Nora

Richard Shindell

New York has been buried
In snow since last Saturday
The papers said the storm
Had passed over youThank you for the play
You wrote about Heloise
And her injury at the hand
Of an almighty memoryAnd I might have guessed you'd press
A rose in the pages
Where Abelard confesses
His love and his pain to her lipsAnd Nora, it was no sin
They could turn the other cheek
And take it on the chin
But Nora, it was no sinSo Christmas was as blue
For you as it was for me
All those angels
Trumpeting their ecstasyYour husband has accepted
The parish in Greenland
I met him drowning his vows
At the barAnd there we raised
The first and the next
And a third glass to you
Hunched on our bar stools
Calling our truce by your nameAnd Nora, there is no sin
We can turn the other cheek
And take it on the chinBut Nora, there is no sin
Nora, there is no sin
Nora, there is no sin

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