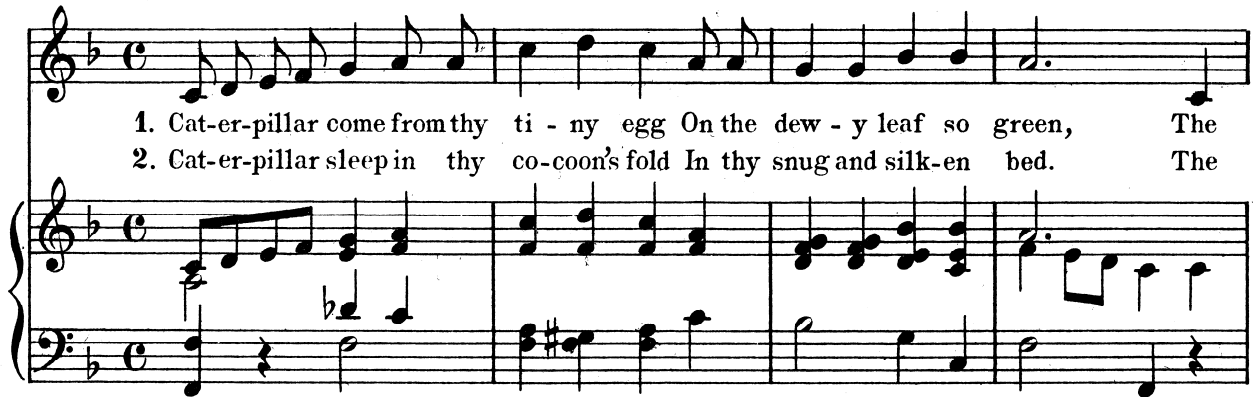
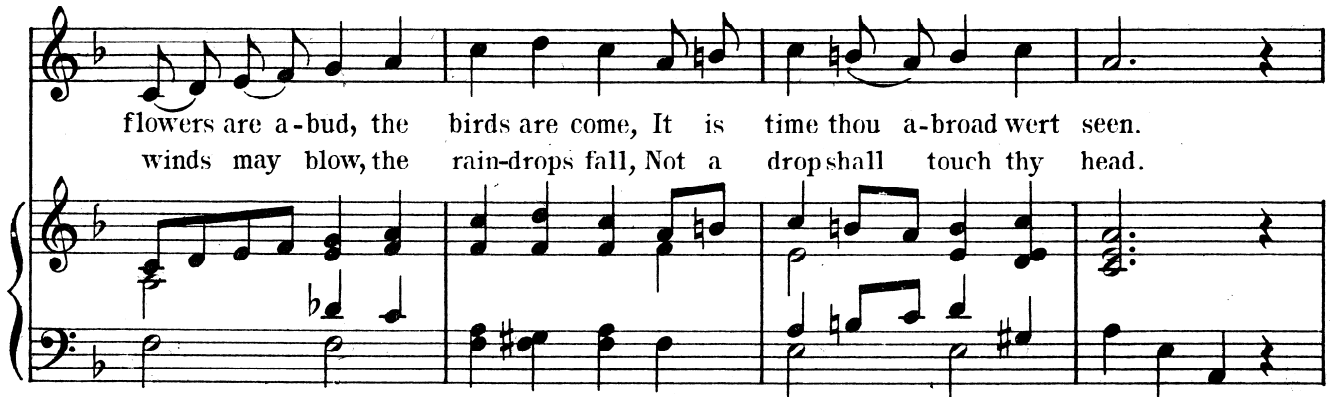


