

SM 6012

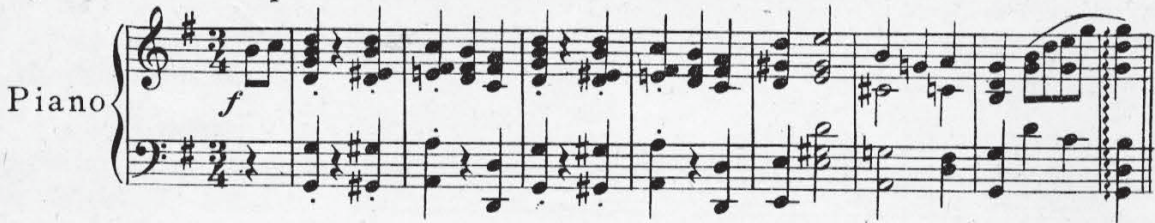
NORAH

3

By WALTER SCANLAN

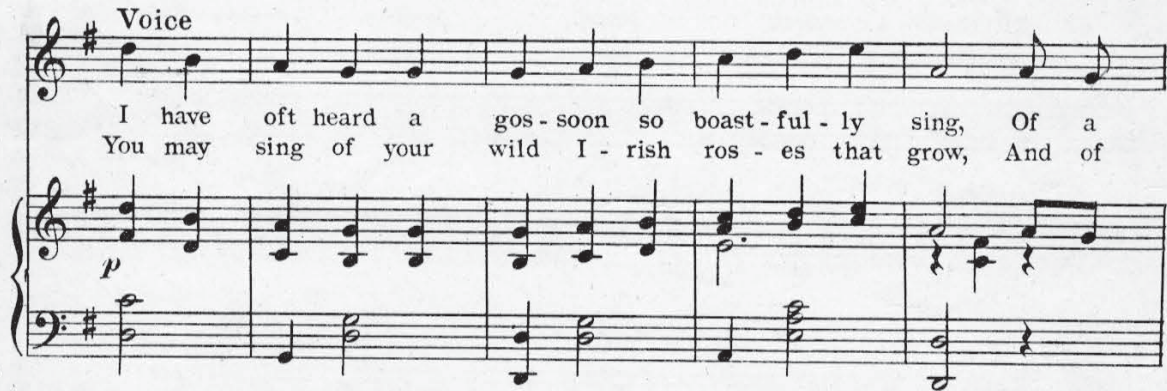
Tempo di Valse

Piano

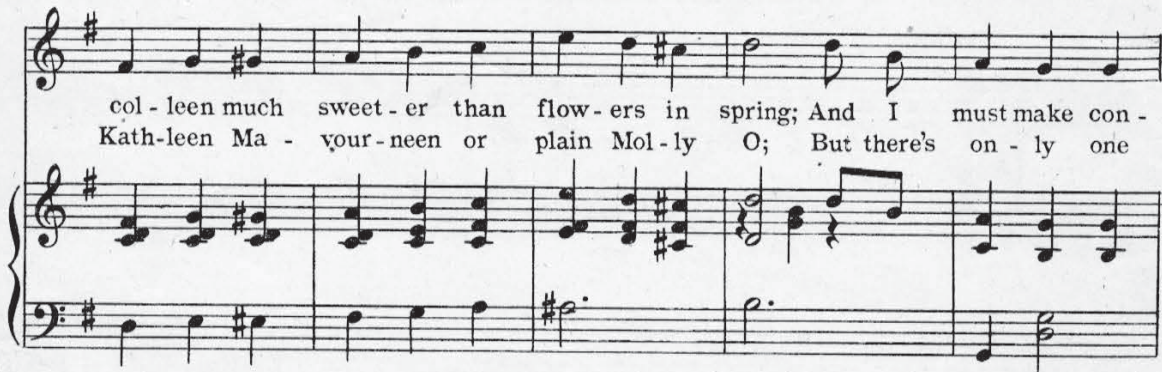


Voice

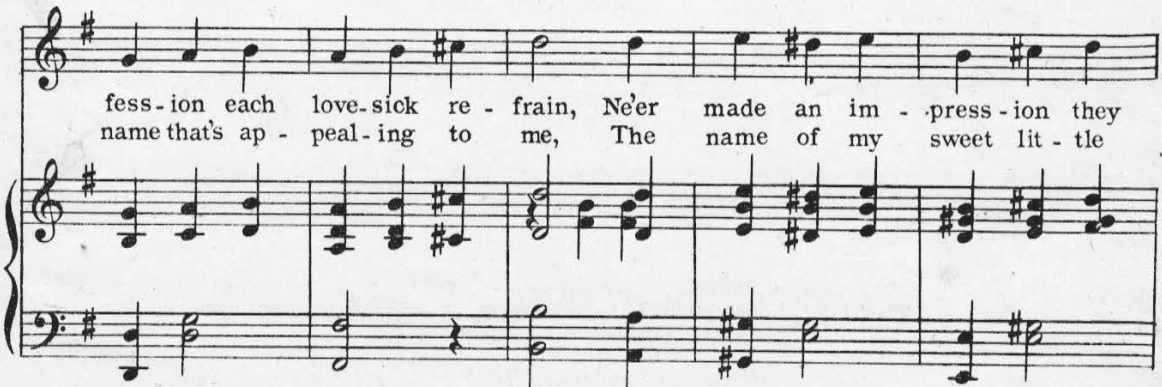
I have oft heard a gos- soon so boast- ful- ly sing, Of a
You may sing of your wild I- rish ros- es that grow, And of



col- leen much sweet- er than flow- ers in spring; And I must make con-
Kath- leen Ma- your- neen or plain Mol- ly O; But there's on- ly one



fess- ion each love- sick re- frain, Ne'er made an im- press- ion they
name that's ap- peal- ing to me, The name of my sweet lit- tle



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gave me a pain; But how things have changed as they say,
Nor - ah Ma - chree; The flow - er of all Em - rald Isle,

Sure I found my - self hum - ming to - day:
Sure 'tis heav - en I see in her smile.

Chorus

"Nor - ah, Nor - ah, My lit - tle

I - rish col - leen; Coal - black hair, a ba - by

stare, Sure you know what I mean. _____ Just full of the

blar-ney, a breath of Kil - lar - ney, That danced all o - ver the lea. _____

— And my heart starts in thump-in', and bump-in' and jump-in', When
— And my heart's all a - flut - ter, I mut - ter and stut - ter,

Nor - ah smiles at me? _____ me? _____