

Giacomo Puccini
Madama Butterfly

Opera in Two Acts
Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa
After a short story by John Luther Long,
dramatized by David Belasco

First performance: February 17, 1904,
Teatro alla Scala, Milan

Characters
Cio-Cio-San, also called Butterfly
Suzuki, her servant and confidant
Kate Pinkerton
Lt. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton
Sharpless, American Consul
Goro, marriage broker
the priest Bonzo, uncle of Cio-Cio-San
Prince Yamadori
Imperial Commissioner
Marriage Registrar

Act I
Nagasaki, Japan: 1903

(The American navy lieutenant, B.F. Pinkerton, is reviewing his new hilltop home with the Japanese marriage broker, Goro)

Pinkerton And the ceiling ... the walls ... ?

Goro Change as you'd like.
And so, the same house will change
its appearance to your every whim.

Pinkerton The wedding bed chamber? Where is
it?

Goro Here or there – as you wish.

Pinkerton And also a double entrance.
Ingenious. The living room – it's
outdoors?

Goro Simply slide the walls.

Pinkerton I see. It seems like a rather frivolous,
flimsy dwelling.

Goro Yet sound as a fortress from top to
bottom!

Pinkerton A house as light as the wind.

Goro *(presenting the servants)*
This is the faithful servant of your
wife to be. The cook. The other
servants. They are confused by this
great honor.

Pinkerton Their names?

Goro This is "Miss Cloud from Heaven";
this one, "Ray of the Rising Sun" and
"Breath Aromatic".

Suzuki Your honor smiles? "A smile is the
flower's fruit". So teaches the wise
Ocunama.

"As the oyster opens to give the pearl,
so the gates of Heaven open to man."
"Perfume of the gods, fountain of
life." Ocunaman says: "Smiles
unravel sorrows."

Pinkerton Women everywhere chatter away.
What are you looking for?

Goro To see if the bride is near.

Pinkerton Is everything ready?

Goro Every detail.

Pinkerton You are a pearl among marriage
brokers.

Goro The Registrar will arrive, and her
family; your Consul, and then your
betrothed. You will both sign the
contract, and the wedding is done.

Pinkerton Are there many relatives?

Goro Her mother; her uncle Bonzo, (who
will not grace us with his presence).
Cousins, etc., etc., about two dozen.
And of course, adding to the family
will be up to you and the lovely
Butterfly.

Pinkerton You are indeed a pearl among
marriage brokers.

Sharpless *(The American Consul approaches)*
This hillside is so steep! I'm sweating.
Can't catch my breath!

Goro Here is your Consul.

Sharpless Ah. That gravel path. I'm worn out!

Pinkerton We bid you welcome. Quickly, Goro.
Bring him something to drink.

Sharpless It's so high!

Pinkerton But beautiful.

Sharpless Nagasaki – the ocean – the harbor.

Pinkerton And my house obeys my every
command.

Sharpless You bought it?

Pinkerton Yes. The contract is for 999 years.
But I can cancel it from month to
month. It seems in this country
houses and wedding contracts are
very flexible.

Sharpless And the clever man will profit from
both.

Pinkerton Of course.

Aria "All the world over, the Yankee
roams, cheerfully laughing at any
risk. He drops anchor, and seeks his
fortune."

(*offering a drink to Sharpless*)
Milk-punch, or whiskey?

(*continuing his song*)
"He drops anchor and seeks
adventure until a storm runs him
aground. Yet his life is not fulfilled
unless he plucks a flower from every
port."

Sharpless An easy gospel to follow.

Pinkerton A beauty in every port.

Sharpless An easy gospel that makes life
pleasant, but which saddens the heart.

Pinkerton "His luck will not desert him. His
talent conquers every town."

And so, in Japanese style, I will marry
for 999 years, cancellable each month.

Sharpless An easy gospel to follow.

Pinkerton America forever!

Sharpless America forever!
Tell me, is the bride beautiful?

