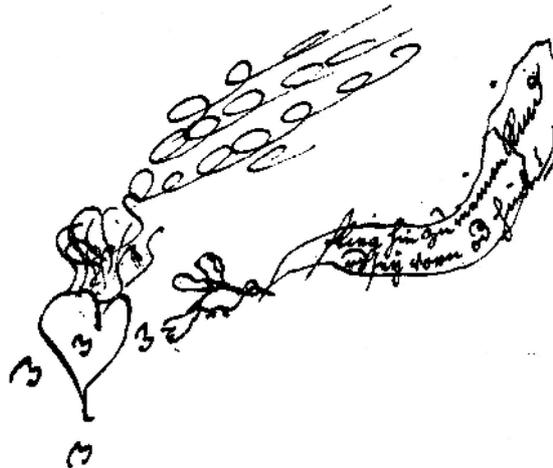


Milan, 18<sup>th</sup> Christmonth,<sup>2</sup>  
1772

[5] I am writing this today, Friday the 18<sup>th</sup>, for tomorrow there will hardly be enough time left over to write anything. In the morning, at half past 9, there will be the first rehearsal with all instruments. In the last few days there were 3 *recitative* rehearsals. The *tenor* only arrived yesterday evening, and today Wolfgang wrote 2 *arias* for him, and still has 2 to write for him. On Sunday the 20<sup>th</sup> there is the second rehearsal, [10] on Tuesday the 22<sup>nd</sup> the third rehearsal, Wednesday the 23<sup>rd</sup> the orchestral stage rehearsal, on Thursday and Friday nothing, on Saturday the 26<sup>th</sup> the first *opera*, God willing, exactly on the day that you both receive this letter. I am writing this to you at 11 o'clock at night, just as Wolfgang is finishing the 2<sup>nd</sup> *tenor aria*. On Christmas Eve we will be present at a pious *supper* at Herr von *Germani*'s: [15] they commend themselves to you both and wish for your presence. Tomorrow we dine, oops! dine at Herr von Mayr's. After the meal I will be able to write a few more words. Today we were at His *Excellency* Count von *Firmian*'s<sup>3</sup> to pass on our congratulations on the elevation of His *Eminence* of Passau<sup>4</sup> to the rank of *Cardinal*. The *courier* from Rome arrived here with the news on the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup> as the bell rang for prayer. [20] *Addio*. Keep well.

<sup>5</sup>My compliments to all good friends, both gentlemen and ladies, within and beyond the house. We kiss you both many 10 000 times and remain as always your Mzt mp.



[TEXT IN DRAWING: Fly to my child dear, / and be it front or rear!<sup>6</sup>  
]: Wolfgang :]

MOZART'S POSTSCRIPT TO HIS SISTER:

<sup>7</sup>I hope your health is good, my dear sister. When you receive this letter, my dear sister, on the

<sup>1</sup> BD: Original postscript lost. Copy c. 1850; NissenB.

<sup>2</sup> Literal translation of Leopold's *Christmonath*, an old name for December.

<sup>3</sup> BD: Karl Joseph, Count [Graf] Firmian, studied in Innsbruck, Salzburg and Leyden before becoming a diplomat. Governor general of Lombardy. A reliable supporter of Mozart in Italy; noted for his learning and intellect.

<sup>4</sup> BD: Leopold III Ernst, Count [Graf] Firmian, brother of Karl Joseph.

<sup>5</sup> Text rearranged according to BD VII.

<sup>6</sup> "Flieg hin zu meinem Kind / und sey vorn oder hint."

<sup>7</sup> Text written continuously along the edges of a square forming a kind of picture frame. Cf. Facsimile 0271.

same evening, my dear sister, my *opera* goes *in scena*.<sup>8</sup> Think of me, my dear sister, [25] and fervently imagine, my dear sister, you are seeing and hearing it too, my dear sister. Of course, it is difficult, as it is already 11 o'clock. Otherwise [30] I believe, and do not doubt at all, that it is brighter by day than at Easter. My dear sister, tomorrow we dine at Herr von Mayer's<sup>9</sup>, and can you imagine why? Guess – because he invited us. The rehearsal tomorrow is on stage. But the *impresario*, *Sig. Castiglioni*, [35] asked me not to say anything about it to anyone, for otherwise everyone would turn up, and we don't want that. I beg you, say nothing to anyone about it, my child, for otherwise too many people would turn up, my child. *Approposito*,<sup>10</sup> do you already the story of what happened here? [40] Now I will tell you. Today we left Count *Firmian's* to go home, and, when we came into our street, we opened our house door, and what do you think occurred? [45] We went in. Keep well, my lay-about, I kiss you, my liver, and remain, as my stomach always does, your unworthy brother *Irmtr*<sup>11</sup> Wolfgang

Plea-, please, my dear sister, something is biting me, scratch me.

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<sup>8</sup> = “on stage”.

<sup>9</sup> BD: Mayr.

<sup>10</sup> Often used meaning “by the way”.

<sup>11</sup> Family code: *Frater* [= brother].