

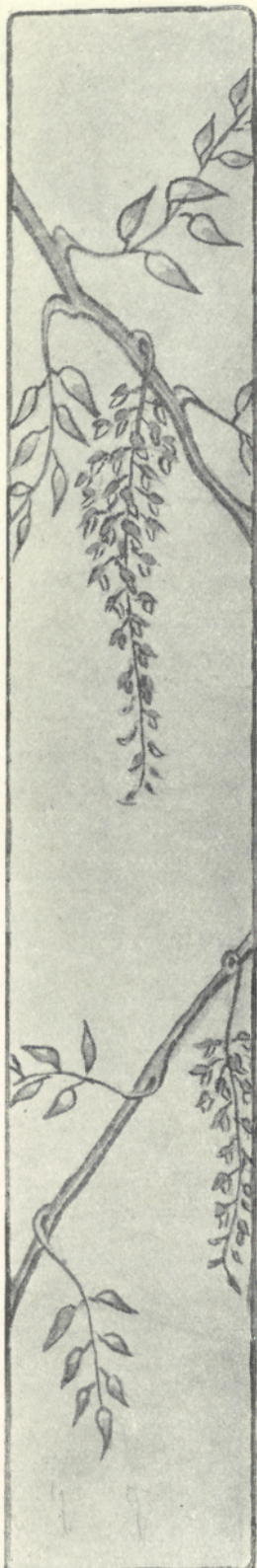
Nagasaki. Beside her is her beautiful little child who also stands, with face pressed against the window.

Throughout this scene the music is wonderfully expressive of the thought. At first it is calm and sweet—the expression of trust and hope. The violins lead in a lovely little theme—all other stringed instruments keeping a pleasing accompaniment and the wind instruments agreeing in subdued tones.

But as the night wears on and he does not come, little Butterfly feels a great fear. Perhaps he will never come! So many days of weary waiting have already passed. Some inner voice which she cannot still, says, "He will never come." The bitterness of it all overcomes her. The violins cry out in a wail of despair, great crashes of the kettle drums add to the wild clamor of complaint of the stringed instruments. The wind instruments shriek their deep distress.

Then finally, as if some calming feeling had come over Madame Butterfly,—perhaps utter weariness, the wail lessens,—the great storm subsides. The music again becomes subdued, and throughout the long watch the mournful wail of the violines continues,—unmutterably sad,—the expression of the weariness and hopelessness of a broken heart.

—Edna Caufield.



L ABRAMS

