

# Poor Butterfly

[Dave Mckenna](#)

There's a story told of a little Japanese  
Sitting demurely 'neath the cherry blossom trees  
Miss Butterfly her name, a sweet little innocent child was she  
Till a fine young American from the sea, to her garden came

They met 'neath the cherry blossoms every day  
And he taught her how to love in the American way  
To love with a soul was easy to learn  
And he sailed away with a promise to return

Poor Butterfly, 'neath the blossoms waiting  
Poor Butterfly, for she loved him so  
The moments pass into hours, the hours pass into years  
And there she smiled through her tears, she murmured low

The moon and I knew that he'd be faithful  
She knew he'd come to a by and by  
But if he n'er came back, she'd never sigh or cry  
She just would die, poor Butterfly

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