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My Heart's with Norah

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WALKER!

Air,—All the World's at Paris.

Some people are so fond of clack,
And character they handle,
But I ne'er talk behind a person's back,
Because I hate all scandal,
But still I can't help what I see,
And though I'm no great talker,
Though fine some folks would seem to be,
'Twixt you and I, 'tis—*Walker!*

So let the world say what it may,
Although I'm no great talker,
The things I notice every day,
Proves there's a deal of—*Walker.*

There's Mrs. Dubbs, whose spouse you know,
Has gone unto the *Hinges*,
Has taken in a smart young beau,
The thought my bosom twinges,
She says that he her *brother* is,
And he about does stalk her:
Her brother! though I am no quiz,
Between you and I, that's *Walker.*
So let the world, &c.

The Simpsons, who cut such a dash,
And live down in our alley,
I thought they soon would make a smash,
Lor' bless yer, they'd a *talley*.
Last week the man knock'd at the door,
But quickly found a baulker,
He knock'd a dozen times or more,
And then found out, 'twas—*Walker.*
So let the world, &c.

Miss Munns, who used so fine to be,
Though her I'd not abuse, sirs,
I saw her, most mysteriously,
Pop into Uncle's Flue, sirs.
Her interest, perhaps, called her that way,
But 'tis true, though I'm no talker,
I took a peep, and I must say,
It looked very much like—*Walker.*
So let the world, &c.

The Clarke's, who kept the chandler's shop,
Seemed placed in lucky quarters,
I thought it soon would have a stop,
You know their stuck up daughters?
Each day so very fine they went,
I thought 't would have a baulker,
They stuck it in for nine months rent,
And then, of course, 'twas *Walker.*
So let the world, &c.

Miss Pimper, who once thought herself,
The fairest in the nation,
And of her virtue, and all that,
Made such an affectation.
I missed her full a month or more,
For a lost one I did chalk her,
When she appeared again—much thinner—I'm sure,
Her virtue's now all—*Walker.*
So let the people, &c.

But still, I've got enough to do,
To attend my daily labours,
And never like to talk, do you,
About one's friends and neighbours?
So what I've whispered in your ear,
Keep snug, don't be a talker,
Good night to every person here,
And now my name is—*Walker.*
So let the world, &c.

My Heart's with my Norah

My heart's with my Norah, for she is my treasure,
And, sleeping or waking, tis all just the same,
From morning till nightfall, from nightfall till morn—
I think of my Norah, and dote on her name. [ing,
She's still in old Erin, the great seas divide us,
But fortune hath prosper'd the toil of my hand,
And she shall come over and share with her lover,
And sing the old songs of our dear father-land!

Heart-broken I left her, and sadly I watch'd her,
'Till I saw not a speck on the beach where she stood,
And then my hope fail'd me, I look'd on the waters,
And wish'd my lone bosom was cold 'neath the flood:
But night came on quickly, and, bow'd down by sorrow,
I sank into slumber, and dreams bless'd my sleep,
For Norah, dear Norah, I saw thee, and heard thee
Breathe sweet words of comfort to me on the deep.

From that night I cherish'd the hopes that were
brightest,
The thoughts that were nearest and dearest to me;
My heart clung to Erin, the home of my fathers,
Thy birth-place, mavourneen, my cush-la-machree.
My country had cast me away from her bosom,
And I was but one of a sorrowing band;
But my dark days are over—then come to thy lover,
And sing the old songs of our dear father-land!