

# MADAME BUTTERFLY

by

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English Setting by  
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## ACT ONE

*(Goro, ever the salesman, is showing the American Lieutenant Pinkerton around his newly acquired house, with terrace and garden, on a hillside overlooking the harbor city of Nagasaki. He proudly points out the salient features.)*

PINKERTON: *(admiringly)* Sliding walls, sliding ceilings . . .

GORO:                               Back and forth, this and that way,  
  Unique and innovative.  
  When you're bored with it one way,  
  With a tap, you yourself become creative.

PINKERTON:                       I'm keen on where you put the bed.

GORO:                               Here, there . . . depending.

PINKERTON:                       The new design for living!  
  The front room?

GORO:                               Outside.

PINKERTON: *(astonished)*       In the open?

GORO:                               But soon adjusted.

PINKERTON:                       Amazing! Amazing!  
  This also?

GORO:                               As you see.

PINKERTON:                       Flimsy and soon to fall apart.

**GORO:** Solid as bricks and mortar!  
From cellar to the ceiling.

**PINKERTON:** Till the first gust of wind.

*(Goro claps his hands three times and two men and a woman appear and humbly kneel before Pinkerton.)*

**GORO:** Meet some of your new servants --  
This lady long devoted  
To your charming fiancée.  
The cook . . . the handyman . . .  
Overcome by so great an honor.

**PINKERTON:** You call them? . . .

**GORO:** Miss *Cloud Above the Waters*.  
Meet *Royal Ray of Sunrise*,  
And *Heavy Breather*.

**SUZUKI:** *(still on her knees)* I see Your Honor smiling.  
Yes, laughter flavors life --  
So said the wise Ogunama.  
A smile can unravel  
The tangles of fortune.  
A smile frees the pearl from the oyster,  
Opens the well-guarded doors of heaven . . .  
The perfume of the gods,  
And the fountain of delight --  
So said the wise Ogunama.  
A smile from the heart  
Untangles knotted fortune.

*(Noticing that Pinkerton is getting impatient, Goro claps his hands three times, at which signal the three rise and quickly reenter the house.)*

**PINKERTON:** If gab were made of gold,  
The lady's worth a million.  
*(to Goro, on watch)* You see them?

**GORO:** Soon the bride should be arriving.

**PINKERTON:** Are we ready?

**GORO:** All in order.

**PINKERTON:**                   **The model marriage broker!**

*(Goro thanks him with a deep bow.)*

**GORO:**                               **Overdue,  
The all-important Registrar  
And the Consul,  
A swarm of relatives,  
Of course, the bride.  
Simply sign the agreement,  
No further fuss nor hassle.**

**PINKERTON:**                   **With her family gaping?**

**GORO:**                               **Her mother, grandma.  
Maybe Uncle Bonzo --  
Though he would hardly deign to appear in person.  
Sundry cousins, vast and varied;  
A motley range of rabble  
All distantly related,  
At least two dozen.  
But looking toward the future  
For blessings yet to come,  
We count on you and your lovely Butterfly.**

**PINKERTON:**                   **The model marriage broker!**

*(Again Goro thanks him with a low, obsequious bow. From offstage, the voice of Sharpless is heard in the distance.)*

**SHARPLESS:**                   **I'm no rugged mountaineer.  
Sweating, I huff and puff.**

**GORO:** *(announcing)*       **The Consul Sharpless!**

**SHARPLESS:** *(entering)*   **Ah! That gravel path!  
Oh, my aching muscles!**

**PINKERTON:** *(shaking hands)* **So glad you made it.**

**GORO:**                               **An honored visitor!**

**PINKERTON:**                   **Goro, hurry!  
Bring some refreshment.**

*(Goro hastily enters the house.)*

**SHARPLESS:** *(looking around)* Way up . . .

**PINKERTON:** In heaven!

**SHARPLESS:** Nagasaki . . . the ocean . . . the harbor . . .

**PINKERTON:** *(pointing to his new house)*

My little castle --  
Rubber bands and bamboo!

**SHARPLESS:** Yours?

**PINKERTON:** My very own,  
For roughly nine hundred ninety nine years.  
And I can cancel the contract  
Any time, any season.  
What an odd little country!  
Their leases like their houses are elastic.

**SHARPLESS:** A clever man could take advantage.

**PINKERTON:** You said it!

The wide world over,  
The roving Yankee revels,  
Eager for enterprise,  
However risky.

Where luck or chance decree  
He throws out his anchor --  
Some punch or whiskey? --  
Where luck or chance decree  
He throws out his anchor,  
And on the open sea  
He braves the storm  
To dominate and conquer.

On land his time is wasted  
If a plum or a peach  
Is left to go untasted,

**SHARPLESS:** Unconcerned with what may follow . . .

**PINKERTON:** No reward out of reach.

**SHARPLESS:**                    So bold and easy-going,  
   You swagger, little knowing  
   Where the winding road will lead.

**PINKERTON:**                    Braving misfortune,  
   He pulls himself together,  
   Predestined to succeed,  
   Nevermind foul weather.  
   Suppose he does get married, what's to lose  
   With a lease for nine hundred ninety years, or roughly,  
   Always free to leave should he so choose?

**SHARPLESS:**                    An easy pill to swallow.

**PINKERTON:**                    "The U.S.A. forever!"

**SHARPLESS:**                    "The U.S.A. forever!"  
   So your bride is a beauty?

*(Goro, eavesdropping from the terrace, can no longer restrain himself.)*

**GORO:**                            She is a garland of fragrant flowers!  
   With an Orient pearl we are dealing!  
   And a bargain, a mere hundred yen.

*(obsequiously, to Sharpless)*    May I mention also  
   I've on hand others equally appealing?

**PINKERTON:**                    Go, and tell her to hurry!

*(Goro runs off.)*

**SHARPLESS:**                    You are down with a fever!  
   Misled by mere infatuation.

**PINKERTON:**                    Who knows? . . . Who knows? . . .  
   I'm still undecided what to call it:  
   A round of sport or a frenzy of passion?  
   One thing for sure,  
   She's sweet and demure,  
   Skin of pure alabaster,  
   Fine as a glass figure  
   Spun by a master.

   Such an enchanting  
   Dear little creature!

**Pining and panting,  
Much I could teach her!**

**Sheer as the gold  
Of the sun when it rises,  
Lo and behold!  
She is full of surprises.  
No figurine on a silk-covered screen,  
No doll made of glass, she could pass for a queen.  
I must have my Butterfly!  
My heart has spoken --  
A pity if her fragile wings get broken.**

**SHARPLESS:** *(in a serious but affable tone)*

**She visited my office  
One morning not long ago.  
I did not see her, no, but I could hear,  
And her voice I found compelling,  
Its message clear:  
This was truly the sound of love,  
Whole and sincere.**

**I call it cold and cruel  
To lead her on with a lie  
And break the wings  
Of a spirit born to fly.**

**PINKERTON:** *(with good humor)* Careful, my kindly Consul!  
Your age begins to show.

**SHARPLESS:** Behavior cold and cruel . . .

**PINKERTON:** Have you forgotten the fires of yesteryear?  
Gladly I render  
Love tender though brief  
With no regrets and not a single tear.

