

Strolling With Nora - song lyrics

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STROLLING WITH NORA.

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Words and Music by Walter Tilbury.

I have a sweetheart, Nora's her name,
I love her dearly, she loves me the same;
And in the twilight, When day it is o'er,
I meet my Nora at her cottage door.
The nightingale sings, and the stars they shine bright.
The moon lights the way with her pale silver light;
And I am certain there's no one can know
What rapture I feel as each evening I go.

Chorus.

Strolling with Nora, stealing one little kiss,
With my arm around her, isn't it truly bliss?
Dear little Nora, when she's by my side,
We love to spoon by the light of the moon, and soon she'll be my bride.

The lads of the village, they all seem to frown
When they see Nora with me in the town;
For, as their beauty, she reigns supreme,
Sweet little Nora, my own, my queen.
No jewel on this earth could ever compare
With my Nora's beauty, so rich and so rare;
How happy I feel there is no tongue can tell.
As each evening I go over hill and o'er dell.- Chorus.

Her parents consented, they could not decline,
So we're to be married next Sunday at nine,
At the old-fashioned, rustic church in the lane.
Where my little Nora will then change her name.
I've bought a small cottage, so simple and neat,
It's close to the spot where we both used to meet;
And when we are married there's one thing I know,
As each evening comes 'round, I am certain to go.-Chorus.