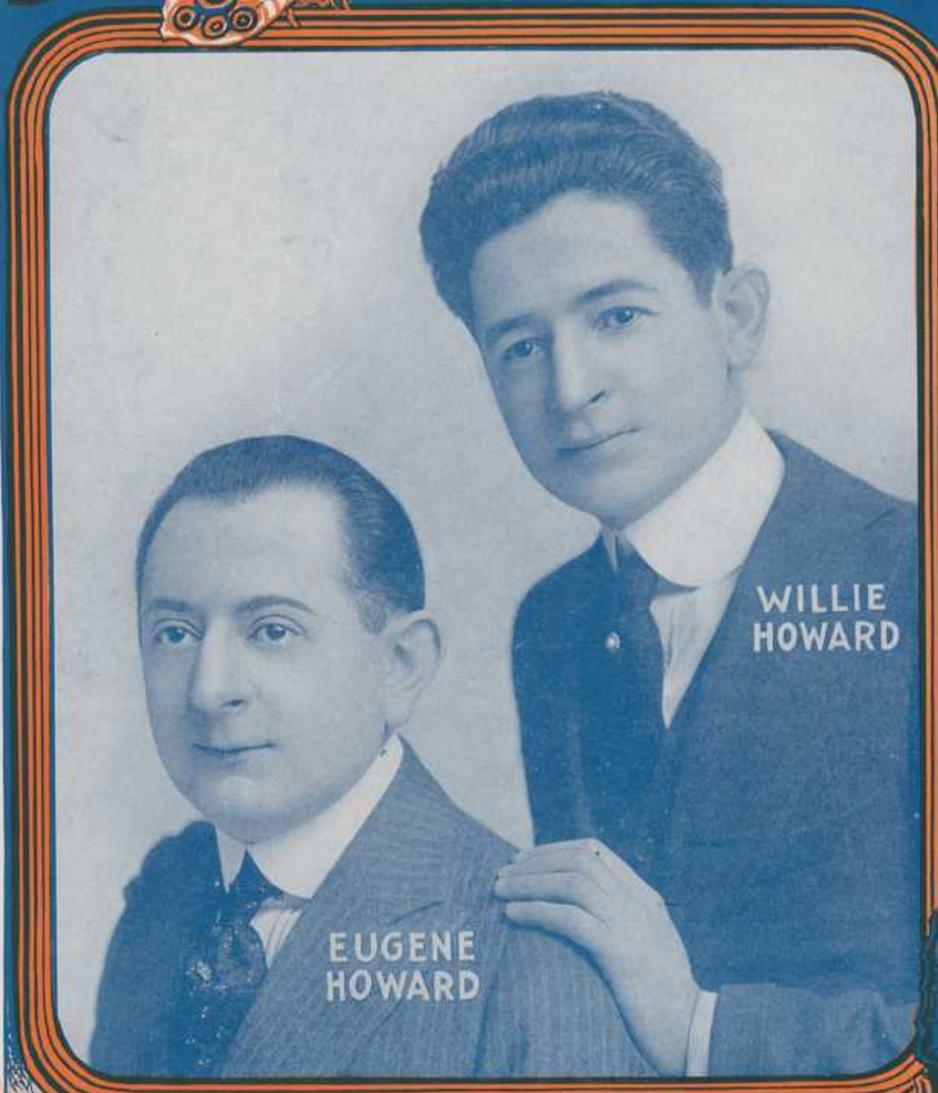


# MY YIDDISHA BUTTERFLY



NOVELTY SONG

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY  
**WILLIE HOWARD**  
of The Howard Brothers  
in The Show of Wonders  
at The Winter Garden  
NEW YORK



EUGENE  
HOWARD

WILLIE  
HOWARD

WORDS BY  
**AL. DUBIN**

MUSIC BY  
**JOSEPH A. BURKE**

AUTHOR OF  
"ALL THE WORLD WILL BE JEALOUS OF ME."  
"O'BRIEN IS TRYIN' TO LEARN TO TALK HAWAIIAN"  
"T WAS ONLY AN IRISHMAN'S DREAM," ETC.

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## My Yiddisha Butterfly

Lyric by  
AL. DUBINMusic by  
JOSEPH A. BURKE

A  
Now

fan-cy cloth-ing cut-ter, A-bie Per-1-mut-ter, Heard a song called "But-ter-fly,"  
Abe was sent-i-men-tal, kind of temp-'ra-men-tal, He liked O-ri-en-tal things;

It was such a ri-ot A-bie thought he'd buy it, He cared for a dime as much as  
He said, You should own a Ja-pan-ese Ki-mo-na, You'd look like a But-ter-fly with-

his right eye. He tried to buy a cop-y in the Ten Cent Store, He  
out no wings. You'd look like Ger-al-dine Far-rar and that's no lie, Just

found that "But-ter-fly" would cost him twen-ty more; He said I don't need a Ja-pan-  
like she looks when she plays "Ma-dame But-ter-fly," Hang some lan-terns in the par-lor

ese Poor But - ter - fly, I know such a rich one and to her I can sigh:"  
of your Fa - dder's home, So that I can sing to you when we are a - lone:

REFRAIN *Slowly with expression*

Flut - ter, flut - ter, flut - ter 'round your A - bie Perl - mut - ter, Oi, my Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly!  
Flut - ter, flut - ter, flut - ter 'round your A - bie Perl - mut - ter, Oi, my Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly!  
Flut - ter, flut - ter, flut - ter 'round your A - bie Perl - mut - ter, Oi, my Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly!

Ask your Fa - dder and your Mudder if they want a cloth - ing cut - ter In the fam - ly by and by. — We will  
Ask your Fa - dder and your Mudder if they want a cloth - ing cut - ter In the fam - ly by and by. — They are  
Ask your Fa - dder and your Mudder if they want a cloth - ing cut - ter In the fam - ly by and by. — You're a

go on our hon - ey - moon to Kike - ki - kee Far a - way in "How are you" by the Bal - tic Sea, And we'll  
call - ing for sol - diers, I should go I guess, But they don't want the mar - ried men, come on, say "Yes," Would they  
beau - ti - ful girl and if I thought you're not I would love you the same, I would love you a lot, 'Cause I

raise a "Kosh - er" fam - i - ly, My Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly. — fly. —  
miss one sol - dier more or less, My Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly. — fly. —  
know how much your Fa - dder's got, My Yid - di - sha But - ter - fly. — fly. —

