

VERDI ♦ RIGOLETTO

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GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813–1901)

RIGOLETTO

RIGOLETTO, the Duke's jester: Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone

GILDA, his daughter: Nadine Sierra, soprano

THE DUKE OF MANTUA: Francesco Demuro, tenor

SPARAFUCILE, an assassin: Andrea Mastroni, bass

MADDALENA, his sister: Oksana Volkova, contralto

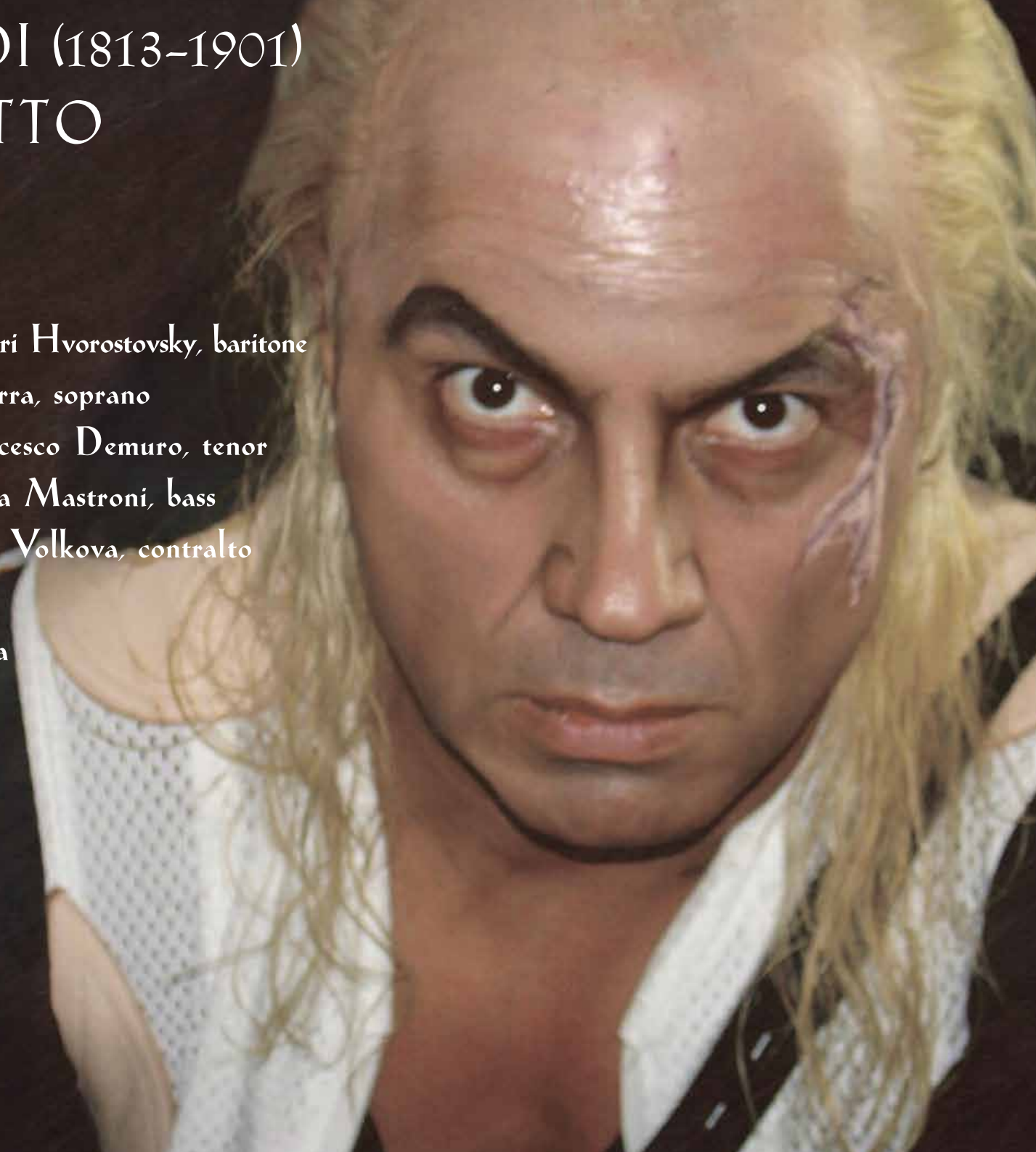
Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra

Men of the Kaunas State Choir

Constantine Orbelian, conductor

CD 1 (1–18) Total Time: 59:28

CD 2 (1–22) Total Time: 67:36



GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813-1901)

RIGOLETTO

Opera in three acts

Libretto: Francesco Maria Piave, after the
play *Le roi s'amuse* by Victor Hugo

RIGOLETTO, the Duke's jester:
Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone

GILDA, his daughter:
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MADDALENA, his sister:
Oksana Volkova, contralto

GIOVANNA, Gilda's nurse:
Eglė Šidlauskaitė, mezzo-soprano

COUNT CEPRANO:
Tadas Girininkas, bass

COUNTESS CEPRANO, his wife:
Eglė Šidlauskaitė, mezzo-soprano

MATTEO BORSA, a courtier:
Tomas Pavilionis, tenor

COUNT MONTERONE:
Kostas Smoriginas, baritone

MARULLO:
Andrius Apšega, baritone

A COURT USHER:
Liudas Mikalauskas, bass

A PAGE:
Eglė Šidlauskaitė, mezzo-soprano

MALE CHORUS: The Duke's courtiers and guests

Constantine Orbelian, conductor
Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra
Men of the Kaunas State Choir



Roberto Focosi's illustration from the variant first edition of Giuseppe Verdi's vocal score for *Rigoletto*.

CD 1 (59:28)

ACT I **Scene 1**

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(Orchestra)
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(Duke) p. 12
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(Duke, Countess, Rigoletto, Borsa, Chorus) p. 13
5. **Gran Nuova!** (0:41)
(Marullo, Borsa, Chorus) p. 14
6. **Ah, piu di Ceprano** (2:00)
(Duke, Rigoletto, Ceprano, Borsa, Merullo, Chorus) p. 15
7. **Ch'io gli parli** (4:58)
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Scene 2

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(Rigoletto, Sparafucile) p. 21

9. **Pari siamo ... io la Lingua** (4:02)
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10. **Figlia! Mio padre!** (5:23)
(Rigoletto, Gilda) p. 25
11. **Già da tre lune son qui venuta** (1:13)
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CD 2 (67:36)

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RIGOLETTO NOTES and SYNOPSIS

INTRODUCTION

Giuseppe Verdi may have written his most glamorous and heroic roles for tenors, but he often assigned his more psychologically complex and conflicted male roles to baritones, among them: Iago in *Othello*, Renato in *Un ballo in maschera* and the title characters of *Macbeth* and *Simon Boccanegra*. And few would argue that Rigoletto—perhaps the composer's signature baritone role—is just such a character.

Rigoletto's effective portrayal demands not only an exceptional voice, but also the skills of a particularly gifted stage actor, one who is able to convey to his audience an especially broad range of emotions and inner subtleties. On top of expressing Rigoletto's elemental bitterness at being a deformed hunchback who has suffered ridicule all his life, his interpreter must also project the overlapping natures of a tender and loving father (and widower) and a vicious schemer hell-bent upon revenge.

Enter the universally acclaimed and beloved baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky, who has often portrayed the role of Rigoletto on the world's most prominent operatic stages. The resplendent beauty and supreme versatility of his voice is matched only by his depth of interpretive soul; he has the uncanny ability to realize a panoply of even the most subtle psychological complexities and emotions, and to project them in such a way as to burrow straight into any audience's collective psyche. Who better, then, to sing what is thought by many to be the greatest part ever written for a high baritone voice?

Thus it seems ironic that—despite Hvorostovsky having recorded excerpts from the opera—a complete CD production of *Rigoletto* starring Hvorostovsky has never graced any record label's catalog. Opera fans everywhere have no doubt also questioned why such a recording has never been made. But they need wait no longer. We at Delos are thrilled to bless the world of great music with this long-awaited release, featuring a brilliant cast of supporting roles and choral-orchestral splendor. And it's about time.

NOTES ON THE OPERA

In 1850, Venice's La Fenice opera house commissioned Verdi—by that time a highly respected composer—to write a new opera. Given limited creative license to choose his own subject matter, he asked Francesco Maria Piave, who had furnished librettos for five of his previous operas, to consider Alexandre Dumas's play *Kean*—but Verdi soon rejected it, feeling that he needed a more rousing story on which to base his new work.

As a passionate patriot and lifelong advocate of liberation from the yoke of tyrannical oppression, Verdi relished controversial operatic subjects that often depicted heroic attempts to overthrow monarchs or otherwise portrayed aristocracy in a negative light. On the other hand, authoritarian regimes disapproved strongly of royal villains in opera—especially licentious ones. Thus Verdi's operas often ran afoul of royalty-sponsored censors, frequently limiting (or altogether preventing) performance opportunities.

Still, when Verdi chanced upon Victor Hugo's drama *Le roi s'amuse* (The King Is Amused), he was captivated by the story, and was determined to adapt it for the operatic stage, even though he knew that his new opera—initially entitled *La maledizione* (The Curse)—was likely to meet with strong official censure. As he wrote in a letter to Piave,

"I have in mind a subject that would be one of the greatest creations of the modern theater if the police would only allow it. Who knows? At least there are no conspiracies in it. . . . The subject is grand, immense and there's a character in it who is one of the greatest creations that the theaters of all countries and all times can boast. . . . The character I speak of is Triboulet" (Triboulet's name was soon changed to Rigoletto).

The original play, which had been banned by French censors twenty years earlier, was deemed scandalous and politically inflammatory, and was emphatically rejected as an operatic subject by Austrian censors. After all, much of northern Italy was then controlled by Austria—and its rulers were doing everything they could to suppress the ongoing movement to unify Italy.

Most Austrian officials were fearful of Verdi—who was a vital cultural symbol of the unification movement—and thought of him as a rabble-rousing revolutionary. But Verdi and Piave dug in their heels, bracing for a fight with the Austrian authorities, one of whom condemned the first edition of the work as a tale of "repugnant immorality and obscene triviality."

Rather than alter the essential story beyond recognition, the pair resolved to negotiate the dispute directly with the censors, pleading their case in nit-picking detail. After some modification of the libretto, they en-

listed the support of La Fenice's secretary, Guglielmo Brenna, who proceeded to help mediate the quarrel by (among other means) submitting correspondence and published articles pointing out Verdi's unassailable value as a great Italian artist, despite his reputation as a pugnacious anti-establishment figure.

After much bickering, the matter was finally resolved in January of 1851, provided Verdi and Piave met certain compromise requirements. The scenario was to be moved from the French court to a lesser duchy in Italy, and the king would become a lesser aristocrat, the Duke of Mantua of the long-extinct Gonzaga dynasty (so that no offense could be taken by existing royal families); a licentious bedroom scene would also be deleted, and some name changes would be made.

But the final victory was Verdi's. Official censure and significant compromises notwithstanding, he still managed to realize his original goal of producing a gritty, morally ambiguous, exciting and intensely dramatic smash hit that would do much to enhance his popularity, make its political point and propel his art in an entirely new and different direction. And, as he also intended, his title character was highly unusual and enigmatic—not to mention downright grotesque—and Verdi felt he could never have portrayed him otherwise. As he wrote to La Fenice's directors,

"A hunchback who sings? Why not? Will it be effective? I don't know. . . . To me there is something really fine in representing on stage this character; outwardly so ugly and ridiculous, inwardly so impassioned and full of love."

And what new direction did Verdi's art take? Beginning with *Rigoletto*, Verdi forever abandoned the

prevailing bel canto conventions of earlier times. The more stylized musical formulas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti—with their staid choral introductions, followed by recitatives leading into arias—were now behind him, and there was no turning back. His style was now more graphically direct and realistic, with a new sense of headlong impetus leading into devastating conclusions. He now sought to project a much greater sense of dramatic immediacy and power. And not all of Verdi's characters would sing truly beautiful music or show-stopping arias. In *Rigoletto*, Gilda gets the loveliest musical moments, while the womanizing Duke delivers thrilling and memorable arias. Rigoletto, on the other hand, sings in a punchier and more gutsy manner, softening only in his more tender and doting moments.

Rigoletto finally got its wildly triumphant premiere on March 11, 1851, playing to a sold-out La Fenice crowd. Parts of it—especially the melody of the signature tenor aria “La donna è mobile”—were sung in the streets of Venice the next morning. Its initial popularity led to enthusiastically received performances worldwide well before the decade was out. And, of course, *Rigoletto* has remained a frequently staged staple of the operatic repertoire ever since, universally regarded as the first true masterpiece of the composer's middle period . . . not to mention one of the greatest Italian operas of all time.

— Lindsay Koob

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Scene 1: The curtain opens to a glittering ball in the Duke of Mantua's palace. The Duke sings of his intention to have his way with a beautiful stranger whom he has seen in church, before expressing his promiscuous nature in “Questa o quello” (This Woman or That); then he declares his more immediate goal of seducing Countess Ceprano. As he flirts with her, Rigoletto—the malicious hunchbacked court jester—mocks the courtiers in his usual nasty and insulting manner. Rigoletto, being a favorite of the Duke, knows he can get away with it. He singles out Count Ceprano and angers him by suggesting to the Duke that the Count either be executed or imprisoned.

Marullo, a nobleman in the Duke's entourage, falsely informs his astonished fellow courtiers that Rigoletto has a “mistress” (actually his daughter, Gilda), inciting them to take vengeance upon the grotesque jester for the vicious “fun” he has made of them. The elderly Count Monterone enters and interrupts the party, angrily confronting the Duke about the previous seduction of his daughter. Rigoletto further aggravates him by mocking his inability to avenge his daughter's dishonor. Monterone rails at the Duke, who has him arrested. But as he is taken away, he vehemently curses not only the Duke, but also the horrified Rigoletto, who believes the prevailing superstition about the power of an old man's curse.

Scene 2: As Rigoletto approaches his house, muttering about the curse, the assassin Sparafucile accosts him, offering his services. After they briefly discuss his methods and terms, Rigoletto declines, but leaves

future possibilities open. After Sparafucile leaves him, Rigoletto muses about what they have in common: the assassin kills with his sword, whereas he “stabs” his victims with his viciously sharp tongue.

Upon arriving in the courtyard of his house, Rigoletto and his daughter greet each other with great affection, revealing a different side of the deformed and bitter old jester’s psyche: that of a tender and doting father. He has kept Gilda ignorant of both his profession and even his actual name. Fearing for her safety and honor, he has kept her hidden from the Duke, and forbidden her to appear anywhere in public—except for church.

After Rigoletto leaves, Gilda confides to her nurse Giovanna that she feels ashamed that she hadn’t told her father about the young man (actually the Duke in commoner’s garb) whom she had met at church. She had immediately fallen in love with him and tells Giovanna that her love for him would grow, even if he were a poor student. The nurse then exits into the house. Hiding in the courtyard, the disguised Duke has joyfully overheard Gilda’s declaration of love for him, and approaches her. She calls out for Giovanna, but he has bribed her to stay away. He proceeds to sing passionately, convincing her of his love. She asks his name, and he tells her he is Gualtier Maldè, a poor student. Upon hearing suspicious sounds, they exchange hurried vows of love before she sends him away, then ecstatically sings her melting aria “Caro nome” (Dear Name).

Rigoletto soon arrives home, announcing his return. The vengeful courtiers and their entourage (Ceprano, Borsa, Marullo and men’s chorus, all armed and masked) have gathered outside the courtyard wall,

and are preparing to abduct Gilda, believing her to be Rigoletto’s alleged mistress. They call out to Rigoletto, convincing him they are actually abducting Countess Ceprano. He asks for a mask as well; as they tie it on, he is also blindfolded. They then lead him to what is actually Gilda’s second-story bedroom, and he is bidden to hold a ladder while the kidnappers abduct his gagged and bound daughter and carry her away. Alone again, Rigoletto removes his mask and blindfold and realizes that it was his own daughter he has helped to abduct. Remembering Monterone’s curse, he collapses in despair.

ACT II

Back at his palace, the Duke is worried that Gilda has somehow vanished, singing “Ella mi fu rapita” (She Was Stolen from Me). The courtiers return, proclaiming that they have abducted Rigoletto’s mistress; but as they describe her, the Duke realizes that she is Gilda, and hurries off to the chamber where she is being held. Rigoletto enters, and the courtiers, encouraged by the Duke’s veiled excitement, make fun of Rigoletto, who is trying to mask his terrible grief by singing aimlessly. But he soon admits that he’s looking for his daughter; weeping, he implores the courtiers to return her to him. They block his way when he tries to run to the room where Gilda is held, but she enters as the courtiers—thinking that Rigoletto has gone mad—depart. She throws herself into her father’s arms, weeping for shame, and confessing that the Duke has had his way with her in the palace. In a duet expressing conflicting points of view, Rigoletto swears that he will wreak vengeance upon the Duke, while Gilda pleads for her lover.

ACT III

Rigoletto and Gilda arrive outside the assassin Sparafucile's house, with parts of two inside rooms visible. Rigoletto asks Gilda if she still loves the Duke, and she replies that he loves her, and that she will love him forever. Rigoletto leads her to a crack in the wall and tells her to look inside. The assassin's pretty sister, Maddalena, has lured the Duke to the house, and Gilda watches as he asks Sparafucile for a room and some wine, after which the Duke sings the opera's most famous aria "La donna è mobile" (Woman Is Fickle). Outside, Sparafucile approaches Rigoletto to confirm that this man is the one who must die—and Rigoletto says he will come back soon to wrap up the deal.

Meanwhile, Gilda is devastated as she witnesses the Duke flirting with Maddalena, using the same words of love that he had used with her before. Rigoletto orders Gilda to go home to fetch money and a strong horse, dress in men's clothing that he has laid out for her, and ride off to Verona, where he will meet her later. When she leaves, Rigoletto finds Sparafucile and pays him half of the blood money.

With a violent storm about to break, Maddalena and the Duke continue to flirt. Aside, Sparafucile shows her the money, offering to give shelter to the Duke for the night. Aware of the plan to murder their "guest," Maddalena urges him to leave—but he declines and soon falls asleep. Gilda appears, dressed as a man, and overhears Maddalena—now enamored of the Duke—trying tearfully to convince her brother to spare the Duke, and instead kill Rigoletto when he returns with the rest of the money. Sparafucile refuses to betray a paying customer, but reluctantly says that he will kill in the Duke's stead anyone who comes to the house before Rigoletto returns.

