

Frank Sinatra, Poor Butterfly

(R. Hubbell, J. Golden)

[Recorded December 12, 1967, Hollywood]

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 back by and by
But if he don't come back, I just must die, poor Butterfly

[Repeat, then modulate and repeat again]