

[Worms, 31<sup>st</sup> January, 1778]

- Madame Mother!  
 I like to eat butter.  
 We are, so long God will,  
 [5] quite well, in no way ill.  
 We drive across the land,<sup>2</sup>  
 with little cash in hand;  
 yet we are free of care  
 with no slime in our hair.  
 [10] The people in my group  
 have bellies full of poop,  
 they like to let it free  
 at lunch and after tea.  
 At night there's farting but no turd,  
 [15] the main aim is just to be heard.  
 We gave a prize, a little money,  
 to one whose farts smelt sweet as honey;  
 his voice, conversely, sounded bad,  
 Which made him raging, angry, mad.  
 [20] In over 8 days on the road  
 We've spread our intestinal load.  
 Disgruntled will Herr Wendling<sup>3</sup> be,  
 Because no pieces come from me,  
 yet, though I'm on the other shore,  
 [25] I'll cross back o'er the Rhine once more  
 and write the 4 *quartetti*<sup>4</sup> quick  
 before he starts to call me prick.
- Concertos<sup>5</sup> have to wait for Paris, when  
 an inkpot full of shit will fill my pen.  
 [30] I'd much prefer, in truth, with this small group of friends  
 to travel on for ever, on long roads without ends,  
 than stay here with the people I see before my nose,  
 for every time I see them the sickness in me grows;  
 yet this is how it must be, to earn our daily bread –  
 [35] That arse of Weber's<sup>6</sup> worth more than all that's in Ramm's<sup>7</sup> head;

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<sup>1</sup> BD: Original lost. Nottebohm.

<sup>2</sup> BD: On 23<sup>rd</sup> January, 1778, Wolfgang left for Kirchheimbolanden with Fridolin and Aloisia Weber. He and Aloisia were to perform concerts for Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg. On the way back, they visited Frau Weber's brother in Worms. They returned to Mannheim on 4<sup>th</sup> February, 1778. Wolfgang reports on the journey in No. 0416.

<sup>3</sup> BD: The flautist Johann Baptist Wendling (1723-1797); his brother was the violinist Franz Anton Wendling (1729-1786). For the various members of the families Mozart wrote KV 487a (295a), KV 307 (284d) and perhaps KV 368. He also wrote an instrumentation of a flute concerto by J.B. Wendling.

<sup>4</sup> BD: Commissioned by de Jean, cf. No. 0388/46. Mozart completed three.

<sup>5</sup> BD: Likewise commissioned by de Jean, cf. No. 0388/46.

<sup>6</sup> BD: Franz Fridolin Weber (1733-1779): Initially a high administrative official [Amtmann], then employed at the court in Mannheim as a bass, prompter and music copyist. Moved to Munich with the court in 1778, then to Vienna when Aloisia was engaged there as a singer in 1779. He died shortly afterwards on 23<sup>rd</sup> October, 1779. Cf. No. 0405/29.

I'd rather have a mushroom from that arse  
than see another scene from Wendling's<sup>8</sup> farce.  
To empty our intestines is no insult to God,  
nor is chewing shite-turds to be considered odd.

[40] We are such honest people, we should receive a prize,  
we have *summa summarum* a total of 8 eyes  
without the one which forms our seat.

Now it's time to cool the heat  
of poesy; and now to tell you is my task  
[45] that on this coming Monday,<sup>9</sup> without the need to ask,  
I once more will embrace you, your hands with kisses drown,  
although just at that moment my pants turn shitty brown.

*à dieu* Mama

Worms, the 1778<sup>th</sup> January,  
[50] *Anno* 31.

Your child so true  
Has dandruff<sup>10</sup> too.  
Trazom.<sup>11</sup>

[LITERALLY:

Madame Mother!

I like to eat butter.

We are, praise and thanks to God

[5] healthy and not ill at all.

We drive throughout the world,

but do not have much money;

yet we are in high spirits

and not one of us covered in slime.

[10] I am also with people

who carry shit in their belly,

yet they also let it out.

Both before and after meals.

There is farting all the time at night

[15] and always in such a way that it really thunders.

Yet yesterday the King of the farts was

the one whose farts smelt like honey,

not at all well in his voice,

he was also full of rage himself.

[20] We we have now been away for over 8 days

and have already shit a lot of poops.

Herr Wendling will probably be disgruntled

that I have hardly written anything fine,

yet although I across the Rhine bridge

[25] I will certainly come back

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<sup>7</sup> BD: Friedrich Ramm (1744 – after 1808), oboist, joined the court music in Mannheim aged 14. Mozart wrote the oboe quartet KV 370 (368b) for him in 1781.

<sup>8</sup> BD: Wolfgang was soon to travel to Paris with Wendling, Ramm and the dancer Lauchéry. His disinclination towards the company of the previously praised Wendling and Ramm becomes clear in these lines. This is probably due to influence from the Weber family.

<sup>9</sup> BD: 2<sup>nd</sup> February, 1778, but cf. No. 0416/6, where he is expected on Wednesday.

<sup>10</sup> BD: Used again in No. 0432/13.

<sup>11</sup> BD: Cf. Nos. 0291/44; 0349/44.

and write the 4 *quartteti* entirely  
so that he doesn't call me prick.

And I will save the Concerto for Paris,  
there I will immediately smear it on the first piece of shite.  
[30] To admit the truth, I would much rather  
head off into the world and into the open spaces with these people  
then with the everyday society that I see before me;  
everytime I think about it, my stomach aches;  
but it has to be, we are still get along with each other –  
[35] The arse of Weber is worth more than the head of Ramm  
and even a chanterelle mushroom from this arse  
it is preferable to meet than Mons. Wendling.  
We do not insult God with our shouting, do we?  
And even less when we bite into the shit.  
[40] We are honest people suited to each other,  
we have *summa summarum* 8 eyes  
without the one we sit on.

Now I will start getting heated  
with my poetry; but there is one more thing to tell you,  
[45] that on Monday I have the honour, without a lot of asking,  
of embracing you and kissing your hand;  
yet beforehand I will already have shit in my trousers.

à dieu, Mama

Worms, the 1778<sup>th</sup> January,

[50] *Anno* 31.

Your faithful child  
I've got dandruff.  
Trazom.]