Horried, Gilda resolves to sacrifice her own life for both her father's and the Duke's, and hammers on the door, saying that she's a beggar seeking shelter for the night. Sparafucile, valuing the money above all, unsheathes his dagger and (unseen) as Gilda enters, strikes—wounding her mortally.

With the storm over, Rigoletto returns to pay Sparafucile the rest of the money and collects what he believes to be the Duke's corpse in a sack. He drags it to the nearby river, and is about to cast it in when he hears the distant voice of the Duke singing a reprise of "La donna è mobile." Confused, Rigoletto opens the sack, and—to his horror—finds Gilda, near death. She briefly revives, telling her father that she has deceived him and that she's willing to die for her beloved. She dies in his arms, and Rigoletto cries out in despair, "The curse!" before collapsing over her body.

— Lindsay Koob

ACT I

PRELUDE and INTRODUCTON

Mantova: Sala magnifica nel palazzo ducale. Porte nel fondo mettono ad altre sale, pure splendidamente illuminate; folla di cavalieri e dame in gran costume nel fondo delle sale; paggi che vanno e vengono. La festa è nel suo pieno. Musica interna da lontano. Il Duca e Borsa vengono da una porta del fondo.

Duca

2. Della mia bella incognita borghese
toccare il fin dell'avventura io voglio.

Borsa

Di quella giovin che vedete al tempio?

Duca

Da tre mesi ogni festa.

Borsa

La sua dimora?

Duca

In un remoto calle;
misterioso un uom v'entra ogni notte.

Borsa

E sa colei chi sia l'amante suo?

Duca

Lo ignora.
(Un gruppo di dame e cavalieri attraversano la sala.)

Mantua: Magnificent hall of the Duke's palace, with doors in the background leading to other rooms, also splendidly lit. Crowds of ladies and noblemen strolling in the rooms in the background. Pages coming and going. Dancing can be seen in the rooms in the background. The Duke and Borsa come out from one of the rooms, speaking to one another.

Duke

I'm off to town to win that unknown bourgeois beauty.

Borsa

The young girl you see at church?

Duke

Every feast day for the past three months.

Borsa

Where does she live?

Duke

On some dead-end street;
Every night a mysterious man goes inside.

Borsa

Has she guessed who her lover is?

Duke

She hasn't a clue.
(A group of ladies and noblemen cross the room.)

Borsa

Quante beltà!... Mirate.

Duca

Le vince tutte di Cepran la sposa.

Borsa

Non v'oda il conte, o Duca...

Duca

A me che importa?

Borsa

Dirlo ad altra ei potria...

Duca

Nè sventura per me certo saria.

Duca**3. Questa o quella per me pari sono**

a quant'altre d'intorno, d'intorno mi vedo;
 del mio core l'impero non cedo
 meglio ad una che ad altra beltà.
 La costoro avvenenza è qual dono
 di che il fato ne infiora la vita;
 s'oggi questa mi torna gradita,
 forse un'altra, forse un'altra doman lo sarà,
 un'altra, forse un'altra doman lo sarà.
 La costanza, tiranna del core,
 detestiamo qual morbo, qual morbo crudele;
 sol chi vuole si serbe fidele;
 non v'ha amor, se non v'è libertà.
 De'mariti il geloso furore,
 Degli amanti le smanie derido;
 anco d'Argo i cent'occhi disfido
 se mi punge, se mi punge una qualche beltà,
 se mi punge una qualche beltà.

Borsa

Just look at all those beauties!

Duke

They are no match for Ceprano's wife.

Borsa

If the Count should hear you, Duke...

Duke

I couldn't care less.

Borsa

Should he tell a certain woman...

Duke

No loss for me, in the least.

Duke**This woman or that one, and as many others**

in the room, they're the same to me;
 No beauty has more sway over my heart than
 another.
 Women's charms are the spice fate gives to life;
 The woman who pleases me today
 may not be my choice tomorrow.
 Tomorrow another may take her place.
 Constancy oppresses the heart—
 Let us scorn this plague, this cruel pestilence;
 let those who want fidelity keep it;
 there can be no love without freedom.
 I laugh when jealous husbands rage
 And when lovers pine and sigh;
 To hell with Argus's hundred eyes,
 If I'm stricken—when I'm
 stricken by some new beauty,
 If I'm stricken by some new beauty.

(Entrano Dame e Cavalieri. Intanto nella sala in fondo si ballerà il Minuetto.)

Duca *(va ad incontrare la Contessa di Ceprano e le dice con molta galanteria:)*

4. Partite?... crudele!...

Contessa di Ceprano

Seguire lo sposo
m'è forza a Ceprano.

Duca

Ma dee luminoso
in Corte tal astro qual sole brillare.
Per voi qui ciascuno dovrà palpitare.
Per voi già possente la fiamma d'amore
(con enfasi baciandole la mano)
inebria, conquide, distrugge il mio core.

Contessa di Ceprano

Calmatevi...

Duca

La fiamma d'amore
inebria, conquide, distrugge il mio core.
Per voi già possente

Contessa di Ceprano

Calmatevi, calmatevi...

Duca

la fiamma d'amore
inebria, conquide,
(dà il braccio alla Contessa ed esce con lei)
distrugge il mio core.

(Ladies and noblemen enter, while in the room in the background people are dancing the minuet.)

Duke *(approaches the Countess of Ceprano, saying with great gallantry:)*

Are you leaving? ... Don't be so cruel! ...

Countess of Ceprano

I'm obliged to follow
my husband to Ceprano.

Duke

But it is here in this court
that such a bright star must shine.
It's here you set each heart aflutter.
Already the blazing flame of my love for you
(pompously kissing her hand)
enraptures, conquers, melts my heart.

Countess of Ceprano

Calm down...

Duke

My blazing love for you
enraptures, conquers, shatters my heart.
Already the blazing flame

Countess di Ceprano

Calm down, mind what you say! ...

Duke

of my love for you
enraptures, conquers,
(gives his arm to the Countess and goes out with her)
melts my heart

Rigoletto *(al Conte Ceprano)*
In testa che avete, signor di Ceprano?
(Ceprano fa un gesto d'impazienza e segue il Duca.)

Rigoletto *(ai Cortigiani)*
Ei sbuffa! Vedete?

Borsa, Coro
Che festa!

Rigoletto
Oh sì!..

Borsa, Coro
Il Duca qui pur si diverte!...

Rigoletto
Così non è sempre? che nuove scoperte!
Il giuoco ed il vino, le feste, la danza,
battaglie, conviti, ben tutto gli sta.
Or della Contessa l'assedio egli avanza,
e intanto il marito fremendo ne va.
(Esce. Entra Marullo premuroso.)

Marullo
5. Gran nuova! Gran nuova!

Coro
Che avvenne? parlate!

Marullo
Stupir ne dovrete!

Coro, Borsa
Narrate, narrate.

Rigoletto *(to Count Ceprano)*
What's that sprouting from your head, Count Ceprano?
(Ceprano gestures impatiently and follows the Duke.)

Rigoletto *(to the Courtiers)*
Ha! Did you hear him snort?

Borsa, Chorus
What a laugh!

Rigoletto
Oh, yes!...

Borsa, Chorus
The Duke is having a high time!...

Rigoletto
As always. So what else is new?
Gambling and wine, parties and dancing,
brawls and feasting, his favorite things.
Now he's set his sights on the Countess
while the husband leaves in a huff.
(He exits. Marullo rushes in.)

Marullo
Big news! Big news!

Chorus
What happened? Speak up!

Marullo
You'll be astounded!

Chorus, Borsa
Speak up. Tell us.

Marullo

Ah! ah! Rigoletto...

Coro, Borsa

Ebben?

Marullo

Caso enorme!

Coro, Borsa

Perduto ha la gobba?

Non è più difforme?

Marullo

Più strana è la cosa! Il pazzo possiede...

Coro, Borsa

Infine?

Marullo

Un'amante.

Coro, Borsa

Un'amante! Chi il crede?

Marullo

Il gobbo in Cupido or s'è trasformato.

Coro, Borsa

Quel mostro? Cupido!...Cupido beato!

(Ritorna il Duca seguito da Rigoletto, poi da Ceprano.)

Duca *(a Rigoletto)*

6. Ah, più di Ceprano importuno non v'è!

La cara sua sposa è un angiol per me!

Marullo

Ah! Ah! Rigoletto...

Chorus, Borsa

Well, then?

Marullo

Incredible!

Chorus, Borsa

Did he lose his hump?

He's no longer a hunchback?

Marullo

It's something even stranger! The lunatic has...

Chorus, Borsa

Out with it!

Marullo

A mistress.

Chorus, Borsa

A mistress! Who would have thought?

Marullo

The hunchback has turned into Cupid.

Chorus, Borsa

That freak? Cupid!... A fine Cupid!

(The Duke enters, followed by Rigoletto, then Ceprano.)

Duke *(to Rigoletto)*

Ah, there's no bigger boor than Ceprano!

Yet his dear wife—such an angel!

Rigoletto

Rapitela.

Duca

È detto; ma il farlo?

Rigoletto

Stasera.

Duca

Non pensi tu al Conte?

Rigoletto

Non c'è la prigionie?

Duca

Ah, no.

Rigoletto

Ebben, s'esilia.

Duca

Nemmeno, buffone.

Rigoletto (*indicando di farla tagliare*)

Allora la testa...

Ceprano (*fra sé*)

Quell'anima nera!

Duca (*battendo colla mano una spalla al Conte*) Che di', questa testa?

Rigoletto

È ben naturale.

Che fare di tal testa?...A cosa ella vale?

Rigoletto

So abduct her.

Duke

More easily said than done.

Rigoletto

Do it tonight.

Duke

What do we do with the Count?

Rigoletto

Why not lock him up?

Duke

Ah, no.

Rigoletto

Well, then, exile.

Duke

No, fool. Not that either.

Rigoletto (*with a cutting motion*)

Off with his head ...

Ceprano (*aside*)

Such a black soul!

Duke (*slapping the Count on the shoulder*)

Do you mean this head?

Rigoletto

Why not?

It's not good for anything else.

Ceprano (*infuriato, brandendo la spada*)
Marrano!

Duca (*a Ceprano*)
Fermate!

Rigoletto
Da rider mi fa.

Borsa, Marullo, Coro (*tra loro*)
In furia è montato!

Duca (*a Rigoletto*)
Buffone, vien qua.

Borsa, Marullo, Coro
In furia è montato!

Duca
Ah, sempre tu spingi lo scherzo all'estremo.
Quell'ira che sfidi colpirti potrà.

Ceprano (*ai cortigiani a parte*)
Vendetta del pazzo!

Rigoletto
Che coglier mi puote? Di loro non temo;
del Duca un protetto nessun toccherà.

Ceprano
Contr'esso un rancore
di noi chi non ha? Vendetta!

Borsa, Marullo, Coro (*a Ceprano*)
Ma come?

Ceprano (*enraged, brandishing his sword*)
You lout!

Duke (*to Ceprano*)
Back off!

Rigoletto
Don't make me laugh!

Borsa, Marullo, Chorus (*among themselves*)
He's beside himself with rage.

Duke (*to Rigoletto*)
Come here, fool.

Borsa, Marullo, Chorus (*among themselves*)
He's beside himself with rage.

Duke
Ah, you never know when to stop with your pranks.
You may come to regret scoffing at such anger.

Ceprano (*to the courtiers*)
We'll take our revenge on that fool!

Rigoletto
What could you possibly do to me? These people
don't frighten me. None of you dares to touch a
favorite of the Duke.

Ceprano
Who here doesn't bear a grudge against him?
Vengeance!

Borsa, Marullo, Chorus (*to Ceprano*)
But how?

Ceprano

In armi chi ha core
doman sia da me.

Borsa, Marullo, Coro

Sì.

Ceprano

A notte.

Borsa, Marullo, Coro

Sarà.

Rigoletto

Che coglier mi potete? ecc.

Duca

Ah, sempre tu spingi lo scherzo, ecc.

Borsa, Ceprano, Marullo, Coro

Vendetta del pazzo!
Contr'esso un rancore
pei tristi suoi modi
di noi chi non ha?
Sì, vendetta! ecc.
Sì, vendetta!

Duca, Rigoletto

Tutto è gioia, tutto è festa!
(La folla de' danzatori invade la scena.)

Tutti

Tutto è gioia, tutto è festa!
Tutto invitaci a goder!
Oh, guardate, non par questa
or la reggia del piacer?
(Entra il Conte di Monterone.)

Ceprano

Tomorrow each of you come armed and willing
to my house.

Borsa, Marullo, Chorus

Yes.

Ceprano

At night.

Borsa, Marullo, Chorus

Agreed.

Rigoletto

What could you possibly do to me?, etc.

Duke

Ah, you never know when to stop with your pranks, etc.

Borsa, Ceprano, Marullo, Chorus

We'll take our revenge on that fool!
Who here doesn't bear
a grudge against him
for his nasty tricks?
Yes, take vengeance!
Yes, take vengeance!

Duke, Rigoletto

Everyone's merry, such a grand party!
(The crowd of dancers rushes in.)

All

Everyone's merry, such a grand party!
Everything entices us to pleasure!
Just look around you. Could Paradise be
more delightful?
(Enter the Count of Monterone.)

Monterone
7. Ch'io gli parli.

Duca
No.

Monterone (*avanzando*)
Il voglio.

Borsa, Rigoletto, Ceprano, Marullo, Coro
Monterone!

Monterone (*fissando il Duca, con nobile orgoglio*)
Sì, Monteron. La voce mia qual tuono
vi scuoterà dovunque...

Rigoletto
(*ai Duca, contraffacendo la voce di Monterone*)
Ch'io gli parli.
(*si avvanza con ridicola gravità.*)
Voi congiuraste contro noi, signore,
e noi, clementi invero, perdonammo.
Qual vi piglia or delirio a tutte l'ore
di vostra figlia a reclamar l'onore?

Monterone
(*guardando Rigoletto con ira sprezzante*)
Novello insulto!
(*al Duca*)
Ah sì, a turbare
sarò vostr'orgie; verrò a gridare
fino a che vegga restarsi inulto
di mia famiglia l'atroce insulto;
e se al carnefice pur mi darete,
spettro terribile mi rivedrete,
portante in mano il teschio mio,
vendetta chiedere al mondo e a Dio.

Monterone
I would have a word with him.

Duke
No.

Monterone (*coming forward*)
I insist.

Borsa, Rigoletto, Ceprano, Marullo, Chorus
Monterone!

Monterone (*casting a gaze of noble pride at the Duke*)
Yes, Monterone, whose voice will thunder and shake
you wherever you may go.

Rigoletto
(*to the Duke, mimicking the voice of Monterone*)
I would have a word with him.
(*coming forward with mock seriousness.*)
You conspired against us, my Lord,
and we, with utmost lenience, forgave you.
What madness possesses you, to rage forever about
your daughter's honor?

Monterone
(*eying Rigoletto with scornful rage*)
Another insult!
(*to the Duke*)
Be sure of this—I will be there
to disturb your orgies; I will come
to denounce you until my family is avenged of that
atrocious offense;
and even if you send me to the hangman,
you will see my fearful specter,
my head in my hand,
crying vengeance from earth and heaven.

Duca

Non più, arrestatelo.

Rigoletto

È matto.

Coro

Quai detti!

Monterone (*al Duca e Rigoletto*)

Oh, siate entrambi voi maledetti!

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro

Ah!

Monterone

Slanciare il cane a leon morente
è vile, o Duca.

(*a Rigoletto*)

E tu, serpente,
tu che d'un padre ridi al dolore,
sii maledetto!

Rigoletto (*da sé, colpito*)

Che sento! orrore!

Tutti (*meno Rigoletto*)

(*a Monterone*)

O tu che la festa audace hai turbato
da un genio d'inferno qui fosti guidato;
è vano ogni detto, di qua t'allontana,
va, trema, o vegliardo, dell'ira sovrana, ecc.

Rigoletto

Orrore!

Che orrore! ecc.

Duke

Enough! Arrest him.

Rigoletto

He's gone mad.

Chorus

Outrageous!

Monterone (*to the Duke and Rigoletto*)

Ah, may you both be cursed!

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus

Ah!

Monterone

Siccing your dog on a dying lion.
How vile of you, Duke.

(*to Rigoletto*)

And you, viper!
You who mocks a father's grief—
I curse you!

Rigoletto (*aside, horrified*)

I can't believe my ears! What horror!

All (*except Rigoletto*)

(*to Monterone*)

You who dare to spoil our merriment,
some fiend must have sent you from hell;
we're deaf to your words, so get away,
go, old man, and tremble at your lord's anger, etc.

Rigoletto

Horror!

Such horror! etc.

Monterone

Sii maledetto! E tu serpente! ecc.

Tutti (*meno Rigoletto*)

Tu l'hai provocata, più speme von v'è,
un'ora fatale fu questa per te.

(*Monterone parte fra due alabardieri; tutti gli altri seguono il Duca in altra stanza.*)

SCENA 2

L'estremità d'una via cieca.

A sinistra, una casa di discreta apparenza con una piccola corte circondata da mura. Nella corte un grosso ed alto albero ed un sedile di marmo; nel muro, una porta che mette alla strada; sopra il muro, un terrazzo sostenuto da arcate. La porta del primo piano dà sul detto terrazzo, a cui si ascende per una scala di fronte. A destra della via è il muro altissimo del giardino e un fianco del palazzo di Ceprano. È notte. Entra Rigoletto chiuso nel suo mantello; Sparafucile lo segue, portando sotto il mantello una lunga spada.

Rigoletto (*a sé*)

8. Quel vecchio maledivami!

Sparafucile

Signor?...

Rigoletto

Va, non ho niente.

Sparafucile

Né il chiesi: a voi presente
un uom di spada sta.

Monterone

I curse you! And you, viper! etc.

All (*except Rigoletto*)

You brought this on yourself, wretched man—an evil hour for you.

(*Monterone exits with two men armed with halberds; all the others follow the Duke into another room.*)

SCENE 2

The end of a blind alley.

