

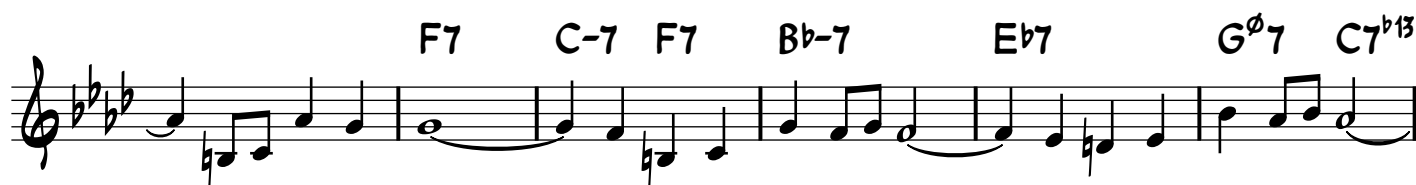
Poor Butterfly

John L. Golden

Raymond Hubbell



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



For she loved him so. The mo-ment pass in-to hours. The ho-urs 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 sign or cry I just mus'



die. Po - or But - ter - fly.