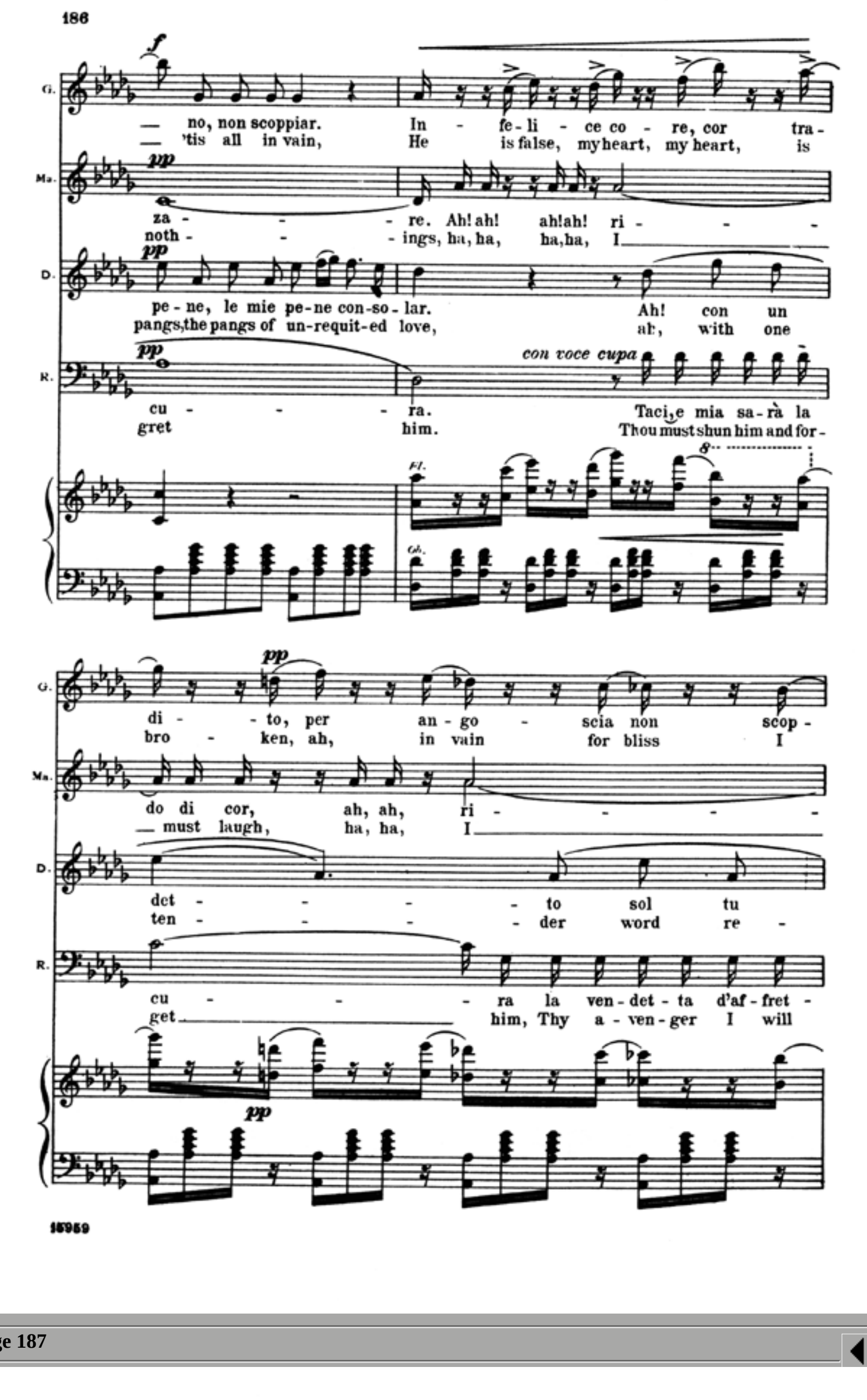

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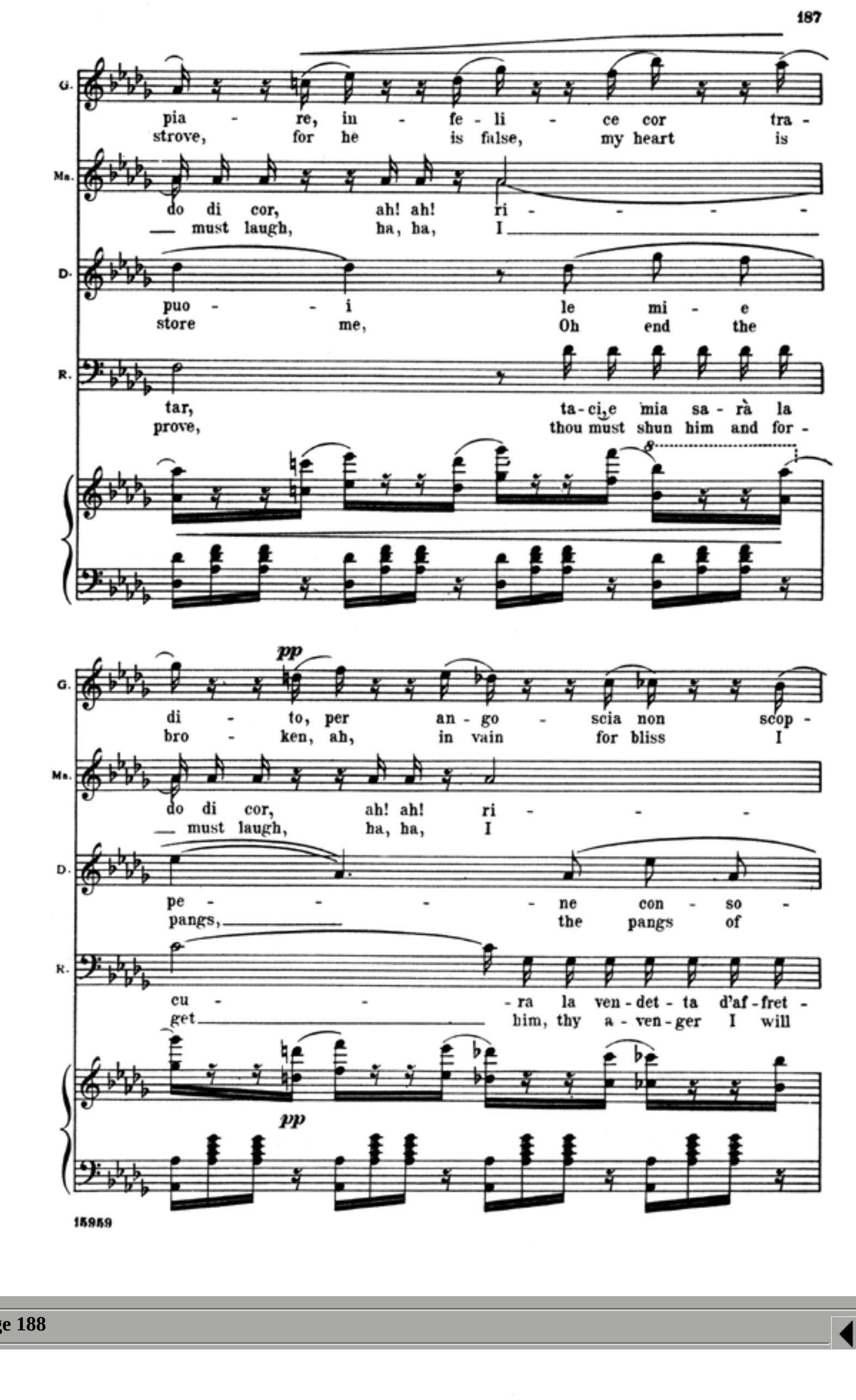

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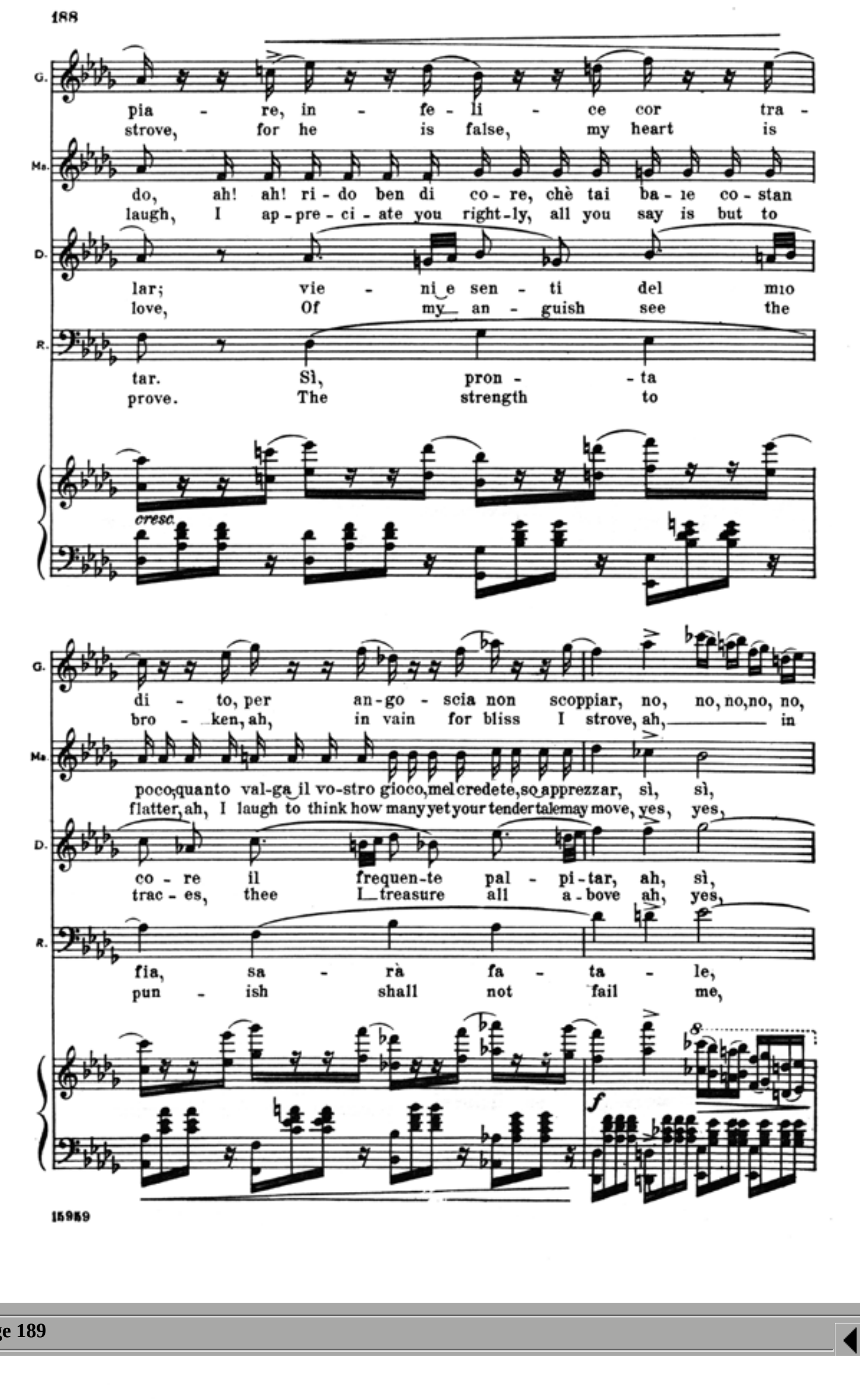

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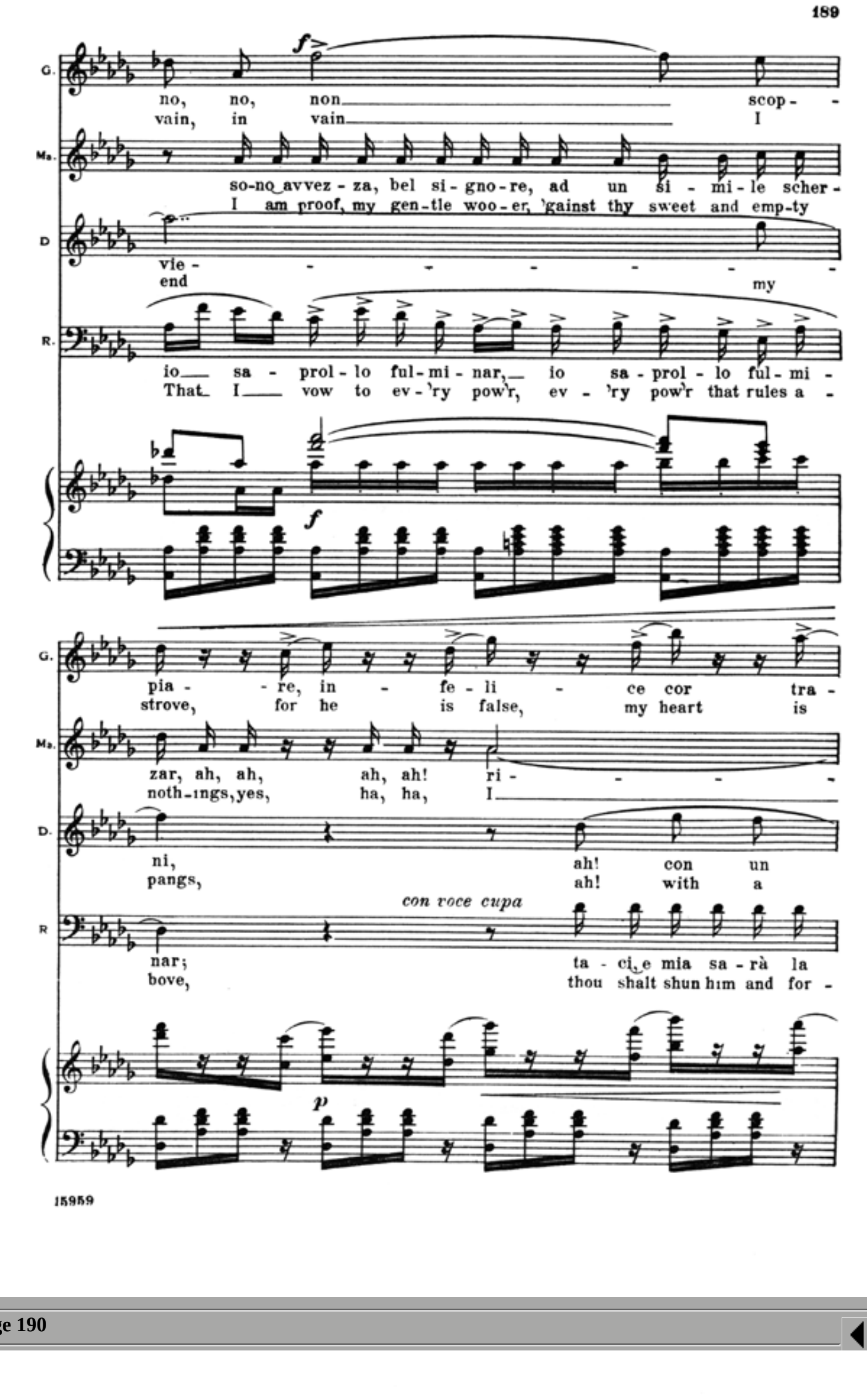

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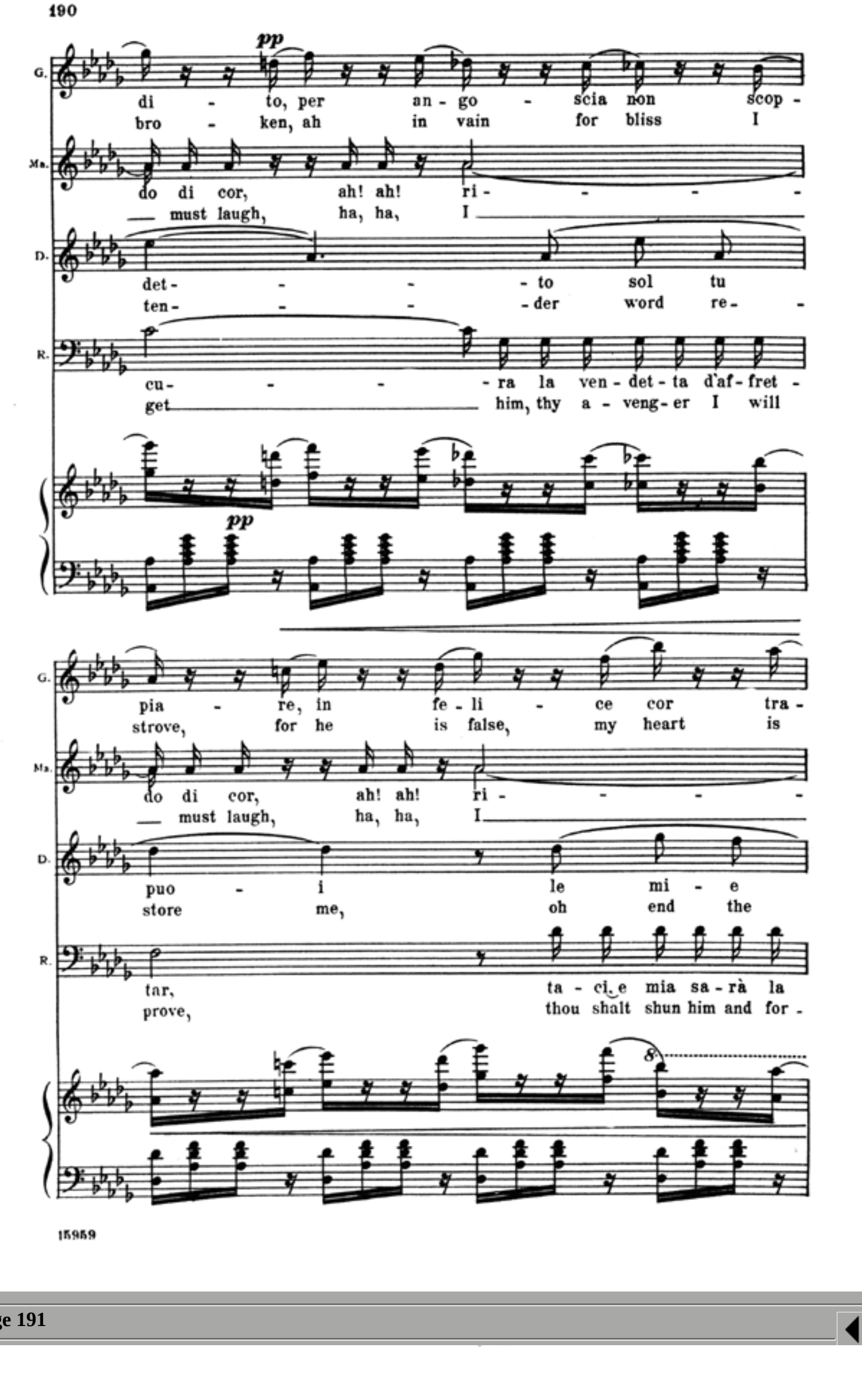

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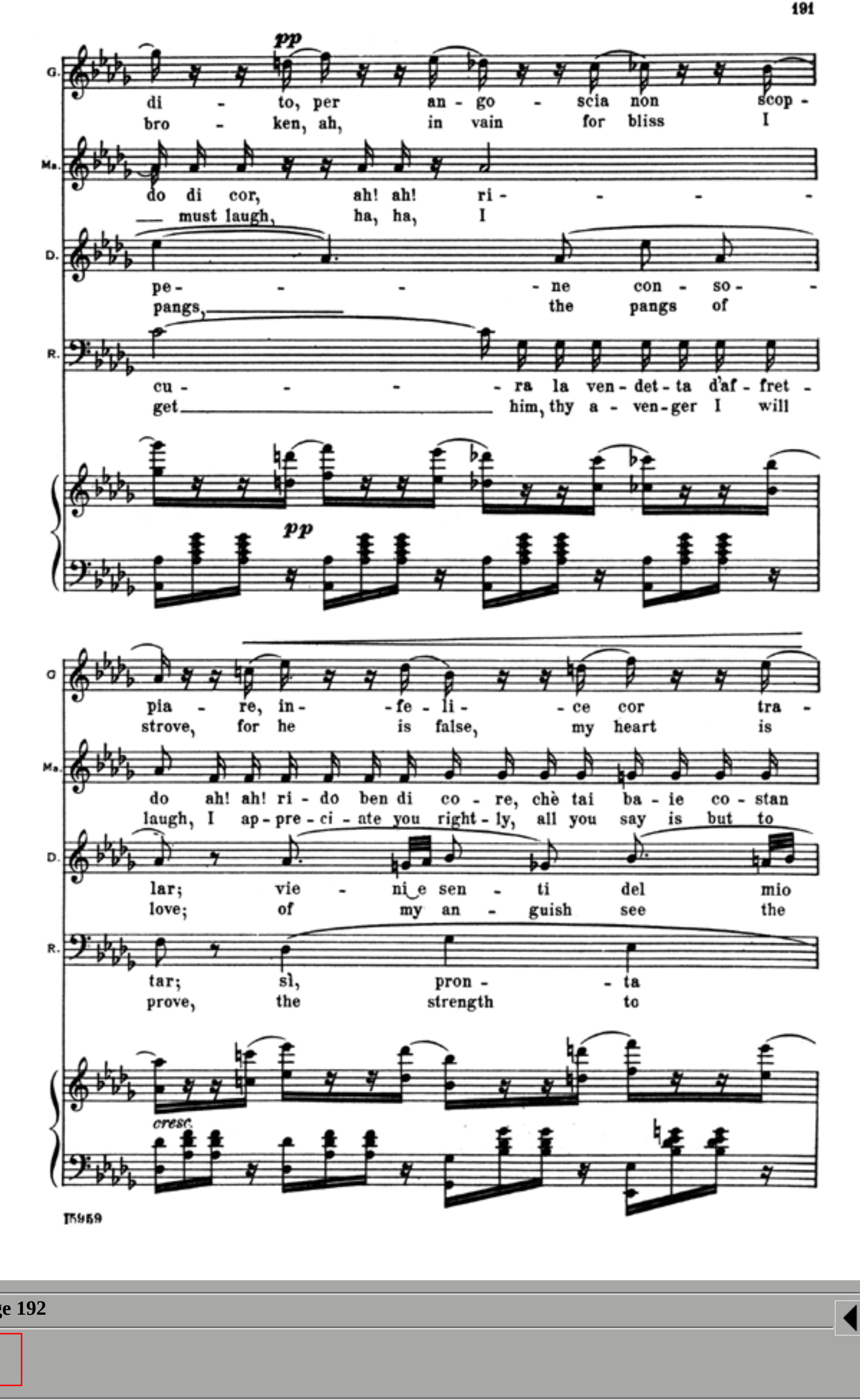