At left, a modest house with a small, walled courtyard. In the yard is a marble seat and in the wall a gate leading to the street; above the wall stands a terrace over an arcade. The second story door opens onto the terrace, to which a stairway leads in front. To the right of the alley is a high wall and a side of Ceprano's palace. It is night. Rigoletto enters, wrapped up in his cloak; Sparafucile follows him, carrying a long sword under his cape.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

That old man—he cursed me!

Sparafucile

My Lord?...

Rigoletto

Go, I have nothing to say.

Sparafucile

Nor did I ask: but I am a swordsman
at your service.

Rigoletto

Un ladro?

Sparafucile

Un uom che libera
per poco da un rivale,
e voi ne avete.

Rigoletto

Quale?

Sparafucile

La vostra donna è là.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

Che sento!

(*a Sparafucile*)

E quanto spendere
per un signor dovrei?

Sparafucile

Prezzo maggior vorrei.

Rigoletto

Com'usasi pagar?

Sparafucile

Una metà s'anticipa, il resto si dà poi.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

Demonio!

(*a Sparafucile*)

E come puoi
tanto sicuro oprar?

Rigoletto

A robber?

Sparafucile

Rather a man who can rid you
of a rival—
for indeed you have one.

Rigoletto

How do you mean?

Sparafucile

Your lady, over there.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

What did he say?

(*to Sparafucile*)

And how much would I have to pay
for a nobleman?

Sparafucile

I'd ask a higher price.

Rigoletto

What are your terms?

Sparafucile

Half in advance, the balance due after the job's done.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

The fiend!

(*to Sparafucile*)

And how can you
work so, out in the open?

Sparafucile

Soglio in cittade uccidere,
oppure nel mio tetto.
L'uomo di sera aspetto;
una stoccata e muor.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

Demonio!
(*a Sparafucile*)
E come in casa?

Sparafucile

È facile.
M'aiuta mia sorella.
Per le vie danza...è bella...
Chi voglio attira, e allor...

Rigoletto

Comprendo.

Sparafucile

Senza strepito...

Rigoletto

Comprendo.

Sparafucile

È questo il mio strumento.
(*Mostra la spada.*)
Vi serve?

Rigoletto

No...al momento.

Sparafucile

Peggio per voi.

Sparafucile

I do my killing in town
or under my own roof.
I wait for nightfall—
One strike, and its over.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

The fiend!
(*to Sparafucile*)
And how do you lure them in?

Sparafucile

Easily enough.
My sister helps me.
She's a street dancer, and pretty ...
She leads my victims in, and then ...

Rigoletto

I see.

Sparafucile

No fuss...

Rigoletto

I see.

Sparafucile

And this is my tool.
(*He shows his sword.*)
Does it suit you?

Rigoletto

No...not right now.

Sparafucile

More's the pity.

Rigoletto

Chi sa?

Sparafucile

Sparafucil mi nomino.

Rigoletto

Straniero?

Sparafucile (*per andarsene*)

Borgognone.

Rigoletto

E dove all'occasione?

Sparafucile

Qui sempre a sera.

Rigoletto

Va.

Sparafucile

Sparafucil, Sparafucil.
(*Sparafucile parte.*)

Rigoletto (*guarda dietro a Sparafucile*)

Va, va, va, va.

9. Pari siamo!...io la lingua,

egli ha il pugnale.

L'uomo son io che ride,

ei quel che spegne!

Quel vecchio maledivami...

O uomini! O natura!

Vil scellerato mi faceste voi!

O rabbia! esser difforme, esser buffone!

Non dover, non poter altro che ridere!

Il retaggio d'ogni uom m'è tolto, il pianto.

Rigoletto

Who knows?

Sparafucile

Sparafucile is my name.

Rigoletto

A foreigner?

Sparafucile (*about to leave*)

From Burgundy.

Rigoletto

And where can I find you, just in case?

Sparafucile

I'm always here at night.

Rigoletto

Go.

Sparafucile

Sparafucile, Sparafucile.
(*Sparafucile exits.*)

Rigoletto (*gazing after Sparafucile*)

Go, then. Go, go, go.

We are both the same under the skin!...

I wield my tongue, he a dagger.

I am all laughs, he a grim reaper.

That old man—he cursed me!

O humanity! O nature!

A fine villain you've made of me!

This crooked jester's body drives me mad!

Always bound to laugh, capable of nothing else!

Bereft of other men's birthright, I cannot weep.

This young man I call my master, carefree and

Questo padrone mio, giovin, giocondo, sì possente, bello,
sonnecchiando mi dice:
Fa ch'io rida, buffone!
Forzarmi deggio e farlo! Oh dannazione!
Odio a voi, cortigiani schernitori!
Quanta in mordervi ho gioia!
Se iniquo son, per cagion vostra è solo.
Ma in altr'uomo qui mi cangio!...
Quel vecchio maledivami!...Tal pensiero
perché conturba ognor la mente mia?
Mi coglierà sventura?
Ah no, è follia!
*(Apre con chiave ed entra nel cortile. Gilda esce dalla
casa e si getta nelle sue braccia.)*

10. Figlia!

Gilda

Mio padre!

Rigoletto

A te d'appresso
trova sol gioia il core oppresso.

Gilda

Oh, quanto amore, padre mio!

Rigoletto

Mia vita sei!
Senza te in terra qual bene avrei?
Ah, figlia mia!

Gilda

Voi sospirate! che v'ange tanto?
Lo dite a questa povera figlia.
Se v'ha mistero, per lei sia franto:
ch'ella conosca la sua famiglia.

powerful, handsome,
Dozing off, he tells me:
Make me laugh, fool!
I must force myself to do it! Oh, damnation!
How I loathe you, jeering courtiers!
How it pleases me to sting your pride!
If I am vile, it is all your fault.
But here I'm quite another man!...
That old man—he cursed me!... How that thought
keeps vexing my mind!
Am I doomed to ruin?
Ah no, what madness!
*(Unlocks the gate and enters the courtyard. Gilda
comes out of the house and rushes into his arms.)*
My daughter!

Gilda

Father!

Rigoletto

Only when you are near
can my sad heart rejoice.

Gilda

Oh, my loving father!

Rigoletto

You are my life!
Without you, what on earth would matter?
Ah, daughter!

Gilda

You are sighing! Why so unhappy?
Tell your poor daughter.
Let me partake in your sorrow
Let her know about her family.

Rigoletto

Tu non ne hai.

Gilda

Qual nome avete?

Rigoletto

A te che importa?

Gilda

Se non volete
di voi parlarmi...

Rigoletto (*interrompendola*)

Non uscir mai.

Gilda

Non vo che al tempio.

Rigoletto

Oh, ben tu fai.

Gilda

Se non di voi, almen chi sia
fate ch'io sappia la madre mia.

Rigoletto

Deh, non parlare al misero
del suo perduto bene.
Ella sentia, quell'angelo,
pietà delle mie pene.
Solo, difforme, povero,
per compassion mi amò.
Moria...le zolle coprano
lievi quel capo amato.
Sola or tu resti al misero...
O Dio, sii ringraziato!

Rigoletto

You have none.

Gilda

Tell me your name.

Rigoletto

Why do you care to know?

Gilda

If you don't wish
to talk to me about yourself..

Rigoletto (*interrupting her*)

Never go out of the house.

Gilda

Only to church.

Rigoletto

Oh, you do well.

Gilda

If you won't talk about yourself, can I know
who my mother was?

Rigoletto

I beg you, don't ask me about my
saddest loss.
That angel
took pity on my sorrows.
With compassion she loved
this abandoned, misshapen wretch.
She died... may the earth gently cover
that dear head.
You're all that's left to this unhappy man...
Thanks be to God!

Gilda (*singhiozzando*)

Oh quanto dolor! che spremere
sì amaro pianto può?
Padre, non più, calmatevi...
Mi lacera tal vista.

Rigoletto

Tu sola resti al misero, ecc.

Gilda

Il nome vostro ditemi,
il duol che sì v'attrista.

Rigoletto

A che nomarmi? è inutile!
Padre ti sono, e basti.
Me forse al mondo temono,
d'alcuno ho forse gli asti.
Altri mi maledicono...

Gilda

Patria, parenti, amici
voi dunque non avete?

Rigoletto

Patria! parenti! amici!
Culto, famiglia, la patria,
il mio universo è in te!

Gilda

Ah, se può lieto rendervi,
gioia è la vita a me!

Rigoletto

Culto, famiglia, ecc.

Gilda (*sobbing*)

Oh, such pain! What has brought on
such bitter tears?
Father, no more of this, calm yourself...
The very sight is breaking my heart.

Rigoletto

You're all that this unhappy man, etc.

Gilda

Tell me your name,
and name the sorrow that pains you.

Rigoletto

Why tell my name? There's no point!
I am your father, that is enough.
In this world, some people fear me,
and some despise me.
Others curse me...

Gilda

Homeland, family, friends—
What of these?

Rigoletto

Homeland, family, friends—
All that I believe, my hearth and homeland,
my entire world is in you!

Gilda

Ah, if only I could make you happier,
the more my life would be a joy for me.

Rigoletto

All that I believe, my hearth, etc.

Gilda

11. Già da tre lune son qui venuta

né la cittade ho ancor veduta;
se il concedete, farlo or potrei...

Rigoletto

Mai! mai! Uscita, dimmi, unqua sei?

Gilda

No.

Rigoletto

Guai!

Gilda (*da sé*)

Ah! Che dissi!

Rigoletto

Ben te ne guarda!

(*da sé*)

Potrien seguirla, rapirla ancora!

Qui d'un buffone si disonora
la figlia e se ne ride...Error!

(*forte*)

Olà?

(*Giovanna esce dalla casa.*)

Giovanna

Signor?

Rigoletto

Venendo mi vede alcuno?

Bada, di' il vero.

Giovanna

Oh, no, nessuno.

Gilda

It's been three months since I came here

without ever seeing the town;
if you will let me, I could do that now...

Rigoletto

Never! Never! Tell me. Have you ever gone out?

Gilda

No.

Rigoletto

God help you if you do!

Gilda (*aside*)

Ah! What have I said?

Rigoletto

See that you don't!

(*aside*)

They can always follow her, abduct her!

How they will laugh when a fool's daughter is
dishonored... What horror!

(*from within the house*)

Hello!

(*Giovanna comes out.*)

Giovanna

My Lord?

Rigoletto

Did anyone see me come here?

See that you tell the truth.

Giovanna

No, no one.

Rigoletto

Sta ben. La porta che dà al bastione
è sempre chiusa?

Giovanna

Ognor si sta.

Rigoletto

Bada, di' il ver.

12. Ah, veglia, o donna, questo fiore

che a te puro confidai;
veglia, attenta, e non fia mai
che s'offuschi il suo candor.
Tu dei venti dal furore
ch'altri fiori hanno piegato,
lo difendi, e immacolato
lo ridona al genitor.

Gilda

Quanto affetto! quali cure!
Che temete, padre mio?
Lassù in cielo presso Dio
veglia un angiol protettor.
Da noi stoglie le sventure
di mia madre il priego santo;
non fia mai disvelto o franto
questo a voi diletto fior.

(Il Duca in costume borghese viene dalla strada.)

Rigoletto

Ah, veglia, o donna, questo fiore
che a te puro confi...
Alcun v'è fuori!

*(Aprè la porta della corte e, mentre esce a guarder
sulla strada, il Duca guizza furtivo nella corte e si*

Rigoletto

Very well. Do you always lock the gate
to the ramparts?

Giovanna

It always is.

Rigoletto

Take care to tell the truth.

Ah, woman, I have trusted you
to keep this flower in all her purity;
watch over her, without fail, and
let nothing tarnish her virtue.
Defend her from the ill winds
that have crushed other flowers
and bring her spotless
to her father.

Gilda

How loving you are, but how troubled!
What do you fear, my father?
Up in heaven, close to God
a guardian angel watches.
My mother's holy prayers
protect us from all misfortune;
This flower you love so dearly
will never be plucked or broken.

(The Duke enters from the street, dressed as a commoner.)

Rigoletto

Ah, woman, I have trusted you
to keep this...
There is someone outside!

*(He opens the courtyard gate and, while he goes
out to look onto the street, the Duke darts into the*

nasconde dietro l'albero; gettando a Giovanna una borsa la fa tacere.)

Gilda

Cielo!

Sempre novel sospetto!

Rigoletto *(a Giovanna tornando)*

Alla chiesa vi seguiva mai nessuno?

Giovanna

Mai.

Duca *(da sé)*

Rigoletto!

Rigoletto

Se talor qui picchian,
guardatevi d'aprire...

Giovanna

Nemmeno al Duca?

Rigoletto

Non che ad altri a lui.
Mia figlia, addio.

Duca *(da sé)*

Sua figlia!

Gilda

Addio, mio padre.

Rigoletto

Ah! veglia, o donna, ecc.
Figlia, addio!

yard and hides behind the tree; he throws a purse to Giovanna to silence her.)

Gilda

Heavens!

Always some new suspicion!

Rigoletto *(turning to Giovanna)*

Has anyone ever followed you to church?

Giovanna

Never.

Duke *(aside)*

Rigoletto!

Rigoletto

If anyone knocks,
refuse to open the door..

Giovanna

Not even for the Duke?

Rigoletto

Not to him, above all.
Goodbye, my daughter.

Duke *(aside)*

His daughter!

Gilda

Goodbye, my father.

Rigoletto

Ah, woman, I have trusted you, *etc.*
Goodbye, daughter!

Gilda

Oh, quanto affetto! ecc.
 Mio padre, addio!
S'abbracciano e Rigoletto parte chiudendosi dietro la porta. Gilda, Giovanna e il Duca restano nella corte.)

Gilda

13. Giovanna, ho dei rimorsi...

Giovanna

È perché mai?

Gilda

Facqui che un giovin
 me seguiva al tempio.

Giovanna

Perché ciò dirgli? L'odiate dunque
 cotesto giovin, voi?

Gilda

No, no, ché troppo è bello
 e spira amore.

Giovanna

È magnanimo sembra e gran signore.

Gilda

Signor né principe io lo vorrei;
 sento che povero più l'amerei.
 Sognando o vigile sempre lo chiamo,
 e l'anima in estasi gli dice: t'a...

Gilda

How loving you are, but how troubled! etc.
 Goodbye, my father!
(They embrace and Rigoletto leaves, closing the door behind him. Gilda, Giovanna and Duke remain in the courtyard.)

Gilda

Giovanna, I feel so guilty...

Giovanna

Why ever should you?

Gilda

I did not say that a young man
 followed us to church.

Giovanna

There is no reason to tell him. So do you dislike
 this young man?

Gilda

No, no, he's too handsome
 and I see love in his eyes.

Giovanna

He seems bighearted and a noble gentleman.

Gilda

I hope he isn't a gentleman or a prince;
 I feel I'd love him more if he were poor.
 Sleeping and waking I call for him,
 and my blissful soul tells him: I lo...

Duca

(esce improvviso, fa cenno a Giovanna d'andarsene, e inginocchiandosi ai piedi di Gilda termina la frase)

T'amo!

T'amo; ripetilo sì caro accento:
un puro schiudimi ciel di contento!

Gilda

Giovanna? Ah, misera! Non v'è più alcuno
che qui rispondami! Oh Dio! nessuno?

Duca

Son io coll'anima che ti rispondo.
Ah, due che s'amano son tutto un mondo!

Gilda

Chi mai, chi giungere vi fece a me?

Duca

Se angelo o demone, che importa a te?
Io t'amo.

Gilda

Uscitene.

Duca

Uscire!...adesso!...
Ora che accendene un fuoco istesso!
Ah, inseparabile d'amore il dio
stringeva, o vergine, tuo fato al mio!
14. È il sol dell'anima, la vita è amore,
sua voce è il palpito del nostro core.
E fama e gloria, potenza e trono,
umane, fragili qui cose sono,
una pur avvene sola, divina:

Duke

(suddenly exits and beckons Giovanna away from the courtyard; kneeling at Gilda's feet, he completes her words)

I love you!

I love you; say these dear words again
to unlock the doors of blissful paradise!

Gilda

Giovanna? Ah, poor me! No one is there to answer
me? Oh, God! Is no one there?

Duke

I am here, to answer with my soul.
Ah, two lovers make a world apart!

Gilda

Whoever was it who brought you to me?

Duke

Angel or demon, why should you care?
I love you.

Gilda

Please go.

Duke

Go?... Now?...
Now that we burn with the same fire?
Ah, my dear girl, we are both
caught up tight in Cupid's bonds!
For us, love is the sun, and our whole life,
its voice marks the beating of our hearts.
Fame and glory, power and thrones,
These are all too frail and mortal.
One divine thing stands out alone:

è amor che agl'angeli più ne avvicina!
Adunque amiamoci, donna celeste;
d'invidia agli uomini sarò per te.

Gilda (*da sé*)

Ah, de' miei vergini sogni son queste
le voci tenere sì care a me! *ecc.*

Duca

Amiamoci,
d'invidia agli uomini sarò per te, *ecc.*
15. Che m'ami, deh, ripetimi.

Gilda

L'udiste.

Duca

Oh, me felice

Gilda

Il nome vostro ditemi...
Saperlo a me non lice?

(Ceprano e Borsa compariscono sulla strada.)

Ceprano (*a Borsa*)

Il loco è qui.

Duca (*pensando*)

Mi nomino...

Borsa (*a Ceprano*)

Sta ben.

(Ceprano e Borsa partono.)

Love, which brings us up to the angels!
Come, let us love, you heavenly woman;
You will make me the envy of every man.

Gilda (*aside*)

Ah, these are those tender words
that as a girl I always dreamed! *etc.*

Duke

Let us love,
you will make me the envy of every man, *etc.*
Pray, tell me again that you love me.

Gilda

Just now you caught me saying it.

Duke

Oh, how happy I am!

Gilda

Tell me your name...
Won't you tell me?

(Ceprano and Borsa appear together on the street.)

Ceprano (*to Borsa*)

This is the place.

Duke (*thinking it over*)

My name is...

Borsa (*to Ceprano*)

Very well.

(Ceprano and Borsa leave.)

Duca

Gualtier Maldè.
Studente sono, e povero...

Giovanna (*tornando spaventata*)

Rumor di passi è fuori!

Gilda

Forse mio padre...

Duca (*da sé*)

Ah, cogliere potessi il traditore
che sì mi sturba!

Gilda

Adducilo
di qua al bastione...or ite...

Duca

Di', m'amerai tu?!

Gilda

E voi?

Duca

L'intera vita...poi...

