

Dearest *Papa*

Vienna, 30th No. [actually May], 1783

My dear husband cannot write to you himself because he is lying ill in bed with the illness that is currently doing the *rounds*; but now it will soon be better. This illness consists of the most hefty sore throat, headaches and sharp pains in the chest; [5] *Gilowsky*,² who knows that my dear husband never had his blood let, wished to get round it this time too, but it was impossible, he had to let some air out of his veins, which has brought its good result. Therefore, dearest *Papa*, do not worry at all, the worst is now over, praise and thanks be to God. Ah, how sad it is for a tenderly loving wife, who does not have a single hour of certainty before her confinement, [10] to have had her beloved husband so ill. Now our loving God has given you your son and me my adored husband back again, for which let us give him thanks every day – My dear husband and I kiss your hands 1000 times and embrace our dear sister from the bottom of the heart, and remain, sir, eternally your

[15]

most obedient child

Constanza Mozart

¹ Text in BD VIII, p. 55.

² BD: Presumably Franz Xaver Wenzel [von] Gilowsky (1757-1816), son of Wenzel Andreas Gilowsky (1716-1799) of Salzburg; studied medicine in Vienna, master surgeon, brother of the “Katherl” mentioned frequently in the letters, witness at Mozart’s wedding.