

Oeh, Norah aroon,
It's yerself that could tune
My heart into song wid yer charms,
If I only could go
To the place that I know,
An' hould ye again in my arms.

But if I can't go
To the place that I know,
The place where my heart is tonight,
Ye can write me some day
A lettther to say,
That my bouldness is proper and right.

An' whin ye hev tuck
Up the pen, och, good luck
To the hand that is writin' to me!
That same hand I would squaze
Were I there, if ye plase,
An' pull ye once more on my knee.