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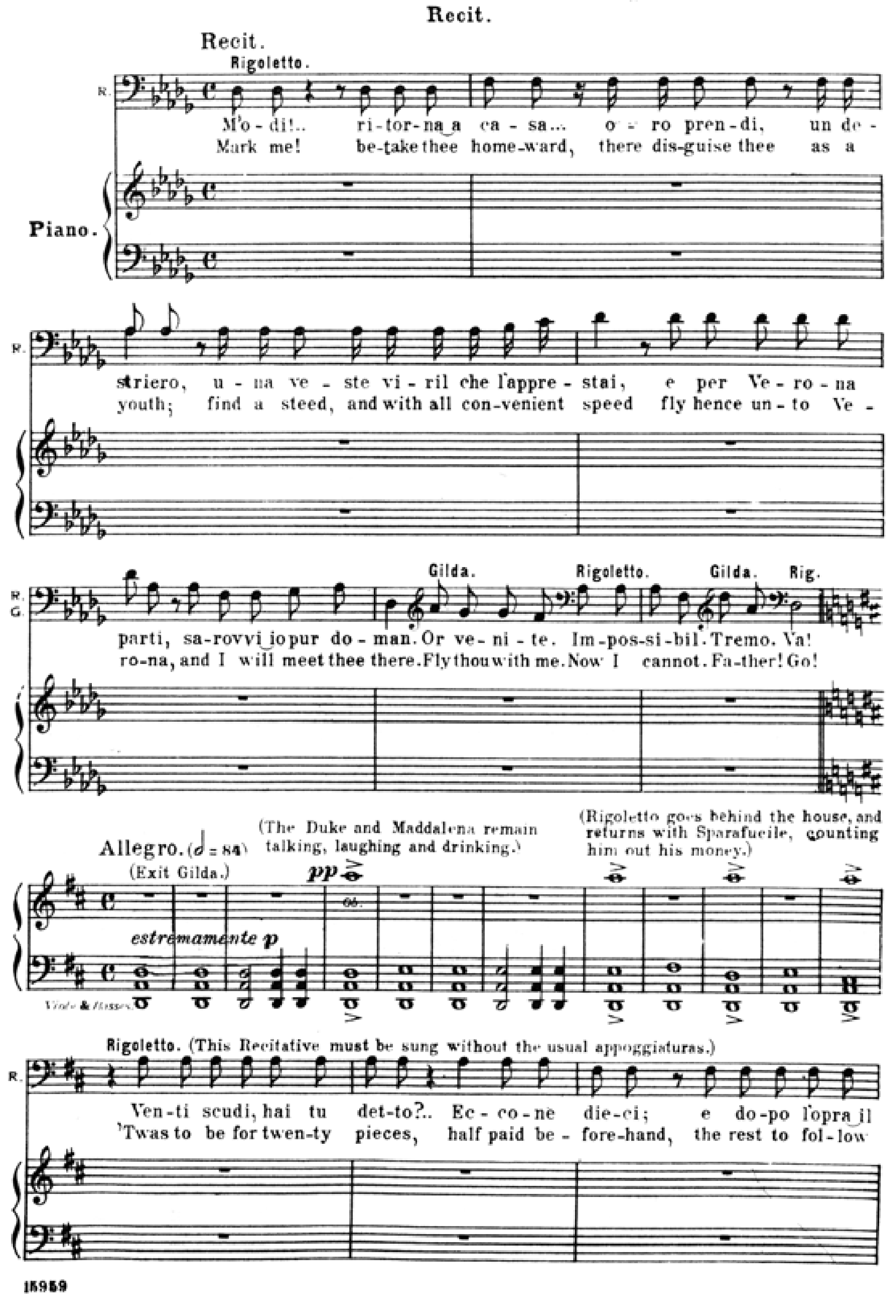
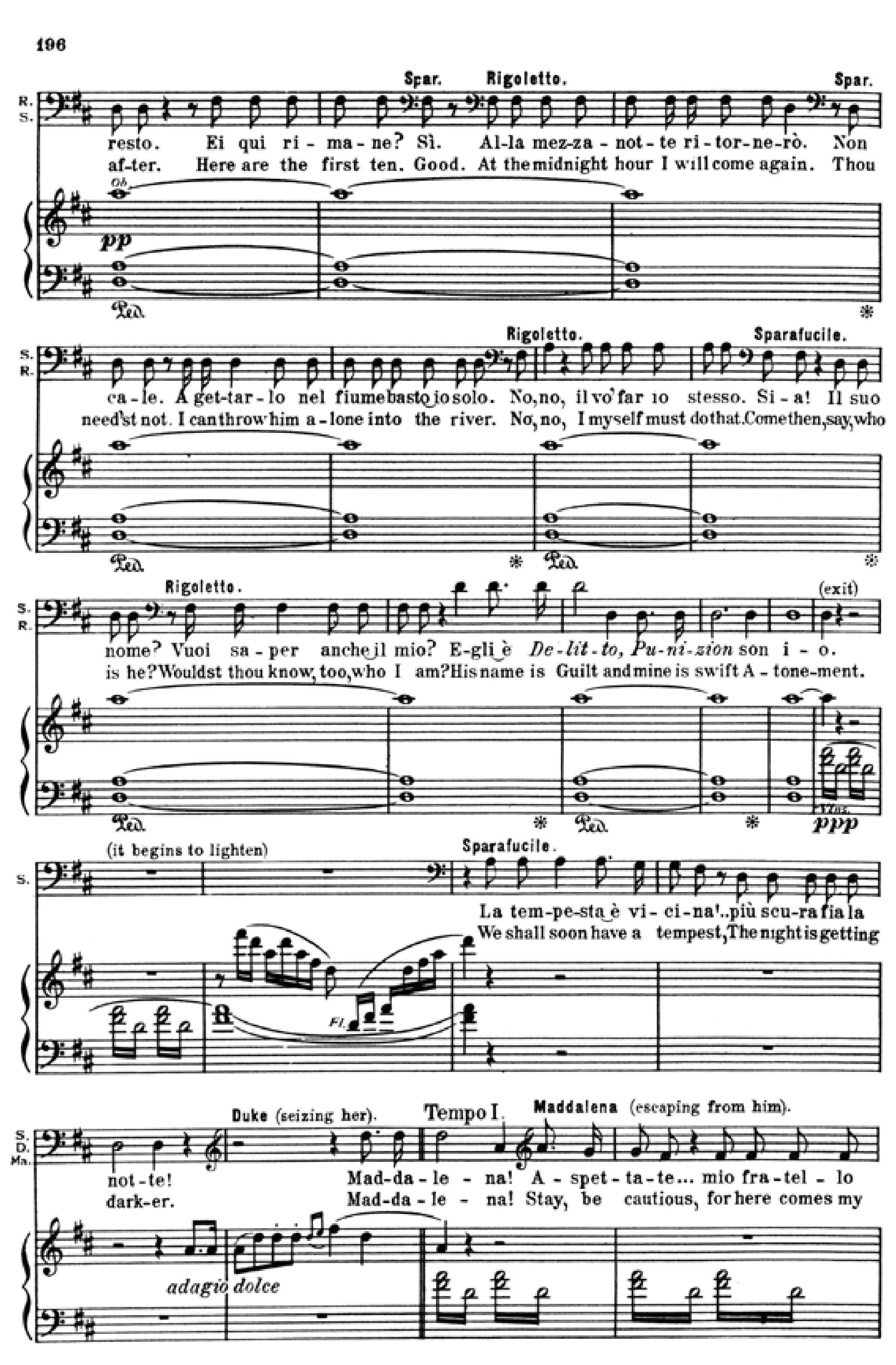
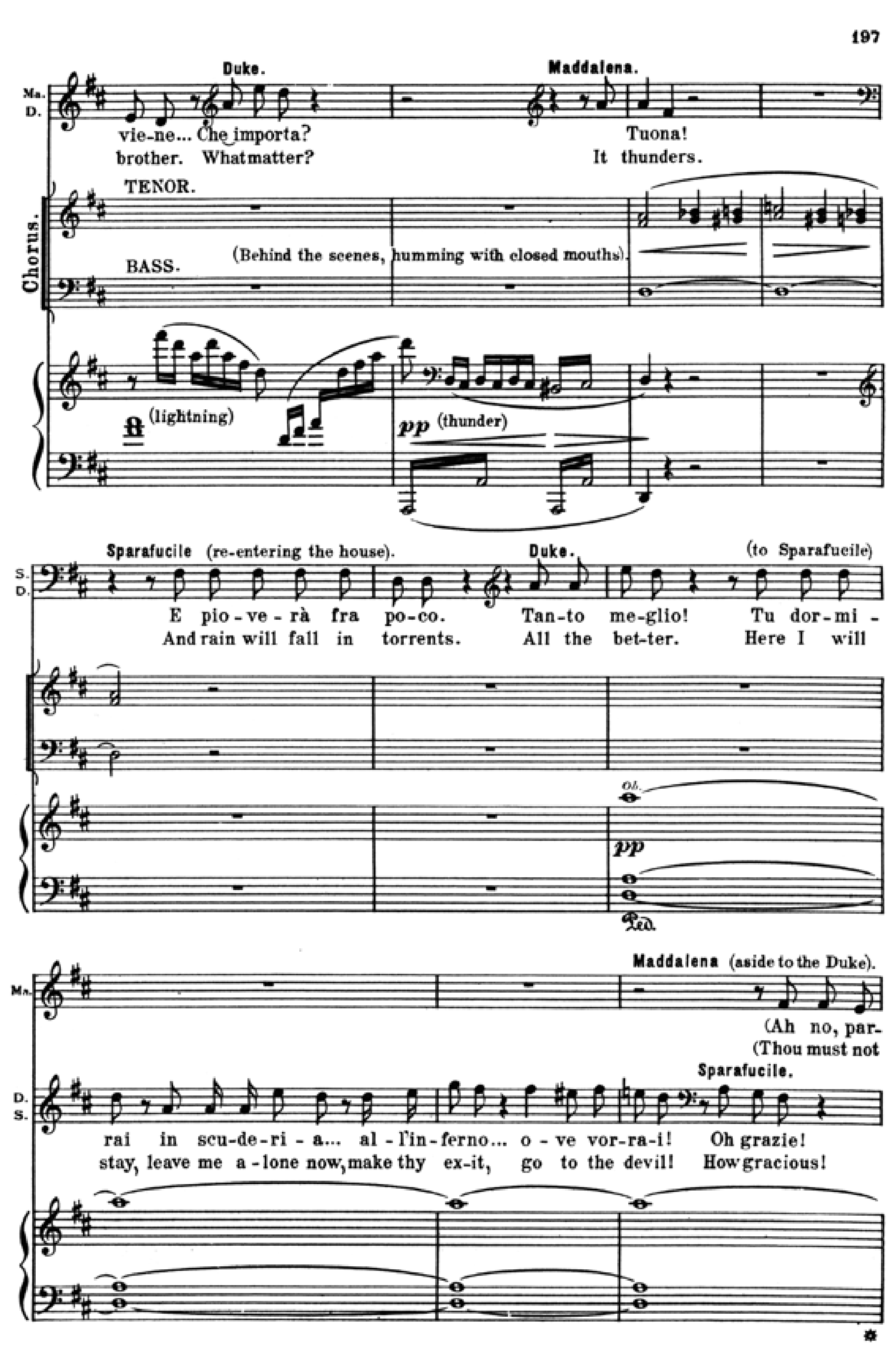
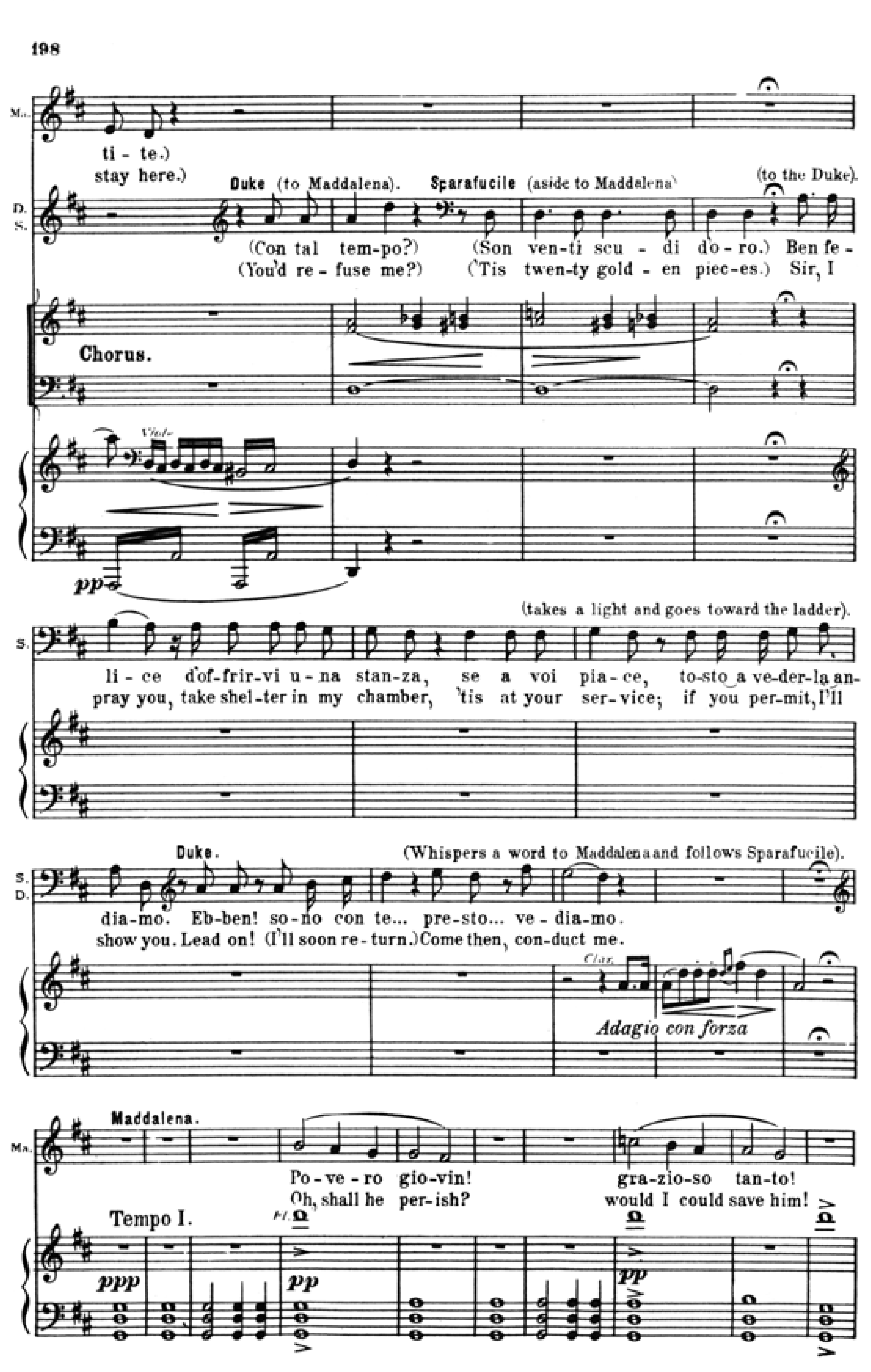
Nº 17. "M'odi!.. ritorna a casa."

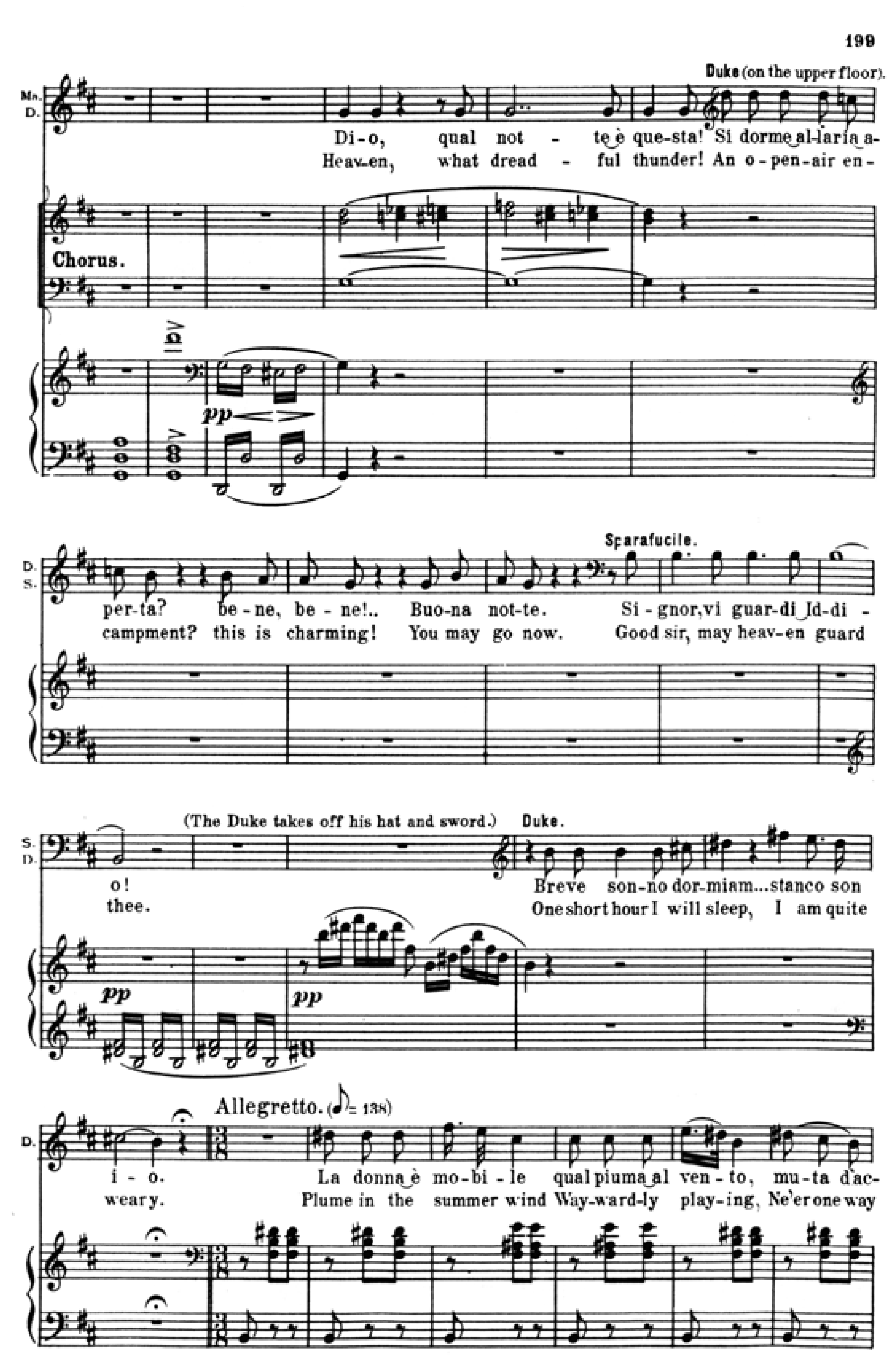
Recit.

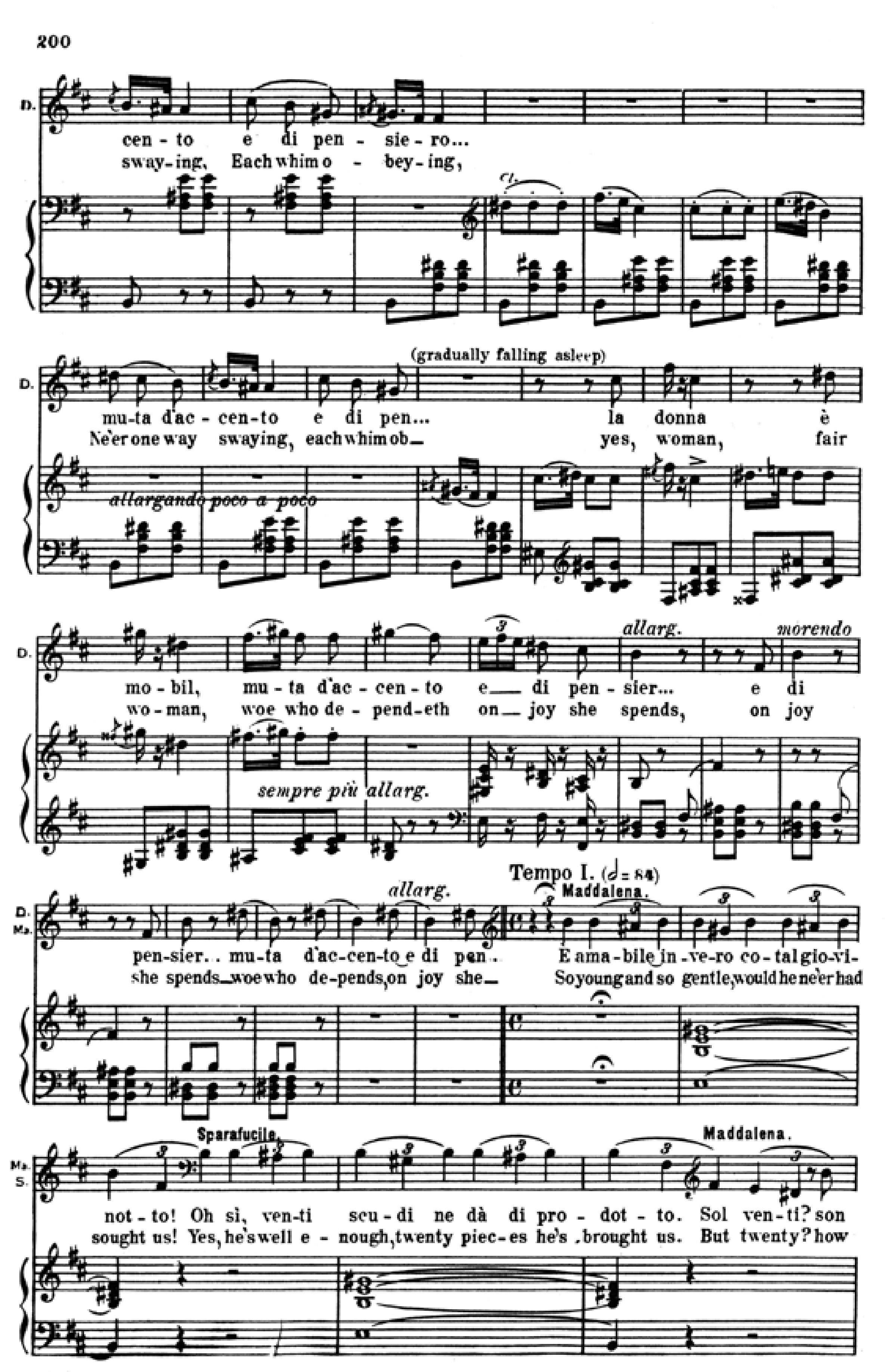

195
Recit.
Rigoletto.
R.
Piano.
M'o-di!.. ri-tor-na a ca-sa... o-ro pren-di, un de-
Mark me! be-take thee home-ward, there dis-guise thee as a
striero, u-na ve-ste vi-ril che l'appre-stai, e per Ve-ro-na
youth; find a steed, and with all con-venient speed fly hence un-to Ve-
Gilda. Rigoletto. Gilda. Rig.
R. G.
parti, sa-rovvi io pur do-man. Or ve-ni-te. Im-pos-si-bil. Tremo. Va!
ro-na, and I will meet thee there. Fly thou with me. Now I cannot. Fa-ther! Go!
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
(Exit Gilda.)
(The Duke and Maddalena remain talking, laughing and drinking.)
(Rigoletto goes behind the house, and returns with Sparafucile, counting him out his money.)
pp
Ob.
estremamente p
Viole & Basses
Rigoletto. (This Recitative must be sung without the usual appoggiaturas.)
Ven-ti scudi, hai tu det-to?.. Ec-co-ne die-ci; e do-po l'opra il
'Twas to be for twen-ty pieces, half paid be-fore-hand, the rest to fol-low
15959

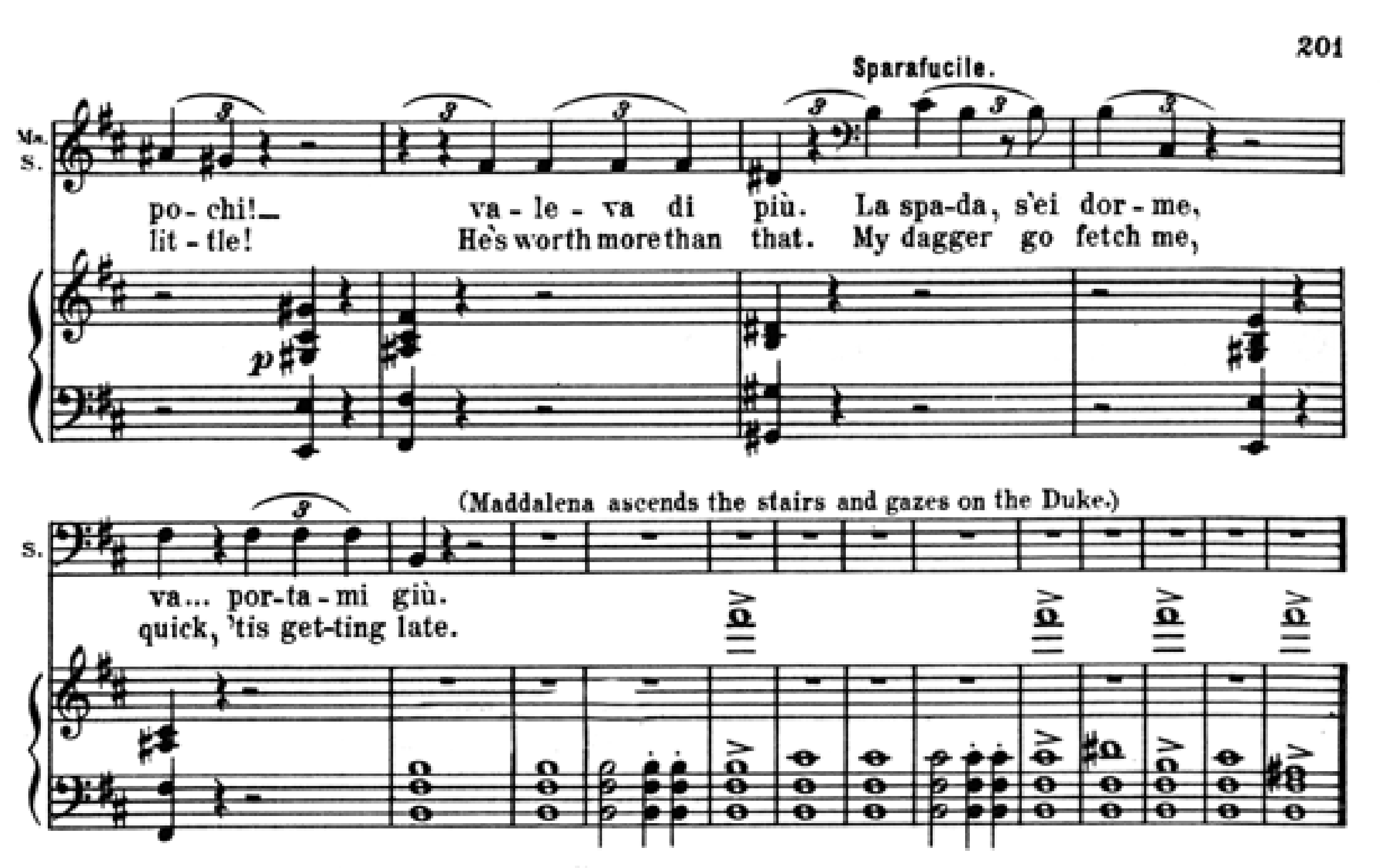

196
R. S.
Spar. Rigoletto. Spar.
resto. Ei qui ri-ma-ne? Sì. Al-la mez-za-not-te ri-tor-ne-rò. Non
af-ter. Here are the first ten. Good. At the midnight hour I will come again. Thou
Ob.
pp
S. R.
Rigoletto. Sparafucile.
ca-le. A get-tar-lo nel fiume basto io solo. No, no, il vo' far io stesso. Si-a! Il suo
need'st not. I can throw him a-lone into the river. No, no, I myself must do that. Come then, say, who
Rigoletto.
(exit)
nome? Vuoi sa-per anche il mio? E-gli è De-lit-to, Pu-ni-zion son i-o.
is he? Wouldst thou know, too, who I am? His name is Guilt and mine is swift A-tone-ment.
ppp
(it begins to lighten)
Sparafucile.
S.
La tem-pe-sta è vi-ci-na!..più scu-ra fia la
We shall soon have a tempest, The night is getting
Fl.
Duke (seizing her). Tempo I. Maddalena (escaping from him).
S. D. Ma.
not-te! Mad-da-le-na! A-spet-ta-te... mio fra-tel-lo
dark-er. Mad-da-le-na! Stay, be cautious, for here comes my
adagio dolce
15959


197
Ma. D.
Duke. Maddalena.
vie-ne... Che importa? Tuona!
brother. What matter? It thunders.
Chorus.
TENOR.
BASS.
(Behind the scenes, humming with closed mouths).
(lightning)
pp (thunder)
Sparafucile (re-entering the house). Duke. (to Sparafucile)
S. D.
E pio-ve-rà fra po-co. Tan-to me-glio! Tu dor-mi-
And rain will fall in torrents. All the bet-ter. Here I will
Ob.
pp
Maddalena (aside to the Duke).
Ma.
(Ah no, par-
(Thou must not
D. S.
Sparafucile.
rai in scu-de-ri-a... al-l'in-ferno... o-ve vor-ra-i! Oh grazie!
stay, leave me a-lone now, make thy ex-it, go to the devil! How gracious!
15959


