Poor Butterfly

Sarah Vaughan

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 cameThey met 'neath the cherry blossoms everyday
And he taught her how to love the American way
To love with her 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 soThe moments pass into hours
The hours pass into years
And as she smiles through her tears
She murmurs lowThe 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, then I'll never sigh or cry
I just must die, poor Butterfly

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