

Aura Lee

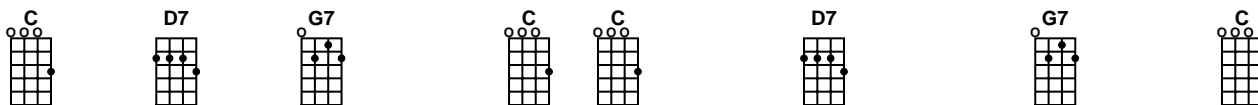


As the blackbird in the spring, 'neath the willow tree,

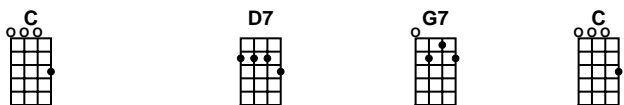


Sat and piped, I heard him sing, in praise of Aura Lee.

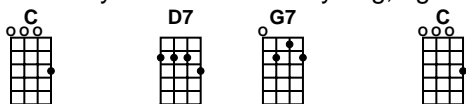
Chorus:



Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair. Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.



Take my heart and take my ring, I give my all to thee.

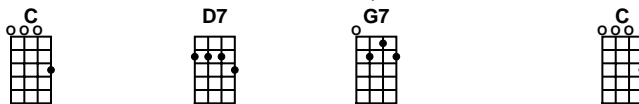


Take me for eternity, dearest Aura Lee.

(Chorus)



In her blush the rose was born, 'twas music when she spake.

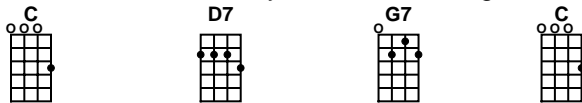


In her eyes the light of morn, sparkling seemed to break.

(Chorus)

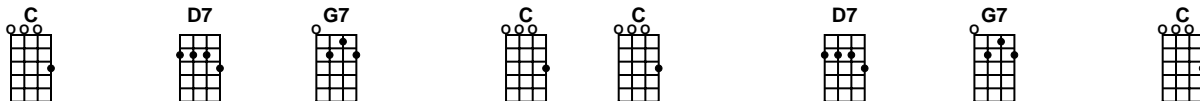


Aura Lee, the bird may flee the willow's golden hair,



Then the wintry winds may be, blowing everywhere.

Final Chorus:



Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart. For to me, sweet Aura Lee, is sunshine to the heart.