Goro She is a garland of fresh flowers – a
golden star in the heavens. And
inexpensive: only 100 yen. If your
Honor would like . . . I have a wide
assortment . . .

Pinkerton Get out, Goro. See if she's coming.

Sharpless What's this agitation? Don't tell me
you're on fire with love.

Pinkerton I don't know. I suppose it depends on
how hot the fire is.

Aria Love or fancy, I can't say. But I know
she's captivated me. Fragile as a glass
statuette; her bearing is like a silk
screen portrait. But she escapes the
silk screen; her wings fluttering
desperately. That little butterfly, –
quietly posing with such grace entices
me; I must possess her! Passion
overtakes me. Even if her wings
should break.

Sharpless Late yesterday she visited the
Embassy. I didn't see her, but could
hear her. Her voice – mysterious –
gentle. It moved me when she spoke
of you. It would be a great sin to
break those gentle wings. And
deceive a truly loving heart.

Pinkerton My kindhearted friend. Your
generation's sentiments are passe'.
There's no harm in plucking a few
Wings in pursuit of passionate love.

Whiskey?

Sharpless One more glass.
I drink to your family far away.

Pinkerton And to the day when a real wedding
gives me an American bride.

Goro Here! Near the summit. You can
already hear their chattering.

Geishas (*heard as they ascend the hill*)
Ah. The vista. The sky. The sea.

Butterfly Yet another bit to go. Wait for me.
Above the sea the breeze plays about
us. I am the happiest girl in Japan,
yes even in the world. Friends, I
arrive to answer the call of love,
which receives those who live and
those who die.
We are here, at last.
F. B. Pinkerton. We bow.
(*To Pinkerton*)
Our great fortune.

Geishas We are honored.

Pinkerton Your climb, was it difficult?

Butterfly To an honest bride, waiting is worse.

Pinkerton Such a rare compliment.

Butterfly I know many more.

Pinkerton They are pure jewels.

Butterfly Do you wish to hear them?

Pinkerton Thank you. No.

Sharpless Miss Butterfly. Such a fitting name.
Are you from Nagasaki?

Butterfly Yes. From a family once prosperous.
Is that not true?

Geishas Very true.

Butterfly Not even a humble vagabond wishes
to confess to being born in poverty.
Yet, we were once wealthy. But even
the strongest oak bends to life's
storms. And so, we became geishas to
sustain ourselves – true?

Geishas Very true.

Butterfly I am not ashamed to admit it. But you
laugh? Why? This is how the world is.

Pinkerton Her simple, child like manner excites
me.

Sharpless And do you have any sisters?

Pinkerton No, only my mother.

Goro A most honorable lady.

Butterfly But, frankly, she is also very poor.

Sharpless And your father?

Butterfly Dead.

Sharpless May I ask your age?

Butterfly Why don't you guess?

Sharpless Ten years.

Butterfly Too few.

Sharpless Twenty.

Butterfly Too many. I am fifteen, and admit that I am very old.

Pinkerton She's fifteen!

Sharpless Fifteen! The age for sweets.

Pinkerton The age for playing.

Goro The Imperial Commissioner. Officials of the Registrar. Her relatives.

Pinkerton What a farcical procession. All these relatives, hired month to month.

Mother He's like a king!

Aunt & Sisters Goro offered him to me, but I said 'no'.

Uncles She will be divorced, I'm sure.

Goro For pity's sake – Quiet – Sh!

Sharpless My fortunate friend to have such a flower.

Pinkerton Yes, she is a rose among thorns. She sets my senses on fire. More beautiful than any other.

Sharpless Be careful. She believes you.

Butterfly Mama, come here. Listen to me. With me – 1, 2, 3: Everyone bow.

Pinkerton Come, my love. Do you like our little house?

Butterfly Mr. F. B. Pinkerton. Please allow me . . . I would like to . . . A few woman's articles.

Pinkerton And where are they?

Butterfly Here. Are you displeased?

