

Song by

MARION BAUER



*The Epitaph of a Butterfly*

High voice, in E $\flat$

— Medium voice, in C

50

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### THE EPITAPH OF A BUTTERFLY

As one by one she saw the leaves of red  
And yellow wafted slowly to the ground,  
Hope buoyed her heavy wings of flame, and said  
That 'mong them still some comrade might be found.

But when o'er all the autumn hills a pall  
Of gold was drawn before her glazing eye,  
Yon mirrored pool made ready for her fall  
A grave as lovely as her native sky.

*Thomas Walsh*

To Mme. Helen Stanley

## THE EPITAPH OF A BUTTERFLY

★ THOMAS WALSH

MARION BAUER

  
 (Original Key, Eb)

Adagio ed espressivo

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

As one by one — she saw the

leaves — of red And yel - low waft-ed slow - ly to the ground,

*animando*

Hope

*animando*

buoy'd her heav - y wings of

*mf**a tempo*

flame, —

and said — That 'mong them

*a tempo**p*

★ With permission of the Author.

still — some com-rade might be found. *poco rit.*

*a tempo* *p* But when o'er all the au-tumn hills — a pall Of gold was drawn be-fore her

*p* glaz - ing eye, — Yon mir-ror'd pool — made read-y for her fall A

*allargando* *a tempo* *morendo* *pp*  
grave as love-ly as her na-tive sky. —

*allargando* *a tempo* *morendo* *pp*