198
M.
ti-te.)
stay here.)
Duke (to Maddalena). Sparafucile (aside to Maddalena) (to the Duke).
D. S.
(Con tal tem-po?) (Son ven-ti scu-di d'o-ro.) Ben fe-
(You'd re-fuse me?) ('Tis twen-ty gold-en piec-es.) Sir, I
Chorus.
Viol.
pp
(takes a light and goes toward the ladder).
S.
li-ce d'of-frir-vi u-na stan-za, se a voi pia-ce, to-sto a ve-der-la an-
pray you, take shel-ter in my chamber, 'tis at your ser-vice; if you per-mit, I'll
Duke. (Whispers a word to Maddalena and follows Sparafucile).
S. D.
dia-mo. Eb-ben! so-no con te... pre-sto... ve-dia-mo.
show you. Lead on! (I'll soon re-turn.) Come then, con-duct me.
Clar.
Adagio con forza
Maddalena.
Ma.
Po-ve-ro gio-vin! gra-zio-so tan-to!
Oh, shall he per-ish? would I could save him!
Tempo I.
Fl.
ppp
pp
pp
15959


199
Duke (on the upper floor).
Ma. D.
Di-o, qual not-te è que-sta! Si dorme al-l'aria a-
Heav-en, what dread-ful thunder! An o-pen-air en-
Chorus.
pp
D. S.
Sparafucile.
per-ta? be-ne, be-ne!.. Buo-na not-te. Si-gnor, vi guar-di Id-di-
campment? this is charming! You may go now. Good sir, may heav-en guard
(The Duke takes off his hat and sword.) Duke.
S. D.
o! Breve son-no dor-miam...stanco son
thee. One short hour I will sleep, I am quite
pp
pp
Allegretto. (𝅘𝅥𝅮 = 138)
D.
i-o. La donna è mo-bi-le qual piuma al ven-to, mu-ta d'ac-
weary. Plume in the summer wind Way-ward-ly play-ing, Ne'er one way
15959

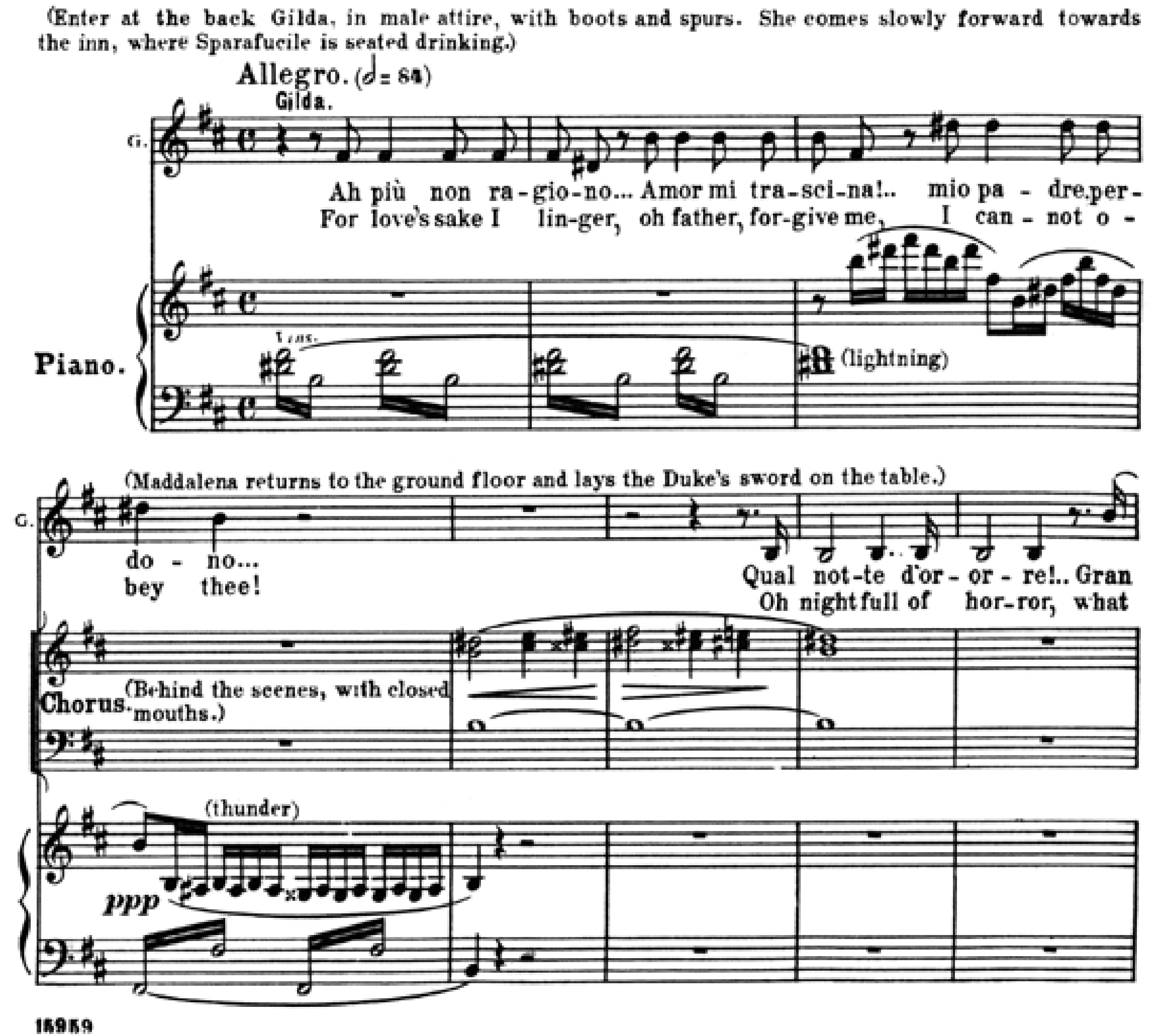

200
D.
cen-to e di pen-sie-ro...
sway-ing, Each whim o-bey-ing,
Cl.
(gradually falling asleep)
mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen... la donna è
Ne'er one way swaying, each whim ob- yes, woman, fair
allargando poco a poco
allarg. morendo
mo-bil, mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen-sier... e di
wo-man, woe who de-pend-eth on joy she spends, on joy
sempre più allarg.
allarg. Tempo I. (𝅗𝅥 = 84) Maddalena.
D. Ma.
pen-sier.. mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen.. E ama-bile in-ve-ro co-tal gio-vi-
she spends woe who de-pends on joy she- So young and so gentle, would he ne'er had
Sparafucile. Maddalena.
Ma. S.
not-to! Oh sì, ven-ti scu-di ne dà di pro-dot-to. Sol ven-ti? son
sought us! Yes, he's well e-nough, twenty piec-es he's brought us. But twenty? how
15959


201
Ma. S.
Sparafucile.
po-chi! va-le-va di più. La spa-da, s'ei dor-me,
lit-tle! He's worth more than that. My dagger go fetch me,
p
S.
(Maddalena ascends the stairs and gazes on the Duke.)
va... por-ta-mi giù.
quick, 'tis get-ting late.

Nº 18. "Somiglia un Apollo."

Recitative, Trio and Storm.

(Enter at the back Gilda, in male attire, with boots and spurs. She comes slowly forward towards the inn, where Sparafucile is seated drinking.)


Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
Gilda.
G.
Ah più non ra-gio-no... Amor mi tra-sci-na!.. mio pa-dre, per-
For love's sake I lin-ger, oh father, for-give me, I can-not o-
Piano.
Vns.
(lightning)
(Maddalena returns to the ground floor and lays the Duke's sword on the table.)
do-no...
bey thee!
Qual not-te d'or-or-re!.. Gran
Oh night full of hor-ror, what
Chorus.
(Behind the scenes, with closed mouths.)
(thunder)
ppp
15959

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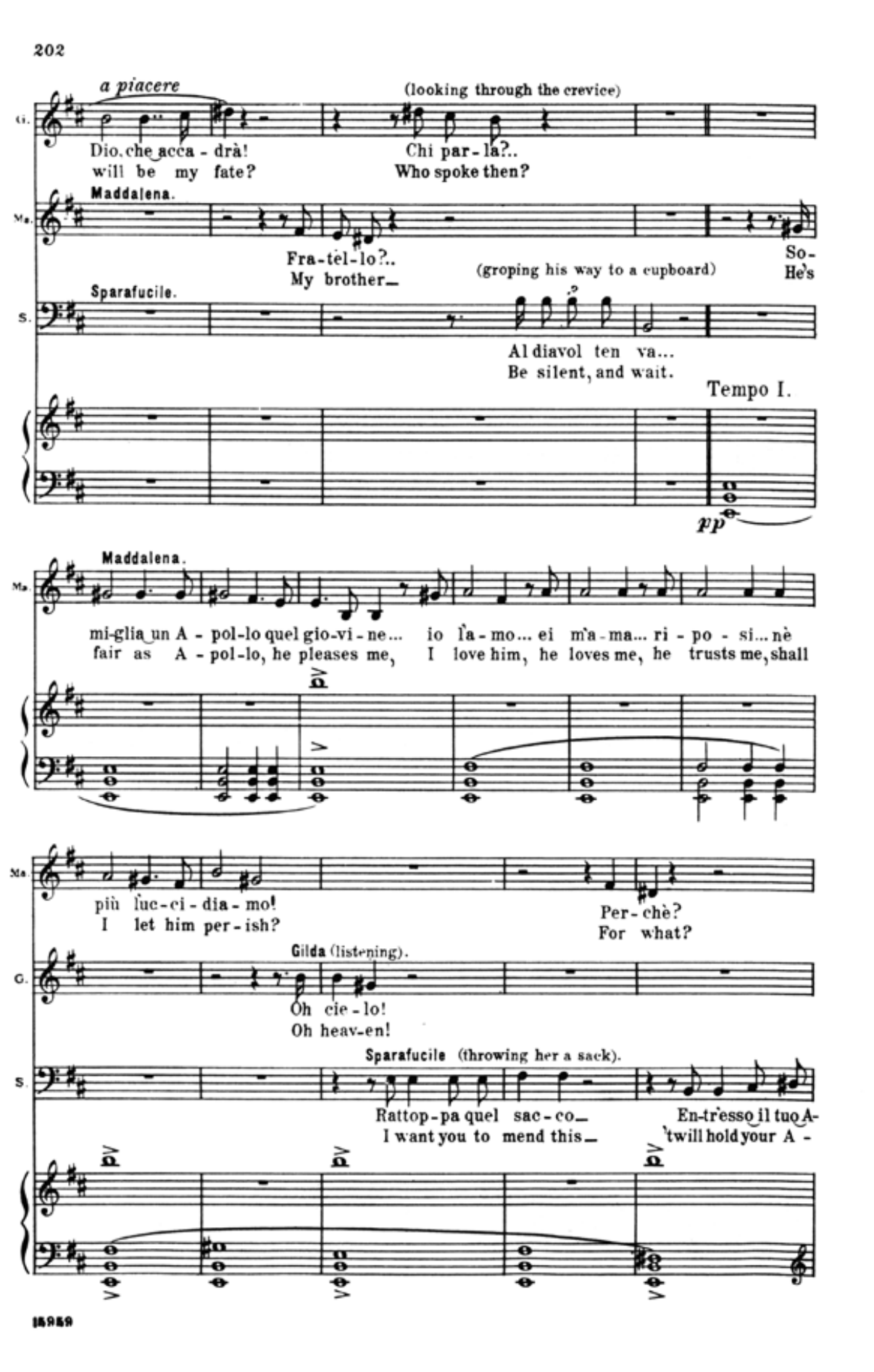
202
a piacere
(looking through the crevice)
G.
Dio, che accadrà! / will be my fate?
Chi parla?.. / Who spoke then?
Maddalena.
Fratello?.. / My brother—
(groping his way to a cupboard)
So- / He's
Sparafucile.
Al diavol ten va... / Be silent, and wait.
Tempo I.
pp
miglia un Apollo quel giovine... io l'amo... ei m'ama... riposi... nè
fair as Apollo, he pleases me, I love him, he loves me, he trusts me, shall
più l'uccidiamo! / I let him perish?
Perchè? / For what?
Gilda (listening).
Oh cielo! / Oh heaven!
Sparafucile (throwing her a sack).
Rattoppa quel sacco— / I want you to mend this—
Entr'esso il tuo A- / 'twill hold your A-
15959

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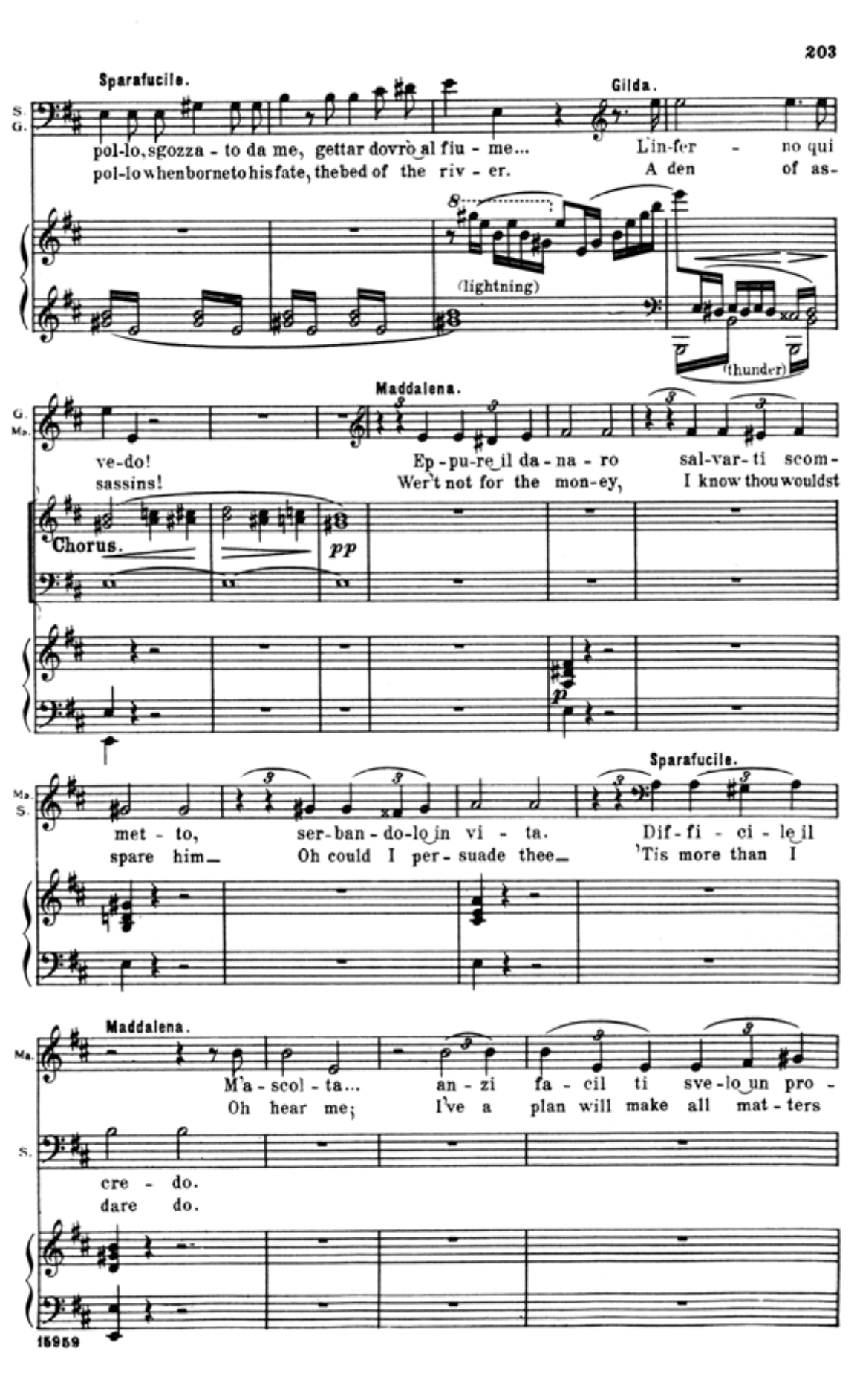
203
Sparafucile.
pollo, sgozzato da me, gettar dovrò al fiume...
pollo when borne to his fate, the bed of the river.
Gilda.
L'inferno qui vedo! / A den of assassins!
(lightning)
(thunder)
Maddalena.
Eppure il danaro salvarti scommetto, serbandolo in vita.
Wer't not for the money, I know thou wouldst spare him— Oh could I persuade thee—
Chorus.
pp
Sparafucile.
Difficile il credo. / 'Tis more than I dare do.
Maddalena.
M'ascolta... anzi facil ti svelo un pro-
Oh hear me; I've a plan will make all matters
15959

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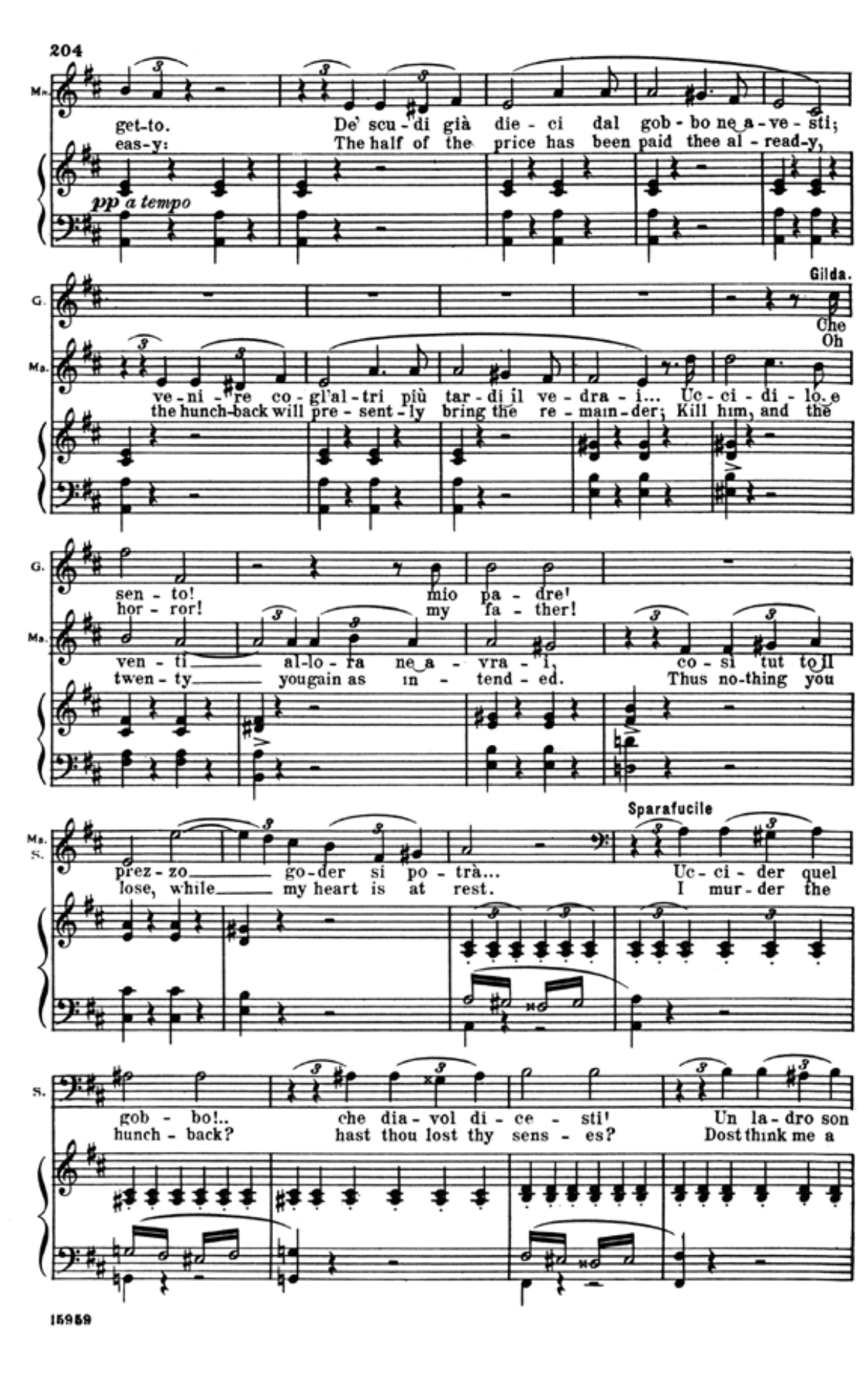
204
getto. De' scudi già dieci dal gobbo ne avesti;
easy: The half of the price has been paid thee already,
pp a tempo
Gilda.
Che sento! / Oh horror!
venire cogl'altri più tardi il vedrai... Uccidilo e venti allora ne avrai, così tutto il prezzo goder si potrà...
the hunch-back will presently bring the remainder; Kill him, and the twenty you gain as intended. Thus nothing you lose, while my heart is at rest.
mio padre! / my father!
Sparafucile
Uccider quel gobbo!.. che diavol dicesti! Un ladro son
I murder the hunch-back? hast thou lost thy senses? Dost think me a
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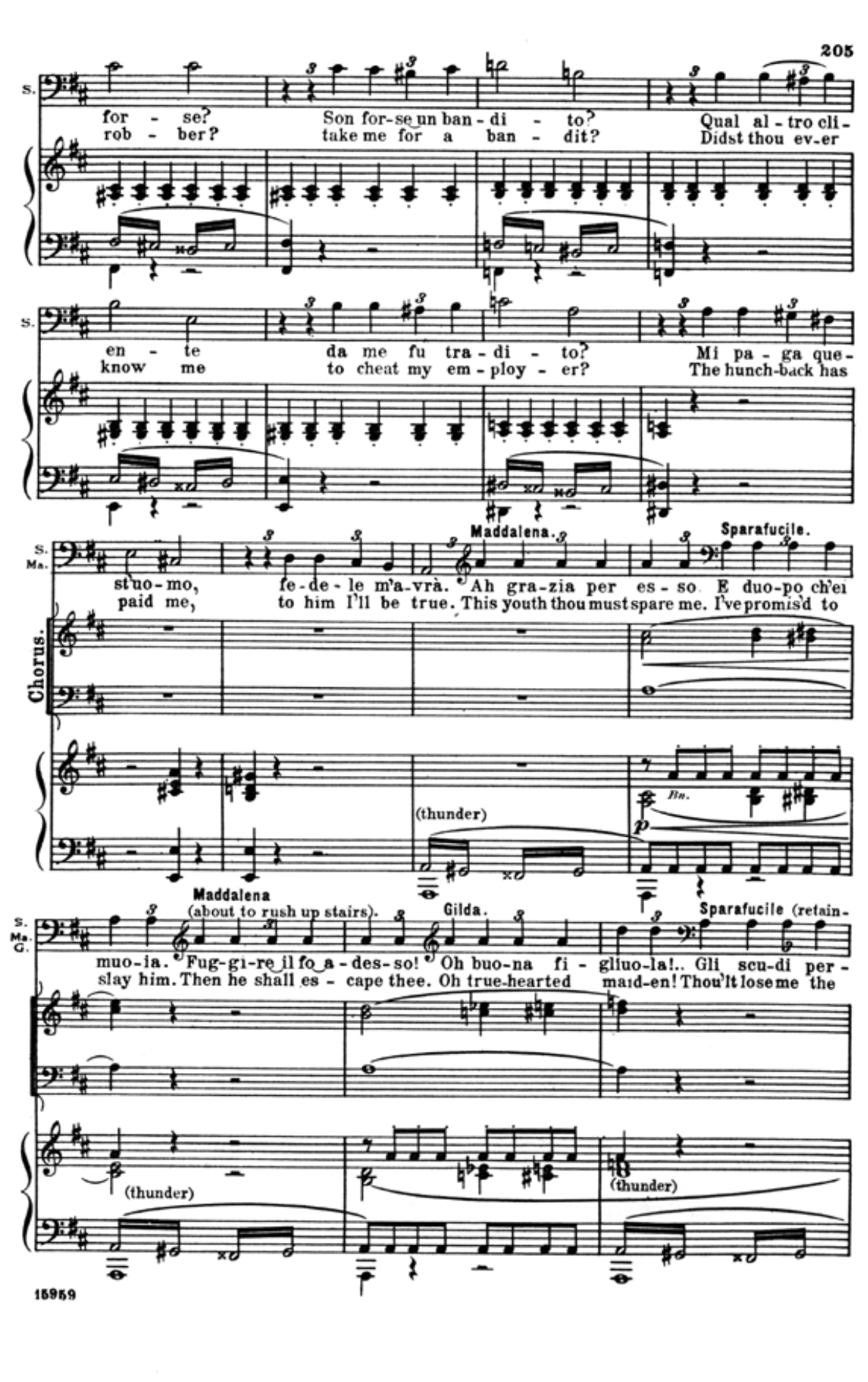
205
forse? Son forse un bandito? Qual altro cliente da me fu tradito? Mi paga quest'uomo, fedele m'avrà.
robber? take me for a bandit? Didst thou ever know me to cheat my employer? The hunch-back has paid me, to him I'll be true.
Maddalena.
Ah grazia per esso. E duopo ch'ei
This youth thou must spare me.
Sparafucile.
I've promis'd to
Chorus.
(thunder)
Maddalena (about to rush up stairs).
muoia. Fuggire il fo adesso! / slay him. Then he shall escape thee.
Gilda.
Oh buona figliuola!.. / Oh true-hearted maiden!
Sparafucile (retain-
Gli scudi per- / Thou'lt lose me the
15959