Pinkerton Oh, why ever would you displease me, my beautiful Butterfly?

Butterfly Handkerchiefs. A pipe. A belt. A little clasp. A mirror, and a fan.

Pinkerton And this?

Butterfly A bottle of dye. It displeases you? It's gone.

Pinkerton (*Seeing a wrapped sword*)
And this? May I not see it?

Butterfly This is something sacred. Too many

people. Forgive me.

Goro A present from the Mikado to her father, with the order . . .

Pinkerton And her father?

Goro Obeyed.
Butterfly The Otoké'.

Pinkerton These puppets? What are they?

Butterfly The spirits of my ancestors.

Pinkerton Ah, I pay my respects.

Butterfly Yesterday I went to the Christian Mission, all alone and in secret. With my new life, I want to adopt a new religion. Uncle Bonzo does not know, nor does my family. I will follow my destiny, and filled with humility to the god of Mr. Pinkerton I bow down. That is my destiny. In the same church, on my knees with you, I will pray to the same god. And to make you happy, if you wish it, I would even forget my family. My love!

Goro Quiet everyone!

Comm. I hereby state to all present: that Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, lieutenant serving the American battleship Lincoln . . . And the woman Butterfly of the city of Nagasaki, be united in matrimony by their own free will, and with the consent of the family, who witness these proceedings.

First the husband . . . (*Pinkerton signs*)
Then the bride . . . (*Butterfly signs*)
And that is that!

Geishas "Madama Butterfly!"

Butterfly Madama F. B. Pinkerton.

Comm. Congratulations.

Pinkerton I thank you for your services.

Comm. My dear Consul, shall we leave together?

Sharpless Yes, I'll join you. I'll see you tomorrow.

Pinkerton Until tomorrow, then.

Registrar May you have only sons.

Pinkerton I'll try my best.

Sharpless Remember what I said.

Pinkerton (And here I am with my new family. Well, let's get on with it.)

Family O Kami. O Kami. Great spirit.

Pinkerton We drink to this new union.

Bonzo *(The voice of the priest Bonzo is heard off-stage)*
Cio-Cio-San! Abomination!

Butterfly
Family Uncle Bonzo.

Goro He will spoil everything.
Can't someone throw him out!

Bonzo What did you do at the Mission?

Family Answer, Cio-Cio-San.

Pinkerton Why is this madman screaming?

Bonzo Answer. What did you do?
What? Not even a tear? Is this how
you honor your family? She has
renounced us all! Renounced us, I
say, by rejecting the faith of our
ancestors. Kami, Sarundasiko!
To your rotten soul I hurl this curse!

Pinkerton And I say enough!

Bonzo All of you – with me:
You have renounced us.
And we disown you!

Pinkerton Get out – all of you! In my house I'll
not tolerate these insults!

*(The family and Bonzo leave. Butterfly,
in tears is alone with Pinkerton.)*

Dear one. Don't cry. Don't listen to
those croaking frogs. All the relatives
and Bonzes in Japan are not worth
one tear from your lovely eyes.

Butterfly Truly? I'll cry no longer. And I will
forget their curses. For your words
soothe my heart.

Pinkerton What's this? You kiss my hand?

Butterfly I was told that in your country it is a
sign of great respect.

Suzuki *Izagi and Izanami, Sarundasiko and
Kami.*

Pinkerton What's that murmuring?

Butterfly It is Suzuki. She is saying her evening
prayers.

Pinkerton Evening has fallen.

Butterfly And darkness fills the silence.

Pinkerton And we are alone.

Butterfly Alone and disowned. Disowned, yet
happy.

Pinkerton Close the house for the evening.

Butterfly Yes, we are alone. Apart from the
world.

Pinkerton And the Bonze is quiet.

Butterfly Suzuki, bring my robes.

Suzuki Good night, then.

Butterfly This elegant obi is replaced by the
pure white gown of a bride.

Pinkerton I will untie each thread of her gown.
To think, this doll is my wife.

