

# Nora

## Richard Shindell

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

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