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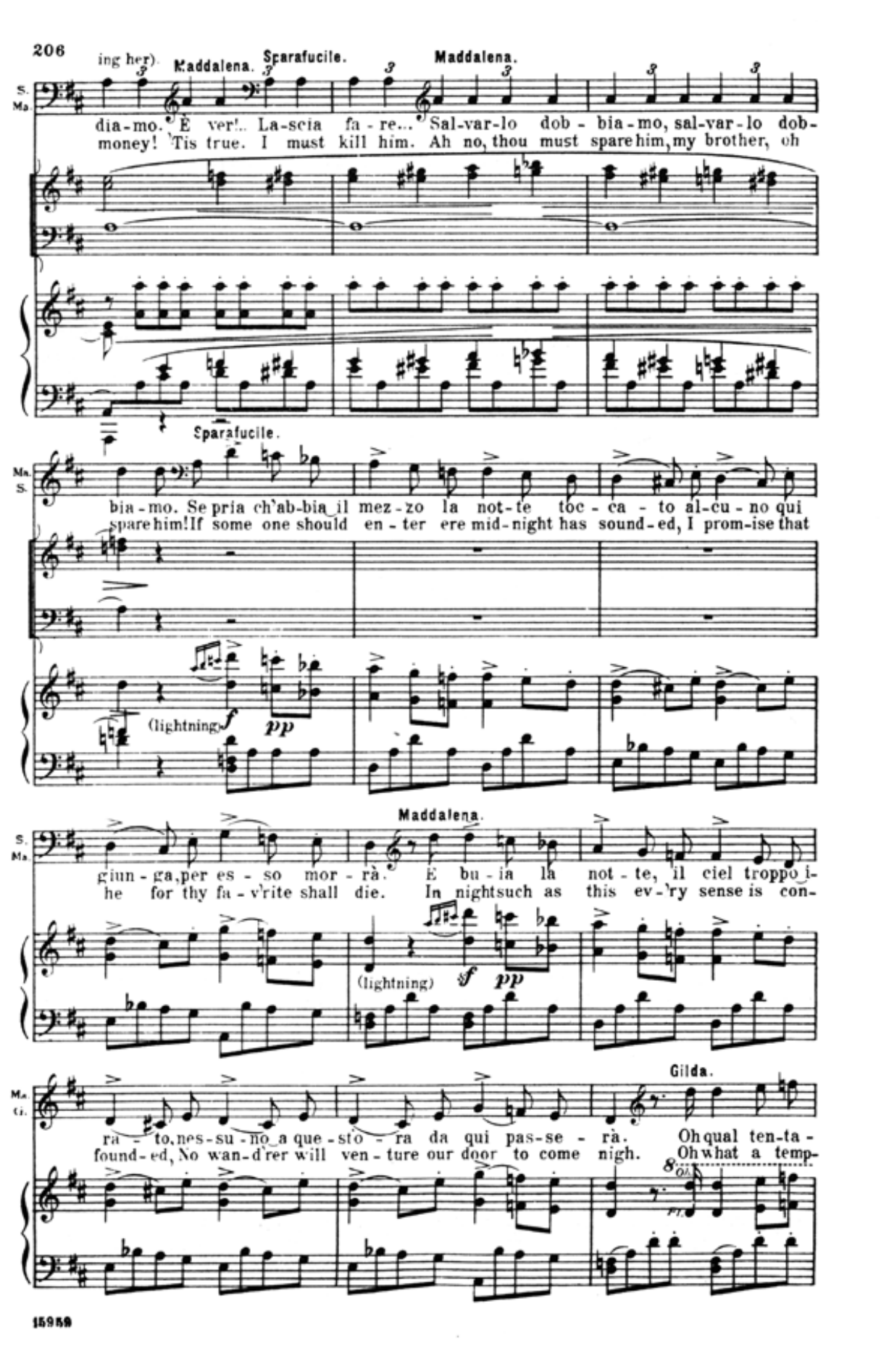
206
ing her).
Maddalena.
Sparafucile.
diamo. È ver!.. Lascia fare... Salvarlo dobbiamo, salvarlo dob-
money! 'Tis true. I must kill him. Ah no, thou must spare him, my brother, oh
Sparafucile.
biamo. Se pria ch'abbia il mezzo la notte toccato alcuno qui giunga, per esso morrà.
spare him! If some one should enter ere midnight has sounded, I promise that he for thy fav'rite shall die.
(lightning)
Maddalena.
È buia la notte, il ciel troppo irato, nessuno a quest'ora da qui passerà.
In night such as this ev'ry sense is confounded, No wand'rer will venture our door to come nigh.
Gilda.
Oh qual tenta- / Oh what a temp-
15959

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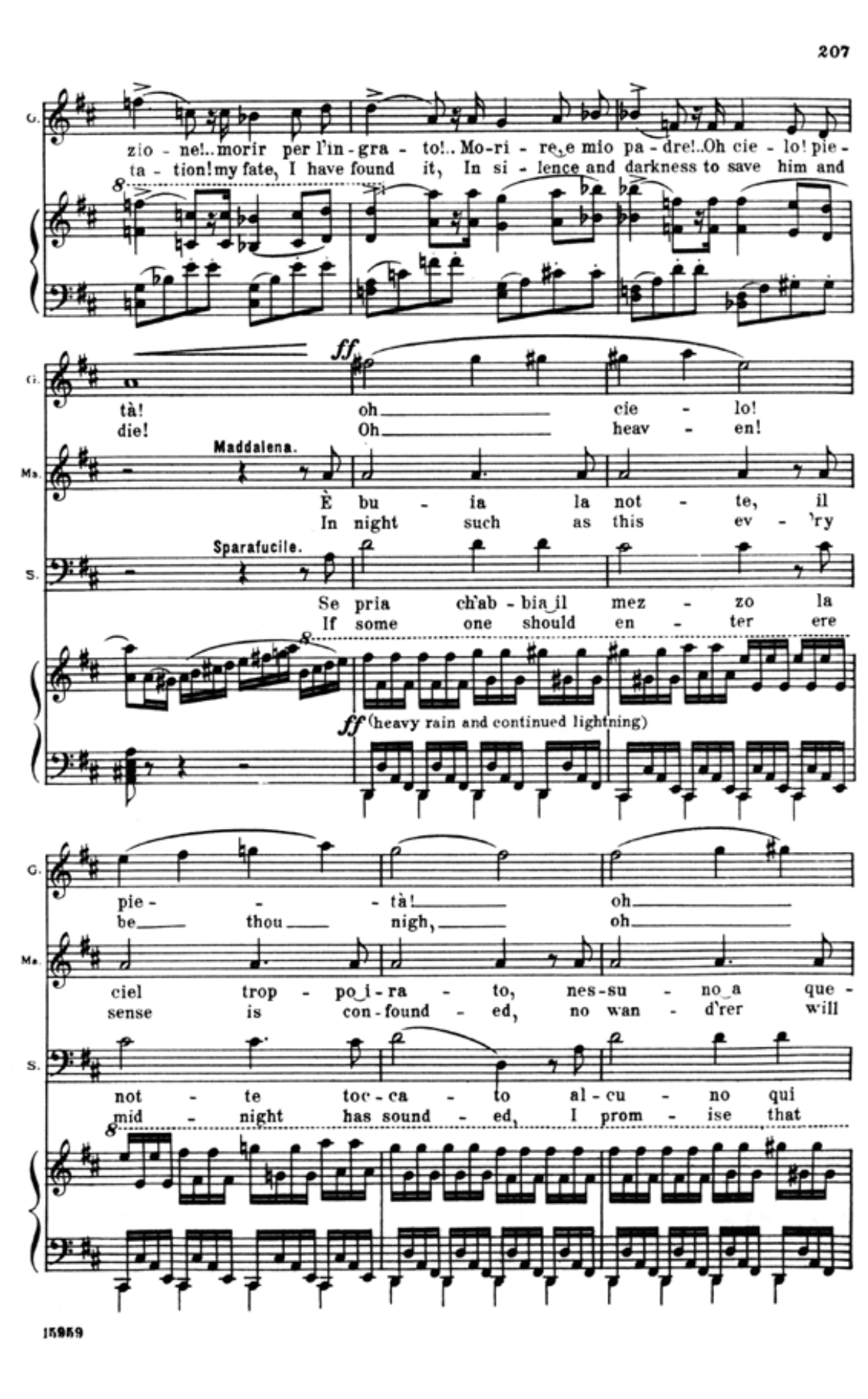
207
G.
zione!.. morir per l'ingrato!.. Morire, e mio padre!.. Oh cielo! pietà!
tation! my fate, I have found it, In silence and darkness to save him and die!
oh cielo! / Oh heaven!
Maddalena.
È buia la notte, il ciel troppo irato, nessuno a que-
In night such as this ev'ry sense is confounded, no wand'rer will
Sparafucile.
Se pria ch'abbia il mezzo la notte toccato alcuno qui
If some one should enter ere midnight has sounded, I promise that
ff (heavy rain and continued lightning)
pietà! oh / be thou nigh, oh
15959

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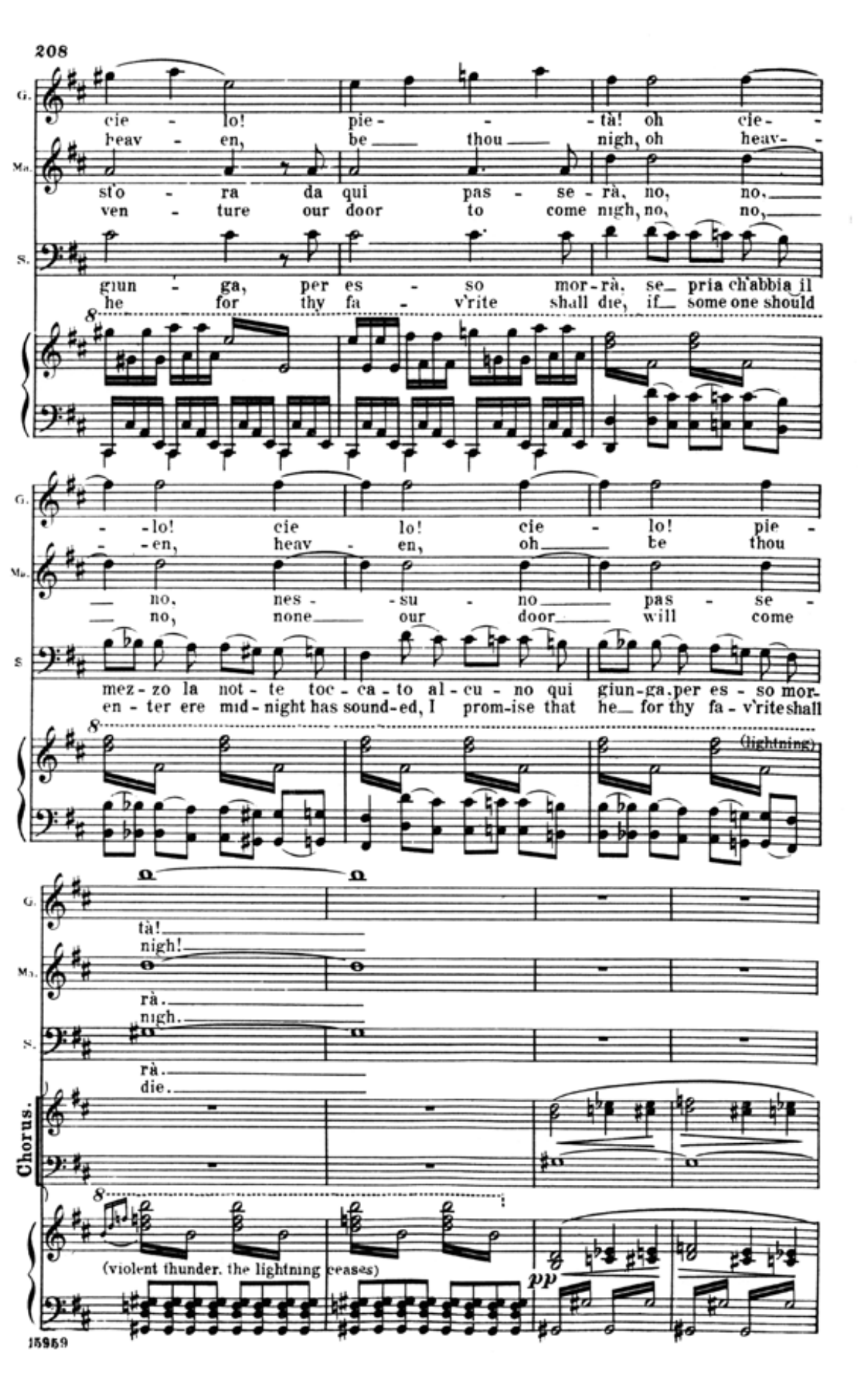
208
cielo! pietà! oh cielo! cielo! cielo! pietà!
heaven, be thou nigh, oh heaven, heaven, oh be thou nigh!
sto ra da qui passerà, no, no, nessuno passerà.
venture our door to come nigh, no, no, none our door will come nigh.
giunga, per esso morrà, se pria ch'abbia il mezzo la notte toccato alcuno qui giunga, per esso morrà.
he for thy fa-v'rite shall die, if some one should enter ere midnight has sounded, I promise that he for thy fav'rite shall die.
Chorus.
(lightning)
(violent thunder, the lightning ceases)
pp
15959

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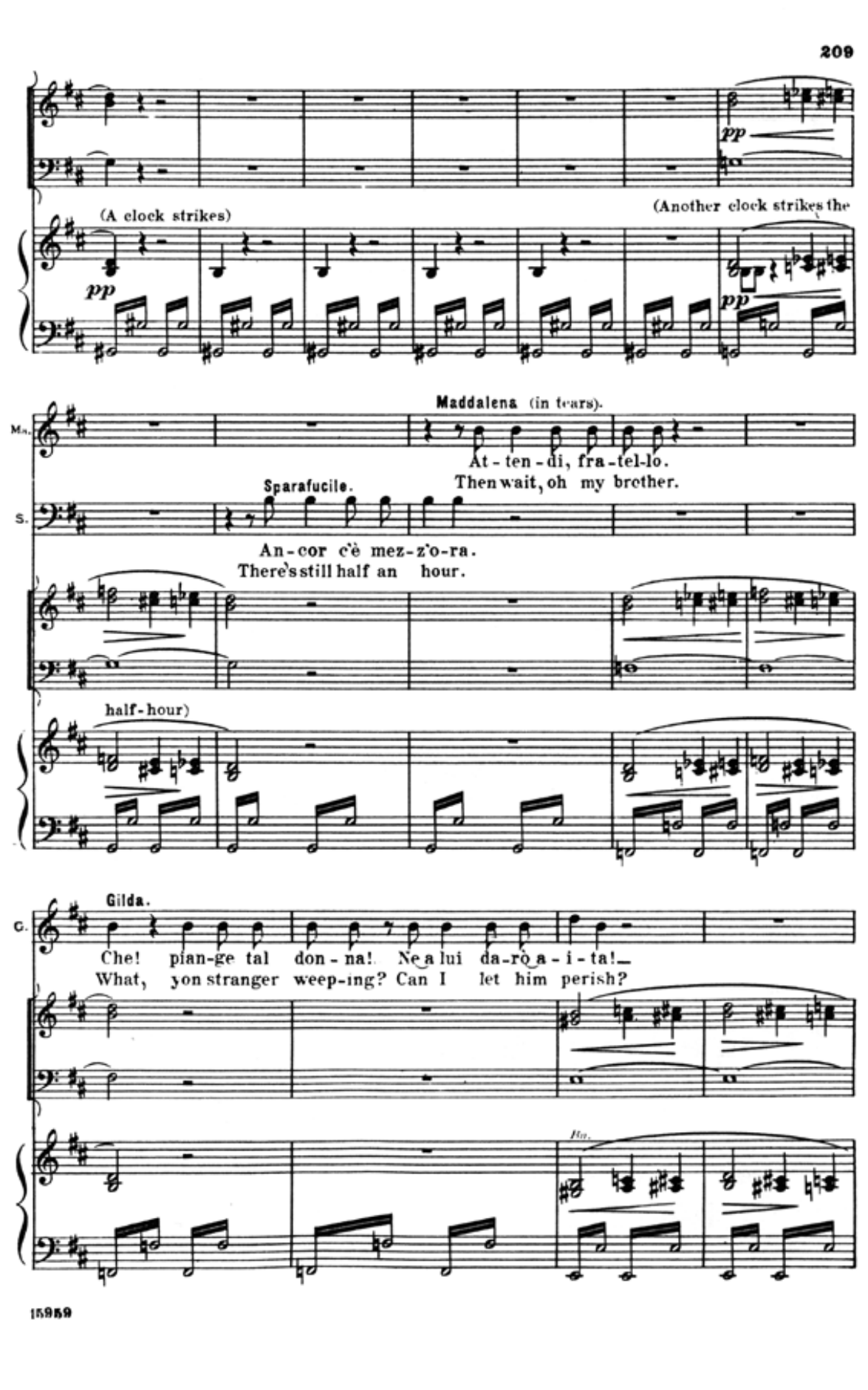
209
pp
(A clock strikes)
(Another clock strikes the half-hour)
Maddalena (in tears).
Attendi, fratello. / Then wait, oh my brother.
Sparafucile.
Ancor c'è mezz'ora. / There's still half an hour.
Gilda.
Che! piange tal donna! Nè a lui darò aita!—
What, yon stranger weeping? Can I let him perish?
15959

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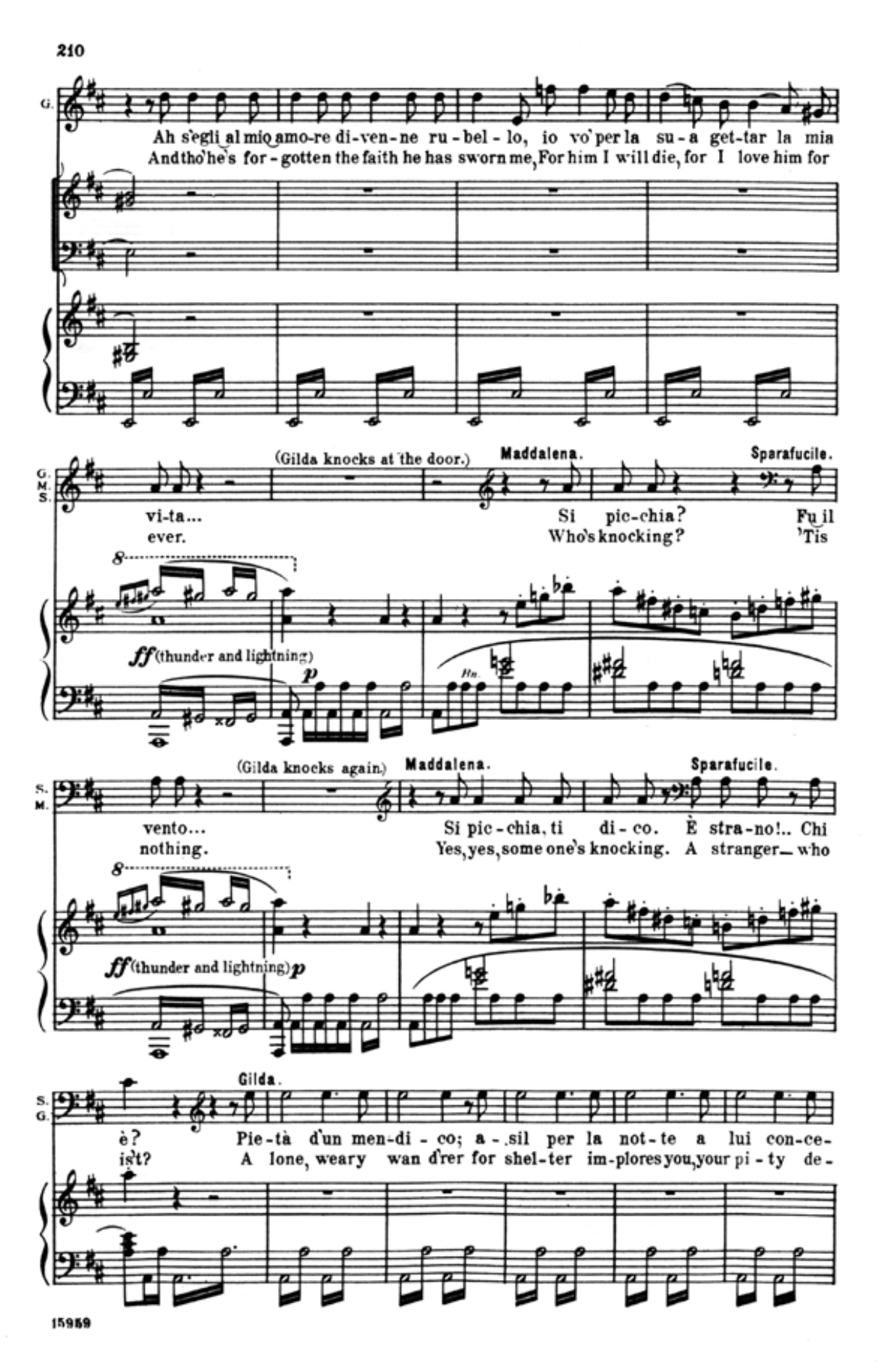
210
Ah s'egli al mio amore divenne rubelo, io vo' per la sua gettar la mia vita...
And tho' he's forgotten the faith he has sworn me, For him I will die, for I love him for ever.
(Gilda knocks at the door.)
Maddalena.
Si picchia? / Who's knocking?
Sparafucile.
Fu il vento... / 'Tis nothing.
ff (thunder and lightning)
(Gilda knocks again)
Maddalena.
Si picchia, ti dico. / Yes, yes, some one's knocking.
Sparafucile.
È strano!.. Chi è? / A stranger— who is't?
Gilda.
Pietà d'un mendico; asil per la notte a lui concede.
A lone, weary wand'rer for shelter implores you, your pity deny not.
15959

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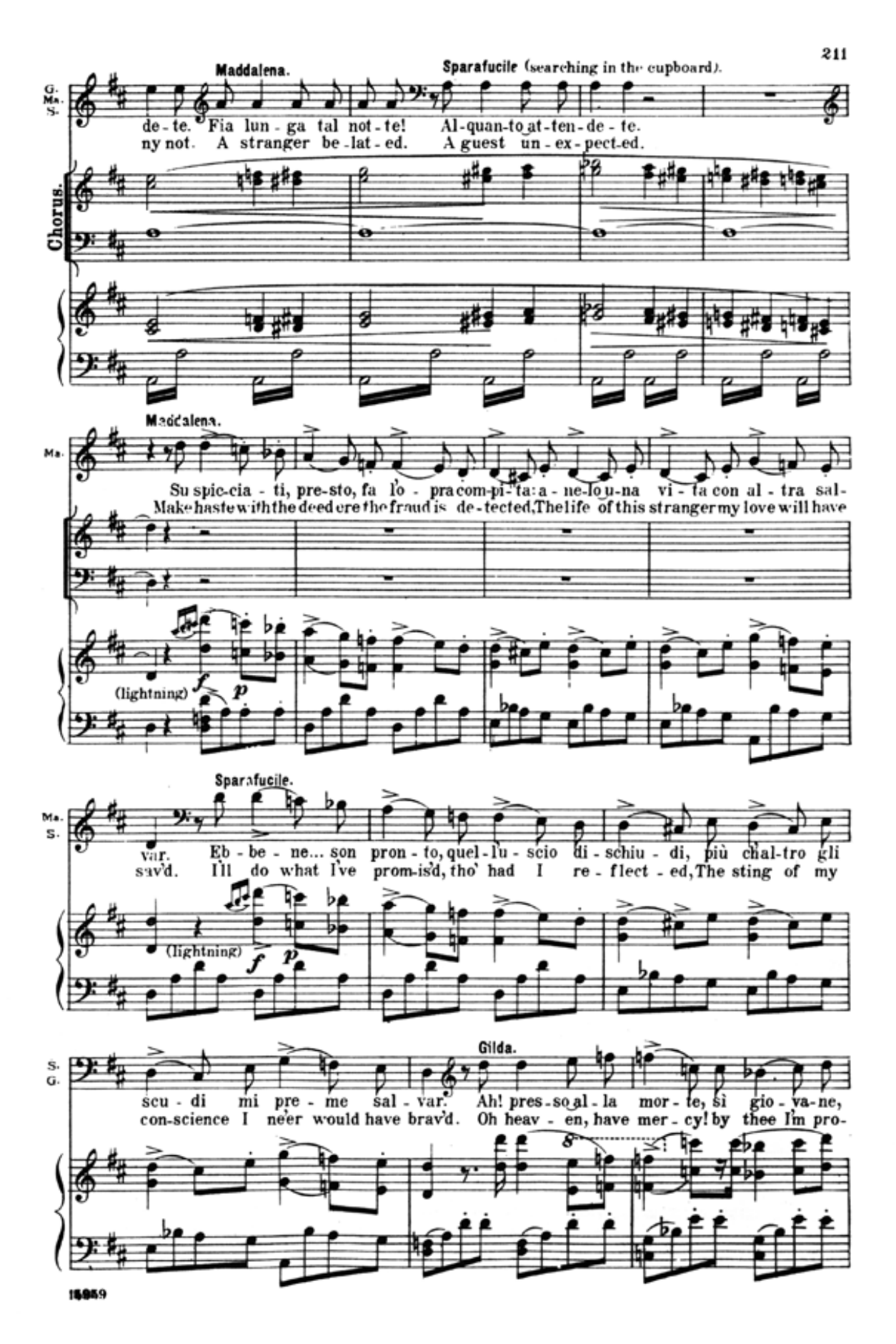
211
Maddalena.
Sparafucile (searching in the cupboard).
Fia lunga tal notte! / A stranger belated.
Alquanto attendete. / A guest unexpected.
Chorus.
Maddalena.
Su spicciati, presto, fa l'opra compita: anelo una vita con altra salvar.
Make haste with the deed ere the fraud is detected, The life of this stranger my love will have sav'd.
(lightning)
Sparafucile.
Ebbene... son pronto, quell'uscio dischiudi, più ch'altro gli scudi mi preme salvar.
I'll do what I've promis'd, tho' had I reflected, The sting of my conscience I ne'er would have brav'd.
Gilda.
Ah! presso alla morte, sì giovane, sono! Oh ciel, per quegl'empi ti chiego perdono!..
Oh heaven, have mercy! by thee I'm protected, Forgive me the love that my heart has enslav'd!
15959