**SHARPLESS:** I view with sorrow  
Her grief tomorrow  
If it turns out as badly as I fear.

**PINKERTON:** Whiskey?

**SHARPLESS:** No harm in another.

*(raising his glass)* Here's to a long lasting tie with Japan!

**PINKERTON:** *(also raising his)*

And to that long awaited day  
Of heading homeward,  
For a proper wedding  
To a bonified American!

*(Goro reappears, having climbed the hill, preceding Butterfly and a group of her young friends.)*

**GORO:**  
Higher and higher,  
They've not too far to go!  
Excited ladies buzzing  
Like a swarm of honey bees,  
Like leaves in the breeze.

**LADIES:** *(from within)* Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!  
What a view of sky and sea!

**BUTTERFLY:** *(also within)* We must be nearly there.  
Still climbing.

**LADIES:**  
So near the summit, and getting closer.  
Scent of flowers fills the air.  
What a view of sky and sea!  
Blue above and below.

**BUTTERFLY:**  
A touch of April, sly but friendly,  
Playfully awakens sleeping flowers.

**SHARPLESS:** This cheery chitter chatter of the young!

**BUTTERFLY:**  
There's none in all Japan,  
Not a person in the world  
So happy as I,  
For today I'm getting married  
To the man I adore,  
By love itself transported.  
Child no longer,  
In rapture, here on high  
I'll dwell evermore.

**LADIES:** Happy now, we pray

You'll always remain so.  
Before you're swept away  
To realms of high romance,  
(Entering realms of romance)  
Take one parting glance  
At the sky above you,  
And the flowers and the sea.

**BUTTERFLY:** In rapture,  
I come to marry the man I adore.

**LADIES:** Butterfly, Butterfly,  
As you enter realms of romance,  
Turn around a moment,  
Take a parting glance  
At the sea and flowers you adore so.

*(Butterfly enters, with her friends.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** My fiance, B. F. Pinkerton. Bow!

**LADIES:** Bow!

**BUTTERFLY:** Heaven bless you!

**LADIES:** *(still bowing)* God be with you!

**PINKERTON:** *(amused)* Climbing hills can be exhausting.

**BUTTERFLY:** For the impatient bride, I assure you,  
More exhausting is the waiting.

**PINKERTON:** For the compliment I'm grateful.

**BUTTERFLY:** I've prepared a dozen more.

**PINKERTON:** Polished jewels!

**BUTTERFLY:** Shall I offer you a sample?

**PINKERTON:** Thanks but . . . no.

**SHARPLESS:** Miss Butterfly . . . how pretty!  
The name is well suited.  
Are you from Nagasaki?

**BUTTERFLY:** Down below.  
There my family had means more than ample.  
*(to her friends)* Well-to-do?

**LADIES:** Yes indeed!

**BUTTERFLY:** The same old story.  
No one comes from families in need.  
Every down and outer has a tired tale to tell  
Of former glory.

I also knew what's meant by living well.  
But a sudden lightning flash  
Leaves the tallest oak uprooted.  
So I became a geisha girl  
To carry home some cash.  
Singing . . .

**LADIES:** Dancing . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** I don't deny it or conceal it.

*(Sharpless laughs, possibly from embarrassment.)*

You snicker . . . But why?  
That's how the world goes.

**PINKERTON:** *(sotto voce, to Sharpless)*

(Like a doll that can walk and talk --  
But I want her, I want her!)

**SHARPLESS:** *(to Butterfly)* Have you brothers and sisters?

**BUTTERFLY:** Neither one, sir.  
Only a mother.

**GORO:** *(with his usual self importance)*  
A most elegant lady!

**BUTTERFLY:** Though if the truth be told,  
She's poor as a sparrow in winter.

**SHARPLESS:** And where's your father?

**BUTTERFLY:** Buried.

*(The friends bow their heads, nervously fanning themselves. Goro also is embarrassed.)*

**SHARPLESS:** And how old are you?

**BUTTERFLY:** *(coquettishly)* You might try guessing.

**SHARPLESS:** Ten.

**BUTTERFLY:** Go forward.

**SHARPLESS:** Twenty.

**BUTTERFLY:** Go backward.  
Fifteen, exactly fifteen.  
Somewhat old, I would say.

**SHARPLESS:** Only fifteen!

**PINKERTON:** Still a kitten!

**SHARPLESS:** A happy age . . .

**PINKERTON:** . . . for getting married!

**GORO:** *(announcing)* Our esteemed Commissary,  
With the registrar as ordered,  
And sundry kinfolk.

**PINKERTON:** *(quietly to Goro)* Make it snappy.

*(Goro runs into the house as the relatives file in, with many solemn bows and greetings. Pinkerton's reaction is not entirely unwarranted.)*

**PINKERTON:** *(to Sharpless)* What a sideshow!  
My new in-laws!  
Look around, enjoy the circus.

**MOTHER & AUNT:** Simply divine!  
Not only rich  
But handsome, too!  
No finer man in all Japan.

**COUSIN:** *(to Butterfly)* Yes, he was offered first to me,  
But I said no.

**BUTTERFLY:** (*unfazed*)                    Too bad for you!

**COUSIN:**                                    The man is plain, you must agree;  
     A boulder offered first to me.  
     They come and go and so will he.  
     Some day I'll say I told you so.

**UNCLE YAKUSIDE:**                        Where is the wine?  
     I'll look around,  
     But all I see so far is tea.  
     No wine today? I want to go!

**LADIES ONE & THREE:**                    No loss of mine --  
     They come and go.  
     What can she see  
     In such a man?  
     A boulder offered first to me,  
     But I said no, they come and go,  
     And so will he.  
     I fear some day she'll hear me say  
     I told you so.

**LADY TWO:**                                    Would he were mine!  
     No finer man in all Japan!

**GORO:**                                        Oh, have a heart and keep it low!

**SHARPLESS:** (*to Pinkerton*) Rise up and stand elated,  
     O lucky B. F. Pinkerton!  
     Your charm has captivated  
     The fairest flower created.  
     Oh, but stay on guard,  
     Be wary!  
     Think long and hard  
     Before you marry Butterfly.  
     You may laugh as the vows are spoken,  
     But broken hearts are slow to heal.  
     Be careful . . . Hers are for real.

**PINKERTON:**                                    Before this hour is over  
     I'll claim my fragrant flower  
     In our own secluded bower.  
     The fire within grows hotter.  
     I've wanted, now I've got her.

**SOP. I & COUSIN:**                        He was offered first to me.

I said no, sir! No, sirree!  
No, sir! No, sirree!  
Look ahead or look behind;  
Better far I'm bound to find.  
I see them come and go,  
And so to him I just say no.

