

Sarah Vaughan, Poor Butterfly

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.