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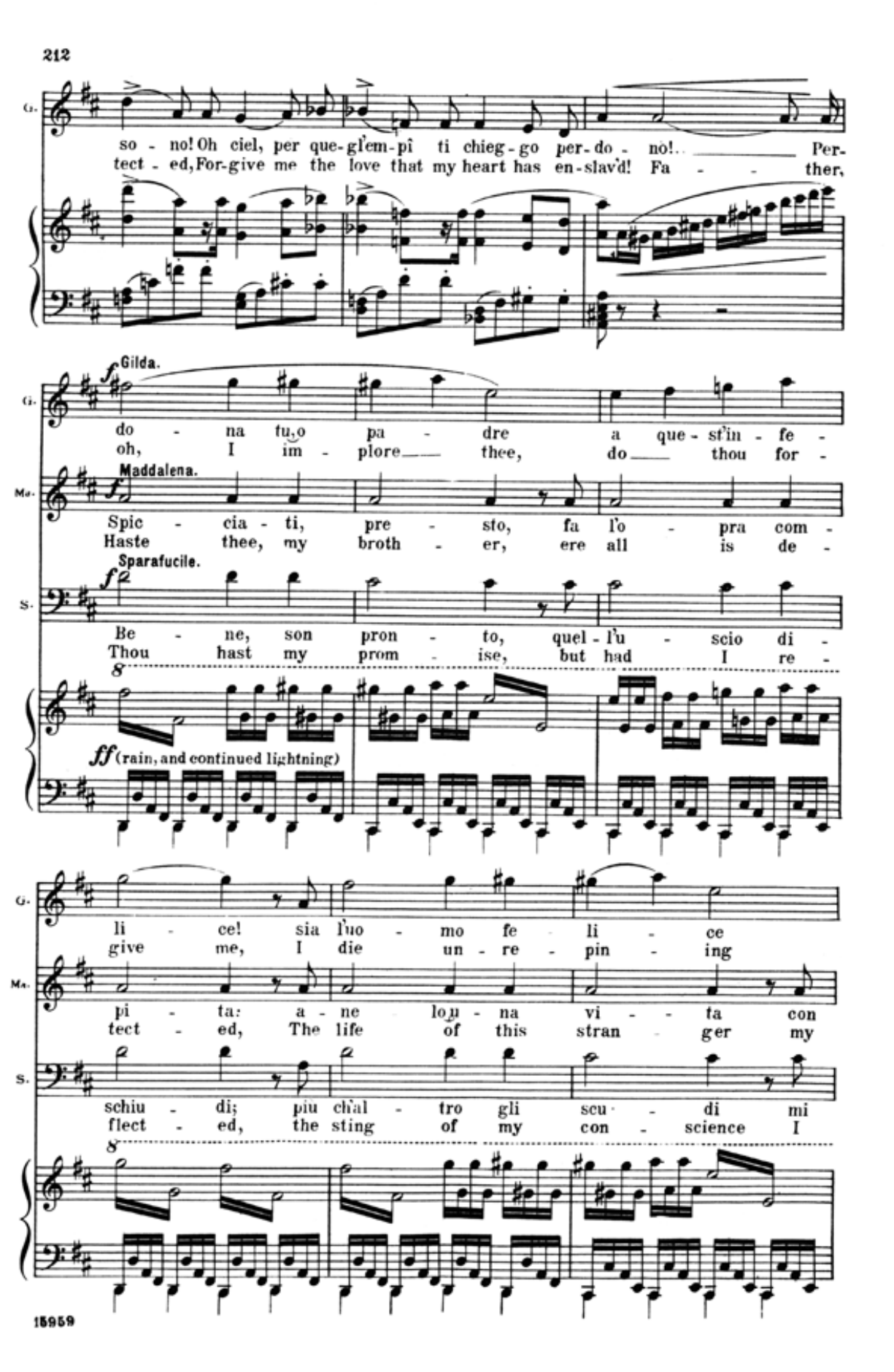
212
Perdona tu, o padre a quest'infelice! sia l'uomo felice
Father, oh, I implore thee, do thou forgive me, I die unrepining
Maddalena.
Spicciati, presto, fa l'opra compita: anela una vita con
Haste thee, my brother, ere all is detected, The life of this stranger my
Sparafucile.
Bene, son pronto, quell'uscio dischiudi; più ch'altro gli scudi mi
Thou hast my promise, but had I reflected, the sting of my conscience I
ff (rain, and continued lightning)
15959

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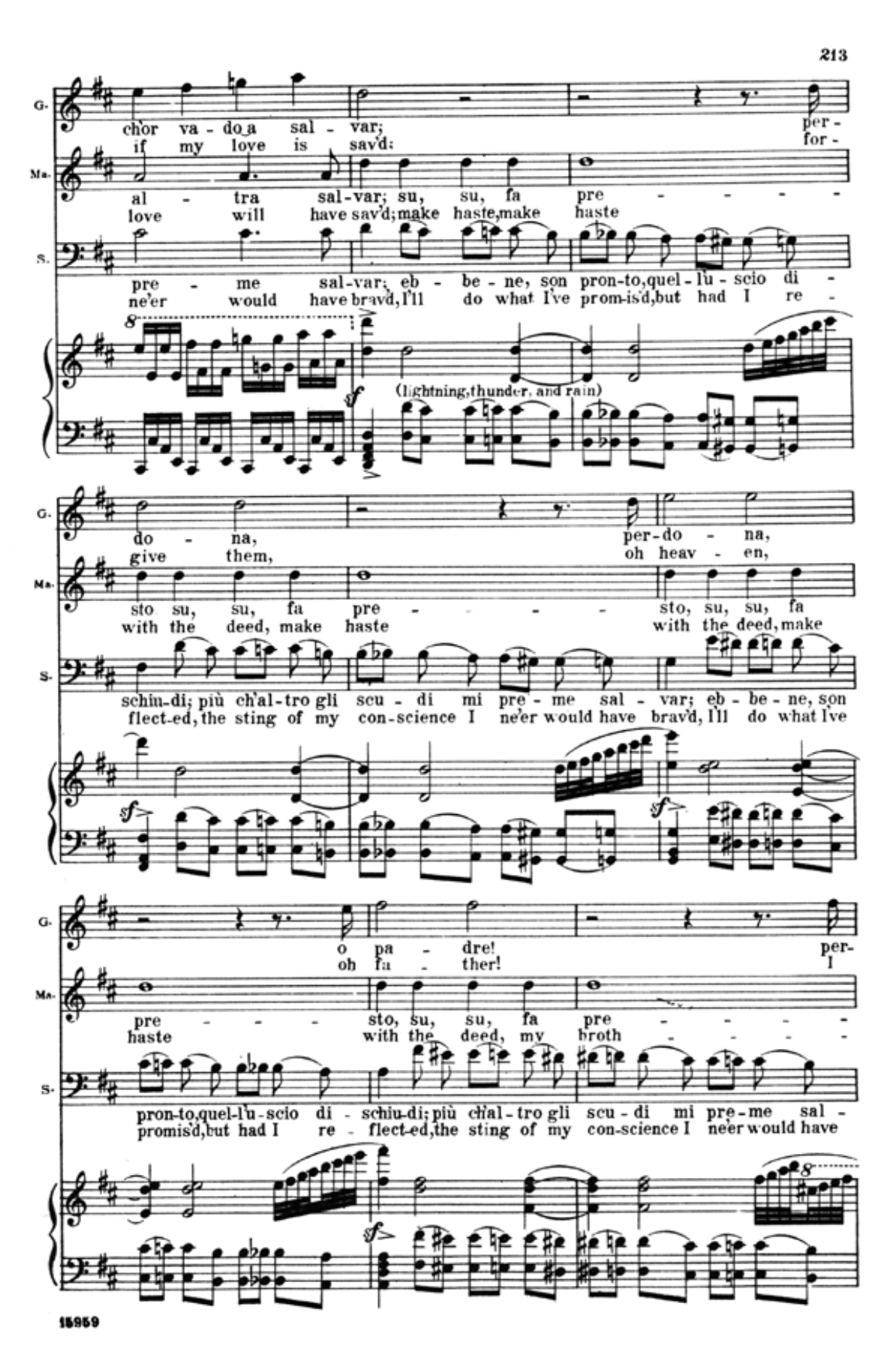
213
chor vado a salvar; perdona, perdona, o padre! per-
if my love is sav'd; forgive them, oh heaven, oh father! I
altra salvar; su, su, fa presto su, su, fa presto su, su, fa presto
love will have sav'd; make haste, make haste with the deed, make haste with the deed, my broth
pre me salvar; ebbene, son pronto, quell'uscio dischiudi; più ch'altro gli scudi mi preme salvar; ebbene, son pronto, quell'uscio dischiudi; più ch'altro gli scudi mi preme sal-
ne'er would have brav'd, I'll do what I've promis'd, but had I reflected, the sting of my conscience I ne'er would have brav'd, I'll do what I've promis'd, but had I reflected, the sting of my conscience I ne'er would have
(lightning, thunder, and rain)
15959

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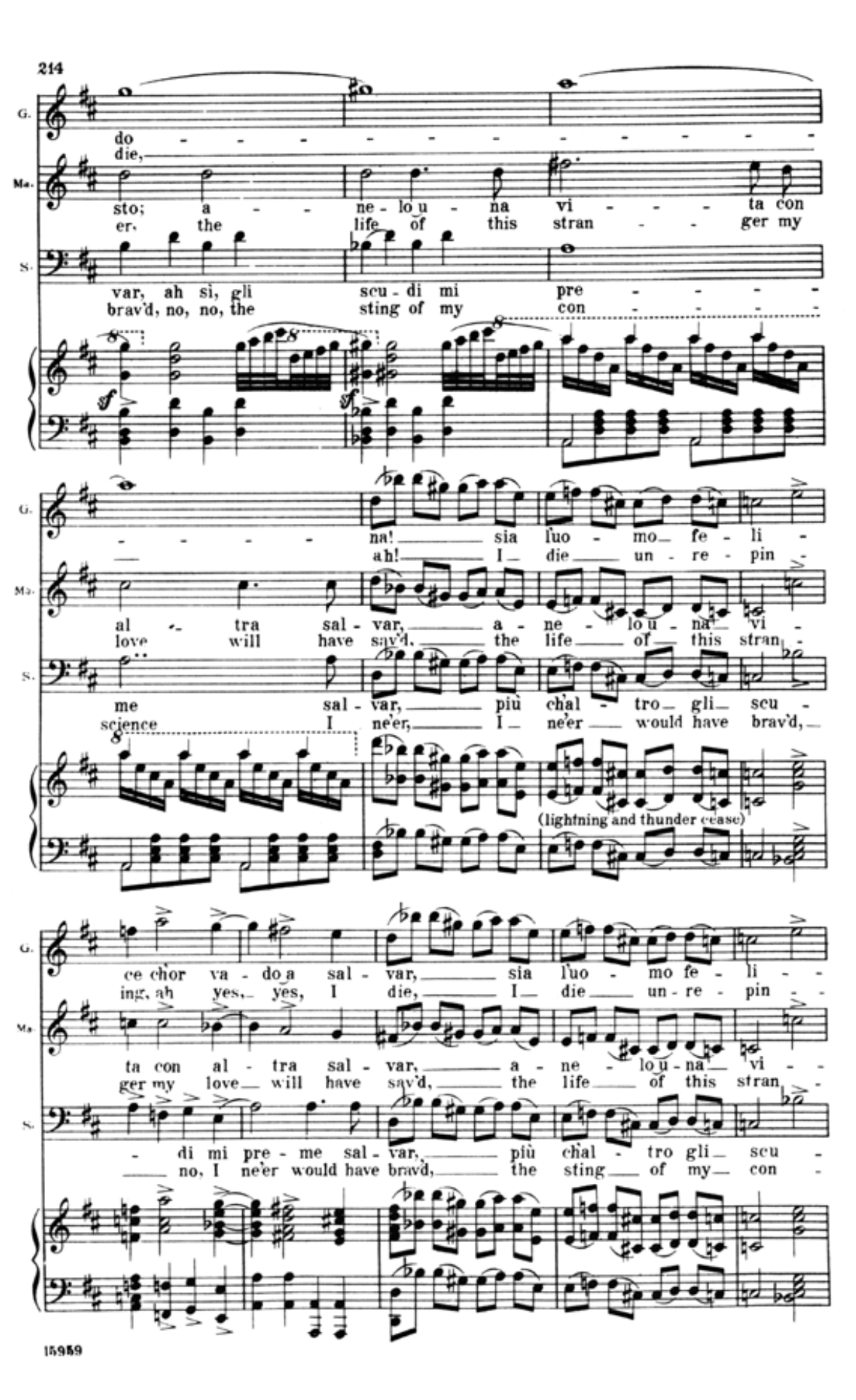
214
dona! sia l'uomo felice ch'or vado a salvar, sia l'uomo felice ch'or vado a
die, ah! I die unrepining, ah yes, yes, I die, I die unrepin-
sto; anela una vita con altra salvar, anela una vita con altra salvar, anela una vi-
er, the life of this stranger my love will have sav'd, the life of this stranger my love will have sav'd, the life of this stran-
var, ah sì, gli scudi mi preme salvar, più ch'altro gli scu- di mi preme salvar, più ch'al tro gli scu-
brav'd, no, no, the sting of my conscience I ne'er, I ne'er would have brav'd, no, I ne'er would have brav'd, the sting of my con-
(lightning and thunder cease)
15959

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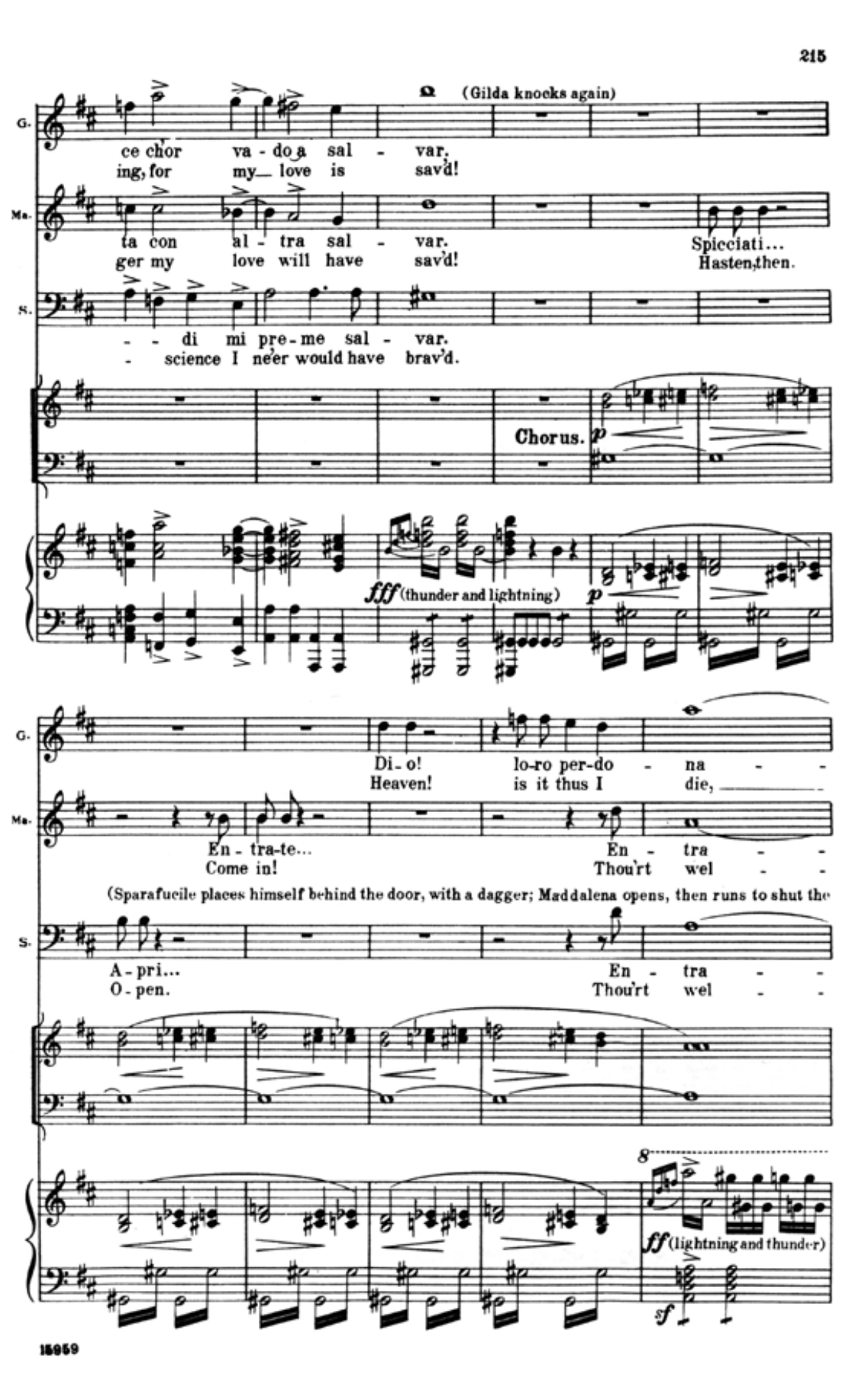
215
(Gilda knocks again)
ce chor va do a sal var. / ing, for my love is sav'd!
ta con al tra sal var. / ger my love will have sav'd!
Spicciati... / Hasten, then.
di mi pre me sal var. / science I ne'er would have brav'd.
Chorus.
fff (thunder and lightning)
Dio! loro perdona / Heaven! is it thus I die,
Entrate... / Come in!
Entrate! / Thou'rt welcome.
(Sparafucile places himself behind the door, with a dagger; Maddalena opens, then runs to shut the
Apri... / Open.
Entrate! / Thou'rt welcome.
ff (lightning and thunder)
15959

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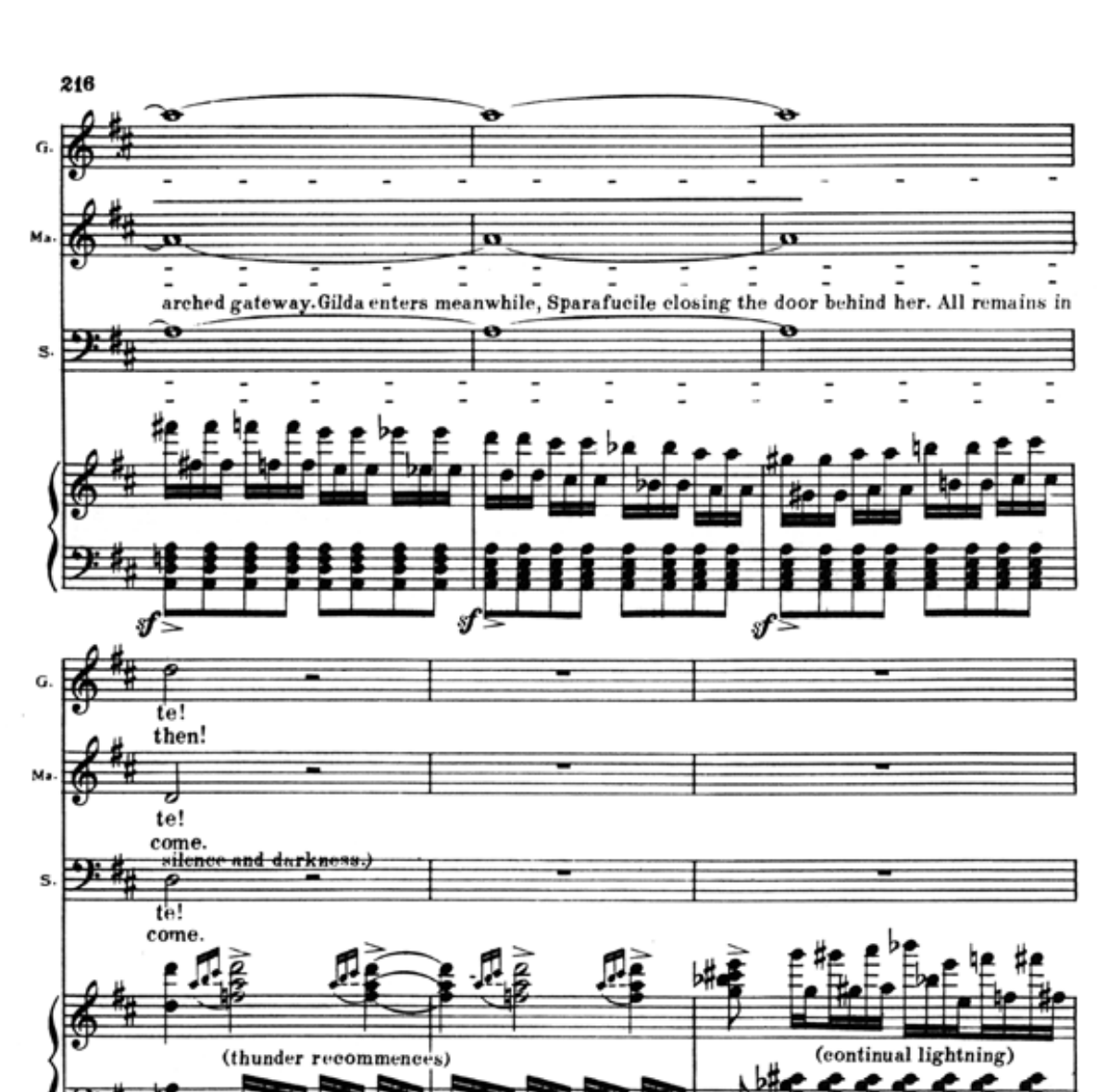
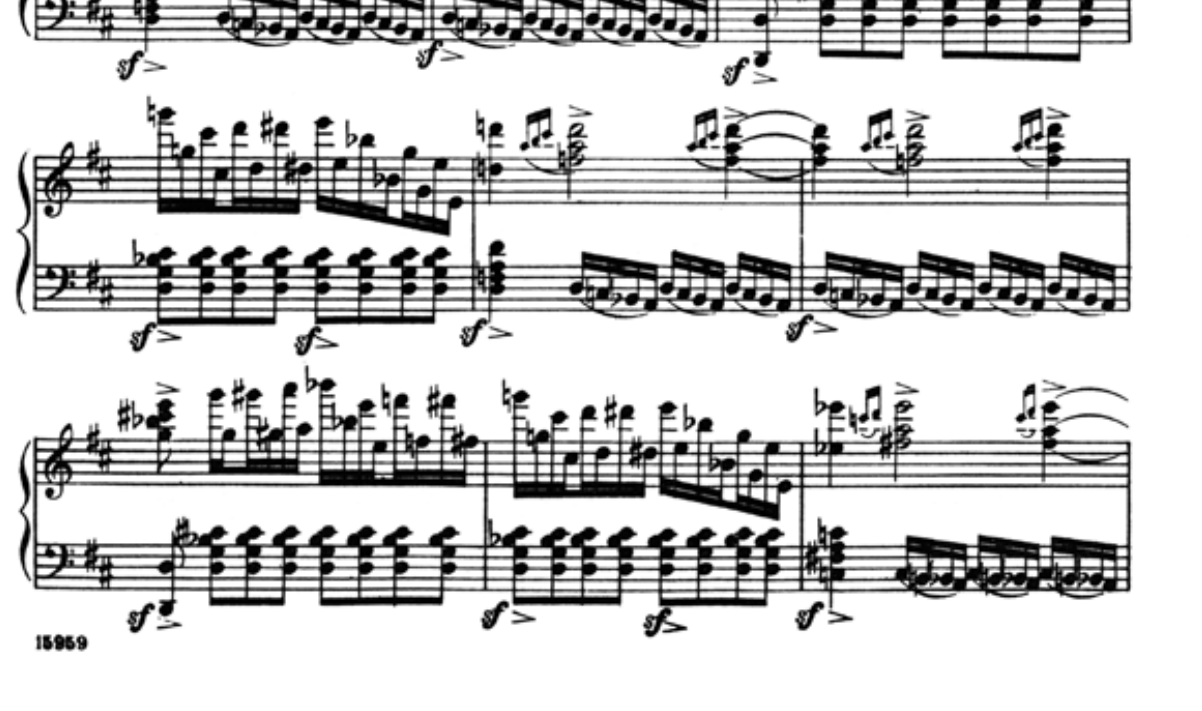