**SOP. II & MOTHER:** If he came to me like so,  
I'd hold on and not let go.  
Never would I answer no,  
Never answer no.  
Just the man I have in mind --  
Money, brain and brawn combined.  
I'd never let him go,  
And never, never just say no.

**TENORS:** Yes, we fear some day  
She will hear us say  
We told you so!

**BUTTERFLY:** Attention, if you please!  
Mama, come here. You over there,  
Listen, and now -- one, two, three! --  
Everyone bow!

*(As people disperse into the garden, Pinkerton takes Butterfly by the hand and leads her toward her new house.)*

**PINKERTON:** So come, my darling.  
Your new palatial quarters.

**BUTTERFLY:** Mister B. F. Pinkerton . . .  
Allow me . . .  
Let me show you . . .  
Just a few special items.

**PINKERTON:** Hidden treasures?

**BUTTERFLY:** In my sleeves. Do you mind?

**PINKERTON:** How could I ever  
Oppose my Butterfly?

*(One by one, she takes out various items from her sleeves and hands them to Suzuki who has joined them on the terrace.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** Silken kerchiefs . . . my pipe . . .  
This pretty belt . . .  
A buckle to go with it . . .  
And a mirror . . . and a fan.

**PINKERTON:** Is that rouge I see?

**BUTTERFLY:** To give a touch of color.

**PINKERTON:** Oho!

**BUTTERFLY:** You're frowning? There!

*(She throws away the jar, then holds up a long narrow box.)*

**PINKERTON:** A weapon?

**BUTTERFLY:** This to me is sacred.

**PINKERTON:** Am I allowed to see it?

**BUTTERFLY:** Too many people.  
You must pardon . . .

*(She disappears into the house, carrying the box with her. Her place is taken by Goro, who whispers to Pinkerton.)*

**GORO:** A sword, presented by the Mikado to her father . . .  
With instructions . . .

*(with a gesture indicating hara-kiri)*

**PINKERTON:** And her father? . . .

**GORO:** Followed orders.

*(He re-enters the house. Butterfly, returning to Pinkerton, takes some small statuettes from her sleeves.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** My statuettes.

**PINKERTON:** Pugnacious puppets!  
Who are these pygmies?

**BUTTERFLY:** The souls of my firebears.

**PINKERTON:** Ah! Give them my greetings.

**BUTTERFLY:** Though no one's to know it,  
I went secretly visiting the Mission.  
Heart and soul reawakened,  
New life was calling for a new religion.  
No one saw -- neither aunts, uncles, nor my own mother.  
An inner light I followed,  
A guide that pointed the way,  
And to the God of Pinkerton it led me,  
His God now my God.

In the same friendly church  
I want to kneel down with you;  
To your God I'll make my prayer.  
And to be yours alone,  
I'll cast off  
Deep-rooted ties of flesh and blood  
To give you all!

*(She throws herself into Pinkerton's arms, but suddenly stops as if in fear that her relatives have overheard. Meanwhile, the house has been opened up, the wedding about to proceed. Butterfly enters and kneels, Pinkerton close beside her. The friends and relatives, still in the garden, turn toward the house and also kneel.)*

**GORO:** Quiet, quiet!

**IMPERIAL COMMISSARY:** *(reading)*

Be it granted to those here present,  
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,  
Lieutenant now in service on the gunboat Lincoln  
Belonging to the United States of North America,  
And standing by his side, Miss Butterfly,  
Who resides in Omara, Nagasaki,  
Permission to get married,  
Unto the former  
By the right of man's free will,  
To her, by right of relatives consenting,  
Gathered today as witness.

*(He offers the contract for signing.)*

**GORO:** The groom first, then the bride.  
And all is settled.

*(Friends and relatives surround Butterfly, with bows and compliments.)*

**SOPRANOS:**                      **Now Madame Butterfly!**

**BUTTERFLY:** *(raising a finger and gently correcting them)*

**Now Madame B. F. Pinkerton.**

**COMMISSARY:** *(to Pinkerton)*    **Congratulations!**

**PINKERTON:**                      **They're much appreciated.**

**COMMISSARY:** *(to Sharpless)* **You will be soon heading downward?**

**SHARPLESS:**                      **I'll escort you.**  
*(to Pinkerton)*                      **We shall meet tomorrow.**

**PINKERTON:**                      **Always a pleasure.**

**REGISTRAR:**                      **Have many sons!**

**PINKERTON:**                      **I'll do my best.**

**SHARPLESS:** *(gravely)*                      **Remember.**

*(Pinkerton reassures him with a gesture, as he departs with the Commissary and the Registrar.)*

**PINKERTON:**                      **(Well, well! Me and the family!**  
   **Let's keep it cordial,**  
   **But keep it brief.)**  
   **Hip! Hip!**

**RELATIVES:**                      **O Kami! O Kami!**

**PINKERTON:**                      **A toast to the binding ties of marriage!**

**AUNT & MOTHER:**                      **To marriage! To marriage!**

*(The toasts are interrupted by a loud voice from offstage, at the sound of which the relatives and friends turn pale and tremble.)*

**BONZO:** *(offstage)*                      **Cio-cio-san! Cio-cio-san!**  
   **An abomination!**

**RELATIVES:** *(in horror)*                      **Uncle Bonzo!**

**GORO:** *(annoyed)*                      **To hell with that old geezer!  
They should lay down a law  
To ward off hot headed loonies.**

*(The awesomely menacing figure of Uncle Bonzo appears, and accusingly addresses Butterfly.)*

**BONZO:**                                      **What went on inside the mission?**

**RELATIVES:**                                **That's not where you belong.**

**PINKERTON:**                                **Why's the lunatic shouting?**

**BONZO:**                                      **I want the truth: what happened?**

**RELATIVES:**                                **We also want to know.**

**BONZO:**                                      **Speak up! You're afraid to answer.  
But no reply is needed.  
There she disowned us all!**

**RELATIVES:**                                **Hou! Cio-cio-san!**

**BONZO:**                                      **She betrayed her own people,  
Defied religion!**

**RELATIVES:**                                **Hou! Cio-cio-san!**

**BONZO:** *(to her mother who has made a gesture of coming to Butterfly's defense)*

**Heed no appeal to mercy.  
The fire of wrath eternal  
For this daughter of evil!**

**PINKERTON:**                                **You've said enough, so stop it!**

**BONZO:**                                      **Goodby forever. We're leaving!  
You thought that you disowned us --**

*(joined by others)*                              **But we disown you!**

**PINKERTON:**                                **In my house I'm the master.  
Clear out at once!  
I'll have none of this Bonzo Bonzo business here.**

**RELATIVES:**                    Hou! Cio-cio-san!  
                                      Now it's goodbye forever.  
                                      We all disown you.  
                                      Hou! Cio-cio-san!

