

Poor Butterfly

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Music by
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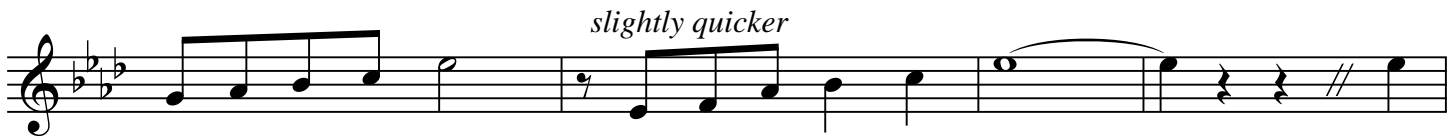
Moderato



There's a
"Won't you



sto - ry told of a lit - tle Jap - an - ese Sit - ting de - mure - ly 'neath the
tell my love" she would whis - per to the breeze, "Tell him I'm wait - ing 'neath the



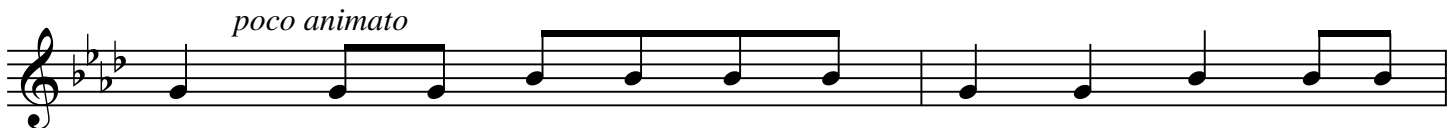
cher - ry blos - som trees. Miss But - ter - fly her name. _____ A
cher - ry blos - som trees, My Sail - or man to see. _____ The



sweet lit - tle in - co - cent child was she, Till a fine young A - mer - i - can
bees and the hum - ming birds say they guess, Ev - 'ry day that pass - es makes



from the sea To her gar - den came. _____ They
one day less, 'Till you'll come to me." _____ For



met 'neath the cher - ry blos - som ev - 'ry day And he
once But - ter - fly she gives her heart a - way, She can



taught her how to love in the 'Mer - i - can way, To live with her soul! 'twas
nev - er love a - gain, she is his for aye, Through all of the world, for



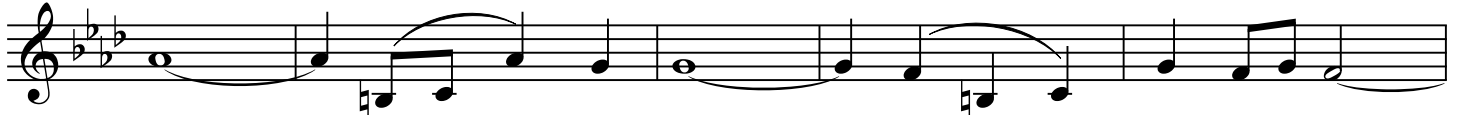
ea - sy to learn; Then he sailed a - way with a prom - ise to re - turn.
a - ges to come. So her face just smiles, though her heart is grow - ing numb.

Refrain

Slowly with much expression



Poor But - ter - fly! _____ 'neath the blos - soms wait - ing, _____ Poor But - ter -



fly! _____ For she loved him so. _____ The mo - ments pass in - to hours, _____



_____ The hours _____ pass in - to years, _____ And as she smiles through her tears, _____



_____ She mur - murs low. _____ The moon and I _____ know that he be faith - ful, _____



_____ I'm sure he come _____ to me bye and bye. _____ But if he don't come back _____



_____ Then I nev - er sigh or _____ cry: _____ I just mus' die. _____ Poor But - ter -



fly.

Poor But - ter - fly. _____