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
Au- ra 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. Take me for eternity
spoke. In her eyes the light of morn
hair. Then the wintry winds may be
part. For to me sweet Au-ra Lee is

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

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

long with thee and swallows in the air.