*(Little by little their voices have grown fainter as the relatives depart, leaving Butterfly motionless and silent, her face covered by her hands. Darkness begins to fall.)*

**PINKERTON:** *(tenderly removing her hands from her tear-stained face)*

                                      Baby, baby, I'm here for you.  
                                      Waste no tears on these jackals.

**RELATIVES:** *(in the distance)*    Hou! Cio-cio-san!

**BUTTERFLY:** *(covering her ears to drown out their cries)*

                                      They'll never stop.

**PINKERTON:**                    No member of your clan,  
                                      Nor all the Bonzos in Japan  
                                      Is worth a single tear  
                                      That in your lovely eyes now glistens.

**BUTTERFLY:**                    Are you sure?    Then I'll not cry.  
                                      How can their anger grieve me for a moment  
                                      When you speak words so tender,  
                                      Falling soft upon my heart like the dew?

*(As she bows down to kiss his hand, he gently restrains her.)*

**PINKERTON:**                    Why kiss my hand?

**BUTTERFLY:**                    I'm told that in your country,  
                                      Among the educated,  
                                      That's how one shows respect and admiration.

**SUZUKI:** *(in a murmur from within)*

                                      Izaghi and Izanami, be merciful.  
                                      O Kami, Izaghi and Izanami,  
                                      Watch over her, O Kami.

**PINKERTON:**                    What mumbo jumbo is that?



And so happy!

PINKERTON: *(observing her lovingly)*

My graceful little squirrel  
Puts on her new apparel.  
To think this pretty plaything is my wife!  
What fire!  
What exotic charm and poise!  
I am conquered by the fever  
Of ravenous desire.

*(He extends his hands to Butterfly who is about to come down from the terrace.)*

My pretty doll with magic in her eyes!  
Now mine to love and cherish.  
In white, looking chaste as a lily,  
The dark of your hair  
Like a bird on a snow-covered bough.

BUTTERFLY: Imagine the moon goddess near you,  
The moon goddess casting a spell on the night  
Having left her domain far above . . .

PINKERTON: To enchant some poor mortal . . .

BUTTERFLY: Then to take him  
In the folds of her mantle of white  
To a place where few can enter,  
A region of rapture.

PINKERTON: And yet there's a word still unspoken:  
How long till you tell me you love me?  
Can this tender moon goddess  
Yield to the lover who burns with desire?

BUTTERFLY: She can, but may fear to surrender,  
Afraid she may die in the flame,  
Afraid she may die in the flame.

PINKERTON: Such fear is childish,  
For love is life's fountain,  
No destroyer.  
When it smiles it gives energy and joy,  
Like your own smile  
Deep in those soft Oriental eyes.

*(He caresses her face as he draws her close to him. But with a sudden movement she shrinks from his caress.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** *(with intense feeling)*

Then I shall say it:  
You are my all,  
You are the life within me,  
As you have been since the breath-taking moment  
When first I saw you.  
You are bold and manly;  
Your laughter is calm and reassuring.  
And when you speak,  
I want only to listen.  
When you are near me  
I am in heaven.

*(Kneeling at Pinkerton's feet, she gazes at him tenderly, almost pleadingly.)*

I want you to love me,  
If even just a little,  
The way I've seen in children  
Growing up close to nature.  
Love me the way I love you.

My people tend to favor  
The small and the simple.  
Often our love is silent,  
Modest as the flower  
That few would stop to notice,  
But reaching far  
As the sky and the ocean.

**PINKERTON:**

Dear little hands!  
I'll cover you with kisses!  
My Butterfly --  
Such a well-chosen name,  
So colorful, so fragile.

*(Withdrawing her hands, Butterfly becomes sad, then increasingly frightened and agitated.)*

**BUTTERFLY:**

They say that in your country  
Men capture them for sport,  
And for amusement  
Have them punctured with a needle,

Then confined inside an album.

**PINKERTON:** *(again taking her hands and smiling)*  
That may be true in part.  
And shall I tell you why?  
So they'll not fly away.  
You see, I've caught you,  
But only to embrace you --  
You are mine!

**BUTTERFLY:** *(with abandon)* Yes, yours forever!

**PINKERTON:** Follow, follow . . .

Leave despair and confusion,  
Leave sorrow and weeping.  
The night warm and tender,  
All of nature lies sleeping.

Made for lovers!  
The stars burn so brightly.  
The night is ours!  
All of nature lies sleeping.

Follow, follow . . . Fear no longer.  
Stars on lovers brightly shine,  
And light the halls of heaven  
As bright eyes of angels look downward  
From over the mountains to the waters reflecting.  
The night is ours, all is well!

Stars are shining on love, yours and mine.  
Oh, night of rapture! Oh, night divine!  
Come, love! Be mine!

**BUTTERFLY:** Ah! Night of rapture, warm and tender!  
Never have the stars burned brighter.  
Trembling, sparkling,  
They dazzle and amaze the eye,  
Like diamonds on a velvet sky,  
  
Stars that light the halls of heaven,  
Eyes of angels looking down,  
From over the mountains,  
To the calm reflecting waters . . .

Oh, night of rapture!  
Night of ecstasy that cries,  
All is well!

## ACT TWO

*(Inside the house. Suzuki, kneeling in front of an image of the Buddha, is praying. Butterfly lies on the floor, supporting her head in the palms of her hands.)*

SUZUKI:                    You gods that watch over women,  
You guardians of pity and compassion --  
                                 This wretched headache! --  
                                 And you, god of the home.  
                                 Tell pretty Butterfly to weep no more,  
                                 No more, no more.

BUTTERFLY: *(without stirring)* Our native gods  
                                 Are too fat and too lazy.  
                                 The gods across the ocean  
                                 Are more progressive.  
I am sure they would answer prayer more promptly.  
                                 Though now I often wonder  
                                 If they know that I live here.  
                                 Suzuki, how soon must we go begging?

*(Suzuki goes to a cabinet, opens a small box, then shakes it.)*

SUZUKI:                    Little's left of our money.

BUTTERFLY:                Nothing! No, only expenses.

SUZUKI:                    Unless we hear from your husband  
                                 We are headed for hunger.

BUTTERFLY: *(getting up, determined)* He's coming!

SUZUKI:                    Well, perhaps . . .

BUTTERFLY: *(with irritation)* Why has he ordered  
                                 The consul all these years to pay my rent?  
                                 Reply to that!  
                                 And why was he so careful

To see that double locks were on the doors  
If he intended never to return?

SUZUKI: Who can say?

BUTTERFLY: (*indignantly*) Here is why:  
(*calm again*) A bolted door will keep away mosquitoes,  
Warding off aunts and uncles,  
And other troubles.  
Inside, though,  
He has made a secure and quiet haven  
For his dear beloved bride,  
Butterfly!

SUZUKI: Ha! Who has ever seen  
An American husband  
Returning home to the nest?

BUTTERFLY: Don't say it! Or I'll choke you.  
I asked him on the day of his departure,  
Oh, when will you return?  
Throbbing with deep emotion --  
How he tried to conceal it! --  
He replied with a smile,  
"O Butterfly!  
My pretty little darling!  
I'll return with the roses,  
In that homecoming season  
When the red robin once more  
Comes home for nesting."  
He'll return!