Butterfly With whispers, smiles and glances
he watches me. I'm blushing.

Pinkerton I am struck by passion's fever!

Butterfly And still I hear their curses:
"Butterfly, we disown you."
I am rejected . . . and happy.

Pinkerton Girl with eyes full of enchantment,
now you are mine alone. Your gown
is like a pure lily, with your dark
tresses on its petals.

Butterfly I resemble the goddess of the moon,
who descends on the bridge of the
sky.

Pinkerton And she fascinates the hearts of men.

Butterfly As she surrounds them in her cloak.
She goes to her kingdom, in the
highest realm.

Pinkerton And yet, you have not told me that
you love me. The goddess knows the
words that satisfy a lover's desires.

Butterfly She knows, but may not say them
for fear she will die from them.

Pinkerton Foolish fear. Love does not kill. Love
is life, and smiles for a heavenly joy.
Just as your oval eyes are smiling.

Butterfly Now and forever, you are to me the
eyes of Heaven. You have been my
joy from the first time I saw you.
You are tall and strong. Your laugh
reveals your kind spirit. And you tell
me so many things I have never heard
before. Now I am so happy.
Love me tenderly, like a delicate
child. Be gentle with me.
Love me completely. We are a people
who treasure the little things.
Humble and silent. Tenderness
touches us. Yet we love as
profoundly as the sky and ocean are
vast.

Pinkerton Let me kiss your dear little hands.
My Butterfly. How well you have
been named, my delicate Butterfly.

Butterfly I am told that beyond the ocean, when
they are captured, every butterfly is
run through with a pin, and locked in
a glass case!

Pinkerton There is some truth in this. Do you know why? So they cannot escape. I have caught you. You tremble at my embrace. You are mine!

Butterfly Yes, forever!

Pinkerton Come -- come. Your anguish and fears are over. The night is serene; all the world slumbers.

Butterfly Ah. Sweet night. So many stars.

Pinkerton Come, my love. The night is serene.

(Butterfly and Pinkerton enter the house as the curtain falls on Act I)

Act II

The setting is the same: Three years later.

(Butterfly and Suzuki are alone. Suzuki is praying, Butterfly looking out onto the harbor for a sign of Pinkerton's ship, which has not returned for three years.)

Suzuki *Izagi and Izanami, Sarundasico and Kami.* Oh! My head aches so. And you, "Tensyooday", grant that Butterfly may cry no more.

Butterfly Fat and lazy. That is how the Japanese gods are. The American gods are more responsive, and reply to those who pray. But I fear they ignore those who live in this house. Suzuki. See how much food is left.

Suzuki This is all we have.

Butterfly That is all? Oh, all these expenses.

Suzuki If he does not return, and soon, we will have to go begging.

Butterfly But he will return.

Suzuki Will he?

Butterfly If he was not returning, why does he have the Consul pay our monthly rent? Tell me. And why did he care to double the locks, if he was not returning?

Suzuki I don't know.

Butterfly Don't you? Then I'll tell you. It is to keep out the gossipers, and my family, and all sorrow. So that, inside, he may jealously protect his wife. Me -- Butterfly.

Suzuki But when did you ever hear of a foreign husband returning to his love nest?

Butterfly Ah! Quiet! Or I'll kill you. Remember what he said when he left. Though his great heart was breaking,

he hid his sadness. He smiled and said: "Oh Butterfly, my little wife. I will return with the roses; in that enchanted season when the robins nest." He will return.

Suzuki We can hope.

Butterfly No. Say it. He will return!

Suzuki He will return.

Butterfly You're crying? Why? You lack faith. Listen.

Aria One glorious day, we will see a thread of smoke on the horizon. And soon, a white ship enters the harbor. It's cannon sounds to greet us. See? He is here. But I will not rush to meet him. Not I. I set myself at the hilltop and wait. It may be a long wait, but I will not mind.

Then . . . coming from the village a man appears.

At first, a little speck from far away begins climbing the hill.

