Poor Butterfly ("from Hollywood Ending")

Bobby Hackett & His Orchestra

There's a story told of a little Japanese
Sitting demurely 'neath the cherry blossom trees
Miss Butterfly's her name
A sweet little innocent child was she
Till a fine young American from the sea
To her garden came
They met beneath the cherry blossoms every day
And he taught her how to love the American way
To love with a soul 'twas easy to learn
Then he sailed away with a promise to returnPoor Butterfly 'neath the blossoms waiting
Poor Butterfly, for she loved him so
The moments pass into hours
The hours pass into years
And as she smiles through her tears
She murmurs low
The moon and I
Know that he'll be faithful
I'm sure he'll come to me by and by
But if he won't come back
Then I'll never sigh or cry
I just must die
Poor Butterfly

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