SUZUKI: We hope . . .

BUTTERFLY: Say it with me: he'll return

SUZUKI: He'll return!

(*After saying the words she bursts into tears.*)

BUTTERFLY: Those tears! Why weep? Why weep?  
So discouraged already?

(*with supreme confidence*) Not I!



On the far horizon,  
And then his ship of splendor!  
As the flags are waving,  
Proudly it enters the harbor  
To the sound of cannon fire.  
Homeward comes my hero!

I'll not go down to greet him, no, no!  
I'll wait here on the hill overlooking.  
Too excited, I'll wait,  
Never mind how many hours,  
For he remembered.

Emerging from the distant crowded city,  
No bigger than a needle,  
I see a man slowly climbing.  
Is it he? Is it he?

And as he draws still closer,  
I can hear! I can hear  
As he cries, "Butterfly,  
My love, where are you?"

Silent, I dare not answer,  
But stay a while in hiding,  
Though partly teasing, in part afraid  
To die of joy to see him.

Uneasily he looks around and calls,  
"Butterfly!  
My Oriental blossom!  
My delicate verbena!"  
And other pretty names that I found so charming.

It will happen exactly as I told you.  
So put aside your fears,  
For my own faith remains  
Unshaken!

*(Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden. Goro looks inside, sees Butterfly and indicates for Sharpless to enter.)*

**GORO:** There you'll find her.

*(Goro disappears. Sharpless knocks discreetly.)*

**SHARPLESS:** Do excuse me. Is Madame Butterfly? . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** Now Madame Pinkerton. Please!  
Oh! The American gentleman from the consulate!

**SHARPLESS:** So you remember?

**BUTTERFLY:** You are welcome.  
Like you, I'm American also.

**SHARPLESS:** Thank you.

**BUTTERFLY:** Tell me. . . Your ancestors sleep serenely?

**SHARPLESS:** I hope so.

**BUTTERFLY:** A smoker?

**SHARPLESS:** *(wanting to get to the point right away)*

Thank you . . . I've brought . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** So lovely.  
I live in seventh heaven.

**SHARPLESS:** *(rejecting the pipe)* No thanks. I . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** You perhaps prefer  
The cigarettes made in America.

**SHARPLESS:** How thoughtful.  
I want to read you . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** A light?

**SHARPLESS:** I've heard from Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton.

**BUTTERFLY:** A letter! Is he healthy?

**SHARPLESS:** He says so.

**BUTTERFLY:** In all Japan  
I'm the happiest woman living!  
May I ask you, though, one question?

**SHARPLESS:**

Ask it.

**BUTTERFLY:**

When do red robins in North America  
Begin their nesting?

**SHARPLESS:**

Beg your pardon?

**BUTTERFLY:**

Say . . . is it later than here?

**SHARPLESS:**

You're asking *me*?

**BUTTERFLY:**

On the day of his departure  
My husband promised to return in springtime  
When the red robin flies homeward for nesting.  
Here they have nested already three times.  
But over there perhaps  
The robins do it not so often.

*(Goro appears and laughs.)*

Who is laughing?  
That marriage broker! A slimy serpent!

**GORO:** *(obsequiously)*

Madame.

**BUTTERFLY:**

Get out! *(Goro does so.)*  
He had the gall!  
No . . . Nevermind, but first,  
Please, I want my question answered.

**SHARPLESS:**

Very sorry. You've got me.  
I fear that my ornithology is rusty.

**BUTTERFLY:**

Orni . . . ?

**SHARPLESS:**

Bird study.

**BUTTERFLY:**

Meaning you have no answer?

**SHARPLESS:**

Right . . . we were saying? . .

**BUTTERFLY:** *(still pursuing her own train of thought)*

Ah, yes. Starting the day my husband Pinkerton  
Set sail, Goro pestered me with presents  
And promises of more to come

To entice me to marry Yamadori.  
Nothing less than a bribe  
To be purchased by a donkey!

**GORO:** (*interrupting*)  
(*to Sharpless*) To wed a man with millions  
Otherwise, she's a beggar.  
Her angry relatives  
Have one and all disowned her.

(*Yamadori arrives, with retenue.*)

**BUTTERFLY:** Look at him! My suitor!  
Yamadori, for love  
Do you still sigh in vain,  
Still pine and suffer?  
Why prolong this grief and pain  
Instead of turning to another?

**YAMADORI:** How you tantalize a lover  
With your laughter and disdain!

**BUTTERFLY:** You have run the course so often;  
Why, oh why go after me?

**YAMADORI:** True, I've married six or seven,  
But divorce has set me free.

**BUTTERFLY:** How romantic!

**YAMADORI:** You've won my heart,  
And this time it is forever.

**SHARPLESS:** (This could well go on forever  
And she'll never hear my letter.)

**GORO:** Money, servants, jewels,  
And a town palace -- yours for the asking.

**BUTTERFLY:** I have told you I am married.

**GORO & YAMADORI:** (*To Sharpless*)  
(*She continues to believe it.*)

**BUTTERFLY:** Not believe it, sir, I know it!

**GORO:** The law has spoken . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** But not to me!

**GORO:** In the language of the law, of course,  
Desertion means divorce.

**BUTTERFLY:** The Japanese law, maybe.  
I've now another country.

**GORO:** Really?

**BUTTERFLY:** The U. S. A., sir!

**SHARPLESS:** (Oh! Heaven help her!)

**BUTTERFLY:** Though here the laws are nimble,  
And to toss out a wife is quick and simple,  
And it is called divorce,  
I am American!  
Women there have rights!  
Don't they?

**SHARPLESS:** Somewhat . . . Although . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** There a wise magistrate  
Questions with candor,  
Asking a husband,  
"You wish to separate?  
Whatever for?"

"My wife is a bore.  
No husband could stand her."  
"Dare you accuse her?  
I call it slander!  
Jail time for you, sir."  
Who will have tea?

*(She leaves to prepare tea.)*

**YAMADORI:** Delusions!

**SHARPLESS:** I am sorry to see her living in a dream..

**GORO:** Have you told her yet that Pinkerton's ship is in?

**YAMADORI:** *(in despair)* I lose her if she sees him.

**SHARPLESS:**               That meeting will not happen.  
                                  I'm here expressly to prepare her for the truth.

**BUTTERFLY:** *(returning, offering tea to Sharpless)*

                                  If your Grace will allow me . . .

*(behind her fan, laughing at Goro and Yamadori)*

                                  (These unpleasant intruders!)

**YAMADORI:** *(with a sigh)*               Goodby, then.  
                                  I leave you a heart heavy with sorrow,  
                                  And yet with hope.

