

Poem:
Siegfried Finser

October

Music:
Alfred H. Bartles

Soprano

mp All over to

do in sil-ent wil-low tusks When birds fly

cresc. p

cresc. South. smearing the sky out of cas-u-al depth in

cresc. f

f sud-den pen - ned flight. All over is

p mp

done.

Slightly faster

Here and there swil-ling thru dregs of the swamp, the cat tails quench their mor-phic

thirst, shak-ing their silken throats a- gainst the North wind.

Tempo I

Here is gone there.