

Nora: A Serenade

Ah, Nora, my Nora, the light fades away,
While Night like a spirit steals up o'er the hills;
The thrush from his tree where he chanted all day,
No longer his music in ecstasy trills.
Then, Nora, be near me; thy presence doth cheer me,
Thine eye hath a gleam that is truer than gold.
I cannot but love thee; so do not reprove me,
If the strength of my passion should make me too bold.

Chorus

Nora, pride of my heart, —
Rosy cheeks, cherry lips, sparkling with glee, —
Wake from thy slumbers, wherever thou art;
Wake from thy slumbers to me.

Ah, Nora, my Nora, there's love in the air, —

It stirs in the numbers that thrill in my brain;

Oh, sweet, sweet is love with its mingling of care,

Though joy travels only a step before pain.

Be roused from thy slumbers and list to my numbers;

My heart is poured out in this song unto thee.

Oh, be thou not cruel, thou treasure, thou jewel;

Turn thine ear to my pleading and hearken to me.