Who could it be?

And when he is close, what will he say? He will cry from below:

"Butterfly!"

Yet I dare not reply. I remain hidden at first to tease him. But really, I hide so I don't die at his embrace!

And he, worried at my silence, will say: "Beloved little wife, radiant as a flower." All the loving names he gave me when we first met.

All this will happen. I promise you. Keep your fears.

I remain faithful -- and wait for him.

Sharpless *(The Consul knocks at the door)*
Excuse me . . . Madama Butterfly.

Butterfly *(At first not seeing who is there)*
Madama Pinkerton, if you please.
Oh. My dear Mr. Consul . . .

Sharpless You remember me?

Butterfly Welcome to this American household.

Sharpless Thank you.

Butterfly Your family. All is well?

Sharpless I hope so.

Butterfly *(Offering)* A smoke?

Sharpless Yes, thank you. *(Taking a letter from his pocket)* I have with me . . .

Butterfly The sky opens at my joy of seeing you.

Sharpless I have here . . .

Butterfly Do you prefer an American cigarette?

Sharpless Well, thank you.
I've come to show you . . .
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton has
written to me.

Butterfly Really? Is he well?

Sharpless Perfectly well.

Butterfly This news makes me the happiest girl
in Japan. May I ask you a question?

Sharpless Of course.

Butterfly In America, when do the robins nest?

Sharpless I beg your pardon? Why do you ask?

Butterfly Yes, before or after here? My
husband promised to return at that
blessed season when the robins nest.
Here they have nested three times,
but I suspect in America they nest less
often. Who's laughing? Oh, only
Goro, that devious man.

Goro Thank you.

Butterfly Quiet. He dares . . . No. First, please
answer my question.

Sharpless Forgive me. I do not know. I have
never studied Ornithology.

Butterfly So, you do not know.

Sharpless No. But you were saying,

Butterfly Ah yes. Goro . . . As soon as F. B.
Pinkerton sailed away, he besieged
me with suitors. And now he
promises me treasures if I take one of
his fools.

Goro (*Announcing the arrival of Yamadori*)
The wealthy Yamadori. She is as poor
as a church mouse. Her relatives have
all disowned her.

Butterfly Here he is. Pay attention.
Yamadori; again you suffer from love.
Tell me again how you will open your
veins if I reject your kisses.

Yamadori Among the worse things in life are my
futile sighs.

Butterfly After so many wives, you should be
used to sighing.

Yamadori Yes, I have married several times, and
divorced each time.

Butterfly How encouraging.

Yamadori But I promise to love you faithfully.

Sharpless (Will I ever be able to deliver this
message?)

Goro Villas. Servants. Gold. At Omara a
princely palace.

Butterfly I am already bound forever.

Goro &
Yamadori She believes she's still married.

Butterfly I do not just believe it. I am!

Goro But the law . . .

Butterfly I know no such law.

Goro . . . For an abandoned wife, divorce is
presumed and in effect.

Butterfly Japanese law. Not the law of my
country.

Goro What country?

Butterfly The United States.

Sharpless (Oh, poor girl.)

Butterfly Here, husbands can open the door
and throw the wife out. That's
divorce. But, in America, this is not
so – correct?

Sharpless Yes, but . . .

Butterfly There, an honest judge says to the
husband: "You wish to divorce?
Why?" The husband replies:
"I'm bored with marriage."
And the judge answers: "Ah, villain,
straight to jail!"
Suzuki. The tea.

Yamadori (*To Sharpless*) Do you hear her?

Sharpless Yes, it is so sad.

Goro (Pinkerton's ship is due to arrive
soon.)

Yamadori (When she sees him again . . .)

Sharpless (He does not want to see her. That's
what he wrote me, and the reason for
my visit.)

Butterfly If your Honor would permit me . . .
(They are such awful people.)

Yamadori Farewell then. I leave you my broken
heart. But I will continue to hope . . .
If you ever want . . .

