

[Date unknown]

These verses, which a twelvemonth past I here did measure,
Are neither lies nor sly, deceiving art,
You were, and are, and shall for all time be my treasure;
[5] For through my opened mouth you hear – my heart.

W. A. Mozart

[LITERALLY:]

The verses here, which I wrote last year,
are no lies, no foolish joke,
I have always loved you, and will love you eternally;
[5] for when my mouth opens, what speaks – is my heart.

W. A. Mozart

¹ BD: Original *olim* Collection C.A.H. Clodius, Leipzig. Edition Cat. *Basler Bücherfreund* 1926, II 1057.