**BUTTERFLY:**                               Your pleasure.

**YAMADORI:**                               If you but wanted . . .

**BUTTERFLY:**                               The trouble is, I don't!

*(Yamadori leaves with a sigh, followed by Goro. Sharpless, grave and earnest, takes out the letter once again and beckons for Butterfly to be seated beside him.)*

**SHARPLESS:**                               Back to us. Sit here by me.  
                                  You and I shall read  
                                  This letter from the American.

**BUTTERFLY:** *(taking the letter, holding it to her heart, then covering it with kisses)*

                                  His letter! Let me hug it, and kiss it!  
                                  You're the best man in all of the world!  
                                  Now let me hear it!

**SHARPLESS:** *(reading)*                “My friend, go searching  
                                  Till you find that fair little flower.”

**BUTTERFLY:** *(clapping her hands with joy)*

                                  Are those really his words?

**SHARPLESS:**                               Yes. But I warn you,  
                                  If you keep interrupting . . .

**BUTTERFLY:**                   **Quiet, quiet! I promise.**

**SHARPLESS:**               **“Oh, the springtime of youth!  
Yet three years ago we parted.”**

**BUTTERFLY:** *(unable to restrain herself)*

**He has also been counting!**

**SHARPLESS:**               **“I expect that Butterfly  
Has forgotten me by now.”**

**BUTTERFLY:**           **I have forgotten? Suzuki, did you hear?  
Forgotten me by now . . .**

**SHARPLESS:**               **(Forge onward!)  
“But she may still be in love,  
She may be waiting . . .”**

**BUTTERFLY:**               **He is worried but hopeful!  
Those words revive me!**

**SHARPLESS:**               **“Your friendship I depend on  
To lay the groundwork,  
Then of course to break it to her gently . . .”**

**BUTTERFLY:**               **He’s coming!**

**SHARPLESS:**               **“But firmly.”**

**BUTTERFLY:**               **Go on! When? When?**

**SHARPLESS:** *(getting up suddenly, then putting the letter back in his pocket)*

**(Too painful!  
But no way to avoid it.  
That bloody bastard Pinkerton!)**

*(looking Butterfly in the eye, very seriously)*

**You might consider what to do, Madame Butterfly,  
If he were never to return again.**

*(Butterfly, stunned, as if mortally wounded, pauses, then bows her head in  
childlike submissiveness.)*

**BUTTERFLY:**                   Two things I could do:  
                                  Go back to entertaining gentlemen with song,  
                                  Or else . . . better . . . to die.

**SHARPLESS:** *(genuinely touched)*

                                  Though it hurts to see you suffer,  
                                  I must shatter vain illusions.  
                                  You had best accept the offer  
                                  Made by wealthy Yamadori.

**BUTTERFLY:**     You, even you, would so advise me?   You?

**SHARPLESS:**               Mighty God!   What could I do?

**BUTTERFLY:** *(clapping her hands)*

                                  Come. Suzuki!   Hurry, hurry!  
                                  Our guest is just about to leave.

**SHARPLESS:**               You dismiss me?

**BUTTERFLY:** *(repentant, sobbing)* I am sorry!  
                                  Further talk will come to nothing.

**SHARPLESS:**               I spoke out because I had to!

**BUTTERFLY:** *(sorrowful, her hand on her heart)*

                                  Ah, you do me such injustice,  
                                  How you wrong me, how you wrong me!

*(After faltering, she regains her composure.)*

                                  Nothing, nothing . . .  
                                  Though I thought I would die.  
                                  The chill of death, it came and went  
                                  Like a cloud upon the water.

*(with firm resolution)*     So!   I'm forgotten?

*(She runs out and returns triumphantly with a small child, whom she proudly displays to Sharpless.)*

                                  Him also . . .   Him also . . . Him also?

Can he forget his little boy?

**SHARPLESS:** *(stunned)* Is it his?

**BUTTERFLY:** How many babies entirely Japanese,  
Have his blue eyes?  
His features?  
His hair as golden as the sunrise? . . .

**SHARPLESS:** *(increasingly moved)* Point taken.  
Has Pinkerton been told?

**BUTTERFLY:** No, no! My darling  
Had sailed already  
To his far distant homeland.  
But you . . . you'll write and tell him  
He will find here a son without an equal.  
And then, I guarantee,  
Swift as an arrow,  
He'll come racing over land and sea!

*(tenderly, teasingly to the baby)*

Did you guess the awful things  
The cruel man saw coming?  
Your own mother would take you in her arms,  
In freezing winter,  
Through wind and rain to roam the town  
In search of a crust of bread  
Or a rag of clothing.

And to the indifferent crowd that gathers  
Her trembling hand she would extend,  
Imploring, "Have pity, have pity!  
Oh, hear the pleading of a grieving mother  
Holding her baby son,  
And leave them not to starve.

And in exchange,  
The fallen Butterfly will dance for you again,  
And as in days gone by,  
The geisha girl will sing."  
Her song begins light-hearted and merry,  
But with wrenching sobs will end.

*(Falling to the floor, she caresses the child with convulsive emotion.)*

Ah, no! No, never that!  
I'll not go back  
To a life of degradation.  
Kill me! Kill me!  
I'd sooner die.  
That shameful way of life I've left forever.  
No! Kill me!

SHARPLESS: (*holding back tears*) (I weep for her.)  
I'll come back later.  
Can you forgive me?

(*Butterfly gently gives him her hand, then turns to the child, takes one of his hands and places it in Sharpless' hand.*)

BUTTERFLY: My love, give him your hand.

SHARPLESS: The hair so fine, so curly!  
Mister, what do they call you by?

BUTTERFLY: He answers, "My name today, sir,  
Should be Sorrow,  
But please, write my Daddy  
And say that on the day of his ship's return,  
Then Happy, Happy will be my name."

SHARPLESS: I'll let his Daddy know,  
And that's a promise.

(*After bowing to Butterfly, he leaves quickly.*)

SUZUKI: (*from outside*) Cursed viper, scaly reptile!

(*She enters, dragging in Goro who struggles to free himself.*)

BUTTERFLY: My dear!

SUZUKI: The snake was crawling round the garden,  
Secreting poison and spreading slander,  
A filthy lie!  
He claims that no one knows  
Who is the father.

GORO: (*feebly protesting*) I've mentioned . . . only . . .  
I'm told in America  
That children born under murky circumstances

Will live forever shunned  
And disowned by decent people.

**BUTTERFLY:** (*seizing a knife*) Ah! Liar! Liar!  
Liar! Ah! Liar!  
Say it again and I'll kill you!

**SUZUKI:** No!

*(Frightened, she takes the child out of the room.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** (*to Goro, as he flees*) Get out!

*(She remains motionless, but little by little stirs again, puts the knife away, and turns her thoughts to her child.)*

My child, my little love,  
My pain, my consolation,  
The joy of my life!  
Ah! Soon your father will come with open arms.  
Then far away,  
He'll carry us back to his own country,  
His land across the sea.

