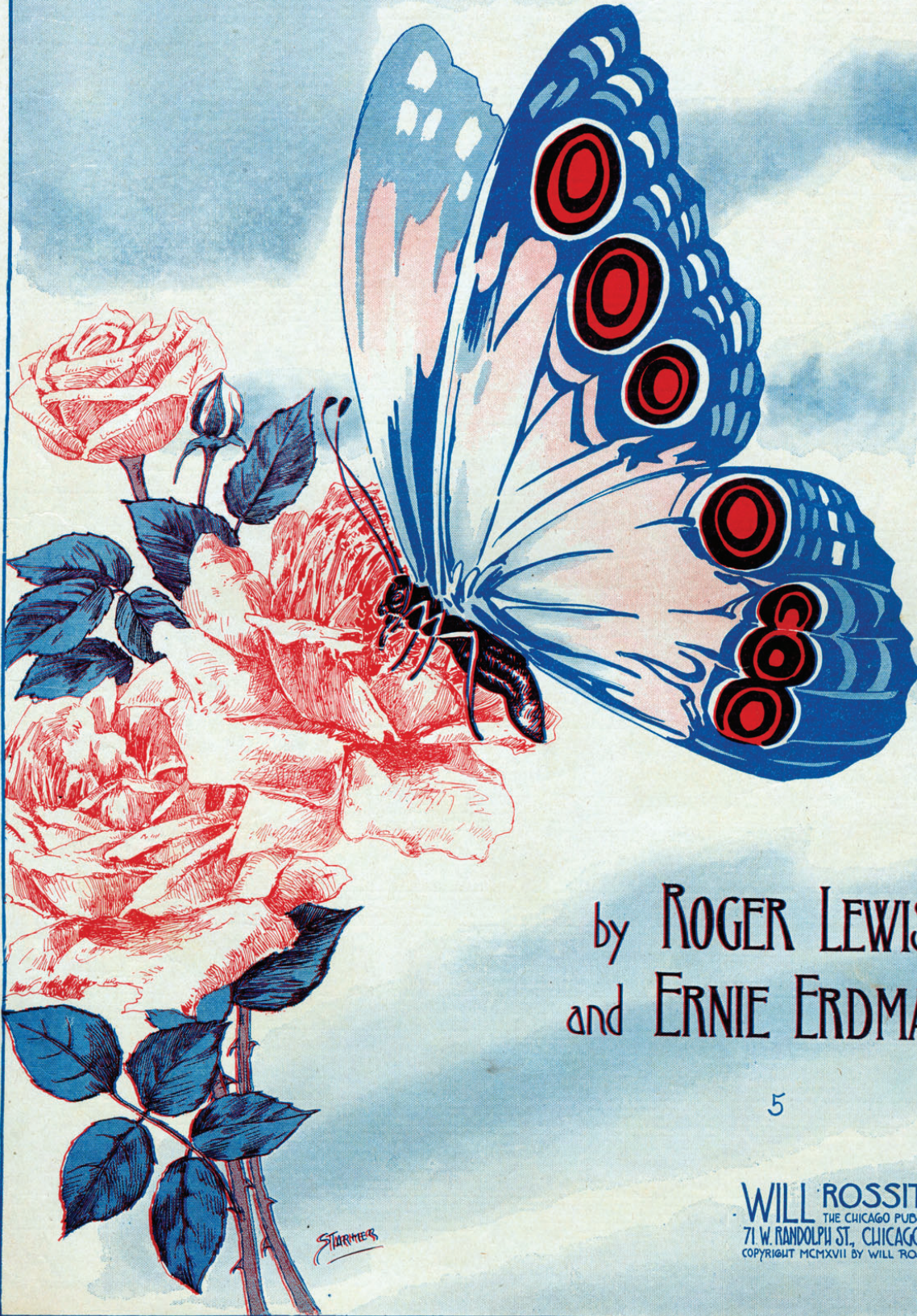


Don't Let Me Die My Butterfly

My BUTTERFLY



by ROGER LEWIS
and ERNIE ERDMAN

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MY BUTTERFLY

Words by ROGER LEWIS

Music by ERNIE ERDMAN

Moderato

mf

p

f

A But-ter-fly one day, flit-ting
This fick-le But-ter-fly, when the

id-ly on its way, Met a Rose in a flow-er gar-den fair; And the
au-tumn winds drew nigh, Came in search of the flow-ers sweet with dew; But the

Rose quite be-lieved that he nev-er would de-ceive, For he told her that he loved her there; But the
Rose now was gone, so the But-ter-fly flew on, On to where an-oth-er blos-som grew; And he

But-ter-fly one day from the gar-den flew a-way And the Rose nev-er knew where or
gave to her a kiss and she thot it not a-miss For he prom-ised some day he'd re-

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poco rit *ten.*

why. Now her poor heart must yearn, pray-ing he will re-turn A-lone in the gar-den she cries -
 turn But he left her a-lone and the night winds that moan Sing for a heart that must yearn

CHORUS

My But-ter fly I'm so sad and lone-ly, My But-ter-fly come back to

p-f

me I've saved my kis-ses for you, I've saved my sweet hon-ey too, You prom-ised

you would be true, So ten-der-ly, I'll watch for you while the sun is shin-ing -

I'll miss you too, when the moon is high, Come nestle close to my heart, Come tell me

L.H.

we'll nev-er part, Don't let me die, My But-ter-fly My But-ter-

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