216
arched gateway. Gilda enters meanwhile, Sparafucile closing the door behind her. All remains in silence and darkness.)
te! then!
te! come.
te! come.
(thunder recommences)
(continual lightning)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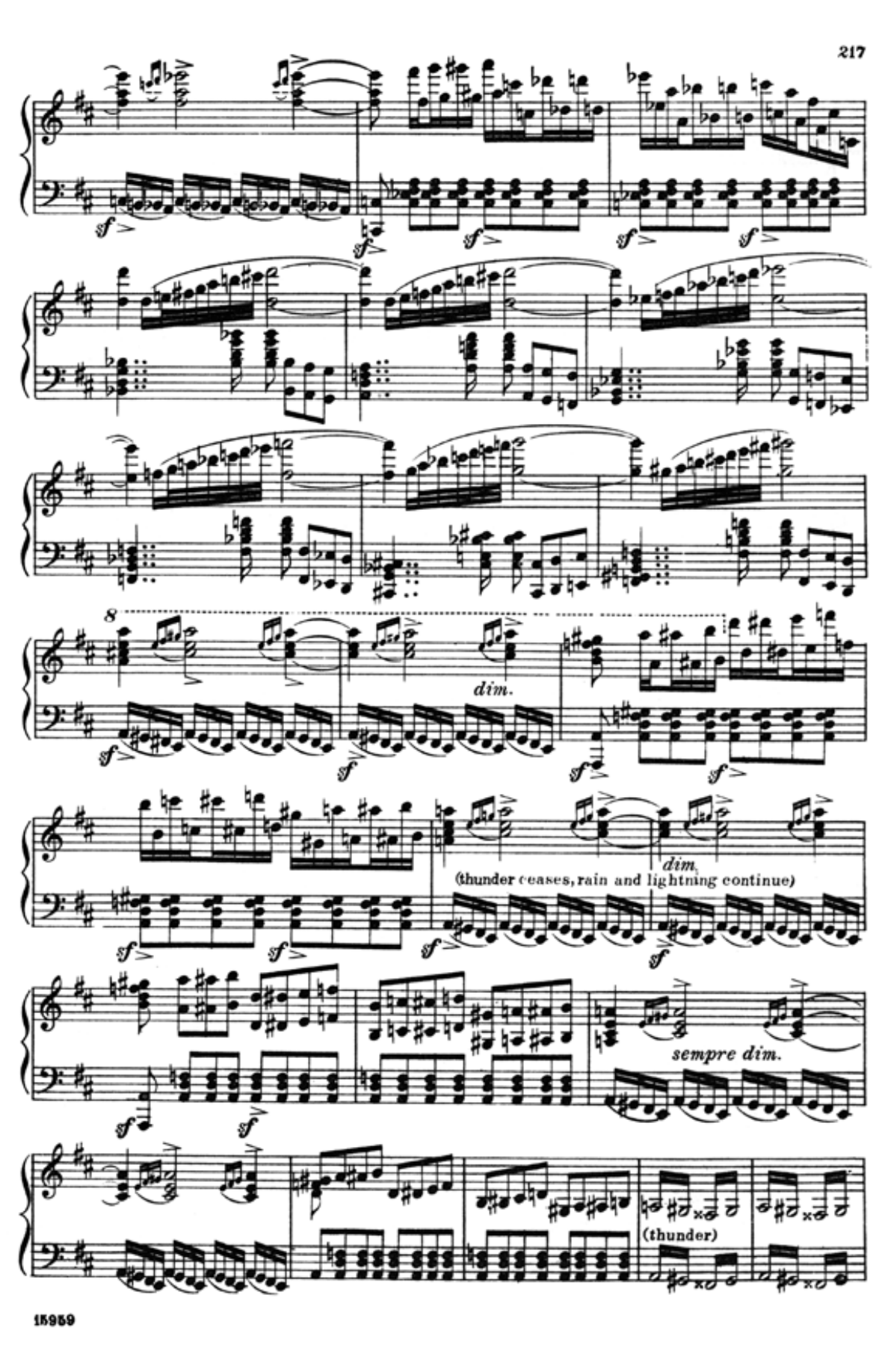
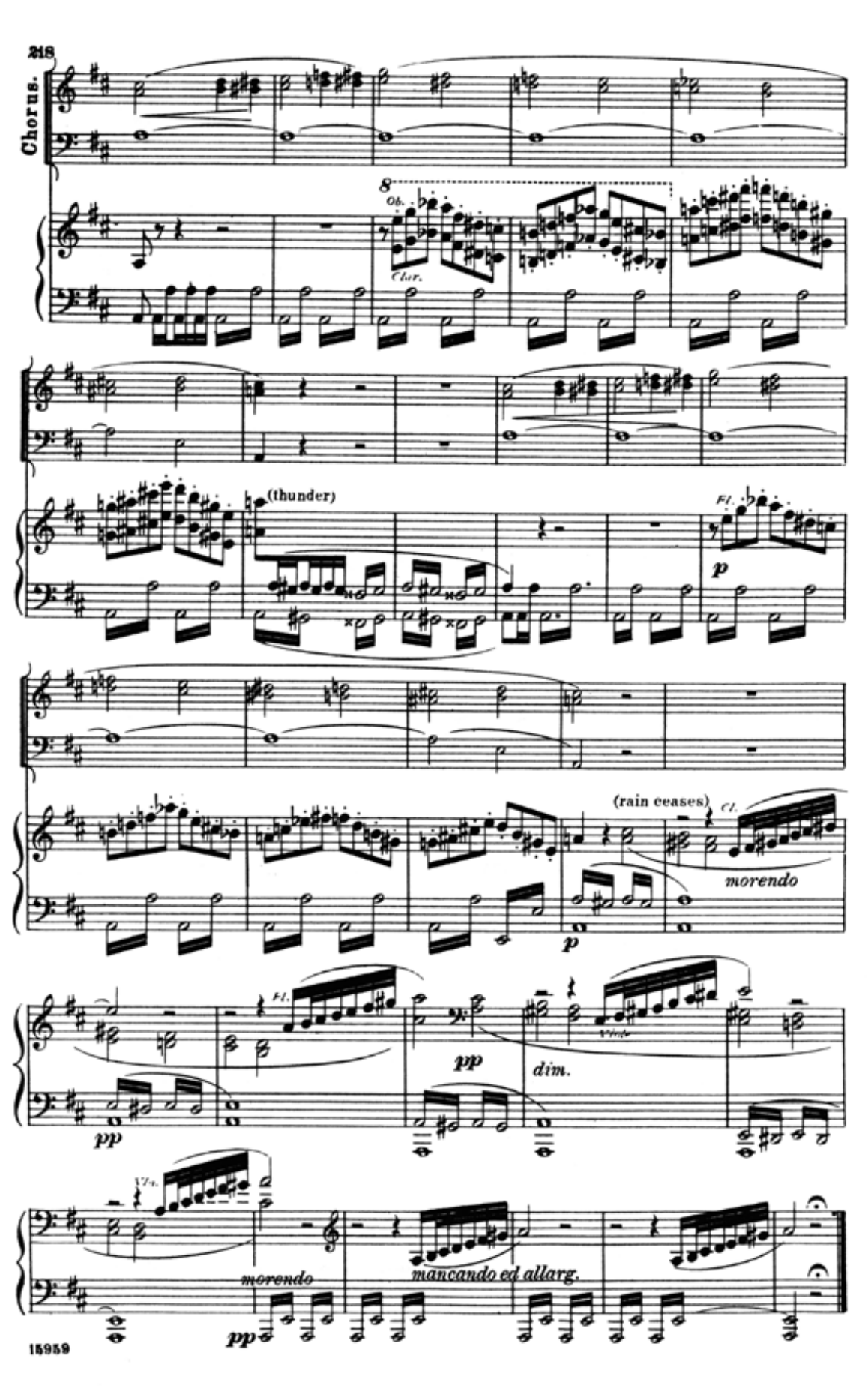
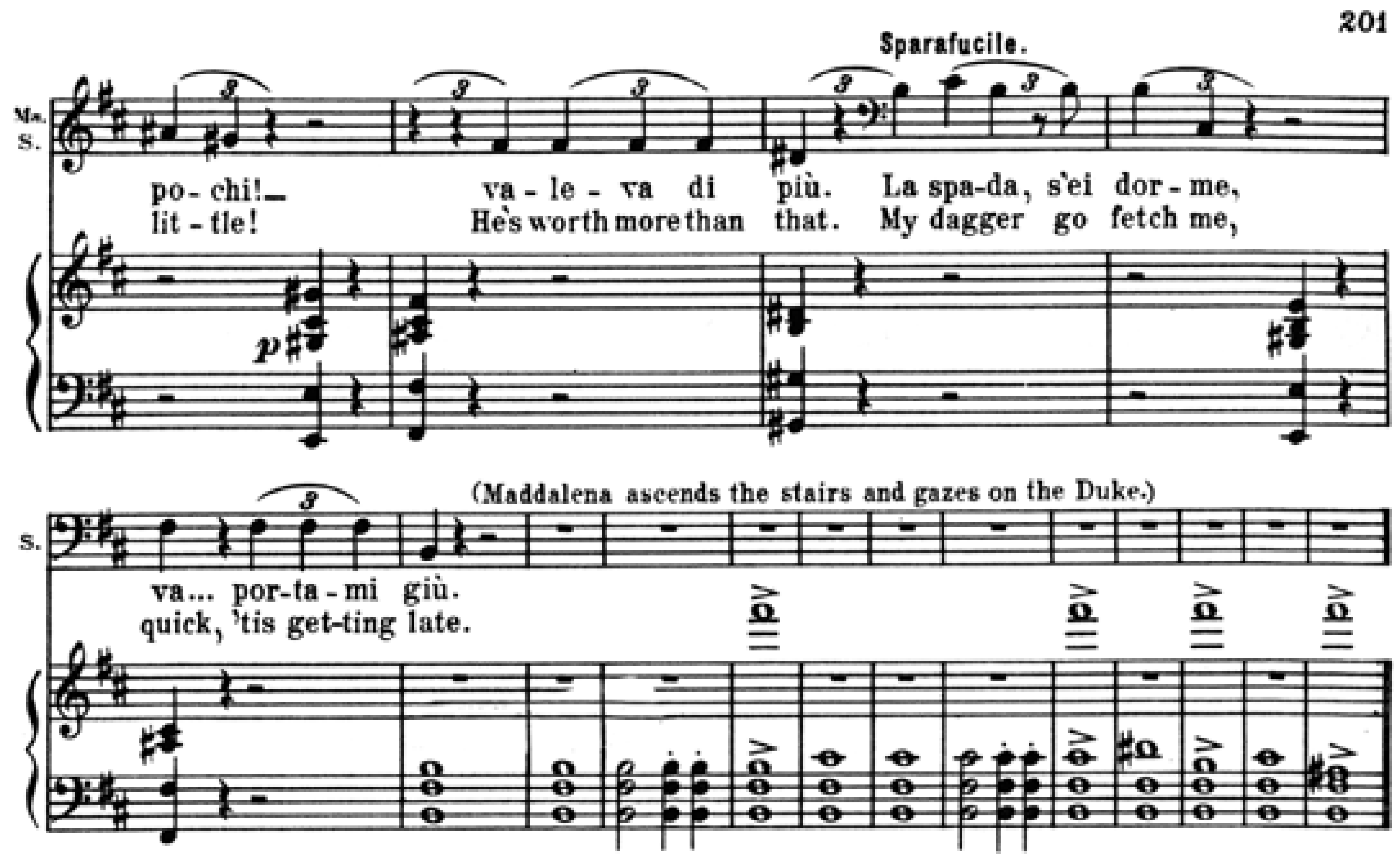

217
dim.
dim.
(thunder ceases, rain and lightning continue)
sempre dim.
(thunder)
15959

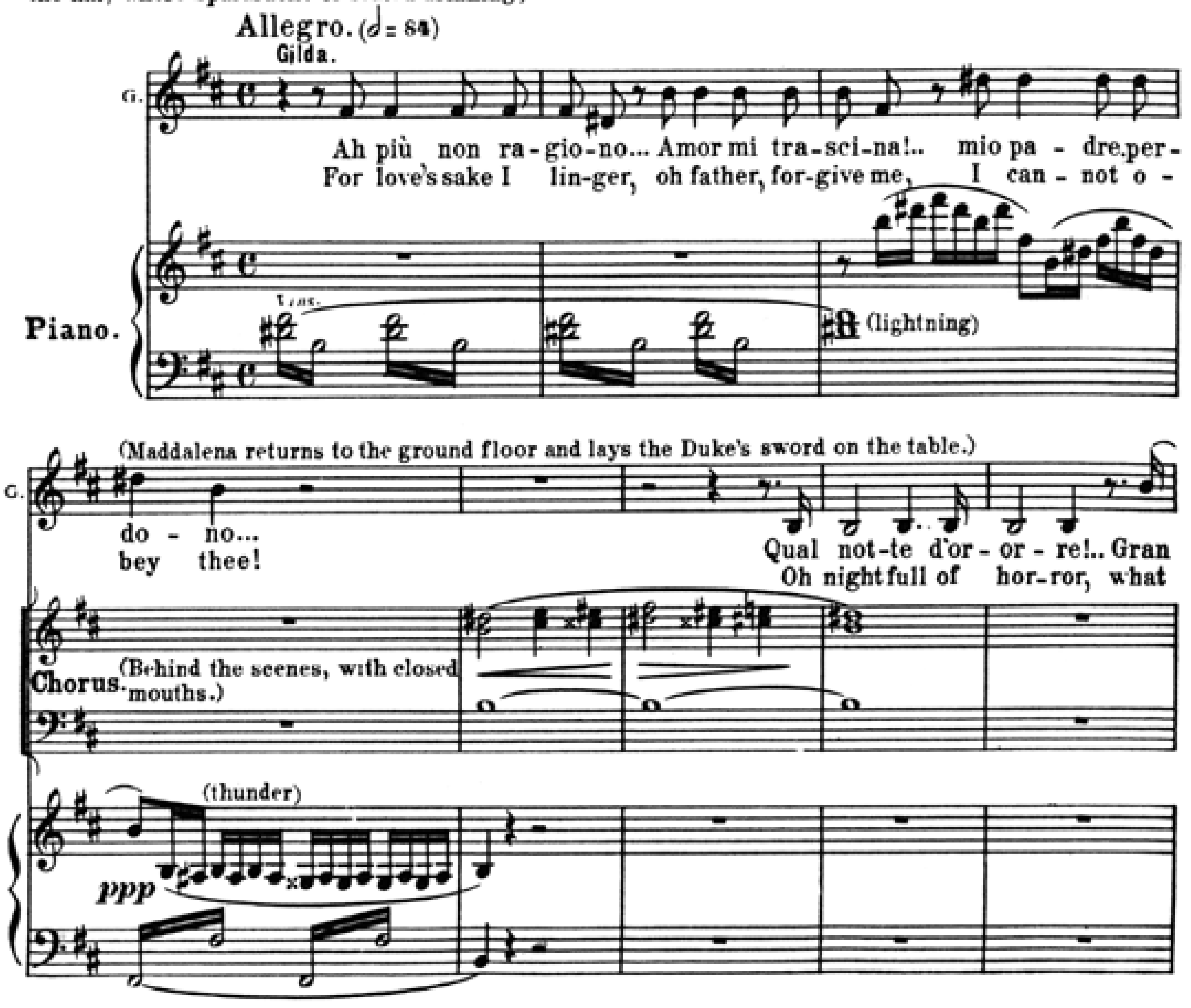

218
Chorus.
Ob.
Clar.
(thunder)
Fl.
p
(rain ceases)
Cl.
morendo
p
pp
Fl.
pp
dim.
Vc.
morendo
pp
mancando ed allarg.
15959

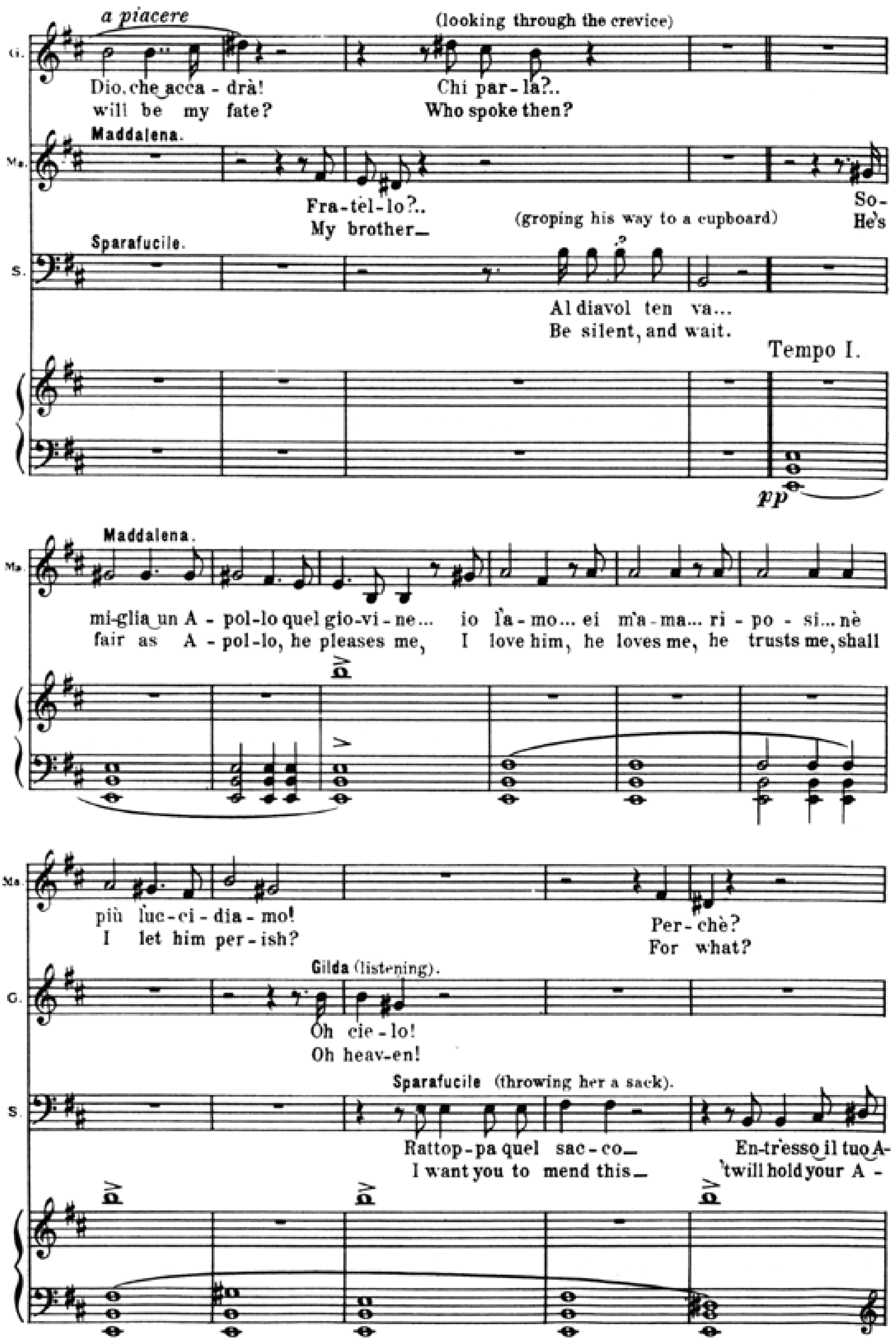

Ms.
S.
Sparafucile.
po-chi!— va-le-va di più. La spa-da, s'ei dor-me,
lit-tle! He's worth more than that. My dagger go fetch me,
p
S.
va... por-ta-mi giù.
quick, 'tis get-ting late.
(Maddalena ascends the stairs and gazes on the Duke.)

Nº 18. "Somiglia un Apollo.,,

Recitative, Trio and Storm.

(Enter at the back Gilda, in male attire, with boots and spurs. She comes slowly forward towards the inn, where Sparafucile is seated drinking.)

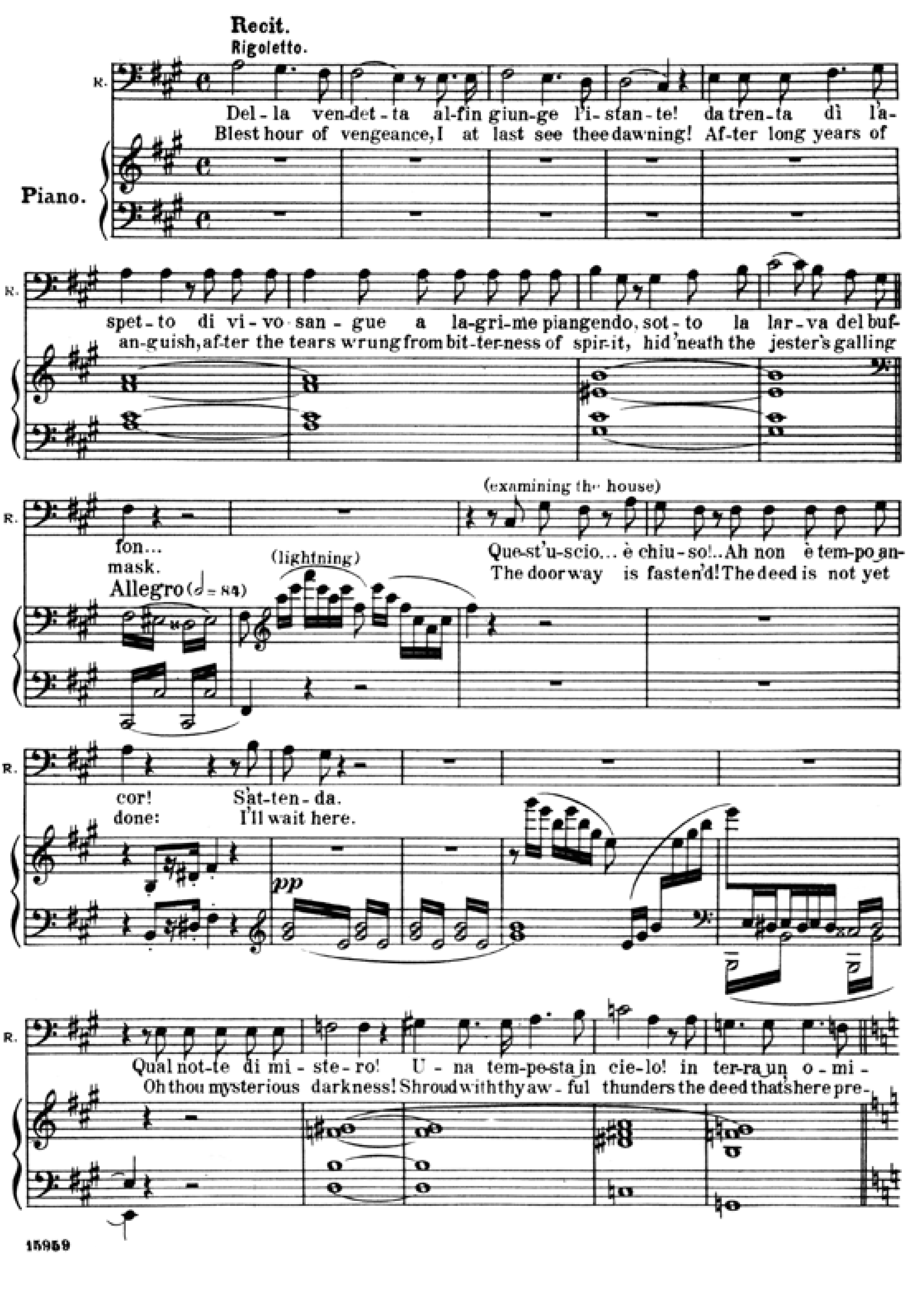

Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
Gilda.
G.
Ah più non ra-gio-no... Amor mi tra-sci-na!.. mio pa-dre,per-
For love's sake I lin-ger, oh father, for-give me, I can-not o-
Piano.
(lightning)
(Maddalena returns to the ground floor and lays the Duke's sword on the table.)
do-no...
bey thee!
Qual not-te d'or-or-re!.. Gran
Oh nightfull of hor-ror, what
Chorus. (Behind the scenes, with closed mouths.)
(thunder)
ppp

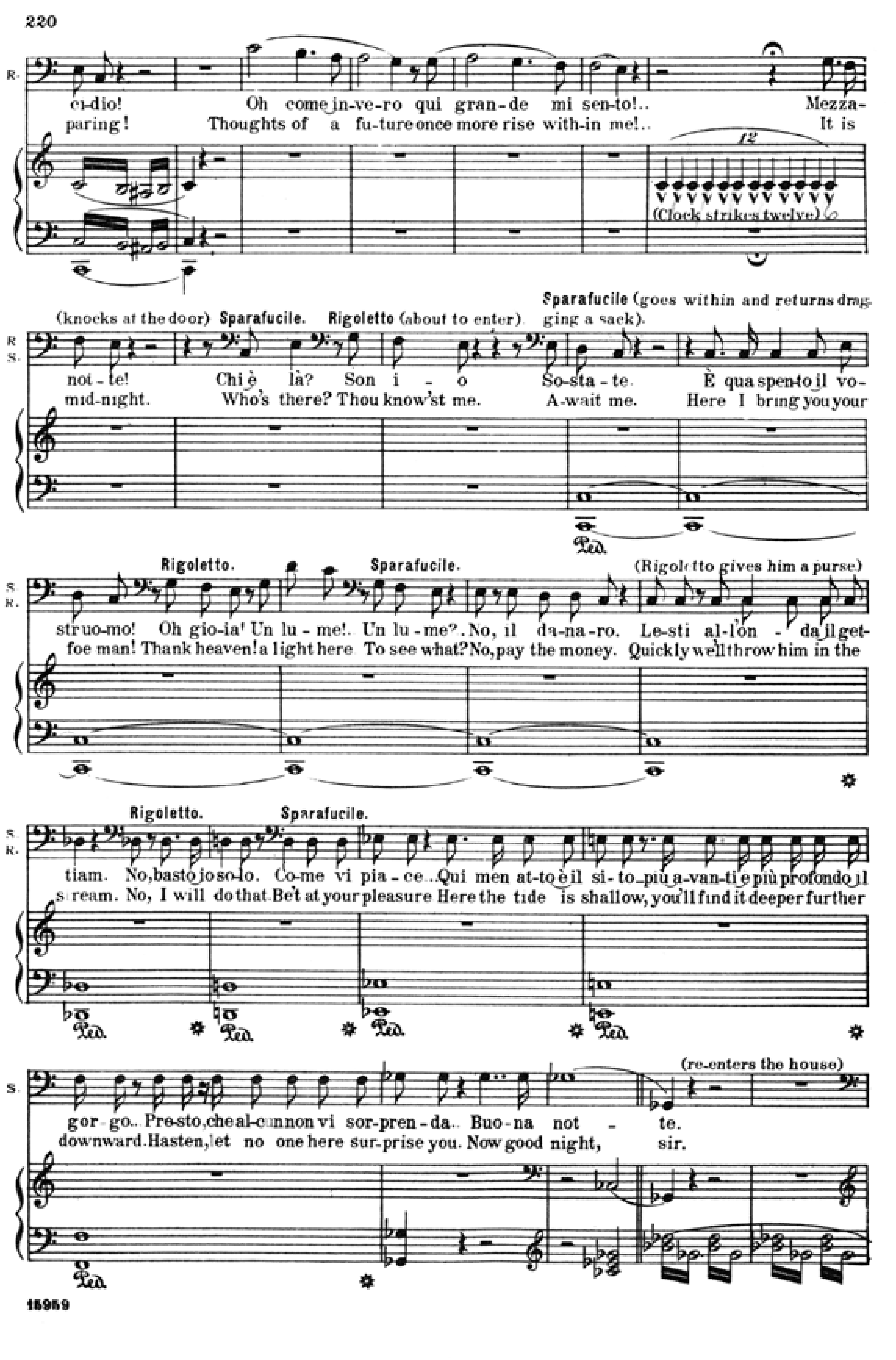

a piacere
G.
Dio, che acca-drà!
will be my fate?
(looking through the crevice)
Chi par-la?..
Who spoke then?
Maddalena.
Ms.
Fra-tel-lo?..
My brother—
(groping his way to a cupboard)
So-
He's
Sparafucile.
S.
Al diavol ten va...
Be silent, and wait.
Tempo I.
pp
Maddalena.
Ms.
mi-glia un A-pol-lo quel gio-vi-ne... io l'a-mo... ei m'a-ma... ri-po-si... nè
fair as A-pol-lo, he pleases me, I love him, he loves me, he trusts me, shall
più 'ucci-dia-mo!
I let him per-ish?
Per-chè?
For what?
Gilda (listening).
G.
Oh cie-lo!
Oh heav-en!
Sparafucile (throwing her a sack).
S.
Rattop-pa quel sac-co—
I want you to mend this—
En-tr'esso il tuo A-
'twill hold your A-

