The Duke disguised as a cavalry officer, enters the inn.

Un uomovo-do. Per po-co at-ten-di.
A man is entering. Observe him close-ly.

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

stan-za e del vi-ne... (Son que-sti su-ci cosu-mil) (Oh il bel zer-
partment, and some wine here. (Tis thus he seeks ad-ventures.) (A gal-lant

(Retires to an adjoin-ing room.) Allegretto.(.) Allegretto.(.)

bi-no-l) stranger!

La donna è mo-bi-le qual piu-ma al ven- to, mu-ta d'ac-cen-
Plume in the summer wind Way-ward-ly playing, Ne'er one way swaying,
E di pensiero. Sempre un amabile leggiadro viso,
Each whim obeying; Thus heart of womankind every way bendeth,

In pianto in riso, e menzognero. La donna è mobilo
Woe who dependeth On joy she spendeth! Yes, heart of woman

Qual piuma al vento, muta d'accento e di pensier,
Every way bendeth, Woe who dependeth On joy she spends,

E di pensier, woe who depends e,

Con forza
E di pensier, on joy she spends.
B sempre misero
Sorrow and misery
Foll'low her smiling, fond hearts beguiling,

mai caut' i cor'e!
Falsehood assailing! Yet all felicity is her bestowing,

chi su quel seno non liba amore!
No joy worth knowing is there but wooing. Yes, heart of woman

qual piuma al vento, muta d'accento e di pensiero,
Every way bendeth, woe who dependeth on joy she spends,
Re-enter Sparafucile with a flask of wine and two glasses, which he places on the table; then with the hit of his long sword he knocks on the ceiling twice. At this signal, a smiling young girl, dressed as a Gypsy, comes bounding down the steps from above. The Duke runs to embrace her, but she eludes him.

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

Sparafucile: E'll all your man's with—
Rigoletto: Stru-mo... Vi-ver de-o o mo-ri-re? Plu in there; Shall I spare him, or kill him straight-way? A—

moresdo