Butterfly The trouble is I do not want to . . .
(*Yamadori and Goro leave*)

Sharpless Now, if we may sit together and read
this letter?

Butterfly I take it to my heart; to my lips. You
are the kindest man in the world. I'm
listening.

Sharpless "My friend, please take this message
to that most lovely flower of a girl."

Butterfly Does he really say that?

Sharpless Yes. But please don't interrupt.

Butterfly I shall remain silent.

Sharpless "It's been 3 years since that happy time."

Butterfly He also has been counting.

Sharpless "And perhaps Butterfly has forgotten me."

Butterfly Forgotten him? Suzuki, do you hear that? "Has forgotten me!"

Sharpless (Calmly now.) – "But if she still thinks fondly of me, and is waiting for me,"

Butterfly Oh, those sweet words. You blessed words.

Sharpless "I trust you to handle this well, and to prepare her for the news."

Butterfly His return! Tell me – when – Quickly!

Sharpless The letter ends there.
(I must tell her. But how? That devil Pinkerton.)
Tell me, Madama Butterfly. What would you do if he never returns?

Butterfly Two things I could do: Return to the life of a geisha, or better – to die.

Sharpless It hurts to destroy an illusion, but perhaps you should accept that rich Yamadori.

Butterfly You – Even you would say this – you?

Sharpless Lord in Heaven, what can I do?

Butterfly Suzuki. Quickly. His grace is leaving.

Sharpless You dismiss me?

Butterfly If you please. Continuing is useless.

Sharpless I was cruel, I admit it.

Butterfly Oh, you have hurt me so deeply.
(*nearly fainting*)
It's nothing . . . nothing.
I thought I was dying. But it has passed like the clouds over the sea.
Ah! He forgot me?

(*Cio-Cio-San leaves and quickly returns carrying her infant son. The boy is dressed in a sailor's outfit, and has blond curls and blue eyes.*)

And this one? And this one, could he also forget him?

Sharpless He's his son?

Butterfly What Japanese child has blue eyes?
And his mouth? And these golden curls?

Sharpless Yes, it's obvious.
Does Pinkerton know about him?

Butterfly No. He was born after his father sailed to your great country.
But you . . . Write to him . . .
Tell him a son without equal awaits.
And then you will see him rush to me over vast countries; over the vast ocean. Do you know what this gentlemen thinks, my heart?

Aria
He thinks your mother will take you by the hand, and in the rain, walk to the city, so we can earn our bread, and our clothes.
And to the heartless people stretch out our trembling hands.
Crying out: "Hear the sad song of an unhappy mother, and be moved to pity."
And Butterfly – horrible fate, will dance again.
And as before, the geisha will sing once more! But that light and happy song will end in tears.
Ah, no! Never again that dishonor.
I will die – but never dance again!
Better for my life to end.

Sharpless (Such sorrow. Such pity.)
I will go now. Please forgive me.

Butterfly (*instructing the boy*)
To you – give him your hand.

Sharpless Such golden hair. What is his name?

Butterfly Say: "Today my name is *Sorrow*."
But then say: "When my father returns, they will call me *Joy*."

Sharpless Your father will know. I promise.
(*Sharpless leaves. Suddenly there is a scream from behind the house.*)

Suzuki (*dragging Goro by the ear*)
Viper! Toad! I curse you!

Butterfly What's happened?

Suzuki This vampire spews poison! Every day, to the four winds, he spreads the gossip that no one knows who the father is.

Goro I only said that in America, when a child is abandoned, he is an outcast.

Butterfly Ah! You liar! Say that again and I'll kill you. Get out!
You will see, my little love. You, my pain and my comfort, will see.
He will take us far across the sea to his country. You will see.

(*A cannon shot is heard from the harbor.*)

Suzuki The cannon from the harbor.

