J. F. C. HILLER,
BALTIMORE.
32 N. Charles St.

NORAH Mc SHANE

BALLAD,

AS SUNG BY

MR. T. BISHOP,

POETRY BY

MISS ELIZA COOK,

MUSIC COMPOSED & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

C. A. JARVIS ESQ.

BY

W. J. Wetmore, M.D.

21

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH, POND & Co *No. 1 Franklin Square.*

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1850 by W. J. Wetmore in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the Southern Dist. of New York.

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MODERATO CON ESPRESSIONE.

8va

8va

I've left Bally__mornah a

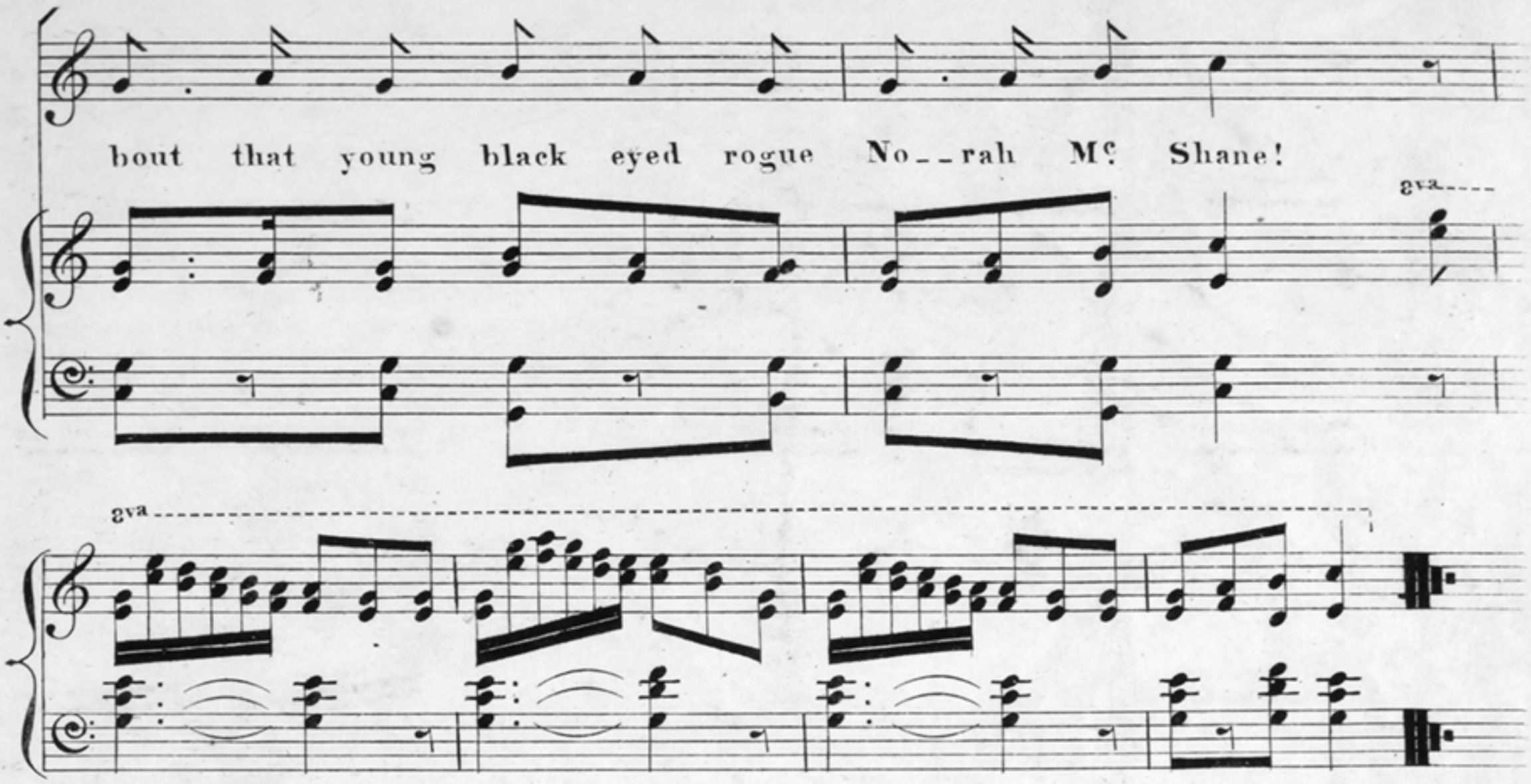
long way behind me, To bet_ter my fortune I've cross'd the big sea, But I'm

sad_ly a_lone not a crea_ture to mind me, And faith! I'm as wretched as

wretched can be! I think of the butter_milk fresh as a dai_sy, The

beau__ti__ful hills and the em__e__rald plain, And

oh! dont I of__ten times think my_self cra__zy A_



2

I sigh for the turf pile so cheerfully burning,
When barefoot I trudg'd it from toiling afar:
When I toss'd in the light the Thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the anthem of Erin-go-Bragh!
In truth I believe that I'm half broken hearted,
To my country and love I must get back again:
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Ballymornah and Norah Mc Shane.

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Oh, there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Tho' the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
What music in lifting the rusty old latch:
Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
My pockets were light but my heart had no pain,
And if I but live till the sun shines tomorrow,
I'll be off to old Ireland and Norah Mc Shane!

Quidor Engr.