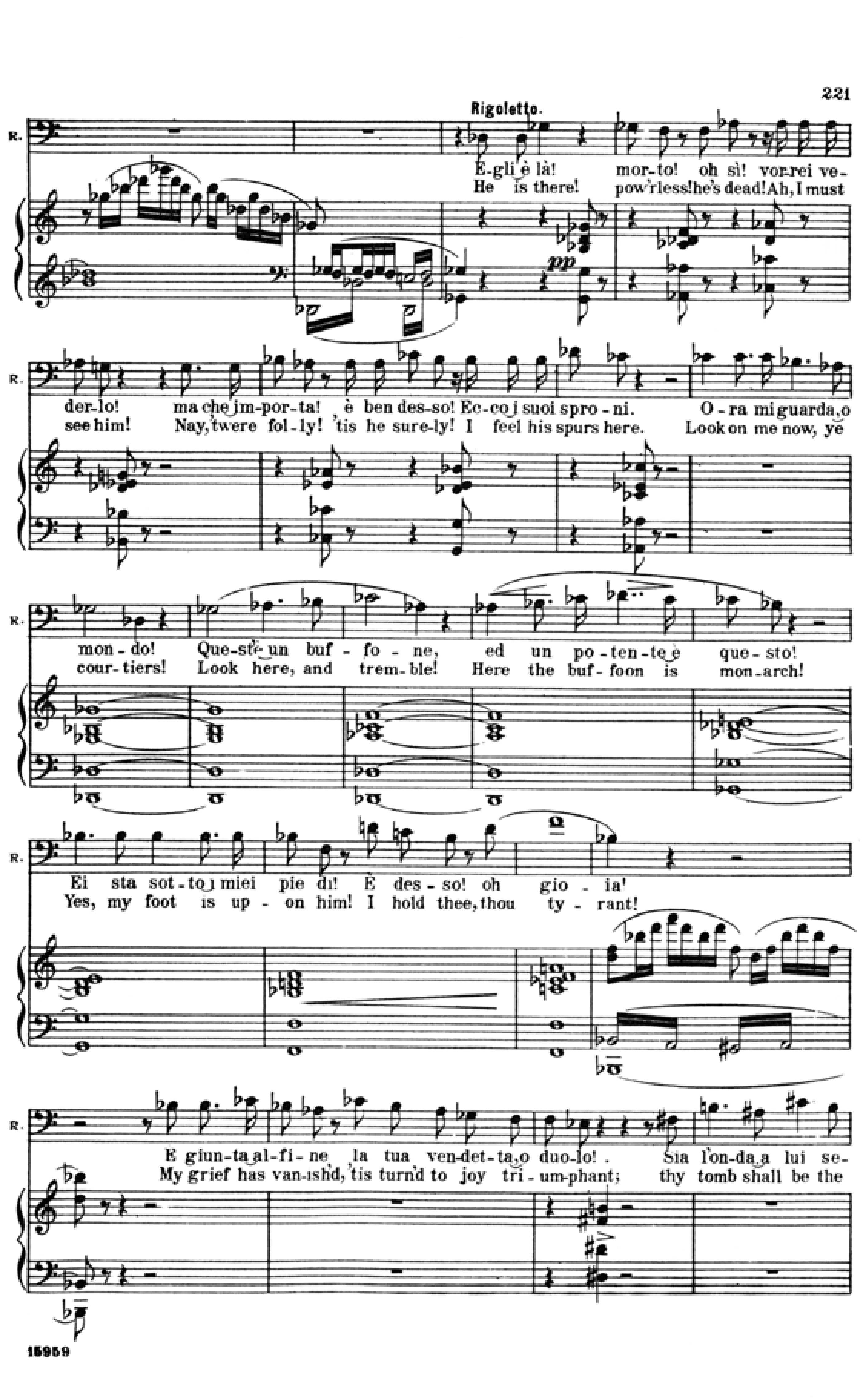
№ 19. "Della vendetta alfin giunge l'istante!,,

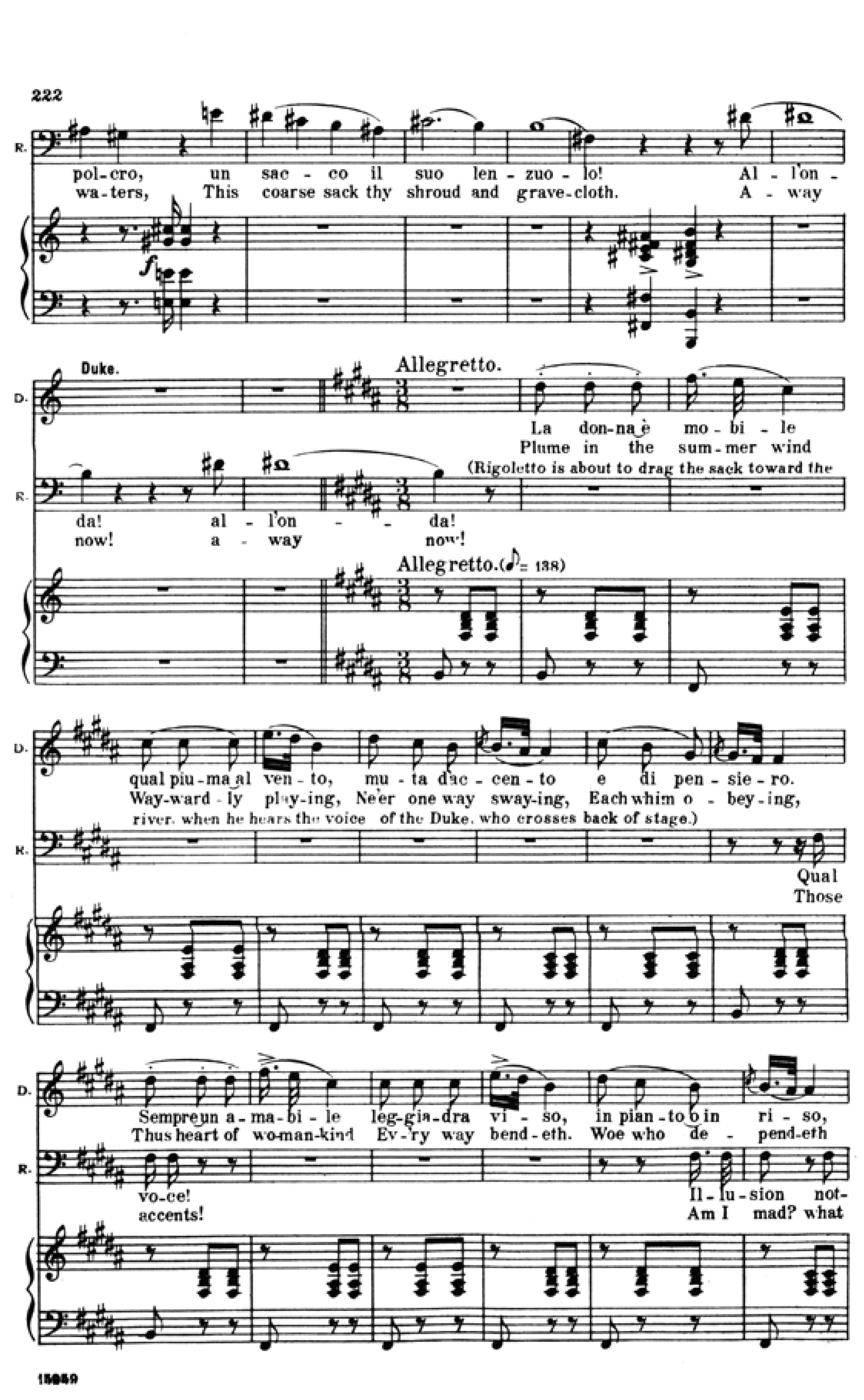
Recitative.

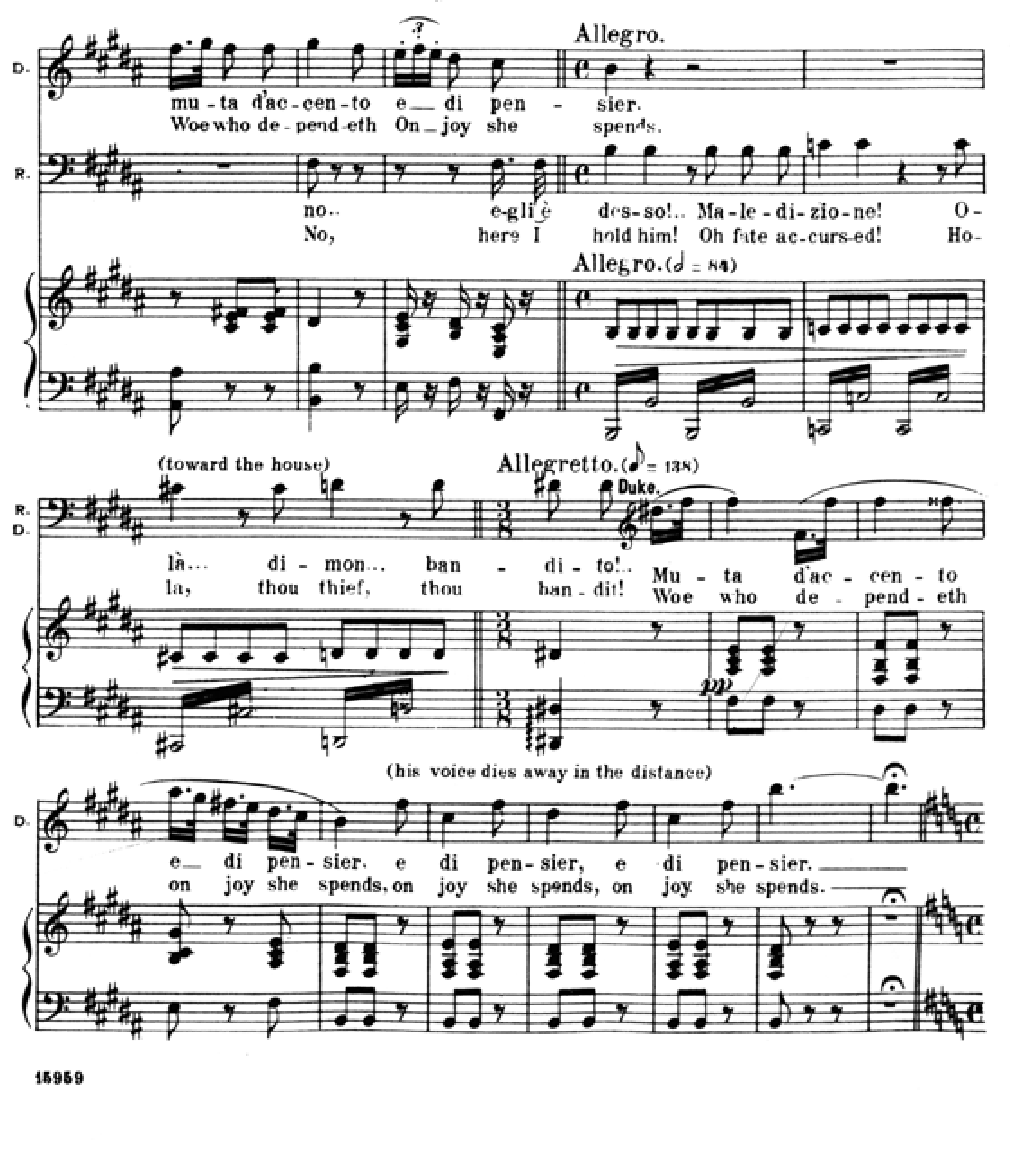
Rigoletto alone, closely wrapped in his mantle, comes forward from the back of the stage. The violence of the storm gradually abates. There are still a few flashes of lightning, and thunder in the distance.


Recit.
Rigoletto.
R.
Piano.
Del-la ven-det-ta al-fin giun-ge l'i-stan-te! da tren-ta di l'a-
Blest hour of vengeance, I at last see thee dawning! Af-ter long years of
spet-to di vi-vo san-gue a la-gri-me piangendo, sot-to la lar-va del buf-
an-guish, af-ter the tears wrung from bit-ter-ness of spir-it, hid'neath the jester's galling
fon...
mask.
Allegro (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
(lightning)
(examining the house)
Que-st'u-scio... è chiu-so!.. Ah non è tem-po an-
The doorway is fasten'd! The deed is not yet
cor! S'at-ten-da.
done: I'll wait here.
pp
Qual not-te di mi-ste-ro! U-na tem-pe-sta in cie-lo! in ter-ra un o-mi-
Oh thou mysterious darkness! Shroud with thy aw-ful thunders the deed that's here pre-


R.
ci-dio! Oh come in-ve-ro qui gran-de mi sen-to!.. Mezza-
paring! Thoughts of a fu-ture once more rise with-in me!.. It is
12
(Clock strikes twelve)
(knocks at the door) Sparafucile. Rigoletto (about to enter) Sparafucile (goes within and returns dragging a sack).
R.
S.
not-te! Chi è là? Son i-o So-sta-te. È qua spen-to il vo-
mid-night. Who's there? Thou know'st me. A-wait me. Here I bring you your
Rigoletto. Sparafucile. (Rigoletto gives him a purse)
stru-o-mo! Oh gio-ia! Un lu-me!.. Un lu-me?.. No, il da-na-ro. Le-sti al-l'on-da il get-
foe man! Thank heaven! a light here To see what? No, pay the money. Quickly we'll throw him in the
Rigoletto. Sparafucile.
tiam. No, basto io so-lo. Co-me vi pia-ce... Qui men at-to è il si-to, più a-van-ti è più profondo il
stream. No, I will do that. Be't at your pleasure Here the tide is shallow, you'll find it deeper further
(re-enters the house)
gor-go.. Pre-sto, che al-cun non vi sor-pren-da.. Buo-na not-te.
downward. Hasten, let no one here sur-prise you. Now good night, sir.


Rigoletto.
R.
E-gli è là! mor-to! oh sì! vor-rei ve-
He is there! pow'rless! he's dead! Ah, I must
pp
der-lo! ma che im-por-ta! è ben des-so! Ec-co i suoi spro-ni. O-ra mi guarda, o
see him! Nay, twere fol-ly! 'tis he sure-ly! I feel his spurs here. Look on me now, ye
mon-do! Que-st'è un buf-fo-ne, ed un po-ten-te è que-sto!
cour-tiers! Look here, and trem-ble! Here the buf-foon is mon-arch!
Ei sta sot-to i miei pie-di! È des-so! oh gio-ia!
Yes, my foot is up-on him! I hold thee, thou ty-rant!
E giun-ta al-fi-ne la tua ven-det-ta o duo-lo!.. Sia l'on-da a lui se-
My grief has van-ish'd, 'tis turn'd to joy tri-um-phant; thy tomb shall be the


R.
pol-cro, un sac-co il suo len-zuo-lo! Al-l'on-
wa-ters, This coarse sack thy shroud and grave-cloth. A-way
Duke.
D.
Allegretto.
La don-na è mo-bi-le
Plume in the sum-mer wind
(Rigoletto is about to drag the sack toward the river, when he hears the voice of the Duke, who crosses back of stage.)
da! al-l'on-da!
now! a-way now!
Allegretto. (𝅘𝅥𝅮 = 138)
qual piu-ma al ven-to, mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen-sie-ro.
Way-ward-ly play-ing, Ne'er one way sway-ing, Each whim o-bey-ing,
Qual
Those
Sempre un a-ma-bi-le leg-gia-dra vi-so, in pian-to o in ri-so,
Thus heart of wo-man-kind Ev-'ry way bend-eth. Woe who de-pend-eth
vo-ce!
accents!
Il-lu-sion not-
Am I mad? what


D.
R.
è men-zo-gne-ro. La don-na è mo-bil qual piu-ma al ven-to,
On joy she spend-eth. Yes, heart of wo-man ev-'ry way bend-eth,
(starting)
tur-na è que-sta!..
fiend de-ludes me?
No, no!
No, no!
Allegro.
mu-ta d'ac-cen-to e di pen-sier.
Woe who de-pend-eth On joy she spends.
no.. e-gli è des-so!.. Ma-le-di-zio-ne! O-
No, here I hold him! Oh fate ac-curs-ed! Ho-
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
(toward the house)
Allegretto. (𝅘𝅥𝅮 = 138)
Duke.
là... di-mon... ban-di-to!..
la, thou thief, thou ban-dit!
Mu-ta d'ac-cen-to
Woe who de-pend-eth
pp
(his voice dies away in the distance)
e di pen-sier. e di pen-sier, e di pen-sier.
on joy she spends, on joy she spends, on joy she spends.

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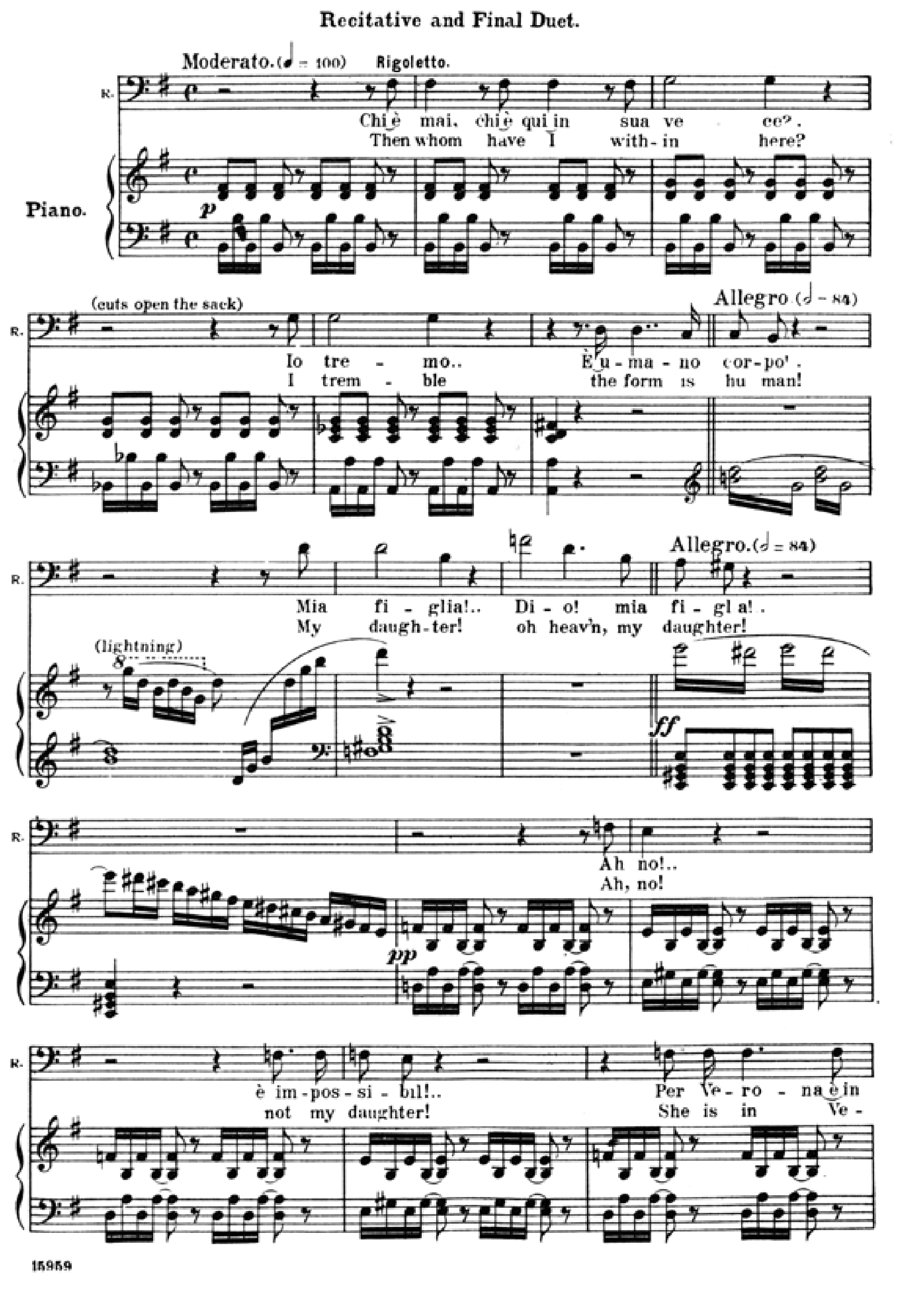
Nº 20. "V'ho ingannato.. colpevole fui.,,

Recitative and Final Duet.


Moderato. (♩ = 100)
Rigoletto.
R.
Piano.
Chi è mai, chi è qui in sua ve ce?.
Then whom have I with-in here?
(cuts open the sack)
Io tre - mo..
I trem - ble
È u-ma-no cor-po!.
the form is hu man!
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
Mia fi - glia!.. Di - o! mia fi - gl a!..
My daugh-ter! oh heav'n, my daughter!
(lightning)
Ah no!..
Ah, no!
è im-pos-si-bil!..
not my daughter!
Per Ve-ro - na è in
She is in Ve -

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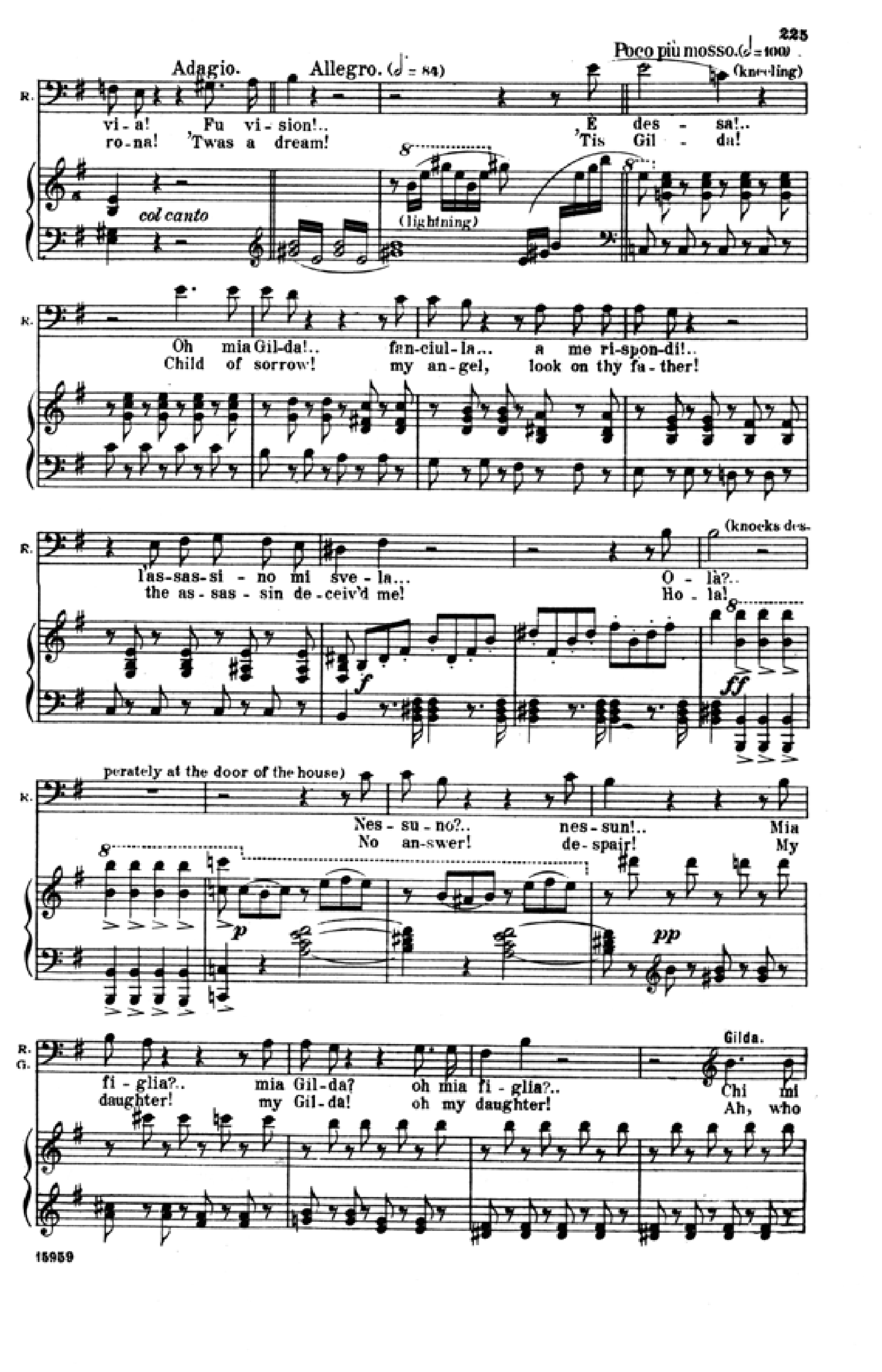

