

Robert C. Murray

# POOR BUTTERFLY

# THE BIG SHOW

At the New York

## HIPPODROME

Management Charles Dillingham

Staged by **R. H. BURNSIDE**

Lyrics by **JOHN L. GOLDEN**

Music by **RAYMOND HUBBELL**



BUNTON PRICE

### Vocal

My Skating Girl.....	60
Poor Butterfly.....	60
A Little World Of Our Own.....	60
Queen Of The Land Of Snow.....	60
We'll Stand By Our Country.....	60
Good Ship Honeymoon.....	60
The Hippodrome Street Parade.....	60
Come On Down To Rag-time Town.....	60
Hello! I've Been Looking For You.....	60

T. B. HARMS  
AND  
FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER  
NEW YORK

# Poor Butterfly.

Words by  
JOHN L. GOLDEN.

Music by  
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Piano.

Moderato.

Mod<sup>to</sup> con moto.

Voice.

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

*p* *dreamily*

*slightly quicker.*

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

*cresc. e accel.*

name \_\_\_\_\_ A sweet lit - tle in - no - cent child was she, Till a  
see. The bees and the humming birds say they guess, Ev - ry

*f* *p*

*slightly quicker.*

fine young A-mer-i-can from the sea. To her gar-den came.  
 day that pass-es makes one day less. 'Till you'll come to me.

*cresc. e accel.*

*a tempo. poco animato.*

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

*a tempo. poco animato.*

*f con passioné.*

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

*f poco allargando con*

*p quasi recitativo.*

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, tho' her heart is grow - ing numb.

*passioné. dim. p*

*colla voce.*

4 Refrain.  
 Slowly with much expression.

Poor But-ter - fly! 'neath the blossoms wait - ing — Poor Butter-

fly! For she loved him so. The mo-ment

*poco a poco cresc.*  
 pass in-to hours — The hours pass in-to years — And as she  
*poco a poco cresc.*

smiles through her tears, — She mur-murs low, The moon and  
*f stentando.* *dim.* *accel.* *p*  
*a tempo.*  
 Ped. \*

I ————— know that he be faith - ful, ————— I'm sure he

*rit.* \*

come ————— to me bye and bye. ————— But if he don't come back —————

*f*

- Then I nev - er sigh or - cry ————— I just mus' die. —————

*p* *rall.* *pp molto espress.*

- Poor But - ter - fly. ————— Poor But - ter - fly. —————

*rall.*