

[Vienna, 4<sup>th</sup> June, 1787]

Here lies a clownish darling,  
A stiffened starling.  
He entered death's dark night  
[5] While in mid-flight  
And tasted bitter smart.  
It pains my heart  
To think he is no more.  
Oh reader! pour  
[10] A teardrop on his grave.<sup>2</sup>  
He was no knave,  
Just sometimes rather merry  
And often very  
Fond of prank and jest,  
[15] A lively breast.  
In heav'n above he sings  
Of all the things  
I gave him, small and large,  
Quite free of charge.  
[20] Though he, when near to death,  
With his last breath,  
Gave not a tinker's curse,  
For him who wrote this verse.

The 4<sup>th</sup> June 1787. Mozart.

[LITERALLY:]

Here rests a dear clown,  
A stiff/starling bird.  
While in the prime of life  
[5] He had to experience  
The bitter pain of death.  
My heart bleeds,  
When I think of it.  
Oh reader! give  
[10] Your little tear to him too.  
He was not bad;  
He was only a little cheerful,  
Yet from time to time  
A dear, unbridled rogue,  
[15] And therefore no bungler.  
I wager he is already above  
So that he can praise me  
For this act of friendship  
Done selflessly.

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<sup>1</sup> BD: Original unknown. Edition Nottebohm.

<sup>2</sup> BD: Lines 9-10 are taken almost word for word from the poem *Abendempfindung an Laura*, which Mozart set three weeks later (KV 523). Cf. note on No. 1059/2.

[20] For when, unexpectedly,  
He bled to death,  
He did not think of the man,  
Who can rhyme so nicely.