1840

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.

须照脚印, a set of three sets of the year 1812, by C. Bradlee, the Author of the Miser. House of Massachusetts.

Thayer, printer, in Here, Boston.
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 hearted:

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.

T R I O.

pp SECOND VERSE.

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

Old Man awakening.

Hark! hark! what noise is that? Hist! 'tis rob - bers break - ing;

Wake, be - fore the dawning day, From the east comes stream - ing,

Or my slumbers is the cat, With her squalls a wake - ing
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 catter-wauling?

Wake, while yet all nature sleeps, Ere breaks the purple morn, love.

Why my sleep, my sleep d'ye terrify, With your yells and your senseless bawling—

THIRD VERSE.

Give one look to make me blest, Give one blissful token;

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

With your catgut snapping, your squealing and your screeches, For ye'll break the neighbors

broken—Yet if huzz'd in soft repose

sleep up. Hence, away, ye vagabonds, ye thrumming catterwaulers; Ye

Peaceful dreams possess thee. May no fright thine

worry me, ye torture past endurance; Hence, away and leave my door, ye
eyes unclose Guardian angels bless thee—
night disturbing bawlers, Ye miracles of impudent assurance.

FOURTH VERSE.

Sleep on now, our song is o'er; Morning tints are glowing
Fly, ye rogues, or in the jail, I'll have you all impounded,

And the lark her matin song, High in heav'n is throwing.

If my ears ye still assail, With such yells and such noises confounded
Fare-well, then, the moments fly,
Yet no tongue can

Haste, be-gone, or on your heads, I'll throw this jug of

Tell, love, What I suffer while I sigh—

Waste, Quick, fly, be-gone, ye thieves, ye villains all,

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

Never shall ye have my daughter.