*(A cannon shot is heard. Suzuki enters in great excitement.)*

**SUZUKI:** A salute from the harbor!  
A magnificent warship!

*(Butterfly and Suzuki both run toward the terrace to observe.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** Peerless! Awesome!  
Yes, there it is! I see the stars and stripes . . .  
Now the ship is about to anchor.

*(Trembling with emotion, she takes out a telescope and points it toward the harbor.)*

Help me hold it steady so I can read the name.  
The name is . . . I'll find it . . . There it is!  
Ah! ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

They all said never, never, never!  
I alone knew and trusted,  
I alone who loved him!  
Now can you see how little you knew him?

My prayer is answered!  
He comes back after everyone said over and over,  
He has forgotten.  
But love saw me through.  
My belief and my trust are now rewarded  
Because he loves me!



Shake the bough that bears the cher- ry blos- soms; let the pet- als pour down.

I want to drown in the shower  
That cools my burning forehead.

*(She sobs from sheer happiness.)*

**SUZUKI:** My dear, try to calm yourself . . .  
You're sobbing.

**BUTTERFLY:** No, laughing, laughing!  
How long do you suppose we shall wait?  
An hour? Or less?

**SUZUKI:** Or more.

**BUTTERFLY:** Two hours, maybe.  
Flowers! Flowers to fill the room  
Like sparkling stars that fill the night.  
Bring them all!

**SUZUKI:** Every one?

**BUTTERFLY:** Bring them all!  
Fill the room with jasmine,  
Peach and cherry, too,  
Every bud that blooms  
Upon the stem of bush or bough.

**SUZUKI:** Leaving behind a wintry garden,  
Bare after a storm.

**BUTTERFLY:** Now is the time to breathe  
And bathe in the fresh smell of spring.

**SUZUKI:** Leaving a garden wintry and bare  
After a storm.

*(Handing her a bouquet of flowers)*

As you requested . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** Gather still more.

**SUZUKI:** How often from the garden  
You gazed for hours and hours,  
Weeping and staring  
Into the vast and empty sea.

**BUTTERFLY:** I'll weep no longer  
Now that the wait is over.  
From soil I've watered with tears  
Comes a rebirth of flowers.

*(Suzuki goes out into the garden, then returns with her arms full of flowers.)*

**SUZUKI:** No more flowers!

**BUTTERFLY:** No more flowers?  
Let's together . . .

**SUZUKI:** On the door a crown of roses.

**BUTTERFLY:** Scatter bouquets of flowers  
Welcoming love's return.  
Balmy April blooms again  
In the fragrant air.

Pelt him with rays of color!  
For love's return prepare, prepare!

**SUZUKI:** Lotus, lilac, cherry blossoms . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** Adorn the halls, fill the baskets,  
Leave no surface bald and bare.  
Where he will tread spread a carpet,  
Spread a carpet sweetly scented,  
Lilies, roses, violets blended.  
Balmy April blooms again.

**SUZUKI:** Lilies, lilac blended . . .  
Violets sweetly scented.  
Lilies, roses, lilac . . .  
Balmy April blooms again.

**BOTH:** To welcome love unchanging,  
Scatter bouquets of roses,  
Of violets and lilac,  
Flowers of every hue.

*(Twilight begins to fall.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** I, too, must look my best.  
No. First, bring me my baby.

*(Suzuki brings the child and seats him near Butterfly, who meanwhile has been sadly gazing at herself in a small mirror.)*

The years have changed me.  
Too many times I have sighed in despair;  
Too often I have stared  
At the empty horizon.  
Pale as a ghost, I need a touch of color.  
Some also for my baby.  
Your father must not see his little son  
Pallid from patiently waiting.

**SUZUKI:** You mustn't move  
Till I'm finished with brushing your hair.

**BUTTERFLY:** *(with a smile mixed with anger)*

What will they say now,  
My aunts and uncles?  
Well satisfied, they scoff while I suffer.  
And Yamadori, my would-be lover!  
These birds of a feather  
May notice a change in the weather.

**SUZUKI** All done.

**BUTTERFLY:** I shall wear my bridal veil.

*(Suzuki places another robe with ample folds on the child.)*

We must both be ready.  
Again he'll see me as I was  
Upon my wedding day.  
And a red poppy fastened in my hair.  
Like so.

In the shutters  
We'll make three little holes for peering out.  
And then as quiet as three little mice,  
We shall watch and wait.

*(Night continues to fall. Butterfly places the child on a cushion beside her, admonishing him to watch attentively through the hole prepared for him. Both the child and Suzuki soon fall asleep. Only Butterfly remains erect and motionless as the night goes on. A chorus hums softly offstage, and the curtain slowly descends.)*

### ACT THREE

*(The long night of agony transpires. From the harbor at the foot of the hill voices of sailors are heard. It is dawn. Butterfly continues to peer out fixedly, while the baby sleeps and Suzuki dozes beside her.)*

**SUZUKI:** *(waking up with a start)*

Already sunrise! Cio-Cio San . . .

**BUTTERFLY:** He'll come. He'll come, you'll see.

**SUZUKI:** Go in and get some rest.  
You're exhausted.  
And I will call you when he arrives.

*(Taking the sleeping child in her arms, Butterfly goes out slowly.)*

**BUTTERFLY:**



You play with angels,  
She wrestles with despair . .

**SUZUKI:** My weary Butterfly.  
*(After Butterfly has left, there is a light knock at the door.)*

Who is it?

*(She opens the door and cries out in great surprise. It is Sharpless and Pinkerton, who enter cautiously on tip toe.)*

SHARPLESS: Hush!

PINKERTON: Quiet, quiet!  
Don't wake her up.

SUZUKI: She was so very tired!  
Her little son beside her,  
All night she waited and waited.

PINKERTON: How did she know?

SUZUKI: Each day for three long years,  
From afar, she has spotted every ship that comes to port,  
Searching out where it's from, where it's headed.

SHARPLESS: What did I tell you?

SUZUKI: I'll call her.

PINKERTON: No. Not yet.

SUZUKI: You may notice . . .  
She wanted to welcome you home  
With cascades of flowers.

SHARPLESS: I predicted . . .

PINKERTON: I feel it.

SUZUKI: *(suddenly alarmed)* There's someone outside in the garden . . .  
A young lady!

PINKERTON: Careful!

SUZUKI: *(agitated and frightened)* But who? But who?

SHARPLESS: Better not keep her guessing.

PINKERTON: *(much embarrassed)* An American girl.

SUZUKI: But who? But who?

**SHARPLESS:** In short, his wife.

*(Dumbfounded, Suzuki raises her arms, then falls on her knees.)*

**SUZUKI:** Oh, sainted ancestors, save us!  
All is over. The sun goes down,  
And hope is dead.

**SHARPLESS:** *(calming Suzuki and helping her to rise)*  
We come here so early for a purpose:  
To speak with you in private.  
Suzuki, we count on your proven love and devotion  
To pull her through.