Butterfly (*taking her spyglass, and looking out onto the harbor.*)

A battleship. White . . . Flying the American flag. Now it is dropping anchor. Steady my hands so I may read the name. The name . . . There . . . The Abraham Lincoln!
They were all lying. I alone knew. I alone, who loves him.
See -- your foolish doubts. He has returned. He is here.
He returns, just when there was no more hope.
My love has triumphed over all.
He returns and he loves me!

Duet (Butterfly and Suzuki begin to spread flower petals throughout the house.)

Butterfly Shake the cherry tree branches, so we can drown in flowers. I want to dip my forehead in the sweetness of the flowers.

Suzuki Calm yourself . . . These tears . . .

Butterfly No. Tears of joy. When will he come? What do you think? An hour?

Suzuki Longer.

Butterfly Maybe two hours. Everything covered with flowers, like stars in the heavens. Bring more petals.

Suzuki All the flowers?

Butterfly Yes. All of them. Peach, violet, jasmine.
All together in bunches. Flowers from the grasses, from the trees.

Suzuki Like in winter, the trees will be bare.

Butterfly Like in spring, all the flowers are here.

Suzuki Like in winter, all our trees have lost their flowers. Here, madam.

Butterfly Even more.

Suzuki So often from this garden, we looked out onto the harbor with longing, crying.

Butterfly Now he's returned, we need nothing more from the sea.
I gave my tears to the earth, and now it rewards me with flowers.

Suzuki The garden is bare.

Butterfly No more flowers? Come, help me.
Roses in the threshold.
Spring fills the house.
All of spring's fragrance fills our home. Filled with fragrant April.

Together Our hands, filled with petals, spread springtime's gentle gift.

Butterfly Now come help me dress. No. First, bring me my son.

(Seeing herself in a hand mirror.)
I'm not the same girl.
Too many sighs have escaped these lips. And I have stared too long across the vast ocean.
Put a touch of make-up on my cheeks, and also for you, my little one.
Our long vigil may make our cheeks grow pale.

Suzuki Don't move, so I may brush your hair.

Butterfly What will they say now? And uncle Bonzo? How my shame pleased them all. And Yamadori with his languid sighs! They are all fools now.

Suzuki I've finished.

Butterfly My obi -- from my wedding night. We will both dress for his arrival. I want him to see me as I was on that first day.
And place a poppy in my hair. Just so. In the shosi we will make three little holes for us to look out. And we will be as quiet as little mice, waiting.

(Butterfly, Sorrow and Suzuki peer out through the holes in the shosi, waiting. Night passes. Morning. Pinkerton has not arrived at the house.)

Act III

Suzuki Sunrise. Cio-Cio-San.

Butterfly He will come, you'll see.

Suzuki Rest now. I'll call you when he arrives.

Butterfly *(Carrying her son as they go into the house to rest.)*

Sleep my little love. Sleep in my heart. You are with God, and I with my sorrow.

Suzuki *(Poor Butterfly.)*

Butterfly You're with God, and I with my sorrow.

(No sooner has Butterfly entered the house than Pinkerton, Sharpless and Kate Pinkerton enter.)

Pinkerton Quiet, quiet. Don't disturb her.

Suzuki She is so tired. She waited all night for you, with the child.

Pinkerton How did she know I returned? For three years she has watched each ship enter the harbor, waiting.

Sharpless It's just as I told you.

Suzuki Shall I call her?

Pinkerton No. Not yet.

Suzuki You see? Last evening she sprinkled

flowers to greet you.

Sharpless It's as I told you.

Pinkerton Such pain.

Suzuki *(seeing Kate in the garden.)*
But who is in the garden?
A woman!
Who is it? Who? Who?

Sharpless Best to tell her everything.

Pinkerton She came here with me.

Suzuki Who? Who?

Sharpless She is his wife.

Suzuki Spirits of our ancestors! For little
Butterfly there is no more hope.

Sharpless We've come this morning to speak
with you alone Suzuki, and ask for
your help.

Suzuki It is useless. Useless.

Sharpless I know there is no comfort for her
sorrow, but we must think of the
boy's future.