# 57. The Birth of the Butterfly.

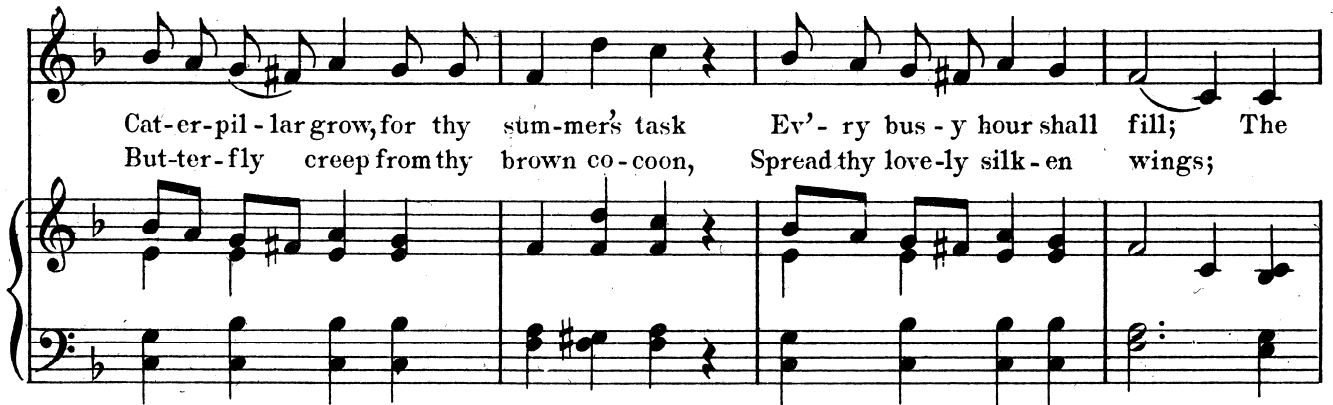
By Jessie Gaynor & Alice Riley



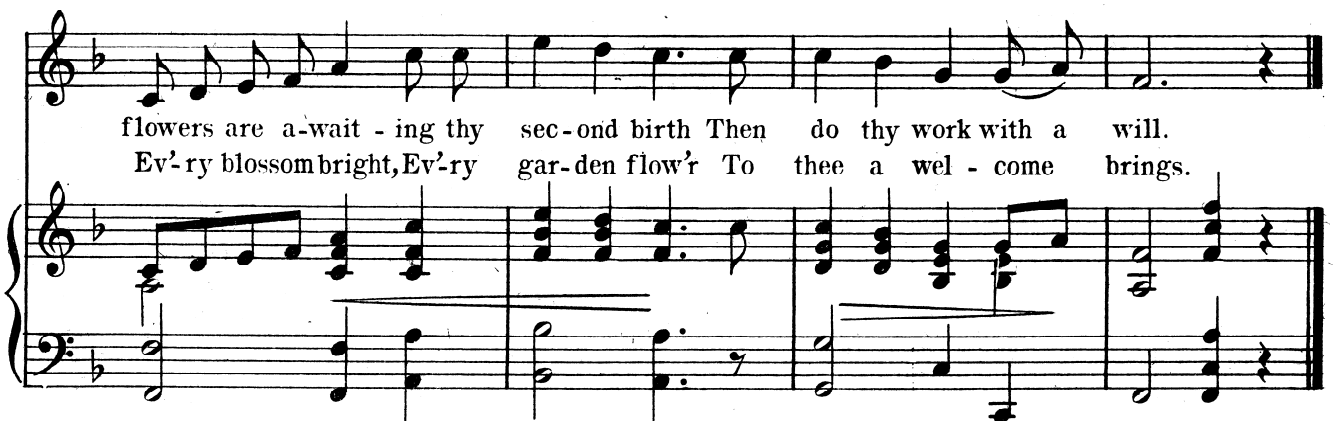
1. Cat-er-pillar come from thy ti - ny egg On the dew - y leaf so green, The  
2. Cat-er-pillar sleep in thy co-coon's fold In thy snug and silk-en bed. The



flowers are a-bud, the birds are come, It is time thou a-broad wert seen.  
winds may blow, the rain-drops fall, Not a drop shall touch thy head.



Cat-er-pil-lar grow, for thy sum-mer's task Ev'-ry bus-y hour shall fill; The  
But-ter-fly creep from thy brown co-coon, Spread thy love-ly silk-en wings;



flowers are a-wait - ing thy sec-ond birth Then do thy work with a will.  
Ev'-ry blossom bright, Ev'-ry gar-den flow'r To thee a wel - come brings.