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-

Sat and piped I heard him sing
I took me for eternity
In her eyes the light of morn
Then the wintery winds may be
For to me sweet Aura Lee is

praising Aura Lee. Aura Lee!
dearest Aura Lee.
sparkling seemed to break.
blowing everywhere.
sunshine to the heart.

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

long with thee and swallows in the air.

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