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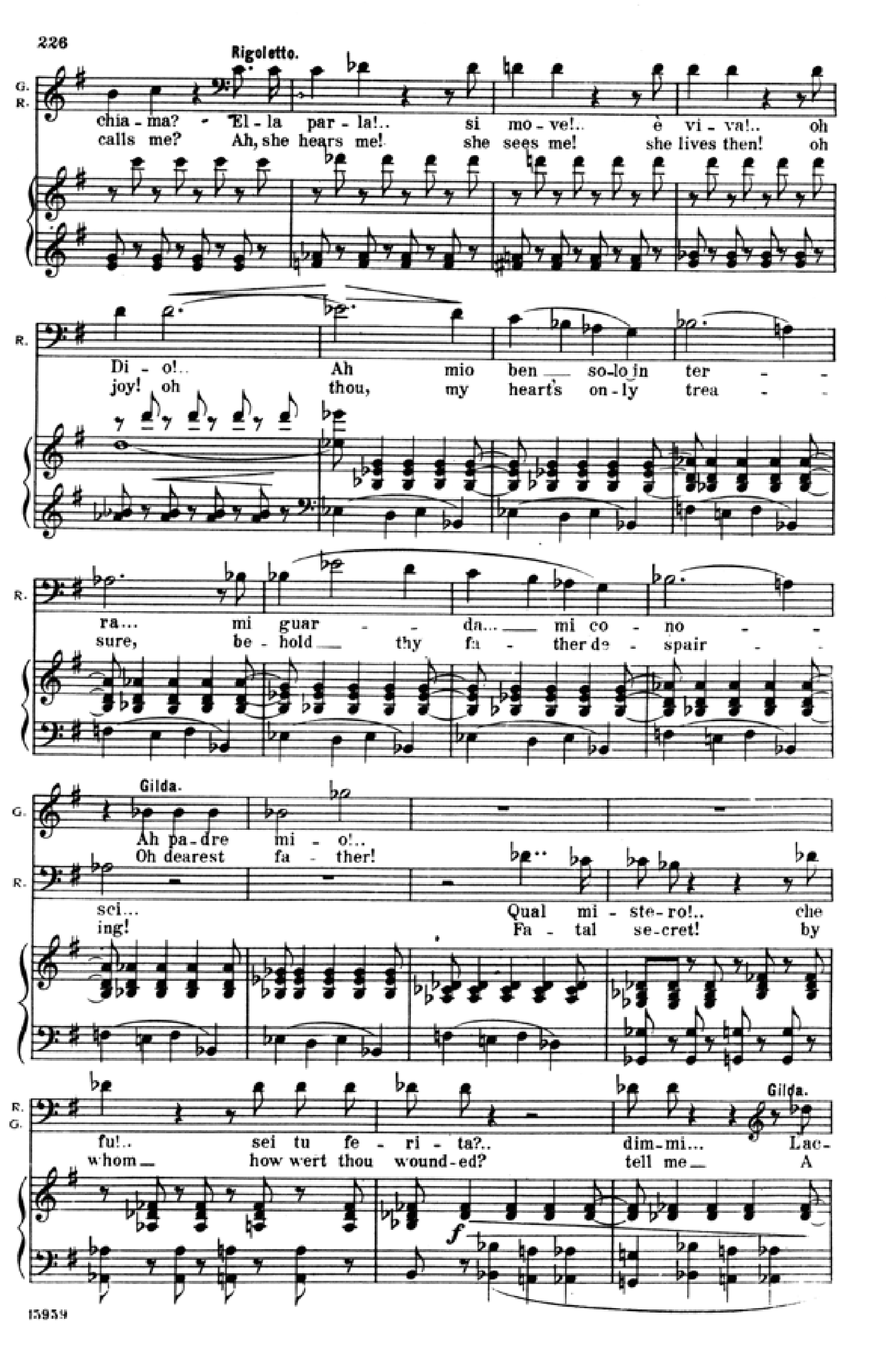

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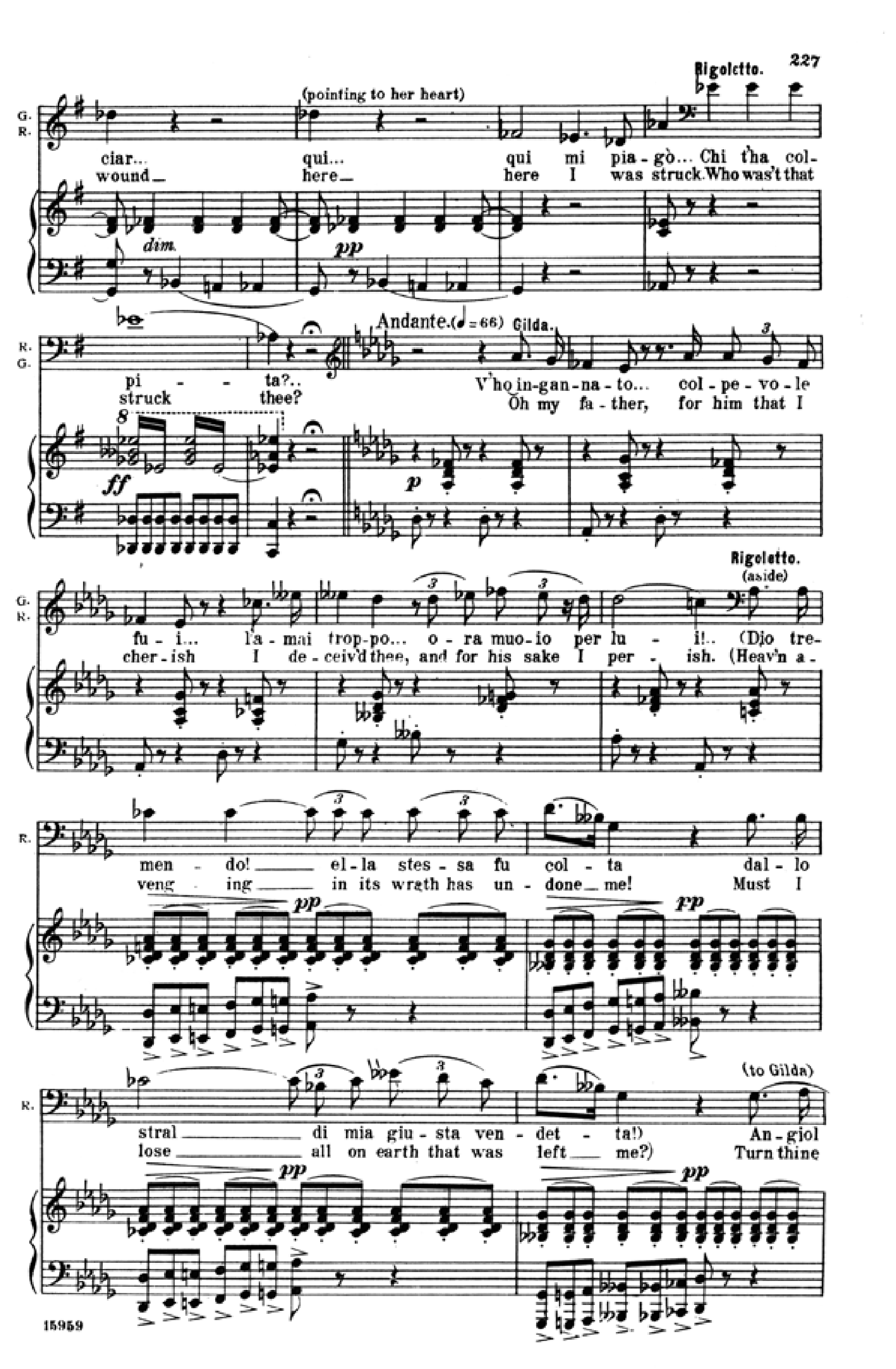

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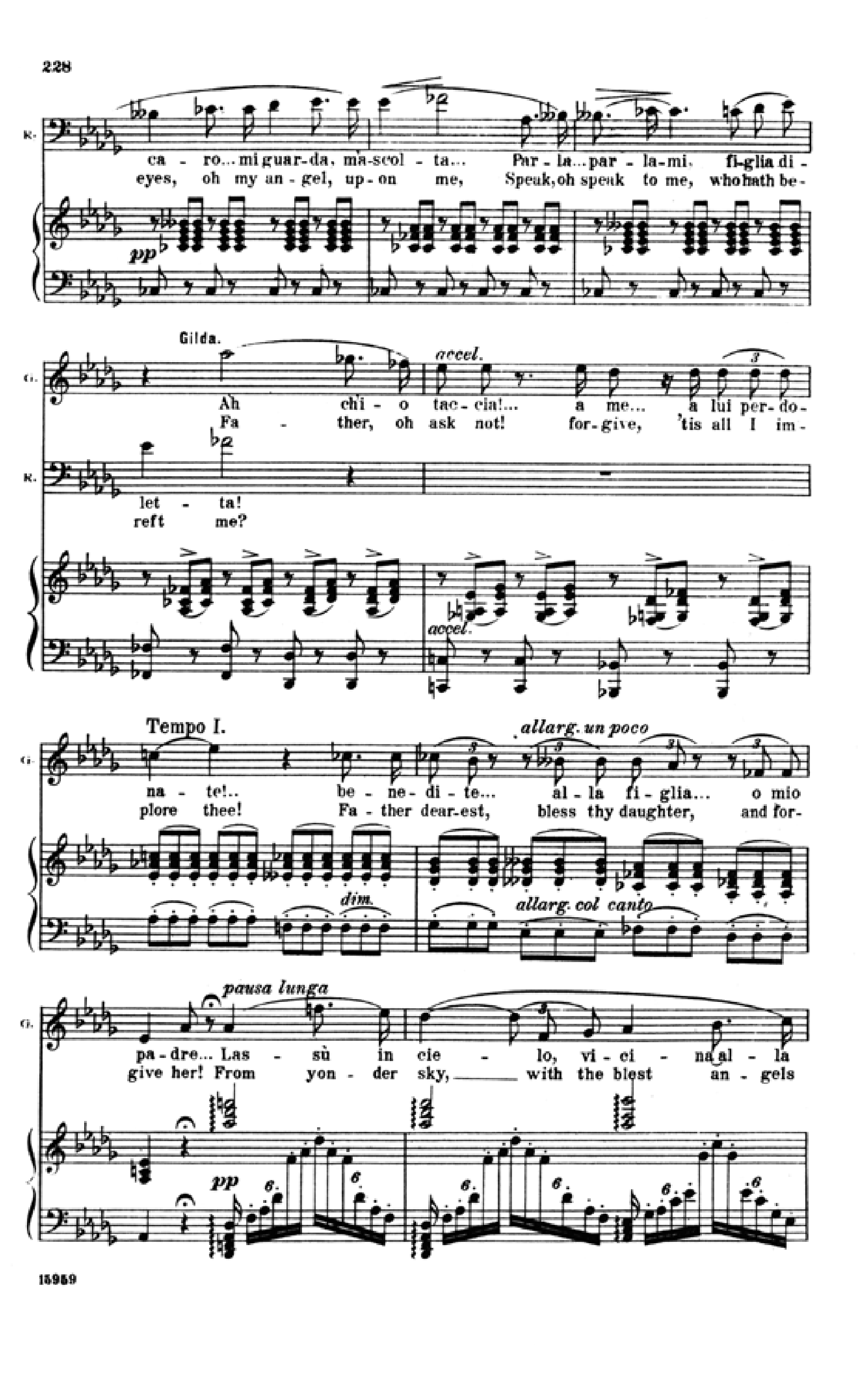

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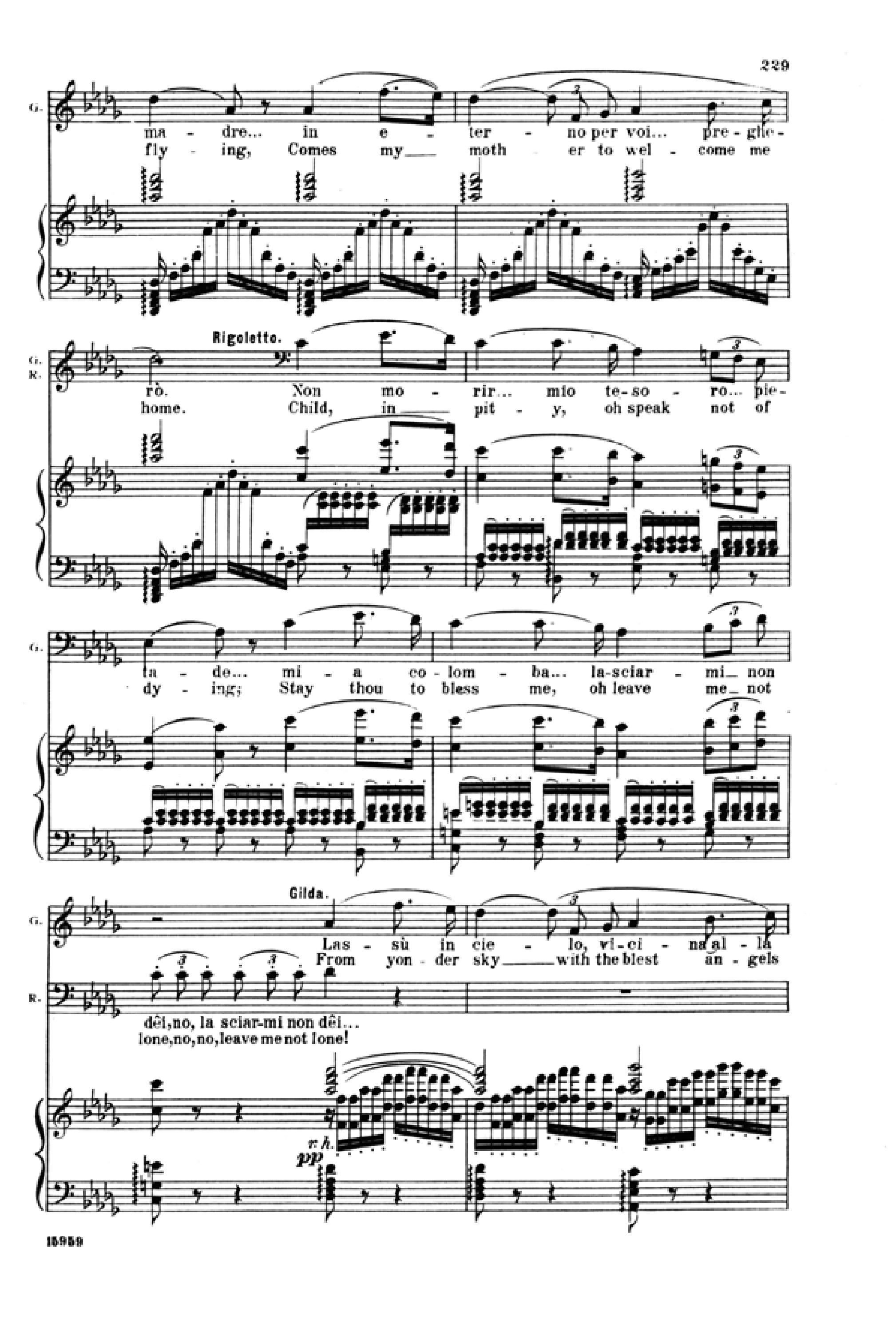

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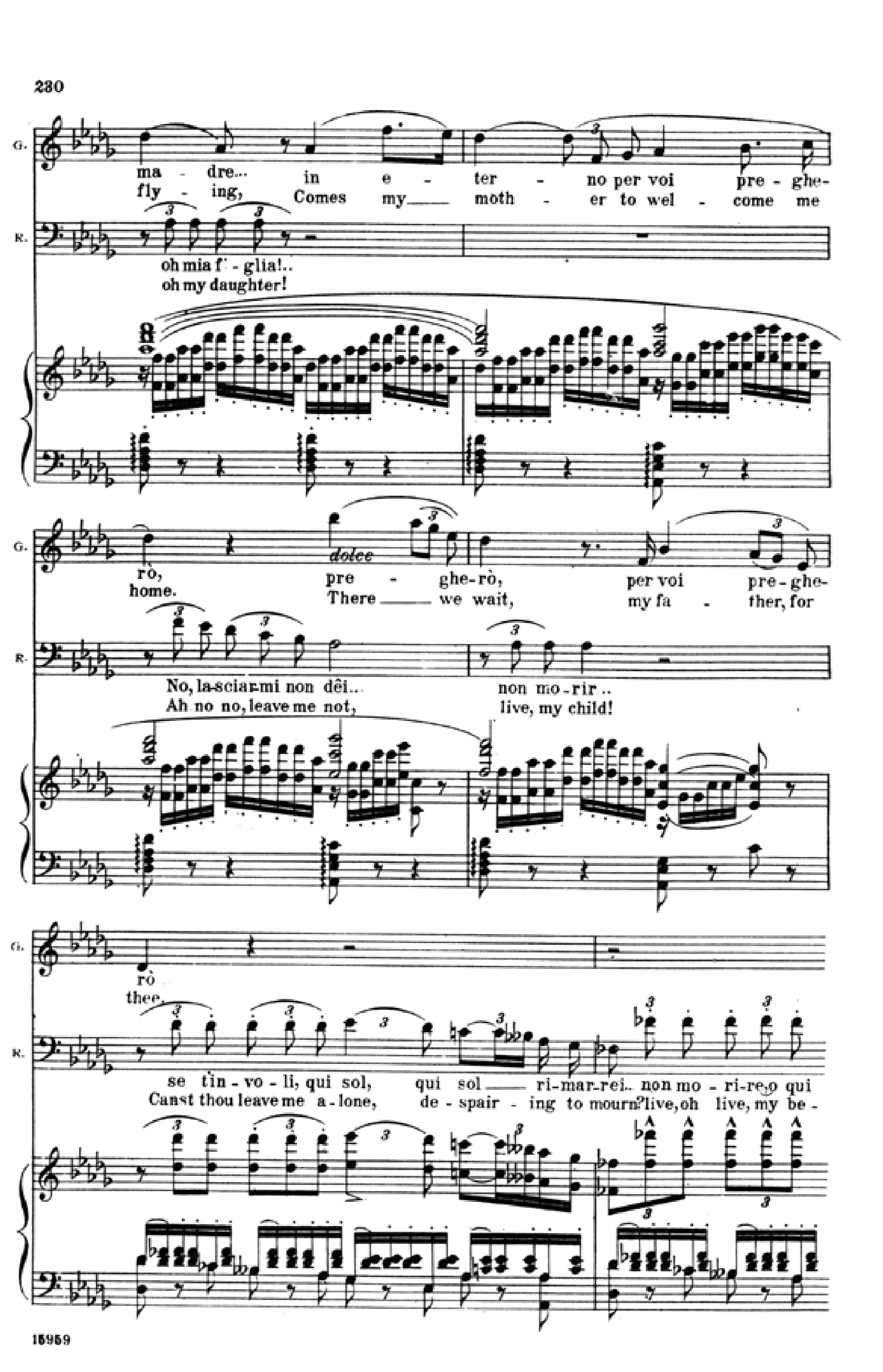

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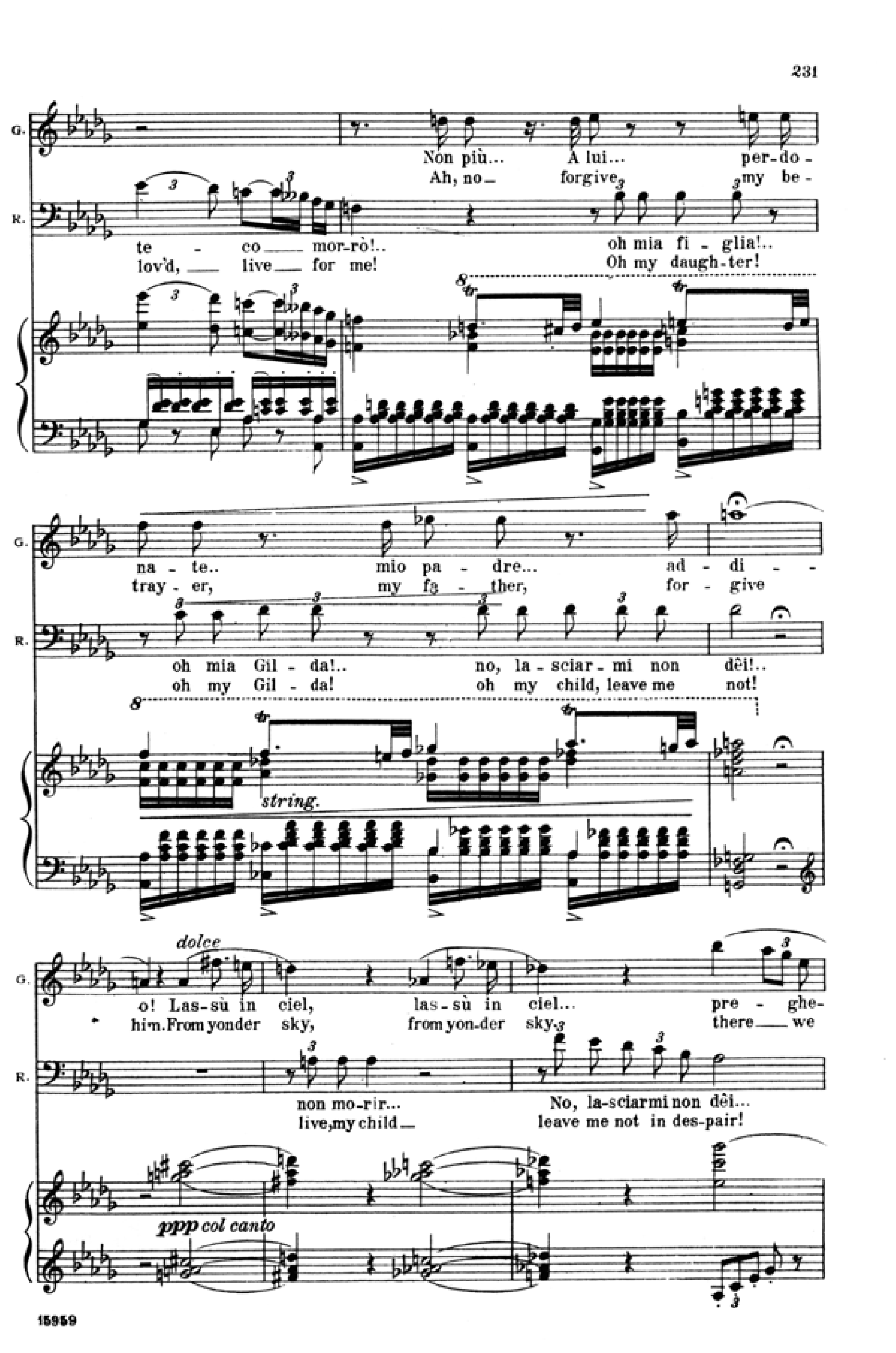

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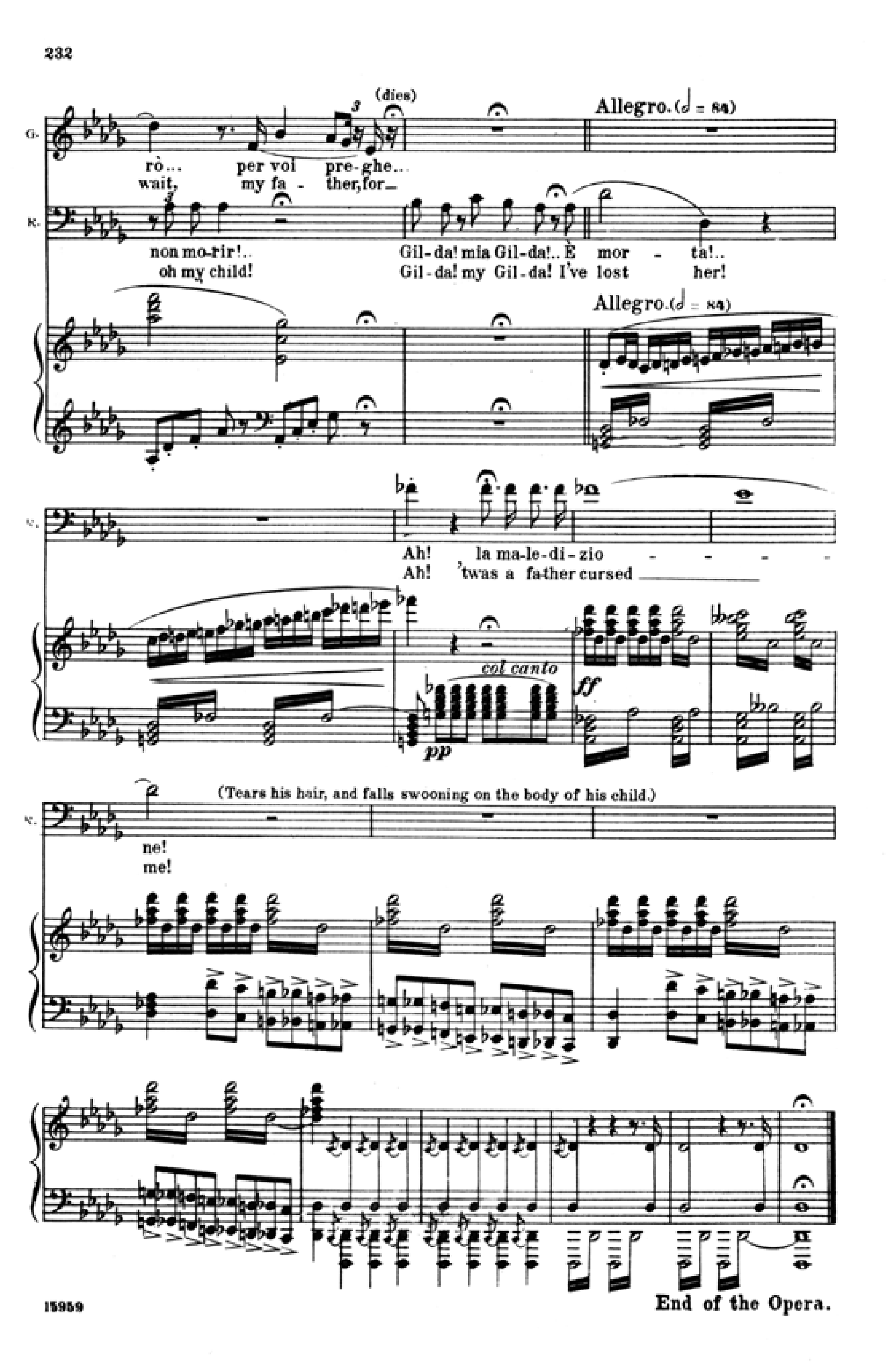
G.
R.
(dies)
rò... per voi pre-ghe...
wait, my fa - ther, for
non mo-rir!..
oh my child!
Gil-da! mia Gil-da!.. È mor - ta!..
Gil-da! my Gil-da! I've lost her!
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
Ah! la ma-le-di-zio
Ah! 'twas a father cursed
col canto
ne!
me!
(Tears his hair, and falls swooning on the body of his child.)

End of the Opera.