Aura Lee

As the black-bird in the spring 'neath the willow
Take my heart and take my ring I give my all to
In her blush the rose was born 'twas music when she
Aura Lee the bird may flee the willow's golden
Yet if thy blue eyes I see gloom will soon de-

tree, Sat and piped I heard him sing thee.
spoke. Take me for eternity
hair. In her eyes the light of morn
part. Then the wintry winds may be

praising Aura Lee. Aura Lee!
dear-est Aura Lee.
spark-ling seemed to break.
blow-ing ev'rywhere.
sun-shine to the heart.

Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair. Sun-shine came a-
Along with thee and swallows in the air.