Gilda

Non più, non più...partite.

Tutte Due

Addio! speranza ed anima
sol tu sarai per me.
Addio! vivrà immutabile
l'affetto mio per te.
Addio, ecc.

Duke

Walter Maldè.
I am just a poor student...

Giovanna (*returning, worried*)

Footsteps!

Gilda

It could be my father...

Duke (*aside*)

Ah, if I could get my hands
on that bumbling traitor!

Gilda

Take him out of here
to the ramparts ..Go, now...

Duke

But first—do you really love me?

Gilda

And you?

Duke

For the rest of my life... and now...

Gilda

No more, no more... Go!

Together

Farewell! You will always be
my hope and my soul.
Farewell! My love for you
will never fail.
Farewell, etc.

(Il Duca esce scortato da Giovanna. Gilda resta fissando la porta ond'è partito.)

Gilda *(sola)*

16. Gualtier Maldè...nome di lui sì amato,

ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!

Caro nome che il mio cor

festi primo palpar,

le delizie dell'amor

mi dêi sempre rammentar!

Col pensier il mio desir

a te sempre volerà,

e fin l'ultimo mio sospir,

caro nome, tuo sarà.

Col pensier, ecc.

(Sale al terrazzo con una lanterna.)

Gualtier Maldè!

(Marullo, Ceprano, Borsa, cortigiani, armati e mascherati, vengono dalla via. Gilda entra tosto in casa.)

Caro nome, ecc.

Borsa

È là.

Ceprano

Miratela.

Coro

Oh quanto è bella!

Marullo

Par fata od angiol.

(The Duke exits with Giovanna. Gilda stays behind, looking at the gate through which he has left.)

Gilda *(alone)*

Walter Maldè...how I cherish his name,

be engraved upon my lovesick heart!

Cherished name, the first

to stir my heart,

you will always lead my thoughts

to love's delights!

In my thoughts my desire

will always rise to you,

and even my last breath,

cherished name, will be yours.

In my thoughts, etc.

(Going out onto the terrace with a lantern.)

Walter Maldè!

(Marullo, Ceprano, Borsa and courtiers, armed and masked, come in from the street. Gilda goes quickly into the house.)

Cherished name, etc.

Borsa

This is the place.

Ceprano

Just look at her.

Chorus

Oh, how beautiful she is!

Marullo

You might say a fairy, or an angel.

Coro

L'amante è quella
di Rigoletto.
Oh, quanto è bella!

(Rigoletto, concentrato, entra.)

Rigoletto *(da sé)*
17. Riedo!...perché?

Borsa

Silenzio. All'opra...badate a me.

Rigoletto *(da sé)*
Ah, da quel vecchio fui maledetto!
(urta in Borsa)
Chi va là?

Borsa *(ai compagni)*
Tacete...c'è Rigoletto.

Ceprano

Vittoria doppia! l'uccideremo.

Borsa

No, ché domani più rideremo.

Marullo

Or tutto aggiusto...

Rigoletto
Chi parla qua?

Marullo

Ehi, Rigoletto?...Di'?

Chorus

Could this be
Rigoletto's mistress?
Oh, how beautiful she is!

(Rigoletto enters, lost in thought.)

Rigoletto *(aside)*
I've come home again!... But why?

Borsa

Silence. Get to work... Follow my lead.

Rigoletto *(aside)*
Ah, that old man cursed me!
(bumping into Borsa)
Who's there?

Borsa *(to his companions)*
Be quiet... It's Rigoletto.

Ceprano

A twofold victory! Let's kill him.

Borsa

No, for we'll laugh all the more tomorrow.

Marullo

Everything's already settled...

Rigoletto
Who's talking over there?

Marullo

Hey, Rigoletto!... Answer us!

Rigoletto

Chi va là?

Marullo

Eh, non mangiarci!...Son...

Rigoletto

Chi?

Marullo

Marullo.

Rigoletto

In tanto buio lo sguardo è nullo.

Marullo

Qui ne condusse ridevol cosa...
Torre a Ceprano vogliam la sposa.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

Ahimè! respiro!
(*a Marullo*)
Ma come entrare?

Marullo (*a Ceprano*)

La vostra chiave!
(*a Rigoletto*)
Non dubitare.
Non dee mancarci lo stratagemma...
(*Gli dà la chiave avuta da Ceprano.*)
Ecco la chiave.

Rigoletto (*palpando*)

Sento il suo stemma.
(*da sé*)
Ah, terror vano fu dunque il mio!
(*a Marullo*)
N'è là il palazzo. Con voi son io.

Rigoletto

Who's there?

Marullo

Hey! Easy there... I am...

Rigoletto

Who?

Marullo

Marullo.

Rigoletto

It's too dark to see anyone's face.

Marullo

What we are doing here will make you laugh... We're
abducting Ceprano's wife.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

Aha! Now I can breathe!
(*to Marullo*)
But how will you get in?

Marullo (*to Ceprano*)

Give me your key!
(*to Rigoletto*)
Have no fear.
Our plan cannot fail...
(*He hands over Ceprano's key.*)
Here is the key.

Rigoletto (*fingering it*)

I can feel the shape of his crest.
(*aside*)
Ah, my fears were all for naught!
(*to Marullo*)
The palace is over here. I'm with you.

Marullo

Siam mascherati...

Rigoletto

Ch'io pur mi mascheri;
a me una larva.

Marullo

Sì, pronta è già.

(Gli mette una maschera e nello stesso tempo lo benda con un fazzoletto, e lo pone a reggere una scala, che hanno appostata al terrazzo.)

Terrai la scala.

Rigoletto

Fitta è la tenebra.

Marullo

La benda cieco e sordo il fa.

Coro**18. Zitti, zitti, moviamo a vendetta;**

ne sia colto or che meno l'aspetta.

Derisore sì audace e costante

a sua volta schernito sarà!

Cheti, cheti, rubiamgli l'amante

e la Corte doman riderà.

Cheti, cheti, ecc.

Derisore sì audace, ecc.

Zitti, zitti, zitti, zitti,

cheti, cheti, cheti, cheti,

attenti all'opra, all'opra.

(Alcuni salgono al terrazzo, rompono la porta del primo piano, scendono, aprono ad altri che entrano

Marullo

We are wearing masks...

Rigoletto

I'll wear one, too;
hand me a disguise.

Marullo

Right. Here you are.

(Marullo puts a mask on Rigoletto while at the same time blindfolding him with a handkerchief. He makes him hold a ladder leaning against the terrace.)

Come hold the ladder.

Rigoletto

It's pitch dark out here.

Marullo

He can't hear or see with that blindfold.

Chorus**Hush now, hush, stealing to our vengeance,**

let's strike him who least expects it.

He who dares to jeer so often

will be mocked in his own turn!

Hush now, hush, let us steal his lover

and tomorrow the court will laugh out loud.

Hush now, hush, etc.

He who dares to jeer, etc.

Hush now, hush, hush now, hush,

Hush now, hush,

let's all get to work.

(Some courtiers go onto the terrace, break in the door and go down to let others in from the street

dalla strada e riescono trascinando Gilda, la quale ha la bocca chiusa da un fazzoletto; nel traversare la scena ella perde una sciarpa.)

Gilda *(da lontano)*
Soccorso, padre mio!

Coro *(da lontano)*
Vittoria!

Gilda *(più lontano)*
Aita!

Rigoletto
Non han finito ancor!...qual derisione!
(Si tocca gli occhi.)
Sono bendato!
Gilda!...Gilda!

(Si strappa impetuosamente la benda e la maschera, ed al chiarore d'una lanterna scordata riconosce la sciarpa, vede la porta aperta: entra, ne trae Giovanna spaventata; la fissa con istupore, si strappa i capelli senza poter gridare; finalmente, dopo molti sforzi, esclama:)

Ah! la maledizione!

(Sviene.)

level. They drag out Gilda, who had been gagged with a handkerchief, and she drops her scarf along the way.)

Gilda *(in the distance)*
Help me, father!

Chorus *(in the distance)*
We got her!

Gilda *(far off)*
Help!

Rigoletto
They're still at it!... A fine prank indeed!
(He touches his eyes.)
I've been blindfolded!
Gilda!...Gilda!

(He tears off the blindfold and the mask, and by the light of a forgotten lantern he recognizes the scarf, and sees the open door; he goes in and drags out the terrified Giovanna; he stares at her, stupefied, tearing at his hair, unable to cry out; finally, through sheer force of will, he exclaims:)

Ah! The curse!

(He faints.)

Act II

Salotto nel palazzo ducale.

Vi sono due porte laterali, una maggiore nel fondo chesi chiude. Ai suoi lati pendono i ritratti, in tutta figura, a sinistra del Duca, a destra della sua sposa. V'ha un seggiolone presso una tavola coperta di velluto e altri mobili.

Duca (*entrando, agitato*)

1. Ella mi fu rapita!

E quando, o ciel?... ne' brevi
istanti, prima che il mio presagio interno
sull'orma corsa ancora mi spingesse!
Schiuso era l'uscio! E la magion deserta!
E dove ora sarà quell'angiol caro?
Coi che prima potè in questo core
destar la fiamma di costanti affetti?
Coi che sì pura, al cui modesto sguardo
quasi spinto a virtù talor mi credo!
Ella mi fu rapita!
E chi l'ardiva?...ma ne avrò vendetta.
Lo chiede il pianto della mia diletta.

2. Parmi veder le lagrime

scorrenti da quel ciglio,
quando fra il dubbio e l'ansia
del subito periglio,
dell'amor nostro memore
il suo Gualtier chiamò.
Ned ei potea soccorrerti,
cara fanciulla amata;
ei che vorria coll'anima
farti quaggiù beata;
ei che le sfere agli angeli
per te non invidiò.
Ei che le sfere, ecc.

A drawing room of the Duke's palace.

A door on either side. In the background there is a larger one, closed and flanked by two full-length portraits: to the left, one of the Duke, and his wife to the right. Among other furniture, there is a high-backed chair next to a table with a velvet cover.

Duke (*enters, upset*)

They stole her away from me!

And when, in God's name?
Just before that nagging thought
turned me around in my tracks!
The gate was shut! And the hovel deserted!
And what has become of that dear angel?
The first woman ever for whom this heart
burned with the flame of faithful affection?
So pure she was, whose shy face
nearly made an honest man of me!
They stole her away from me!
And who dared it?...I'll have my revenge.
My dear one's tears cry out for it.

I can almost see her lashes,

wet from those flowing tears,
when stricken by doubt and worry
she faced the sudden threat.
The thought of our love consoled her
and she called out for her Walter.
But he could not help you, you dear,
beloved girl;
the man whose soul
wished to give you bliss on earth;
he who would never trade
a place in heaven for your love.
He who would never trade, etc.

*Marullo, Ceprano, Borsa ed altri cortigiani entrano
dal mezzo.)*

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Duca, Duca!

Duca
ben?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
l'amante
fu rapita a Rigoletto.

Duca
Come? E d'onde?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Dal suo tetto.

Duca
Ah! Ah! dite, come fu?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
correndo uniti remota via,
poch'ora dopo caduto il dì,
come previsto ben s'era in pria,
ora beltà ci si scoprì.
Era l'amante di Rigoletto,
che vista appena si dileguò.
Già di rapirla s'avea il progetto,
quando il buffone ver noi spuntò;
che di Ceprano noi la contessa
rapir volessimo, stolto, credè;
a scala, quindi, all'uopo messa,
rendato ei stesso ferma tenè.
A scala, quindi, ecc.
Alimmo, e rapidi la giovinetta
noi riusciva quindi asportar.

*(Marullo, Ceprano, Borsa and other courtiers enter
from the upstage door.)*

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Duke, Duke!

Duke
What is it?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
They've just carried off
Rigoletto's lover.

Duke
How? And where did they take her?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
From under his own roof.

Duke
Ah! Ah! Tell me everything!

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Rushing down a back street,
all together, just before sunset,
just so, according to plan,
we found that striking beauty.
She was Rigoletto's lover,
who vanished as soon as we saw her.
Right as we moved to take her,
that fool bumbled toward us;
stupidly, he thought we all intended
to abduct Countess Ceprano;
after we thought to set up a ladder,
blindfolded, he himself held the thing up.
After we thought, etc.
Meanwhile, up we went, and managed
to whisk the girl straight away.

Duca (*da sé*)
Cielo!

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Quand'ei s'accorse della vendetta
restò scornato ad imprecar.

Duca (*da sé*)
È dessa, la mia diletta!
(*forte*)
Ma dove or trovasi la poveretta?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Fu da noi stessi addotta or qui.

Duca (*da sé*)
Ah, tutto il ciel non mi rapì!

(*alzandosi con gioia*)

4. Possente amor mi chiama,
volar io deggio a lei:
Il serto mio darei
Per consolarquel cor.
Ah! Sappia alfin chi l'ama,
Conosca alfinchi sono,
Apprenda ch'anco in trono
Ha degli schiavi Amor.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Oh qual pensier or l'agita?
Copme cangiò d'umor!

(*Il Duca esce frettoloso dal mezzo. Rigoletto
entra canterellantocon represso dolore.*)

Duke (*aside*)
Dear God!

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
When he realized that he'd been tricked,
the cuckold could only curse.

Duke (*aside*)
They're talking about my beloved!
(*aloud*)
But where's the poor girl now?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
We've brought her here just now ourselves.

Duke (*aside*)
Ah, heaven has not yet taken all from me!

(*joyfully, rising*)

Love's power calls me,
and I must hurry to her:
I would give up my crown
to comfort her heart.
Ah, at last she'll know who loves her
and discover who I really am:
She shall learn that love
counts even those on thrones among its slaves.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Oh, what thought now excites him?
How his mood has changed!

(*The Duke hurries off through the center door.
Rigoletto enters, singing to himself and trying to
disguise his grief.*)

Marullo
5. Povero Rigoletto!

Rigoletto
La rà, la rà, la rà, ecc.

Coro
Ei vien...Silenzio.

Rigoletto
La rà, la rà, la rà, ecc.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Oh, buon giorno, Rigoletto.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)
Han tutti fatto il colpo!

Ceprano
Ch'hai di nuovo, buffon?

Rigoletto
Ch'hai di nuovo, buffon?
Che dell'usato
più noioso voi siete.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Ah! ah! ah!

Rigoletto
La rà, la rà, la rà, ecc.

(*spiando inquieto dovunque, da sé*)

Ove l'avran nascosta?

Marullo
Poor Rigoletto!

Rigoletto
Tra la, tra la, tra la, etc.

Chorus
Here he comes... Keep quiet.

Rigoletto
Tra la, tra la, tra la, etc.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Oh, good day, Rigoletto.

Rigoletto (*aside*)
They're all guilty as sin!

Ceprano
What's new, fool?

Rigoletto
What's new, fool?
Just this: You're even
more of a headache than ever.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Rigoletto
Tra la, tra la, tra la, etc.

(*aside, worried, looking everywhere about the room*)

Where can they have hidden her?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro (*fra loro*)
Guardate com'è inquieto!

Rigoletto
La rà, la rà, la rà, ecc.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro
Sì! Guardate com'è inquieto!

Rigoletto (*a Marullo*)
Son felice
che nulla a voi nuocesse
l'aria di questa notte...

Marullo
Questa notte!

Rigoletto
Sì...Ah, fu il bel colpo!

Marullo
S'ho dormito sempre!

Rigoletto
Ah, voi dormiste! Avrò dunque sognato!
La rà, la rà, la rà, ecc.
(*S'allontana e vedendo un fazzoletto sopra una tavola
ne osserva inquieto la cifra.*)

Coro (*fra loro*)
Ve' come tutto osserva!

Rigoletto
(*gettandolo; fra sé*)
Non è il suo.
(*forte*)
Dorme il Duca tuttor?

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus (*to themselves*)
See how worried he is!

Rigoletto
Tra la, tra la, tra, etc.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus
Yes, see how worried he is!

Rigoletto (*to Marullo*)
I'm glad to see
that you are none the worse
for the night air...

Marullo
Last night!

Rigoletto
Yes... Ah, you really pulled it off!

Marullo
When I was sound asleep?

Rigoletto
Oh, so you were sleeping! I must have dreamed it
all up! Tra la, tra la, tra, etc.
(*He moves away and, seeing a handkerchief on a
table, nervously inspects the monogram.*)

Chorus (*to themselves*)
Look! He's leaving no leaf unturned!

Rigoletto
(*throwing the handkerchief down; aside*)
It's not hers.
(*aloud*)
Is the Duke still asleep?

Coro

Sì, dorme ancora.

(Comparisce un paggio della Duchessa.)

Paggio

Al suo sposo parlar vuol la Duchessa.

Ceprano

Dorme.

Paggio

Qui or or con voi non era?

Borsa

È a caccia.

Paggio

Senza paggi! senz'armi!

Tutti

E non capisci

che per ora vedere non può alcuno?

Rigoletto

(che a parte è stato attentissimo al dialogo, balzando improvviso tra loro prorompe:)

Ah, ell'è qui dunque! Ell'è col Duca!

Tutti

Chi?

Rigoletto

La giovin che stanotte
al mio tetto rapiste.

Ma la saprò riprender.

Ella è là!

Chorus

Yes, still asleep.

(One of the Duchess's pages appears.)

Page

The Duchess would speak with her husband.

Ceprano

He's sleeping.

Page

But wasn't he just here with you?

Borsa

He's out hunting.

Page

With no pages? Without arms?

All

Isn't it clear

that he can't see anyone right now?

Rigoletto

(who has been listening closely to the dialogue, hurrying among them. Suddenly he bursts out:) Ah, so she

is here! She is with the Duke!

All

Who?

Rigoletto

The girl you took

last night from under my roof.

But I will take her back!

She is here!

Tutti

Se l'amante perdesti,
la ricerca altrove.

Rigoletto

Io vo' mia figlia!

Tutti

La sua figlia!

Rigoletto

Sì, la mia figlia! d'una tal vittoria,
che? adesso non ridete?
Ella è là...la vogl'io...la renderete.
(Corre verso la porta di mezzo, ma i cortigiani gli attraversano il passaggio.)

6. Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,
per qual prezzo vendeste il mio bene?
A voi nulla per l'oro sconviene,
ma mia figlia è impagabil tesoro.
La rendete...o, se pur disarmata,
questa man per voi fora cruenta;
nulla in terra più l'uomo paventa,
se dei figli difende l'onore.
Quella porta, assassini, m'aprite!

