

## 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 came

They met 'neath the cherry blossoms everyday  
And he taught her how to love the American way  
To love with her soul t'was easy to learn  
Then 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 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