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

praising Aura Lee. Aura Lee!
dear est Aura Lee.
spark ling seemed to break.
blow ing ev'ry where.
sun shine 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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