*(Si getta ancor sulla porta che gli è nuovamente
contesa dai gentiluomini; lotta alquanto, poi ritorna
spossato.)*

La porta, la porta, assassini, m'aprite.
Ah! voi tutti a me contro venite!
Tutti contro me!
(piange)
Ah! Ebben, piango. Marullo, signore,
tu ch'hai l'anima gentil come il core,

All

If you lost your lover,
why not go find her somewhere else?

Rigoletto

I want my daughter back!

All

His daughter!

Rigoletto

Yes, my daughter! What? Your victory
isn't so funny anymore?
She is in there...I want her...Give her back.
*(He runs toward the upstage door, but the courtiers
block his way.)*

Courtiers! Damn the whole lot of you,
how cheaply you have sold my happiness!
What wouldn't you do for a price?
But my daughter is a priceless treasure.
Give her back to me ... or this bare hand
will wreak bloody havoc on you;
A man fears nothing on earth
while defending his children's honor.
Open! Open that door, you assassins!

*(He throws himself against the door once again, but
is blocked by the noblemen; they struggle, he comes
away exhausted.)*

Open, open, assassins, open the door.
Ah! Are all of you against me?
All against me!
(He weeps)
Ah! See how I weep. My Lord Marullo,
you whose soul is as kind as your heart,

dimmi tu dove l'hanno nascosta?
Marullo, signore, dimmi tu dove l'hanno nascosta?
È là...non è vero?...È là?...
non è vero?...è là?...non è vero?
Tu taci!...ohimè!
Miei signori, perdono, pietate!
Al vegliardo la figlia ridate!
Ridonarla a voi nulla ora costa,
tutto al mondo tal figlia è per me.
Signori, perdono, ecc.
*(Gilda esce dalla stanza a sinistra e si getta nelle
paterne braccia.)*

Gilda
7. Mio padre!

Rigoletto
Dio! mia Gilda!
Signori, in essa è tutta
la mia famiglia.
Non temer più nulla, angelo mio...
(ai cortigiani)
Fu scherzo, non è vero?
Io, che pur piansi, or rido.
(a Gilda)
E tu a che piangi?

Gilda
Ah, l'onta, padre mio!

Rigoletto
Cielo! che dici?

Gilda
Arrossir voglio innanzi a voi soltanto...

please tell me where they've hidden her?
My Lord, won't you tell me where they have hidden her?
She's in there ... Right? ... In there?
Right? ... In there? ... Right?
You won't tell me! ... Alas!
Forgive me, my lords, have pity!
Give this old wretch his daughter back!
It would cost you nothing now,
though such a daughter means all the world to me.
Forgive me, my lords, etc.
*(Gilda comes out from the room at left and throws
herself into her father's arms.)*

Gilda
Father!

Rigoletto
Good Lord! My Gilda!
My lords, in her you see
my only family.
You've nothing more to fear, my angel ...
(to the courtiers)
It was all a joke, right?
I, who was weeping just now, now laugh out loud.
(to Gilda)
But why are you crying now?

Gilda
Oh, for shame, father!

Rigoletto
Heavens! What do you mean?

Gilda
I'd be ashamed to tell anyone but you...

Rigoletto (*ai cortigiani*)

Ite di qua voi tutti!

Se il Duca vostro d'appressarsi osasse,
ch'ei non entri, gli dite, e ch'io qui sono.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Coro

(*fra loro*)

Coi fanciulli e co' dementi
spesso giova il simular;
partiam pur, ma quel ch'ei tenti
non lasciamo d'osservar.
(*Escono.*)

Rigoletto

Parla...siam soli.

Gilda (*da sé*)

Ciel! dammi coraggio!

(*a Rigoletto*)

8. Tutte le feste al tempio

mentre pregava Iddio,
bello e fatale un giovine
offriasi al guardo mio...
Se i labbri nostri tacquero,
dagli occhi il cor parlò.
Furtivo fra le tenebre
sol ieri a me giungeva...
"Sono studente e povero",
commosso mi diceva,
e con ardente palpito
amor mi protestò.
Partì...il mio core aprivasi
a speme più gradita,
quando improvvisi apparvero
color che m'han rapita,
e a forza qui m'addussero
nell'ansia più crudel.

Rigoletto (*to the courtiers*)

Get out of here, all of you!

If your Duke ventures to come here,
tell him not to come in. Say that I am here.

Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano, Chorus

(*to themselves*)

Often when it comes to children and lunatics,
it's best to hide the truth;
So let's go, but keep watching
what he may be up to.
(*They exit.*)

Rigoletto

Speak...we are alone.

Gilda (*aside*)

Dear Lord, give me strength!

(*to Rigoletto*)

In church, at each service,

while I was praying to God,
a young man—so fatally handsome—
sat there in my plain view...
Our lips may have been silent,
but our hearts spoke through our eyes.
Only yesterday did he come to me,
secretly in the dark...
"I am just a poor student,"
he told me with such tenderness,
and trembling with his passion,
he confessed his love to me.
He left ... My heart opened up
to the sweetest hopes,
while those who abducted me
suddenly rushed up
to bring me here by force
in utter distress.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

9. Ah! Solo per me l'infamia

a te chiedeva, O Dio...
ch'ella potesse ascendere
quanto caduto er'io.

Ah, presso del patibolo
bisogna ben l'altare!

Ma tutto ora scompare,
l'altar si rovesciò!

(*a Gilda*)

10. Piangi, fanciulla, piangi...

Gilda

Padre!

Rigoletto

...scorrer fa il pianto sul mio cor.

Gilda

Padre, in voi parla un angiol per me consolator, ecc.

Rigoletto

Piangi, fanciulla, ecc.

Compiuto pur quanto a fare mi resta,
lasciare potremo quest'aura funesta.

Gilda

Sì.

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

E tutto un sol giorno cangiare potè!

(*Entra un usciere ed il Conte di Monterone, che attraversa il fondo della sala fra gli alabardieri.*)

Usciere

11. Schiudete: ire al carcere Monteron dee.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

Ah! It was for me alone

that I asked for disgrace, O God...
to raise her up high
even as I had fallen.

Ah, but every gallows
must have an altar!

So now everything is gone,
and the altar has toppled!

(*to Gilda*)

Weep, my girl, weep...

Gilda

Father!

Rigoletto

...let your tears flow on my breast...

Gilda

Father, in you I hear a consoling angel, etc.

Rigoletto

Weep, my girl, weep...etc.

After my task ahead is done,
we'll leave this ghastly place.

Gilda

Yes.

Rigoletto (*aside*)

Just one day has changed so much!

(*An usher enters as Count Monterone crosses the background accompanied by men armed with halberds.*)

Usher

**Open the door: Monterone is on his way
to the dungeon.**

Monterone

(fermandosi verso il ritratto)

Poiché fosti invano da me maledetto,
né un fulmine o un ferro
colpisce il tuo petto,
felice pur anco, o Duca, vivrai.
(Esce fra le guardie dal mezzo.)

Rigoletto

No, vecchio, t'inganni...

un vindice avrai.

(Si volge con impeto al ritratto.)

12. Sì, vendetta, tremenda vendetta

di quest'anima è solo desio.

Dì punirti già l'ora s'affretta,

che fatale per te suonerà.

Come fulmin scagliato da Dio,

te colpire il buffone saprà.

Gilda

O mio padre, qual gioia feroce
balenarvi negli occhi vegg'io!

Rigoletto

Vendetta!

Gilda

Perdonate: a noi pure una voce
di perdono dal cielo verrà.

Rigoletto

Vendetta!

Gilda

Perdonate..."

Monterone

(stopping in front of the portrait)

And so, my curse was useless.

No lightning or blade

has struck your breast.

You will live on, O Duke, happily after all.

(He exits with the guards through the upstage door.)

Rigoletto

No, old man, you are mistaken...

Vengeance you shall have.

(He turns forcefully to the portrait.)

Yes, vengeance, but a dreadful vengeance

is this soul's only desire.

Hasten the hour of your punishment,

when your death knell rings!

Like a bolt from God's own hand,

this fool will strike you dead.

Gilda

O father, I can see such fierce joy
flashing in your eyes!

Rigoletto

Vengeance!

Gilda

Forgive him, so that we, too, may hear a voice
of forgiveness from heaven above...

Rigoletto

Vengeance!

Gilda

Forgive him...

Rigoletto

No!

Gilda (*fra sé*)

Mi tradiva, pur l'amo; gran Dio,
per l'ingrato ti chiedo pietà!

Rigoletto

Come fulmin scagliato da Dio, ecc.

Gilda

Perdonate, ecc.

(*Escono dal mezzo.*)

Rigoletto

No!

Gilda (*aside*)

He betrayed me, but I still love him; dear Lord, I beg
mercy for that deceitful man!

Rigoletto

Like a bolt from God's own hand, etc.

Gilda

Forgive him, etc.

(*They exit upstage.*)

Act III

La sponda destra del Mincio.

A sinistra è una casa a due piani, mezzo diroccata, la cui fronte lascia vedere per una grande arcata l'interno d'una rustica osteria al pian terreno, ed una rozza scala che mette al granaio, entro cui, da un balcone senza imposte, si vede un lettuccio. Nella facciata che guarda la strada è una porta che s'apre per di dentro; il muro poi è sì pieno di fessure, che dal di fuori si può facilmente scorgere quanto avviene nell'interno. In fondo, la deserta parte del Mincio, che scorre dietro un parapetto in mezza ruina; di là dal fiume è Mantova. È notte. Gilda e Rigoletto inquieti sono sulla strada, Sparafucile nell'interno dell'osteria.

Rigoletto

13. E l'ami?

Gilda

Sempre.

The right bank of the River Mincio.

On the left is a half-ruined two-story house, at ground level, behind an arcade, the interior of a rustic wine shop is seen, with a rough stone staircase leading to a loft with a small bed—which, lacking shutters, is fully visible. Downstairs, on the wall adjoining the outside road, is a door that opens inward. The wall is riddled with cracks and holes, such that whatever happens inside can be clearly seen. In the background are the deserted fields along the river, which runs behind a crumbling embankment. Beyond the river lies Mantua. In the darkness of night, Gilda and Rigoletto, both uneasy, are standing in the road; Sparafucile sits at a table in the wine shop.

Rigoletto

So you love him?

Gilda

And I will forever!

Rigoletto

Pure tempo a guarirne t'ho lasciato.

Gilda

Io l'amo.

Rigoletto

Povero cor di donna! Ah, il vile infame!
Ma ne avrai vendetta, o Gilda.

Gilda

Pietà, mio padre!

Rigoletto

E se tu certa fossi
ch'ei ti tradisse, l'ameresti ancora?

Gilda

Nol so, ma pur m'adora.

Rigoletto

Egli?

Gilda

Sì.

Rigoletto

Ebben, osserva dunque.
(La conduce presso una delle fessure del muro, ed ella vi guarda.)

Gilda

Un uomo vedo.

Rigoletto

I've given you time to get over him.

Gilda

I love him.

Rigoletto

You and your poor, woman's heart. Ah, that wicked devil! We will be avenged yet, Gilda.

Gilda

Have pity, father!

Rigoletto

And if you knew that he was betraying you, you would still love him?

Gilda

I don't know, yet he adores me.

Rigoletto

He does?

Gilda

Yes.

Rigoletto

Well, then. Look for yourself.
(He takes her over to one of the cracks in the wall, where she looks in.)

Gilda

I see a man.

Rigoletto

Per poco attendi.

(Il Duca, in assisa di semplice ufficiale di cavalleria, entra nella sala terrena per una porta a sinistra.)

Gilda *(trasalendo)*

Ah, padre mio!

Duca *(a Sparafucile)*

Due cose e tosto...

Sparafucile

Quali?

Duca

Una stanza e del vino!

Rigoletto

Son questi i suoi costumi!

Sparafucile

Oh, il bel zerbino!

(Entra nella stanza vicina.)

Duca**14. La donna è mobile**

qual piuma al vento,

muta d'accento

e di pensier.

Sempre un amabile

leggiadro viso,

in pianto o in riso

è menzognero.

La donna è mobile, ecc.

È sempre misero

chi a lei s'affida,

Rigoletto

Now just wait.

(The Duke, in a simple cavalry officer's uniform, enters the ground-floor room from a door at left.)

Gilda *(startled)*

Ah, father!

Duke *(to Sparafucile)*

Bring me two things—quickly ...

Sparafucile

What do you need?

Duke

A room and some wine!

Rigoletto

Such are his ways!

Sparafucile

Oh, what a sly rake!

(He goes into the adjoining room.)

Duke**A woman is flighty,**

like a feather in the wind.,

Laid-back when speaking

and when she's thinking.

Every sweet face.

however lovely,

weeping or laughing

always deceives you.

A woman is flighty, etc.

How miserable is he

who dares to trust her,

chi le confida
mal cauto il cor!
Pur mai non sentesi
felice appieno
chi su quel seno
non liba amor!
La donna è mobile, ecc.

(Sparafucile rientra con una bottiglia di vino e due bicchieri che depone sulla tavola: quindi batte col pomo della sua lunga spada due colpi al soffitto. A quel segnale una ridente giovane, in costume di zingara, scende a salti la scala. Il Duca corre per abbracciarla, ma ella gli sfugge. Frattanto Sparafucile, uscito sulla via, dice a parte a Rigoletto:)

Sparafucile

È là il vostr'uomo. Viver dee o morire?

Rigoletto

Più tardi tornerò l'opra a compire.

(Sparafucile s'allontana dietro la casa verso il fiume.)

Duca

15. Un dì, se ben rammentomi,

o bella, t'incontrai...
Mi piacque di te chiedere
e intesi che qui stai.
Or sappi che d'allora
sol te quest'alma adora.

Gilda *(da sé)*

Iniquo!

who carelessly hands
his heart over to her!
But who can ever
know true contentment
unless he's drunk
his fill of love?
A woman is flighty, etc

(Sparafucile returns with a bottle of wine and two glasses, which he places on the table: then he strikes the ceiling twice with the pommel of his long sword. At this signal, a laughing young woman, in gypsy garb, comes hopping down the stairway. The Duke rushes to embrace her, but she dodges him. Meanwhile, Sparafucile has come out onto the street and speaks into Rigoletto's ear:)

Sparafucile

There's your man. Should he live or die?

Rigoletto

I'll come back later to seal our deal.

(Sparafucile goes behind the house, in the direction of the river.)

Duke

One day, if memory serves me,

I met you, my lovely...
How I loved to seek you out
And to learn that you live here.
Know now that from that day forward
This soul of mine adores only you.

Gilda *(aside)*

How wicked!

Maddalena

Ah! Ah!...e vent'altre appresso
le scorda forse adesso?
Ha un'aria il signorino da vero libertino.

Duca

Sì, un mostro son.

Gilda

Ah, padre!

Maddalena

Lasciatemi, stordito!

Duca

Ah, che fracasso!

Maddalena

Stia saggio!

Duca

E tu sii docile,
non farmi tanto, chiasso.
Ogni saggezza chiudesi
nel gaudio e nell'amore.
(*Le prende la mano.*)
La bella mano candida!

Maddalena

Scherzate voi, signore.

Duca

No, no.

Maddalena

Ah! Ah!... and what about those twenty other girls.
Have you forgotten them already?
My boyfriend seems quite the libertine.

Duke

Yes, I'm a beast.

Gilda

Ah, father!

Maddalena

Let me go, you dimwit!

Duke

Ah, don't struggle so!

Maddalena

Behave yourself!

Duke

And you, be gentle,
don't put up such a fight.
Why can't we behave ourselves
with happiness and love.
(*He takes her hand.*)
A hand white as snow!

Maddalena

You jest, sir.

Duke

No, no.

Maddalena

Son brutta.

Duca

Abbracciami.

Gilda (*da sé*)

Iniquo!

Maddalena

Ebbro!

Duca

D'amore ardente.

Maddalena

Signor l'indifferente,
vi piace canzonar?

Duca

No, no, ti vo' sposar...

Maddalena

Ne voglio la parola.

Duca (*ironico*)

Amabile figliuola!

Rigoletto (*a Gilda che avrà tutto osservato ed inteso*)

E non ti basta ancor?

Gilda

Iniquo traditor! ecc.

Maddalena

Ne voglio la parola! ecc.

Maddalena

I'm ugly.

Duke

Kiss me.

Gilda (*aside*)

How wicked!

Maddalena

Drunkard!

Duke

Flushed with love.

Maddalena

Jaded fellow ...
do you like teasing me?

Duke

No, no, I want to marry you...

Maddalena

I want your word on it.

Duke (*ironic*)

How I love this girl!

Rigoletto (*to Gilda, who now has seen and understood everything*)

Is this not enough for you?

Gilda

That wicked cheater! etc.

Maddalena

I want your word on it! etc.

Duca

16. Bella figlia dell'amore,

schiaivo son dei vezzi tuoi;
con un detto sol tu puoi
le mie pene consolar.
Vieni e senti del mio core
il frequente palpitar.
Con un detto, *ecc.*

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! rido ben di core,
che tai baie costan poco...

Gilda

Ah, così parlar d'amore...

Maddalena

...quanto valga il vostro gioco, mel credete,
so apprezzar.

Gilda

...a me l'infame ho udito!

Rigoletto (*a Gilda*)

Taci, il piangere non vale, *ecc.*

Gilda

Infelice cor tradito,
per angoscia non scoppiar.

Maddalena

Son avvezza, bel signore,
ad un simile scherzar,
mio bel signor!

Duke

Love's own lovely child,

I am a slave to your charms;
with just one word you can
comfort my suffering.
Come and feel how fast
my heart is beating.
With just one word, *etc.*

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! How heartily I laugh
to hear such worthless prattling...

Gilda

Ah, I've heard that scoundrel talk...

Maddalena

...I know what to make of your silliness,
believe me.

Gilda

...about love like that to me!

Rigoletto (*to Gilda*)

Be quiet, there's no use in crying, *etc.*

Gilda

Unhappy, jilted heart,
don't break from grief..

Maddalena

I am accustomed, dear sir,
to this sort of jest,
my dear sir!

Duca

Con un detto sol tu puoi
le mie pene consolar.

