Poor Butterfly

Ernestine Anderson

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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She just would die, poor Butterfly

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