

Och, Norah Avic

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An' hev ye been sick,
Or hev ye been stharved wid the cowl'd?
I hev waited for days,
An' now, if ye plase,
To ax for a lettther I'm bould.

It need not be long
As a clargyman's tongue,
For swateness is judged not by len'th;
For a wee note, och hone,
To a heart that is lone,
Would give sure a wake bit av stren'th.

So, mavournin, awake,
An' yer dhramin' forsake,
An' say ye are livin' or dead;
An' it's joyful I'll be,
Och, Norah machree,
To hear what has niver been said.

'Tis a long time ago,
As the almanacs show,
Since I sint ye a lettther in haste;
But niver a word
Of reply have I heard
By stameboat, or stamecars, or baste.

An' it's lonesome I've got
Wid a skullful av thought,
But niver a poipeful av news;
An' it's hard on my health
(Not to spake av my wealth)
To be dopin' all day for the blues.