Gilda

Infelice cor tradito,
per angoscia non scoppiar, *ecc.*

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! Rido ben di core!
Che tai baie costan poco, *ecc.*

Duca

Bella figlia dell'amore,
schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi, *ecc.*

Rigoletto (*a Gilda*)

Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura.
Taci, e mia sarà la cura
la vendetta d'affrettar.
Pronta fia, sarà fatale,
io saprollo fulminar, *ecc.*

17. M'odi! Ritorna a casa.

Oro prendi, un destriero,
una veste viril che t'apprestai,
e per Verona parti.
Sarovi io pur doman.

Gilda

Or venite...

Rigoletto

Impossibil.

Gilda

Tremo.

Duke

With just one word you can
comfort my suffering.

Gilda

Unhappy, jilted heart,
don't break from grief, *etc.*

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! How heartily I laugh
to hear such worthless prattle, *etc.*

Duke

Love's own lovely child,
I am a slave to your charms, *etc.*

Rigoletto (*to Gilda*)

Now you are certain he was lying.
Be quiet, and I will take care of this,
Revenge will be swift.
It will be quick, it will be fatal,
I will strike him hard, *etc.*

Listen to me! Go back home,

Fetch our gold, and a strong horse.
I've put some men's clothes aside for you,
and go straight away to Verona.
I'll be there early tomorrow.

Gilda

You come now, too...

Rigoletto

Impossible!

Gilda

I am trembling with fear.

Rigoletto

Va.

(Il Duca e Maddalena stanno sempre fra loro parlando, ridendo, bevendo. Partita Gilda, Rigoletto va dietro la casa, e ritorna parlando con Sparafucile e contandogli delle monete.)

Venti scudi hai tu detto? Eccone dieci,
e dopo l'opra il resto.
Ei qui rimane?

Sparafucile

Sì.

Rigoletto

Alla mezzanotte ritornerò.

Sparafucile

Non cale;
a gettarlo nel fiume basto io solo.

Rigoletto

No, no; il vo' far io stesso.

Sparafucile

Sia...il suo nome?

Rigoletto

Vuoi sapere anche il mio?
Egli è Delitto, Punizion son io.

(Parte; il cielo si oscura e tuona.)

Sparafucile

La tempesta è vicina!
Più scura fia la notte.

Rigoletto

Go.

(The Duke and Maddalena still stand talking to each other, laughing and drinking. After Gilda has gone, Rigoletto goes behind the house and comes back talking to Sparafucile, counting out coins.)

Twenty scudi, did you say? Here are ten,
and the rest after the deed.
He will be staying here?

Sparafucile

Yes.

Rigoletto

I'll be back at midnight.

Sparafucile

Why bother?
I can throw him into the river by myself.

Rigoletto

No, no! I want to do it with my own hands.

Sparafucile

As you wish... What is his name?

Rigoletto

Would you have mine, too?
His name is Crime. Punishment is mine.

(He exits; the sky darkens as thunder rolls.)

Sparafucile

Here comes the storm!
Night will be getting darker.

Duca
18. Maddalena?

(per prenderla)

Maddalena *(sfuggendogli)*
Aspettate...mio fratello viene.

Duca
Che importa?

Maddalena
Tuona!

Sparafucile *(entrando)*
E pioverà tra poco.

Duca
Tanto meglio.
Tu dormirai in scuderia...
all'inferno...ove vorrai.

Sparafucile
Oh, grazie.

Maddalena *(piano al Duca)*
Ah no!...partite.

Sparafucile *(piano a Maddalena)*
Son venti scudi d'oro.
(al Duca)
Ben felice d'offrirvi la mia stanza.
Se a voi piace tosto a vederla andiamo.

(Prende un lume e s'avvia per la scala.)

Duke
Maddalena?
(groping to catch her)

Maddalena *(dodging him)*
Wait... my brother is coming.

Duke
I don't care.

Maddalena
Thunder!

Sparafucile *(entering)*
And rain very soon.

Duke
So much the better.
You can sleep out in the stable...
in hell ... or wherever.

Sparafucile
Oh, thanks.

Maddalena *(to the Duke, in a whisper)*
Ah no!... Get out of here.

Sparafucile *(to Maddalena, in a whisper)*
Look! I have twenty golden scudi.
(to the Duke)
I'm more than happy to give you my room.
If you'd like, we can go up and see it right away.

(He takes a lamp and heads toward the stairs.)

Duca

Ebben, sono con te...presto, vediamo.
(Dice una parola all'orecchio di Maddalena e segue Sparafucile.)

Maddalena

Povero giovin!...grazioso tanto!
Dio! qual notte è questa!

Duca

(giunto al granaio, vedendone il balcone senza imposte.)
Si dorme all'aria aperta? Bene, bene.
Buona notte.

Sparafucile

Signor, vi guardi Iddio.

Duca

Breve sonno dormiam; stanco son io.

(Depone il cappello, la spada e si stende sul letto. Maddalena frattanto siede presso la tavola. Sparafucile beve dalla bottiglia lasciata dal Duca. Rimangono ambedue taciturni per qualche istante, e preoccupati da gravi pensieri.)

La donna è mobile,
qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento
e di pensiero...
muta d'accento
e di pen...
la donna...è mobil...ecc.
(s'addormenta)

Duke

All right, I'll be right with you... just a moment.
(Whispers to Maddalena and follows Sparafucile.)

Maddalena

Poor young man!... and so handsome!
God, what a foul night!

Duke

(up in the loft, seeing the shutterless balcony.)
You sleep in the open air? Well, well.
Good night.

Sparafucile

May God keep you, sir.

Duke

We won't be sleeping for long; I'm too tired for that.

(He takes off his hat and sword and stretches out on the bed. Meanwhile, Maddalena sits at the table. Sparafucile drinks from the bottle that the Duke has left behind. Both sit silently for a few moments, deep in thought.)

A woman is flighty,
like a feather in the wind,
Laid-back when speaking
and when she's thinking.
Laid-back when speaking
and when she's think...
A woman... is flighty... etc.
(He falls asleep.)

Maddalena

19. È amabile invero

cotal giovinotto.

Sparafucile

Oh sì...venti scudi
ne dà di prodotto.

Maddalena

Sol venti!... son pochi!
valeva di più.

Sparafucile

La spada, s'ei dorme,
va, portami giù.

(Maddalena sale al granaio e contempla il dormente, poi ripara alla meglio il balcone e scende portando con sé la spada. Nel frattempo Gilda compare nel fondo della via in costume virile, con stivali e speroni, e lentamente si avvanza verso l'osteria, mentre Sparafucile continua a bere. Spessi lampi e tuoni.)

Gilda *(da sé)*

Ah, più non ragiono!
Amor mi trascina...
mio padre, perdono!
(tuono)
Qual notte d'orrore!
Gran Dio, che accadrà?

Maddalena

(posata la spada del Duca sulla tavola)
Fratello?

Maddalena

I really do like

that young man.

Sparafucile

Oh, yes...twenty scudi
are nothing to sneeze at.

Maddalena

Only twenty!... So little!
He was worth more than that.

Sparafucile

His sword. Bring it down to me,
if he's asleep.

(Maddalena goes up to the loft and looks at the sleeping man, then does her best to secure the balcony. She goes down, bringing the sword with her. Meanwhile, Gilda appears at the end of the street in man's dress, with boots and spurs, and comes up to the tavern, as Sparafucile keeps drinking. Heavy lightning and thunder.)

Gilda *(aside)*

Ah, I must be out of my mind!
Love has drawn me back here...
Father, forgive me!
(thunder)
What a horrible night!
Great God, what is about to happen?

Maddalena

(having placed the Duke's sword on the table)
Brother?

Gilda (*osservando per la fessura*)
Chi parla?

Sparafucile (*frugando in un credenzone*)
Al diavol ten va!

Maddalena
Somiglia un Apollo,
quel giovane, io l'amo,
ei m'ama...riposi...
né più l'uccidiamo.

Gilda (*ascoltando*)
Oh cielo!

Sparafucile (*gettandole un sacco*)
Rattoppa quel sacco!

Maddalena
Perché?

Sparafucile
Entr'esso il tuo Apollo, sgozzato da me,
gettar dovrò al fiume.

Gilda
L'inferno qui vedo!

Maddalena
Eppure il denaro salvarti scommetto
serbandolo in vita.

Sparafucile
Difficile il credo.

Gilda (*looking through the crack*)
Who is speaking?

Sparafucile (*rummaging through a sideboard*)
Go straight to the devil!

Maddalena
He looks like an Apollo,
that young man. I love him
and he loves me... Let this one pass...
Let's ditch our plans to kill him.

Gilda (*listening*)
Oh, heavens!

Sparafucile (*tossing down a sack*)
Patch up this sack!

Maddalena
Why?

Sparafucile
I'll use it to throw your Apollo into the river,
after I've slit his throat.

Gilda
What hell am I seeing?

Maddalena
I wager I can let you keep your money and
still save his life.

Sparafucile
That won't be easy.

Maddalena

M'ascolta...anzi facil ti svelo un progetto.
De' scudi già dieci dal gobbo ne avesti;
venire cogli altri più tardi il vedrai...
Uccidilo, e venti...

Gilda

Che sento!

Maddalena

...allor ne avrai...

Gilda

Mio padre!

Maddalena

...così tutto il prezzo goder si potrà.

Sparafucile

Uccider quel gobbo! che diavol dicesti!
Un ladro son forse? Son forse un bandito?
Qual altro cliente da me fu tradito?
Mi paga quest'uomo, fedele m'avrà.

Maddalena

Ah, grazia per esso!

Sparafucile

È d'uopo ch'ei muoia.

Maddalena

Fuggire il fo adesso.
(*Va per salire.*)

Gilda

Oh, buona figliuola!

Maddalena

Just hear me out... My plan's simple enough.
You've already gotten ten scudi from the hunchback.
When he brings you the other ten, kill him, and
you have...

Gilda

What am I hearing!

Maddalena

...all twenty..

Gilda

My father!

Maddalena

...and so you keep the whole amount.

Sparafucile

Kill that hunchback! What the devil are you talking about?
Do you take me for a thief? A bandit? Have I ever be-
trayed another patron? If this man pays, I'm his man.

Maddalena

Ah, have pity on him!

Sparafucile

There's no way out—he will die.

Maddalena

I must help him escape.
(*She begins to go upstairs.*)

Gilda

Oh, you kindhearted girl!

Sparafucile (*trattenendola*)
Gli scudi perdiamo.

Maddalena
È ver!

Sparafucile
Lascia fare.

Maddalena
Salvarlo dobbiamo.

Sparafucile
Se pria ch'abbia il mezzo la notte toccato
alcuno qui giunga, per esso morrà.

Maddalena
È buia la notte, il ciel troppo irato,
nessuno a quest'ora da qui passerà.

Gilda
Oh, qual tentazione! morir per l'ingrato?
Morire!...e mio padre!...
Oh cielo, pietà!

Maddalena
È buia la notte, ecc.

Sparafucile
Se pria ch'abbia, ecc.

Gilda
Oh cielo, pietà, ecc.

(*Battono le undici e mezzo.*)

Sparafucile (*stopping her*)
We'll lose those scudi.

Maddalena
That is true!

Sparafucile
Let me do my job.

Maddalena
We must save him.

Sparafucile
Anyone who comes here before midnight sounds
will die in his place.

Maddalena
The night is dark, the sky is threatening.
No one will come this way at this hour.

Gilda
Oh, what a temptation! To die for that ingrate?
To die!...and my father!...
Oh, heaven, have pity!

Maddalena
The night is dark, *etc.*

Sparafucile
Anyone who comes here, *etc.*

Gilda
Oh heaven, have pity, *etc.*

(*The clock strikes half past eleven.*)

Sparafucile

Ancor c'è mezz'ora.

Maddalena (*piangendo*)

Attendi, fratello...

Gilda

Che! piange tal donna! né a lui darò aita!
Ah, s'egli al mio amore divenne rubello,
io vo' per la sua gettar
la mia vita.
(*Picchia alla porta.*)

Maddalena

Si picchia?

Sparafucile

Fu il vento.
(*Gilda torna a bussare.*)

Maddalena

Si picchia, ti dico.

Sparafucile

È strano!...Chi è?

Gilda

Pietà d'un mendico;
asil per la notte a lui concedete.

Maddalena

Fia lunga tal notte!

Sparafucile

Still a half hour to go.

Maddalena (*weeping*)

Wait, brother...

Gilda

What? Can a woman like her weep,
while I stand here helpless?
Ah, even if he spurned my love,
I will give up my life for his.
(*She knocks at the door.*)

Maddalena

Is someone knocking?

Sparafucile

It was just the wind.
(*Gilda knocks again.*)

Maddalena

Someone is knocking, I tell you.

Sparafucile

That's strange!... Who is it?

Gilda

Have pity on a beggar;
grant him shelter for the night.

Maddalena

It will be a long night indeed!

Sparafucile

Alquanto attendete.
(*Va a cercare nel credenzzone.*)

Maddalena

Su, spicciati, presto, fa l'opra compita:
anelo una vita con altra salvar.

Sparafucile

Ebbene, son pronto; quell'uscio dischiudi,
più ch'altro gli scudi mi preme salvar.

Gilda (*da sé*)

Ah! presso alla morte, sì giovine sono!
Oh ciel, per quegl'empi ti chieggo perdono!
Perdona tu, O padre, a quest'infelice!
Sia l'uomo felice ch'or vado a salvar.

Maddalena

Spicciati, presto, ecc.

Sparafucile

Bene, son pronto, ecc.

Maddalena

Spicciati!

Sparafucile

Apri!

Maddalena

Entrate!

Gilda (*da sé*)

Dio! Loro perdonate!

Sparafucile

Just a moment.
(*He looks into the sideboard.*)

Maddalena

Go, just do it, quickly, do the deed:
I beg you, trade this life for the other!

Sparafucile

Very well, I'm ready; open the door.
Above all, I want to save the scudi.

Gilda (*aside*)

Ah, my death is near! And so young!
Oh heaven, I ask forgiveness for these sinners!
And you, father, forgive this unhappy daughter!
May the man I save be happy.

Maddalena

Go, just do it, quickly, etc.

Sparafucile

Very well, I'm ready, etc

Maddalena

Just do it!

Sparafucile

Open the door!

Maddalena

Come in!

Gilda (*to herself*)

God! Forgive them!

Maddalena, Sparafucile

Entrate!

(Sparafucile va a postarsi con un pugnale dietro alla porta; Maddalena apre e poi corre a chiudere la grande arcata di fronte, mentre entra Gilda, dietro a cui Sparafucile chiude la porta, e tutto resta sepolto nel silenzio e nel buio.)

(Rigoletto solo si avanza chiuso nel suo mantello. La violenza del temporale è diminuita, né più si vede e sente che qualche lampo e tuono.)

Rigoletto**20. Della vendetta alfin giunge l'istante!**

Da trenta dì l'aspetto

di vivo sangue a lagrime piangendo,
sotto la larva del buffon.

Quest'uscio,...

(esaminando la casa)

è chiuso!...Ah, non è tempo ancor!

S'attenda.

Qual notte di mistero!

Una tempesta in cielo,

in terra un omicidio!

Oh, come invero qui grande mi sento!

(Suona mezzanotte.)

Mezzanotte!

Sparafucile *(uscendo di casa)*

Chi è là?

Rigoletto *(per entrare)*

Son io.

Maddalena, Sparafucile

Come in!

(Sparafucile hides behind the door with a dagger; Maddalena opens the door and quickly shuts the big archway entrance at the front. Gilda enters, as Sparafucile closes the door behind her. Everything sinks into sepulchral silence and gloom.)

(Outside, Rigoletto comes forward alone, wrapped in his cloak. The storm has calmed, with scattered lightning and thunder.)

Rigoletto**My hour of vengeance has finally come!**

I've waited thirty days for this,
shedding hot tears of blood
behind this jester's mask.

This door...

(examining the house)

... is shut!... Ah, it's not time yet!

I'll have to wait.

How mysterious is the night!

A storm on high,

a murder down below!

Oh, how mighty I feel, standing here.

(Midnight sounds.)

Midnight!

Sparafucile *(coming outside)*

Who is there?

Rigoletto *(starting to come in)*

It is I.

Sparafucile

Sostate.

(Rientra e torna trascinando un sacco.)

È qua spento il vostro'uomo.

Rigoletto

Oh gioia!...un lume!

Sparafucile

Un lume?...No, il denaro.

(Rigoletto gli dà una borsa.)

Lesti all'onda il gettiam...

Rigoletto

No, basto io solo.

Sparafucile

Come vi piace. Qui men atto è il sito.

Più avanti è più profondo il gorgo.

Presto, che alcun non vi sorprenda. Buona notte.

(Rientra in casa.)

Rigoletto

Egli è là!...morto!

Oh sì...vorrei vederlo!

Ma che importa?...è ben desso!

Ecco i suoi sproni!

Ora mi guarda, O mondo!

Quest'è un buffone, ed un potente è questo!

Ei sta sotto ai miei piedi! È desso! O gioia!

È giunta alfine la tua vendetta, O duolo!

Sia l'onda a lui sepolcro,

un sacco il suo lenzuolo.

All'onda! All'onda!

Sparafucile

Stay right here.

(He goes back inside and returns dragging a sack.)

Here is your man, stone dead.

Rigoletto

Oh, what joy!... Give me a lamp!

Sparafucile

A lamp?... No, the money.

(Rigoletto gives him a purse.)

Quick! Let's throw him into the river...

Rigoletto

No, I can do this myself.

Sparafucile

As you wish. This is a bad place to do it.

The current is deeper upstream.

Hurry, don't let anyone spot you. Good night.

(He goes back into the house.)

Rigoletto

There he is!... Dead!

Oh yes... I want to see him!

But why bother?... It is surely he!

Here are his spurs! Behold me, O world!

Here stands a fool, and there lies a powerful man!

He's dead at my feet!! Oh, what joy!

Your vengeance has come at last, O my suffering!

May the river be his tomb,

a sack his shroud.

Into the river with him!

The river!

(Fa per trascinare il sacco verso la sponda, quando è sorpreso dalla lontana voce del Duca, che nel fondo attraversa la scena.)

Duca

La donna è mobile, ecc.

Rigoletto

Qual voce!...illusion notturna è questa!
(trasalendo)

No!...No! egli è desso...

(verso la casa)

Maledizione! Olà...dimon bandito!

(Taglia il sacco.)

21. Chi è mai, chi è qui in sua vece?

(lampeggia)

Io tremo...È umano corpo!

