Nora Mcshane - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NORA McSHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me;
To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And faith I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy.
The beautiful hills And the emerald plain,
And, oh! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy
About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah McShane.

I sigh for the turf pile so cheerfully burning.
When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar,
When I tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the tune of "Erin-go-Bragh."
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted;
To my country and love I must get back again,
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Ballymornach And Nora McShane.

Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Tho' the walls are of mud, and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
What music in lifting the rusty old latch.
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow;
My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain;
And if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'll be off to old Erin and Norah McShane.