**SUZUKI:** *(desolate)* Too late now! Too late now!

*(Sharpless takes Suzuki outside and tries to reason with her, while Pinkerton paces about the room with increasing agitation.)*

**SHARPLESS:** For one so gravely wounded  
There is no medication.  
But her child's life we can salvage  
In a land where doors are still open.

That kind woman  
Who dares not enter  
Will give him motherly care and love.  
Come out and greet her.  
Extend a welcome  
And invite her inside.  
If Butterfly should see and guess, never mind.  
There's no way, no way to break it gently,  
And delay will not make it easier.  
Go, reassure this kind-hearted lady.  
Persuade her to join us inside.  
Go and talk to her.

**PINKERTON:** Ah, how bitter is the smell of these fragrant flowers!  
Lethal poison to my heart!  
Nothing's changed here at all  
Where once we loved,  
Though a chill of death hovers near.  
I see my picture . . .  
Three years ago I left her.  
For three years she has waited,  
While counting, counting each day and hour,



Remembering her gentle eyes.

You flowers of love, goodbye.  
Again I run away  
From the scene of love betrayed,  
Running, running from the wrong I've done.  
To flowers, to flowers of love betrayed,  
Say goodbye, say goodbye.

**SHARPLESS:** For loving and believing  
Her tears will flow.  
Deceived, now forsaken . . .  
Too well I prophesied.  
Be off! The bitter truth  
She will face alone.

*(Pinkerton shakes hands with the Consul, then rapidly departs. Suzuki comes from the garden, followed by Kate who stops at the edge of the terrace.)*

**KATE:** Then you will tell her?

**SUZUKI:** *(with bowed head)* I promise.

**KATE:** Advising her to entrust to me her baby?

**SUZUKI:** I promise.

**KATE:** Like my own I shall love him.

**SUZUKI:** So be it.  
But I must be with her alone to say it.  
All she loves so dearly . . . taken.  
Oh, the tears will be bitter  
And everlasting.

**BUTTERFLY:** *(from outside)* Suzuki! Suzuki!  
Are you there? Where are you?

*(She appears at the half-closed door. Kate, unseen, retreats into the garden.)*

**SUZUKI:** I'm here . . .  
Here praying . . . and putting things in order.

*(She rushes to prevent Butterfly from entering.)*

No . . . no . . . no!  
Stay out, I beg you! No . . . no!

*(Butterfly breaks away from her and in great excitement hurries in. She is jubilant.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** He's here! He's here!  
Where is he hiding?  
I know he's here!

*(noticing Sharpless)*

The Consul here as well?

*(now frightened)* Where is he? Where?  
Not here . . .

*(After searching in vain for Pinkerton, she sees Kate in the garden and stares fixedly at Sharpless.)*

That young lady . . .  
What does she want?  
No one answers . . .  
But you are crying.

*(Sharpless approaches Butterfly and starts to speak. Fearing what he will say, she shrinks away like a frightened child.)*

Why? No, no, tell me nothing . . . nothing.  
What you are holding back  
May be too much for me.  
My Suzuki, so kind and so loyal!  
But weep no more.  
If you love me sincerely,  
Say yes or no,  
But softly . . .  
Is he living?

**SUZUKI:** Yes.

**BUTTERFLY:** But he'll not return?  
They have told you!

*(Suzuki remains silent.)*

Viper! Answer me when I ask you!

**SUZUKI:** It's true.

**BUTTERFLY:** He came this morning?

**SUZUKI:** Yes.

*(Butterfly, taking it in, stares at Kate as though hypnotized.)*

**BUTTERFLY:** That woman scares me!  
How I tremble and shudder,  
Tremble and shudder!

**SHARPLESS:** She's the innocent cause  
Of your misfortune and sorrow.  
She is not to blame.

**BUTTERFLY:** She is his wife!  
*(with a calm voice)* Nothing's left but the dark.  
My life is over. All.

**SHARPLESS:** Be strong.

**BUTTERFLY:** All I have they have come for.  
*(in desperation)* They want my child!

**SHARPLESS:** For his own sake, be brave  
And make the sacrifice.

**BUTTERFLY:** But I'm his mother!  
I'm his mother!  
He is my son . . . my darling!

*(She remains motionless, but then speaks calmly.)*

All right. I shall do what I must.

**KATE:** *(timidly, still not entering the room)*

Can you some day forgive me, Butterfly?

**BUTTERFLY:** Under the wide arch of heaven  
There is no woman happier than you are.  
May heaven keep it so!  
I want none of your tears.

**KATE:** *(to Sharpless)* Bravely, she surrenders.

**SHARPLESS:** *(greatly moved)* Total, total defeat.

**KATE:** She'll let us have her son?

**BUTTERFLY:** My child I shall turn over,  
But he must come to get him,  
Climbing, climbing the hill in half an hour.

*(After Suzuki accompanies Kate and Sharpless to the door, Butterfly falls to the floor, sobbing. Suzuki hastens back to comfort her, and places a hand on her heart.)*

**SUZUKI:** Like an imprisoned bird in panic,  
Hear the fluttering beat of the heart.

**BUTTERFLY:** Light of day, joy of spring  
Come peeping through that window.  
Close it.  
But where is my baby?

**SUZUKI:** Playing. Shall I call him?

**BUTTERFLY:** No, no. Let him play.  
Let him play and play.  
Go, keep an eye on him.

**SUZUKI:** I'll stay with you.

**BUTTERFLY:** *(suddenly resolute)*

Go, go! Did you not hear me?

*(She pushes Suzuki toward the door, then kneels in front of the Buddha's image where she remains motionless, overcome by grief. She then takes down a knife from the wall, religiously kisses the blade, and in a low voice reads the engraved words.)*

“Let the person die with honor  
Who can no longer live with honor.”

*(She puts the knife to her throat, but drops it when her child with raised arms comes running in to embrace his mother. She rushes toward him, and smothers him with kisses.)*

You? You? You? You?



My smil- ing cher- ub! My joy, my love, my an- gel,

My smiling cherub!

My joy, my love, my angel,

Made of lilies and roses.

May you never, never know

Your mother died out of love for you

And your sparkling eyes,

And so that later on,

Across the ocean,

You will not live tormented

Because your mother

Gave you away to a stranger.

My love, sent down from heaven,

Stare long and hard, my baby.

May you some day remember

How she smiled as she held you

As the last tender traces

Linger on.

Goodbye, my darling!

My blessed angel, goodbye!

Go . . . play . . . play.

*(She places the child on a mat with an American flag and a doll in his hands, and tenderly blindfolds him. She then seizes a knife, and with her eyes steadily fixed on the child, steps behind the screen. The knife is heard to fall, and Butterfly slips to the floor, partly visible, a veil around her throat. She drags herself over to the child, with barely enough strength to embrace him, then falls beside him as Pinkerton's frantic voice is heard from outside.)*

**PINKERTON:** Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!

*(Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room and run to Butterfly, who, with a feeble gesture, points to the child and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees beside her as Sharpless picks up the child and kisses him, sobbing.)*

**THE END**