Mia figlia!...Dio!...mia figlia!

Ah no...è impossibil!

Per Verona è in via!

(inginocchiandosi)

Fu vision...È dessa!

O mia Gilda: fanciulla, a me rispondi!

L'assassino mi svela...Olà?...

Nessuno?

(Picchia disperatamente alla porta.)

Nessun!... *(tornando presso Gilda)*

Mia figlia? Mia Gilda?...Oh, mia figlia!

Gilda

Chi mi chiama?

Rigoletto

Ella parla!...si muove!...

È viva!...oh Dio!

Ah, mio ben solo in terra...

Mi guarda...mi conosci...

(Just as he starts dragging the sack to the riverbank, he is startled by the voice of the Duke coming from the background.)

Duke

A woman is flighty, etc.

Rigoletto

That voice!... Just a quirk of the night!

(recoiling)

No!... No! This is he...

(toward the house) Damn you!

Hey, there... you infernal bandit!

(cuts the sack.)

Who is this, then? Who in his place?

(a flash of lightning)

I shudder... It's a human body!

My daughter!... God!... My daughter!

Ah, no... this is impossible!

She's on her way to Verona!

(kneeling)

It was only a foul vision... It is she!

O my Gilda: my dear girl, answer me!

Give me your killer's name ... Hey, there! ...

Will no one answer?

(Knocks at the door in desperation.)

No one!... *(coming again to Gilda)*

My daughter? My Gilda?... Oh, my daughter!

Gilda

Who's calling my name?

Rigoletto

She's speaking!...She's moving!...

She's alive!... Oh, God!

Ah, everything that I have on this earth!

Look at me... Do you know who I am?

Gilda

Ah, padre mio!

Rigoletto

Qual mistero!...Che fu?...
Sei tu ferita?...Dimmi...

Gilda (*indicando al core*)

L'acciar qui mi piagò.

Rigoletto

Chi t'ha colpita?

Gilda

22. V'ho ingannato...colpevole fui...
L'amai troppo...ora muoio per lui!

Rigoletto (*da sé*)

Dio tremendo! Ella stessa fu colta
dallo stral di mia giusta vendetta!
(*a Gilda*)
Angiol caro! mi guarda, m'ascolta!
Parla, parlami, figlia diletta.

Gilda

Ah, ch'io taccia! A me, a lui perdonate.
Benedite alla figlia, O mio padre...
Lassù in cielo, vicina alla madre,
in eterno per voi pregherò.

Rigoletto

Non morire, mio tesoro, pietade!
Mia colomba, lasciarmi non dêi!

Gilda

Lassù in cielo, ecc.

Gilda

Ah, my father!

Rigoletto

How baffling!.. Who did this to you?...
Are you hurt?... Tell me...

Gilda (*pointing to her heart*)

The blade cut me here.

Rigoletto

Who struck you?

Gilda

I deceived you... It was my fault... I loved him too much... now I am dying for him!

Rigoletto (*aside*)

Great God! It was she who took the brunt of
my just revenge!
(*to Gilda*)
My dearest angel! Look at me, listen! Speak!
Speak to me, my cherished daughter.

Gilda

Ah, I've said enough! Forgive me, and forgive him.
Now bless your daughter, O my father... In heaven
above, beside my mother,
I will pray for you forever.

Rigoletto

Don't die, my treasure, for pity's sake!
My own dove, you must not leave me!

Gilda

In heaven above, *etc.*

Rigoletto

Oh, mia figlia!
No, lasciarmi non dêi, non morir.
Se t'involi, qui sol rimarrei.
Non morire, o ch'io teco morirò!

Gilda

Non più...a lui perdonate.
Mio padre...Addio!
Lassù in ciel, ecc.

Rigoletto

Oh mia figlia! Oh mia Gilda!
No, lasciarmi non dêi, non morir!
(*Gilda muore.*)

Rigoletto

Gilda! mia Gilda!...È morta!
Ah, la maledizione!

(*Strappandosi i capelli, cade sul cadavere della figlia.*)

Rigoletto

Oh, my daughter!
No, you must not leave me, don't die.
If you leave me, I will be all alone here below.
Don't die, or I die with you.

Gilda

Enough now... Forgive him.
Father... Farewell!
In heaven above, *etc.*

Rigoletto

Oh, my daughter! Oh, my Gilda!
No, you must not leave me, don't die!
(*Gilda dies.*)

Rigoletto

Gilda! My Gilda!... She's dead!
Ah, the curse!

(*Tearing at his hair, he collapses on his daughter's body.*)



Internationally acclaimed Russian baritone **Dmitri Hvorostovsky (Rigoletto)** was born and studied in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. From the start, audiences were bowled over by his cultivated voice, innate sense of musical line and natural legato. His career has taken him to all the world's major opera houses and renowned international festivals, including the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, Paris Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, Salzburg Festival, La Scala Milan, Vienna State Opera and Chicago Lyric Opera.

A celebrated recitalist in demand in every corner of the globe — from the Far East to the Middle East; from Australia to the Americas — Dmitri has appeared at such venues as Wigmore Hall, London; Carnegie Hall, New York; the Teatro alla Scala, Milan; the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow; the Liceu, Barcelona; the Suntory Hall, Tokyo; and the Musikverein, Vienna.

Dmitri retains a strong musical and personal contact with Russia. He became the first opera singer to give a solo concert with orchestra and chorus on Red Square in Moscow, a concert televised in over 25 countries. Dmitri has gone on to sing a number of prestigious concerts in Moscow as a part of his own special series, "Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Friends," to which he has invited such celebrated artists as Renée Fleming, Barbara Frittoli, Elina Garanca, Sumi Jo, Sondra Radvanovsky, Jonas Kaufmann, Marcello Giordani and Ildar Abdrazakov. In 2005 he gave a historic tour throughout the cities of Russia at the

invitation of President Putin, singing to hundreds of thousands of people to commemorate the soldiers of the Second World War. Dmitri has major annual tours throughout Russia and C.I.S. countries.

Dmitri's extensive discography spans recitals and complete operas. He has also starred in *Don Giovanni Unmasked*, an award-winning film (by Rhombus Media) based on the Mozart opera, tackling the dual roles of Don Giovanni and Leporello. Recent CD recordings include *Wait for Me* (Russian War Songs with orchestra conducted by Constantine Orbelian) and *Simon Boccanegra* (with Barbara Frittoli, Ildar Abdrazakov, Stefano Secco and Constantine Orbelian), which have been met with much critical acclaim. For a complete discography, please visit his website.

Dmitri has established great collaboration with the Russian popular composer Igor Krutoi, with very successful concerts in Moscow, St Petersburg, Sochi, Kiev and New York.

www.hvorostovsky.com

Tenor **Francesco Demuro (Duke)** was born in Porto Torres, Sardinia, in 1978. Between 2003 and 2004, he studied at the conservatory at Sassari, then enrolled at the Conservatory in Cagliari, where he had lessons with Elisabetta Scanu.

His 2007 debut in Parma with *Luisa Miller* was a great success with both critics and the audience,



leading to invitations from some of the most important Italian and foreign opera houses. Between 2007 and 2009, he sang *Luisa Miller* again in Sassari, before his debut in Turin with *Rigoletto*, which he also sang in Hong Kong on tour with Teatro Regio di Parma. Further highlights of those seasons include *Simon Boccanegra* at the Megaron in Athens, *Rigoletto* in Dresden and at the Festival Verdi in Parma, and *La bohème* in Bari. He received great acclaim from public and critics alike for his Spanish debut in *Roberto di Devereux* in Las Palmas, and he sang *La traviata* at Teatro Municipal in Santiago, Chile, and *Rigoletto* in Beijing, again on tour with Teatro Regio di Parma.

In October 2009 he made his debut in the United States, singing *La traviata* at the Seattle Opera to great acclaim, before scoring a huge success at Suntory Hall in Tokyo with *Così fan tutte*. Further highlights include *La traviata* in Valencia, *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Hamburg and Warsaw, *La traviata* and *Der Rosenkavalier* in Dresden, *L'elisir d'amore* at his La Scala debut, *La bohème* in Detroit, *Maria Stuarda* in Athens, *L'elisir d'amore* and *La bohème* at Wiener Staatsoper, and a new production of *Rigoletto* at the Wiener Festwochen.

In the summer of 2011 he earned great acclaim from the public as well as critics at Arena di Verona, where he opened the summer season singing *La traviata*. His subsequent debut at the Royal Opera House in London with *Gianni Schicchi* was a huge success, and he was brought back again to sing Alfredo in *La traviata*. The season continued with *La traviata* at the Berlin Staatsoper, in Limoges, and at the Vienna

Staatsoper; *Falstaff* in Verona; *Rigoletto* in Hamburg; *Don Pasquale* at Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; and *Macbeth* in Munich.

Later highlights included his debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York as Alfredo in *La traviata* and as Rodolfo in *La bohème*—as well as primary roles in *Rigoletto*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Falstaff* in San Francisco; *La traviata* at the Berlin Staatsoper, Munich Staatsoper, Oper Frankfurt, the Royal Opera House in London, La Fenice in Venice, and Teatro Real de Madrid, among others; *Don Pasquale* in Verona; *Falstaff* at La Scala; *La bohème* and *Rigoletto* in Seattle, and in Tokyo on tour with La Scala; and *Roméo et Juliette* at Arena di Verona and in Seoul, among other engagements.

On concert stages, he has performed Mozart's *Requiem* in Verona, Verdi's *Requiem* with the Houston Symphony, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at the Palace of the Arts in Budapest, and *Maria Stuarda* in Australia.

"There was no way to listen to soprano Nadine Sierra . . . and feel anything but awe and delight—a combination of admiration for her current gifts and eager anticipation at what the future surely holds for her"

—San Francisco Chronicle

Such praise is entirely typical for the American soprano **Nadine Sierra (Gilda)**, whose vocal beauty, seamless technique, and abundant musicality have gained her an ever-growing reputation as one of the most promising new talents in opera today. Having made successful debuts last season



with the Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, the Paris Opera, and the Berlin State Opera, she is quickly on her way to becoming a regular performer at many of the world's top houses.

Nadine Sierra made her professional debut as a teenager with the Palm Beach Opera and received her first national exposure at age 15, when she performed on NPR's young artist showcase *From the Top*. After graduating from New York's Mannes College of Music, she entered the Adler Fellowship Program at the San Francisco Opera, where she continues to return frequently in leading roles. She is the youngest winner to date both of the Marilyn Horne Foundation Vocal Competition and the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.

Sierra returned to the Paris Opera in 2016–2017 to open its season at the Palais Garnier as Flavia in a new production of Cavalli's *Eliogabalo*, and was later seen at the Opéra Bastille as Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* and Gilda in *Rigoletto*. Other roles in her growing repertoire include Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* and in a performance of Mozart's *Idomeneo*—both at the Met. Highlights of the 2016 summer season included debuts with Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival on its opening night program (titled *The Illuminated Heart*) and with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood.

Other notable engagements include appearances with the Palau de les Arts Reina Sofia in Valencia, the Teatro di San Carlo in Naples, and the Teatro Massimo in Palermo. On the concert stage, Sierra has been a soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra and

with the San Francisco Symphony, has performed at the Arena di Verona and Vienna's Musikverein, and has been featured in televised concerts from Lincoln Center and Venice's Teatro la Fenice. In recital, she has appeared at venues ranging from Carnegie's Weill Hall to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Bass **Andrea Mastroni (Sparafucile)** projects a uniquely dark-toned and velvety deep sound; but with its broad tessitura and great agility, he has also scored triumphs in the Verdi baritone roles that he has begun to add to his repertoire, including *Rigoletto* and *Simon Boccanegra*. He is also an expert on Mozart and Rossini, as well as on the Baroque composers Handel and Vivaldi. His wide-ranging vocal resources have been further refined through his devotion to the art song repertoire: music that has helped to develop his renowned ability to craft a uniquely supple, expressive, and very dramatic style of phrasing, with special attention given to nuance and tone color.

Born in Milan, Mastroni began his musical journey by studying clarinet before moving on to singing under the tutelage of Lella Cuberli, Rita Antoniazzi, and Fernando Cordeiro Opa. He made his operatic debut as Ramphis in *Aida*, followed by appearances in operas of different eras and styles, including Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*, Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, the title character in *Don Pasquale*, Don Basilio in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Raimondo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*, Ferrando in *Il trovatore*, Timur in *Turandot*, Colline in *La bohème*, Vater in Kurt Weill's *Die sieben Todsünden* and the world premiere of *Romeo e Giulietta* by Marchetti—among others.



Subsequently he has expanded his repertoire to include roles such as Lord Sidney in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, Oroveso in *Norma*, Frère Laurent in *Roméo et Juliette*, Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Pirro in *I Lombardi*, Banquo in *Macbeth*, Frate in *Don Carlo*, Oroe in *Semiramide*, and Caronte in *L'Orfeo*.

Andrea Mastroni has performed in the main opera houses and festivals in Italy, Spain, Germany, and Austria, and his recordings include the operas *I Vespri Siciliani* (Naxos, DVD and CD), Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* (Decca), *Semiramide* (Naxos, Grammy winner 2012) and *Lamento* (Brilliant Classics), presenting Henri Duparc's songs for voice and piano. Art songs make up a very important facet of his career, with a focus on song cycles such as Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise* as well as Schumann's *Dichterliebe*. His concert repertoire features pieces such as Mozart's *Requiem*, *Krönungsmesse*, and *Litaniae Lauretanae*; Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*; and Verdi's *Requiem*.

He performed in the world premieres of *Messa Chigiana* by Lavagnino, Hazon's *Requiem*, Arnaboldi's *Dante Raccontal'Inferno*, and *La Signora di Monza* by Belisario. After opening the 2016–2017 season at La Fenice in Venice with the premiere performance of Filippo Perocco's *Aquagranda*, he made his debut at New York's Metropolitan Opera as Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*—and, after singing the role of Fiesco in *Simon Boccanegra* for the first time (in Montecarlo and Paris), he made his debut at London's Royal Opera House in *Don Carlo*.

Belarusian mezzo-soprano **Oksana Volkova (Maddalena)** was born in Minsk and studied at the Belarusian State Academy of Music. Her many awards include first prizes at the Glinka and Antonín Dvořák competitions.

In 2002 she was invited to join the opera company of the National Academic Bolshoi Opera and Ballet Theatre of the Republic of Belarus, where she performed the roles of Carmen, Amneris in *Aida*, Marina in *Boris Godunov*, Konchakovna in *Prince Igor*, Marfa in *Khovanshina*, and others.

She made her first appearance as a guest soloist at the Bolshoi Theater in 2010; her roles there since include Carmen, Lyubasha in *The Tsar's Bride*, Olga in *Eugene Onegin*, Fenena in *Nabucco*, Laura in *The Stone Guest*, and Boy in *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevroniya*.

Her international engagements include Olga in *Eugene Onegin* for Madrid's Teatro Real and the Metropolitan Opera; Carmen for Teatro Colon, Latvian National Opera, Salzburg Landestheater, Savona, Tallin, Tokyo, and Beijing; Olga and Maddalena in *Rigoletto* and Sonetka in *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* for the Metropolitan Opera; Santuzza in *Cavalleria rusticana* for Teatro di San Carlo, Naples; Laura in *La gioconda* in Palermo; Marguerite in *La damnation de Faust* for Opéra de Nice; Maddalena for the Bavarian State Opera; Dalila in *Samson et Dalila* in Beijing; Jane Seymour in *Anna Bolena* for the Estonian National Opera; and Olga at London's Royal Opera House and the Hamburg Staatsoper.



Volkova's concert appearances include a tour with the Moscow Virtuosos; *La Damnation de Faust* and *May Night* in concert with the Russian National Orchestra; Tchaikovsky's *Moscow Cantata* in Copenhagen; the Moscow Cantata and Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* with the Dublin Symphony Orchestra; Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades* in concert at the Munich Gasteig; Verdi's *Requiem* with Opéra de Nice; and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* with the Russian State Academic Symphony Orchestra.

Bass **Tadas Girininkas (Count Ceprano)** was born in Lithuania, and earned his master's degree at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater.

His 2016–2017 season highlights include his debut as Méphistophélès in Gounod's *Faust* at Vilnius City Opera. He also performed the roles of Cadmus and Somnus in Handel's *Semele* and Oralto in Vivaldi's *La fida Ninfa*.

In previous seasons, Mr. Girininkas sang prominent bass roles in *La bohème*, *Fidelio*, *Le nozze di Figaro*, and in Handel's ode *Alexander's Feast* at the Lithuanian National Opera. At the Vilnius City Opera he performed in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Tosca*, and *Il trovatore*. Notable earlier appearances include significant roles in *Fidelio*, *Ernani*, *Lohengrin*, and *The Tsar's Bride*. Girininkas's repertoire further includes major bass roles in *Carmen*, *Rigoletto*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Werther*, *Così fan tutte*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Attila*, *L'Orfeo*, and *L'incarnazione di Poppea*.



As an oratorio singer, he has sung in Haydn's *Die Jahreszeiten*, the *Missa Brevis* and *Requiem* by Mozart, Verdi's *Requiem*, Puccini's *Messa di gloria*, Schnittke's *Faust cantate* and Britten's *War Requiem*, among others.

Art Song recitals are an important part of Girininkas's artistic life. In recent years he has collaborated with pianist Justas Šervenikas on the song cycles of Shostakovich, Kabalevsky, Mussorgsky, and Wolf.

Girininkas was named the Lithuanian Opera Soloist of the Year in 2013 and recently received the Gold Stage Cross Award for the roles of Heinrich in *Lohengrin* and De Silva in *Ernani*.

Lithuanian singer **Tomas Pavilionis (Borsa)** is a leading tenor at the Lithuanian Opera and Ballet Theater. Pavilionis's musical activities began at the music school of Kaunas, where he studied choral conducting. Since then, he has won top prizes at multiple local vocal competitions, including the Dainųdainelė National Children's Song Competition and the Stasys Baras vocal competition in 2009 and 2010.

In 2010, Pavilionis earned a master's degree in vocal studies from the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theater. He made his debut as a professional artist in 2009 at the Klaipeda State Music Theater, where he worked until 2014. Pavilionis regularly participates in classical music projects and improves his professional skills at international mas-



ter classes. He has worked with prominent vocal coaches, most recently with the distinguished tenor Roman Sadnik. Mr. Pavilionis is in demand as a regular guest vocalist with Lithuania's primary orchestras and music theaters. He has also performed in countries throughout Europe as well as in the United States, South Korea, Russia, and China.

