

SM 1496

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American Version  
by Leonard Lieblich.

Words by  
Bernhard Buchbinder.

# Butterfly Butterfly.

Duet.

Music by  
Georg Jarno.

Quasi Mazurka.

Piano. *p*

COUNTESS. FOLDESSY.

You would es-cape me, it is clear, With your con-sent, I'll  
I would be kind to you my dear, One loves one's poo-dles

COUNTESS. FOLDESSY.

dis-ap-pear. Why do you drive me to de-spair? For  
too, I hear, There's many a man my dog would be, The

me, my la-dy you're too fair. A reas-on most ab-sured you'll  
hon-or is too much for me. What would you ask then, if you

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COUNTESS.

own stay? The dan - ger threat - ens me a - lone At  
That you were ten years old - er, say, My

FOLDESSY.

mouse and cat you like to play, I think it's just the  
heart you break, most cru - el act, So long as mine re -

oth - er way Of coun - try mouse and ci - ty dame, The  
mains in - tact; The life at court I know your sort, Who

sport I know full well! For you it would be  
in Vi - en - na dwell, To drive men mad, what

much too — tame, For me dis - as - ter spell — Like  
 witch - ing - sport, And bind them in a spell — The

noon - day — sun your eyes are — bright, And I'm the but - ter - fly, — A  
 sun shines — out with too much — pow'r, I'll take my flight else - where, — And

wise one, Who makes good his flight Be - fore — you — make him die.  
 wings and heart, my on - ly pow'r, I'll keep — in — fine re - pair.

COUNTESS.

But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly, near — the — glow, Try - ing brave to reach the

sun; But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly, strug - gling - so,

Till the goal is near - ly won But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly,

have a care, Fly - ing to the sun so fast, Of your silk - en

*rit.*

wings take care, You will flut - ter in at last. last.

*rit.*