Pinkerton The bitter fragrance of these flowers.
The house is just as I recall it.
Three years have passed, and she
counted each hour. I can't stay here.

Sharpless She will give him a mother's care.
You must speak to her, Suzuki.
Come, Suzuki. Help us.

Suzuki Oh, my sorrow. And you want me to
ask a mother to . . .

Pinkerton Sharpless, I'll wait for you outside.

Sharpless Remember what I told you?

Pinkerton Give her what comfort you can.
I am torn with regret.

Sharpless I warned you from the first:
"Be careful. She believes you."
How prophetic that was.
You were deaf to my counsel.
Consumed by your selfishness,
you deceived a loving heart.

Pinkerton Yes, at last I see the wrong I've done.
And I'll never find forgiveness.

Sharpless Go on -- leave.
She will learn the bitter truth alone.

Pinkerton *Aria*
Goodbye gentle oasis, filled with
blossoms, and with love.
I will always recall your mild features
with torment.

Sharpless And now that sincere heart will break.

Pinkerton Farewell, gentle oasis. I can't stand to
look at this place anymore. I have to
leave.

Kate *(to Suzuki)*
Will you tell her?

Suzuki I promise.

Kate And you'll tell her she can trust me?

Suzuki I promise.

Kate I will treat him like my own son.

Suzuki I believe you. But I must be alone
with her when I tell her.
How she will weep!

Butterfly *(calling from the house.)*
Suzuki. Where are you? Suzuki.

Suzuki I'm here. I was praying . . . cleaning
up. No -- don't come in yet!

Butterfly *(running in)*
He's here! Where is he hiding?
Here is the Consul. But where is he?
That woman?
What does she want from me?
No one speaks!
Why are you crying?
No. Tell me nothing. Nothing.
For I may die at your first word.
You, Suzuki, who are so good.
Don't cry. You who love me so dearly.
A 'yes' or a 'no' -- but softly.
Is he alive?

Suzuki Yes.

Butterfly But he will not come here.
They have told you.

(Suzuki does not reply)
Viper! I want you to answer me!

Suzuki He is not coming here.

Butterfly But he arrived yesterday?

Suzuki Yes.

Butterfly Ah! That woman makes me tremble.

Sharpless She is the innocent cause of your
suffering. Forgive her.

Butterfly Ah! His wife.
All is death for me. All is over.
They want to take everything from
me. My son!

Sharpless Consider that your sacrifice will
ensure his future.

Butterfly Unhappy mother.
To abandon my son. So be it.
I must obey his wishes.

Kate Can you ever forgive me, Butterfly?

Butterfly Under the vast heavens there is no woman as fortunate as you.
May you always be so.
And do not feel sorrow for me.

Kate Poor little woman.

Sharpless It is a great pity.

Kate And will you give up the boy?

Butterfly I will – only if he comes here himself.
In half an hour you may return for the boy.

*(All leave but Butterfly and Suzuki.
Butterfly collapses.)*

Suzuki Your little heart is fluttering like a captured fly.

Butterfly Too much light. And too much springtime. *(calming herself)*
Where is my son?

Suzuki Playing. Shall I call him?

Butterfly No, let him play.
Go keep him company.

Suzuki I will stay here with you.

Butterfly Go. I order you. *(Butterfly goes to the house and returns with the wrapped hari kari sword.)*

“A death with honor to one who cannot live with honor.”

*(Suzuki guides Sorrow to Butterfly.
When the boy sees his mother, he runs to her.)*

You? My little love. My blossom of lilies and roses. You must never know that for your pure blue eyes, Butterfly dies.
For you must go across the ocean.
And when you're grown, never know that your mother abandoned you.

Aria Oh, to me you descended from the throne of Paradise. Look well upon my face, and remember your mother.
Look well. Goodbye, my little love.
Go – play.

(Once alone, Butterfly removes the sword. With her last breath, she hears Pinkerton call her name in the distance, just as she had predicted to Suzuki, but now with a tragic end.)

End