

Poor Butterfly

Words by
JOHN L. GOLDEN

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL

Moderato **Modto con moto**

Piano

There's a sto - ry told of a lit - tle Jap - an - ese
"Won't you tell my love" she would whis - per to the breeze,

preamily

Sit - ting de - mure - ly 'neath the cher - ry blos - som trees. Miss But - ter - fly her
"Tell him I'm wait - ing 'neath the cher - ry blos - som trees, My Sail - or man to

slightly quicker

cresc. e accel.

name. _____ A sweet lit - tle in - co - cent child was she, Till a
see. _____ The bees and the hum - ming birds say they guess, Ev - 'ry

f *p*