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 *f*

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

p

id-ly on it's 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

ten.

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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