

Aura Lee

A B E⁷

As the black-bird in the spring 'neath the wil - low
 Take my heart and take my ring I give my all to
 In her blush the rose was born 'twas mu - sic when she
 Au - ra Lee the bird may flee the wil - low's gold - en
 Yet if thy blue eyes I see gloom will soon de -

3 A A B

tree, Sat and piped I heard him sing
 thee. Take me for e - ter - ni - ty
 spoke. In her eyes the light of morn
 hair. Then the win - try winds may be
 part. For to me sweet Au - ra Lee is

6 E⁷ A A C^{#7}

prais - ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee!
 dear - est Au - ra Lee.
 spark - ling seemed to break.
 blow - ing ev - 'ry - where.
 sun - shine to the heart.

9 F^{#m} A⁷ D Dm A A F^{#7}

Au - ra Lee! Maid of gold - en hair. Sun-shine came a -

13 B⁷ E⁷ A

long with thee and swal - lows in the air.