Pavilionis's opera repertoire includes Aeneas in *Dido and Aeneas*, Alfredo in *La traviata*, Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Faust in Gounod's *Faust*, Jaquino in *Fidelio*, Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*, Nemorino in *L'elisir d'amore*, and Rodolfo in *La bohème*. His concert repertoire includes the solo tenor parts in Mozart's *Requiem*, Franck's *Les beatitudes*, Gounod's *Messe solennelle de sainte Cecile*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

Kostas Smoriginas (Monterone), one of the Baltic region's leading baritones, studied at the Lithuanian Music and Theatre Academy, the Royal College of Music in London and was a member of the Jette Parker young artist program at the Royal Opera House (ROH). He represented his country at the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World in 2005.

His regular roles include Escamillo in *Carmen* (Berlin Staatsoper, Beijing's National Centre for the Performing Arts, Semperoper Dresden, ROH, Santa Fe Opera, and Salzburg Easter Festival's *Carmen* with the Berlin Philharmonic under Simon Rattle, recorded for EMI); the title role in *Le nozze di Figaro* (San Francisco Opera, Washington National Opera); Colline in *La bohème* (ROH); Masetto in *Don*

Giovanni (Teatro alla Scala; Aix-en-Provence Festival); Leporello in *Don Giovanni* (Opéra National de Bordeaux); the title role in *Don Giovanni* (Teatro Municipal de Santiago, Chile; Toulouse); as well as the title role in *Eugene Onegin*, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, and Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro* (Vilnius City Opera).

His concert repertoire includes the Requiems of Verdi, Mozart and Fauré; Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass*, Dvořák's *Te Deum* and Szymanowski's *Stabat Mater*, which he sang with Ed Gardner and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and with the London Symphony Orchestra under Valery Gergiev. Kostas won rave reviews for his BBC Proms debut in Stravinsky's *Les Noces* under the baton of Ed Gardner at the Royal Albert Hall. He has won acclaim for his interpretations of Dvořák's *Te Deum* with the Orchestre de Paris and Rachmaninoff's *The Bells* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Andris Nelsons. A native Russian speaker, his song repertoire features a great variety of Russian Song.

Kostas's current engagements include his return to the BBC Proms in 2015, concerts with the Pacific Symphony Orchestra and the Latvian National Symphony Orchestra; the title role in *Le nozze di Figaro* at New Orleans Opera, *Aleko* with La Monnaie Brussels; as well as his return to Santa Fe and Toulouse plus several further appearances at Covent Garden.





Mezzo-soprano **Eglė Šidlauskaitė (Giovanna, Countess, Page)** was born in Kaunas and studied at the Lithuanian Academy of Theater and Music in her home town as well as the Conservatorio di Musica Giuseppe Verdi in Milan. She has competed successfully in several international singing competitions, including winning first prizes at the Capriolo Franciacorta and G. Cobelli competitions and being a finalist and special prizewinner in the Competizione dell'Opera 2011. Ms. Eglė won scholarships to join the 2013 Verbier Festival Academy for young singers and in 2010 the Solti Te Kanawa Academy to work intensively on vocal technique and performance.

She toured in Germany, Austria and France in 2010 as Azucena in *Il trovatore* with Opera Italiana di Milano. In the 2011/2012 season, she was a member of the newly established Opera Studio at the State Theater in Kassel, where her roles included Third Lady in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, Third Flowermaiden in Wagner's *Parsifal* and Son-jetka in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. In 2012/2013 Eglė performed Fenena in Verdi's *Nabucco* and the Composer in R. Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* at the Freiburg Opera; also Olga in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* at the Lithuanian National Opera House.

Eglė has worked with many distinguished international artists including Richard Bonyngė, Giacomo Aragall, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa and Thomas Quasthoff.

Baritone **Andrius Apsega (Marullo)**, Pandelys, Lithuania, graduated with a magister degree from the Academy of Music at Vytautas Magnus University



in 2013. He has won first places and grand prizes in a number of international competitions, and has sung in festivals and concerts in Lithuania and abroad, including the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Estonia, Ukraine, Germany, Russia, Poland, and Belarus. He has also performed with the Kaunas City Symphony, the Kaunas State Musical Theatre, and the Moscow State Academic National Orchestra. Among his many operatic roles are Don Alfonso in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Tobias Mill in Rossini's *La cambiale di matrimonio*, Rambaldo in Puccini's *La Rondine*, Betto di Sinja in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, and Raich in Nicolai's *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. In addition, he has sung the roles of Homonai in Johann Strauss's operetta *Der Zigeunerbaron* and Falke in Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*, as well as Tasilo in Kalman's operetta *Grafen Mariza*. For this recording, he is heard in the aria "A te, o cara" from Bellini's *I Puritani*.

Bass **Liudas Mikalauskas (Usher)** is a soloist with the Lithuanian National Opera and Ballet Theatre and teaches at Vytautas Magnus University Music Academy. In 2011 he completed his studies at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre in Kaunas as well as at Vytautas Magnus University Music Academy, where he studied with professor Sabina Martinaitytė. Liudas has won Grand Prix and first prizes at twelve international singing competitions and received the Lithuanian Ministry of Culture Prize for the Best Professional Arts Debut in 2006. In 2007 he was granted an internship at the United Kingdom's Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama. Liudas' current repertoire includes roles in twenty-five operatic productions, most no-



tably Figaro in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, Raimondo in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust*, Don Basilio and Don Bartolo in Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, and Dulcamara in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*. He has also participated in international festivals in Lithuania, Poland, Estonia, Ukraine, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Israel, Slovakia, Sweden and the United States. In this recording, he is heard in the aria "A te, o cara" from Bellini's *I Puritani* as well as in the sequence linking sections of the aria "Ah! mes amis" from Donizetti's *La fille du régiment*.

Grammy-nominated conductor **Constantine Orbelian** "stands astride two great societies, and finds and promotes synergistic harmony from the best of each." (*Fanfare*) For over 20 years the brilliant American pianist /conductor has been a central figure in Russia's musical life — first as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Philharmonia of Russia, and more recently as guest conductor with a number of illustrious Russian orchestras. Currently Chief Conductor of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra in Lithuania, Orbelian leads concerts and recordings there with some of the world's greatest singers, in projects such as a recording of *Simon Boccanegra*, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role. In 2016 he became Artistic Director of the State Academic Opera and Ballet Theater in Yerevan, Armenia.

Opera News calls Orbelian "the singer's dream collaborator," and commented that he conducts vocal repertoire "with the sensitivity of a lieder pianist."

The California-based conductor tours and records with American stars such as Sondra Radvanovsky and Lawrence Brownlee, and with Hvorostovsky and other renowned Russian singers in European, North American, Russian and Asian music centers. He is the founder and Music Director of the annual Palaces of St. Petersburg International Music Festival.

"Orbelian has star quality, and his orchestra plays with passion and precision," *The Audio Critic* wrote of his acclaimed series of over 50 recordings on Delos. Among his concert and televised appearances are collaborations with stars Renée Fleming and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, and with Van Cliburn in Cliburn's sentimental return to Moscow, the great pianist's last performance. Orbelian's frequent collaborations with Hvorostovsky include repertoire from their Delos recordings of universal sentimental songs *Where Are You, My Brothers?* and *Moscow Nights*, as well as their 2015 recording in the same series, *Wait for Me*. On several occasions Orbelian has conducted historic live telecasts from Moscow's Red Square, with such artists as Hvorostovsky and Anna Netrebko.

Born in San Francisco to Russian and Armenian emigré parents, Constantine Orbelian made his debut as a piano prodigy with the San Francisco Symphony at the age of 11. After graduating from Juilliard in New York, he embarked on a career as a piano virtuoso that included appearances with major symphony orchestras throughout the U.S., U.K., Europe, and Russia. His recording of the Khachaturian piano concerto with conductor Neeme Järvi won "Best Concerto Recording of the Year" award in the United Kingdom.



Orbelian's appointment in 1991 as Music Director of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra was a breakthrough event: he is the first American ever to become music director of an ensemble in Russia. A tireless champion of Russian-American cultural exchange and international ambassadorship through his worldwide tours, he was awarded the coveted title "Honored Artist of Russia" in 2004, a title never before bestowed on a non-Russian citizen. In May 2010, Orbelian led the opening Ceremonial Concert for the Cultural Olympics in Sochi — the first event setting the stage for Russia's hosting of the Olympic Games in 2014. In 2012 the Consulate in San Francisco awarded him the Russian Order of Friendship Medal, whose illustrious ranks include pianist Van Cliburn and conductor Riccardo Muti, and which singles out non-Russians whose work contributes to improving of international relations with the Russian Federation and its people.

From his 1995 performance at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the United Nations in San Francisco, to his 2004 performance at the U.S. State Department commemorating 70 years of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow, and a repeat State Department appearance in 2007, all with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Orbelian continues to use his artistic eminence in the cause of international goodwill. He and his orchestras have also participated in cultural enrichment programs for young people, both in Russia and the U.S. In 2001 Orbelian was awarded the Ellis Island Medal of Honor, an award given to immigrants, or children of immigrants, who have made outstanding contributions to the United States.



John Fisher's multifaceted international career encompasses distinguished accomplishments as an opera director, opera manager, conductor, vocal coach and record producer.

A native of Glasgow, he is a graduate of Glasgow University, the Royal Academy of Music and the London Opera Centre.

His operatic career began in 1972, when he became the Music Director of the Welsh National Opera's "Opera For All" project, designed to enhance modern audiences' appreciation of the genre. From 1973-1975 he was a répétiteur and vocal coach as well as Music Director of the Opera Studio at La Monnaie in Brussels.

In 1975, Fisher joined the Music Staff at De Nederlandse Opera in Amsterdam, working there until 1977, when he was appointed Head of Music Staff at La Scala, Milan, and served as the company's Artistic Administrator from 1981 until 1988. He further served Pesaro's Rossini Opera Festival as an artistic/musical consultant from 1983 to 1988. In 1989, he became Artistic Director at La Fenice, Venice: the first non-Italian to hold that position.

From there, Fisher moved on in 1994 to the staff of Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft in Hamburg, where he was Director of Opera and Vocal Productions and Executive Producer. In 1997 he became Director of Music Administration at New York's Metropolitan Opera, moving on in 2006 to the position of General Director with the Welsh National Opera.

In addition, John has been closely associated with the BBC's Cardiff Singer of the World competition, the Lisa Gasteen Opera Summer School, and the Juilliard School, among many others worldwide.

He has worked extensively with Decca records and with Unitel films, collaborating with Jean-Pierre Ponnelle on several opera films.

In August 2014, in the final concert of the 2014 Pažaislis Music Festival, Fisher conducted the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra and Kaunas State Choir (heard here) in a performance of Verdi's *Requiem*, in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the liquidation of the Jewish ghetto in Kaunas.

The **Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra** grew from the Kaunas Chamber Orchestra, which was founded in 1988 and since 2000 has been managed by Algimantas Treikuskas. Its previous principal conductors were Pavel Berman, Modestas Pitrenas, and Imants Resnis; the position now belongs to American maestro Constantine Orbelian.

The Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra gives concerts at home in Lithuania and abroad—including Latvia, Estonia, Norway, Switzerland, Germany, Finland, and Italy. It appears regularly at various international festivals, presents special concert projects, and gives theme-oriented concerts. Many famous Lithuanian as well as foreign soloists and conductors have collaborated with the orchestra, which organizes and appears in around 50 concerts per year. A highly versatile ensemble, the orchestra specializes in various genres of classical and contemporary music, including cross-over projects with such groups as The Scorpions, Smokie, and the Electric Light Orchestra, to name a few.



The orchestra also appeared at the opera contest show *Arc of Triumph* for two years on Lithuanian National Television. Among the group's prominent highlights in the 2012/2013 season were its collaboration with famous baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky and Maestro Orbelian, as well as its appearance at the Murten Classics festival in Switzerland under the baton of Kaspar Zehnder. A number of recent projects were recorded for Delos with several of today's most notable voices, conducted by Maestro Orbelian. The complete *Simon Boccanegra*, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role (DE 3457), was released by Delos in 2015. Tenor Lawrence Brownlee stars in a Delos 2014 release showcasing Rossini arias (DE 3455), which received a Grammy nomination.

Founded in Kaunas, Lithuania, in 1969, the **Kaunas State Choir** has been led ever since by its founder, Petras Bingelis, a professor at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre and winner of the Lithuanian National Prize. Under his direction, the chorus has developed an extensive repertoire ranging from medieval to modern music and including more than 150 large-scale compositions: oratorios, cantatas, Masses and Passions, as well as staged and concert versions of operas.

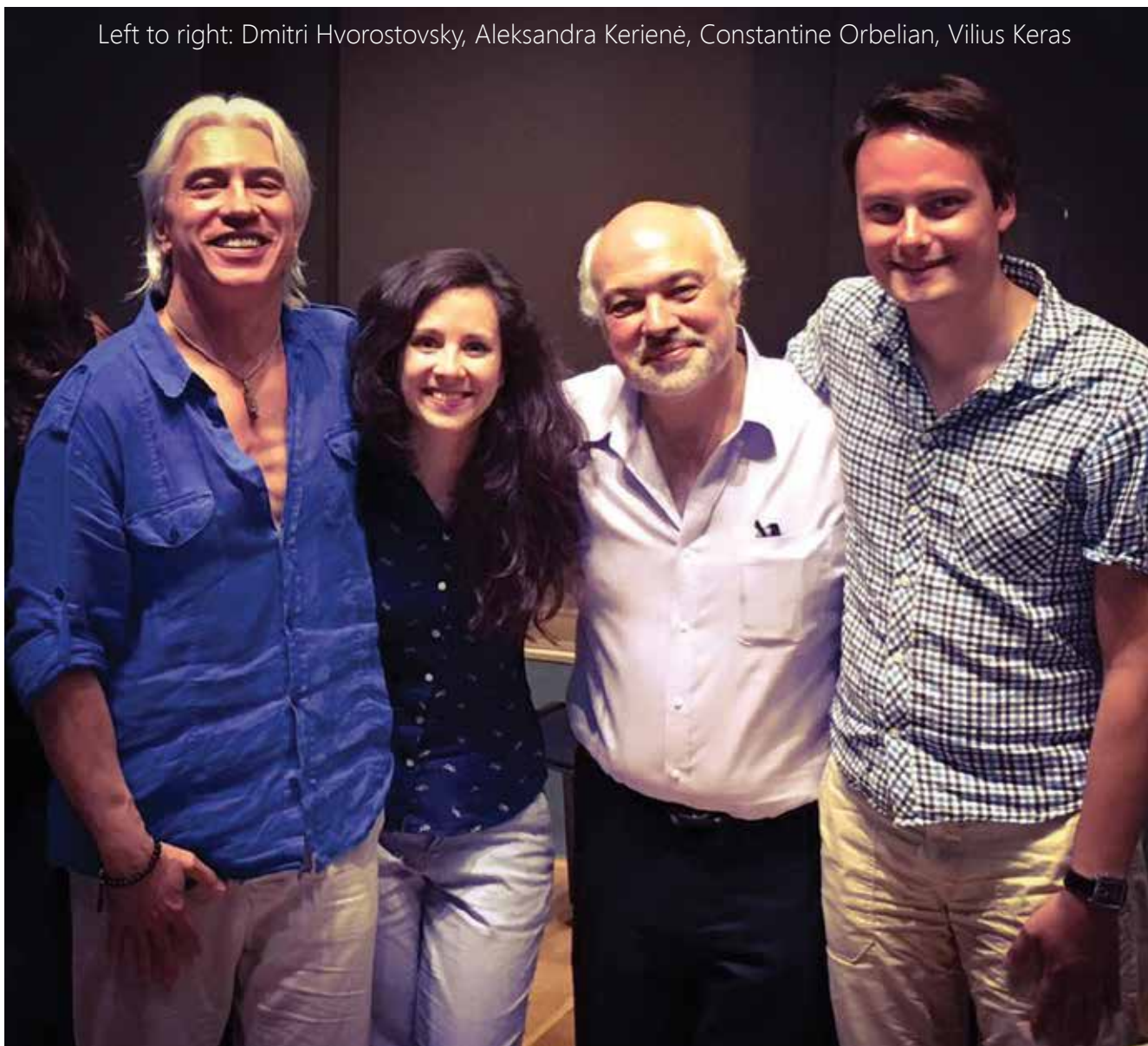
After Lithuania regained its independence in 1990, the choir's concert life became extremely active and eventful, especially when it began collaborating with the legendary violinist and conductor Yehudi Menuhin. In 1992, with Menuhin on the conductor's podium, the chorus took part in theatrical



performances of Handel's *Messiah* during the New and Old Ways to India Festival (Spain), dedicated to the 500th anniversary of the discovery of America, and began extensive concert tours to France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Egypt, and Russia, among other countries. Collaborating with the renowned German pianist and conductor Justus Frantz, cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, and Krzysztof Penderecki, the chorus also performed a concert version of *The Messiah* in Buenos Aires (Argentina) and Santiago (Chile).

Over the many years since its founding, The Kaunas State Choir has given more than three thousand concerts in Lithuania and abroad and has been led by such maestri as Dmitri Kitaenko, Yan Pascal Tortelier, John Axelrod, Vladimir Spivakov, and Valery Gergiev. While performing most of its concerts with the Lithuanian National Symphony Orchestra, the choir has also collaborated with a number of other orchestras from London, Paris, Bordeaux, Dresden, Leipzig, Moscow and St. Petersburg, among many others.

Left to right: Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Aleksandra Kerienė, Constantine Orbelian, Vilius Keras



Dmitri Hvorostovsky as Rigoletto at
Covent Garden.



Dmitri Hvorostovsky as Rigoletto in the
Metropolitan Opera production





Left to right: Svetlana Efimova, Constantine Orbelian, Nadine Sierra, Dmitri Hvorostovsky

Special thanks go to Algimantas Treikauskas, General Director of the Kaunas City Symphony Orchestra—as well as his staff—for their invaluable help in producing this recording.

Also much appreciated are the invaluable contributions of Artistic Consultant John Fisher and pianist/vocal coach Svetlana Efimova.

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Francesco Demuro in Teatro Real production of Rigoletto