

*Mon très cher Père!*<sup>1</sup>

*Vienne ce 8 d'ap-  
rile, 1780*<sup>2</sup>

<I started a letter of greater depth and length to you> – <but I wrote too much about Brunetti, and was afraid that he might break it open, [5] perhaps out of curiosity because Ceccarelli is with me> –

With the next post I will send you the letter, and also be able to write more to you than I could this time – meanwhile you will have received my letters. – I have described the *applauso* in the theatre to you, only I must furthermore say that what gave me most joy, and most amazed me, [10] was the astonishing *silentium*<sup>3</sup> – and the shouts of *Bravo* in the middle of my playing. – for Vienna, where there are so many – and so many good keyboard players, this is surely honour enough. –

Today we had – for I am writing at 11 o'clock at night – an Academy ??? concert ??? 3 of my pieces were performed there. New ones, needless to say; – [15] a *rondeau*<sup>4</sup> to a concerto for Brunetti – a *sonata*<sup>5</sup> with the accompaniment of a violin for me – which I composed yesterday between 11 and 12 o'clock at night – but, in order to get it finished, wrote only the accompaniment part for Brunetti, but kept my part in my head – and then a *rondeau*<sup>6</sup> for Ceccarelli – which he had to repeat. – [20] Now I would make a particular request for a letter as soon as possible and containing fatherly, and therefore the most friendly, advice. – <The word is now that we should travel to Salzburg in a fortnight – I can stay here not only without loss, but to my profit> – I therefore have <in mind to ask the Archbishop to allow me to stay on here longer> – [25] dearest father, <I love you most early, you can see that from the fact that I deny myself all wishes and desires for your sake – for if it were not for you, I swear by my honour that I> would not delay for a moment, but <would leave my service at once> – would <give a grand concert> – take on <four pupils>, and would get as far as reaching [30] <at least my thousand thalers per annum>. – I assure you that I often <find it difficult enough> having to <leave my happiness on one side this way> – I am still <young>, as you say, that is true, but if one squanders <ones early years> in <inactivity in such a place of beggars>, it is likewise <sad enough>, and likewise – <a loss> – it is on this that I specially request your fatherly and well-intentioned advice [35] – but soon – – for I must state my position – otherwise simply have complete trust in me – for I now think more deeply – keep well, I kiss your hands 1000 times, and embrace my sister from my heart and am, sir, eternally  
your

most obedient

W. A. Mozart

<sup>1</sup> Vienna, this eighth day of April, 178[1] / My very dear father!

<sup>2</sup> An error: actually 1781.

<sup>3</sup> Silence.

<sup>4</sup> KV 373.

<sup>5</sup> KV 379 (373a).

<sup>6</sup> KV 374.