Serenaders, a comic Terzetto

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

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THE SERENADERS.

a comic Terzetto,
the Air by

MOZART.

written and arranged
by a professor,

BOSTON.

Published by C. Bradlee.

[Note: Additional text and graphics related to publishing information are present but not fully legible.]

[Image depictiing a group of musicians playing instruments outside a building, possibly illustrating the serenade scene.]
THE SERENADERS.

MOZART.

ALTO or TENOR
PRIMO.

TENOR
SECONDO.

PIANO FORTE.

Wake, dear Lady, nor in vain, May we chant our

numbers, Let our soft and tuneful strain, Break thy sweetest slumbers.

Gently wake; unclose thine eyes; Look on thy true heart-ed;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by C. Bradlee, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.
May the bond our hearts that ties, Never more be parted.

TRIO.

pp SECOND VERSE.

Wake, fair Lady, wake, we pray, While the stars are gleaming

Old Man awakening.

Hark! hallo! what noise is that? Hist! 'tis robbers breaking;

Wake, before the dawning day, From the east comes streaming

Or my slumbers is the cat, With her squalls awaking
Wake! the birds are in their nests, The dew is on the thorn, love,

Opens the window.

Ho! ye vagrants! ye vagrants, tell me why, Tell me why ye make this cat-tier-wau-ling?

Wake, while yet all nature sleeps, Ere breaks the pur-ple morn, love.

Why my sleep, my sleep d'ye terri-fy, With your yells and your senseless bawling—

THIRD VERSE.

Give one look to make me blest, Give one blissful to-ken;

I'll call the watch, ye noisy drunken wretches, If this horrid din ye keep up,
Smile upon thy lover, lest this fond heart be broken.

With your catgut snapping, your squealing and your screeches, for ye'll break the neighbors' peace up. Hence, away, ye vagabonds, ye thrumming catertoners; ye

Peaceful dreams possess thee, may no fright thee worry me, ye torture past endurance; hence, away and leave my door, ye
eye un- close Guardian an- gels bless thee-

night disturbing brawlers, Ye miracles of impudent as-sur- ance.

FOURTH VERSE.

Sleep on now, our song is o'er; Morn- ing tints are glow-ing

Fly, ye rogues, or in the jail, I'll have you all im- pounded,

And the lark her mat-in song, High in heav'n is throw-ing.

If my ears ye still as-sail, With such yells and such noises con- found-ed
Yet no tongue can tell, love, What I suffer while I sigh—

Haste, be-gone, or on your heads, I'll throw this jug of wate—ter.—Quick, fly, be-gone, ye thieves, ye villains all,

"Love fare-well, fare-well love?"

Never shall ye have my daughter.