

## Nora Lee

A            B7            E7            A  
All beside a small green hill 'neath a rowan tree  
                 B7            E7            A  
Sang a blackbird low and sweet Sang Nora Lee Nora Lee,

### Chorus

A            A7 D            Dm            A  
Nora Lee Nora Lee laughing through the fair  
                 B7            E            E7            A  
Springtime goes the way you walk And swallows in the air

In your blush the rose was born  
In your voice a song  
Your soft eyes a bright blue star  
Lost its light among

When the mistletoe is green  
Midst the winter snows  
Sunshine in your face is seen  
In your cheeks the rose

Though beside the small green hill  
No glad bird may sing  
In my heart your song endures  
Take my golden ring

Nora Lee,  
Nora Lee laughing through the fair  
Springtime goes the way you walk  
And swallows in the air