

Aura Lee

Traditional American Folk Song

1 As the black-bird in the spring by the wil-low tree,
 In thy blush the rose was born; Mus-ic when you spake;
 Au-ra Lee, the bird may flee, The wil-low's gol-den hair;
 When the mis-tle-toe was green, mid the win-ter's snow
Love me ten-der, love me sweet, Nev-er let me go.

5 Sat and piped, I heard him sing Of thee Au-ra Lee.
 Thru thine as-sure eye the moon spark-ling seemed to break.
 Swing thru win-ter fit-ful-ly, On the storm-y air.
 Sun-shine in thy face was seen, Kis-sing lips of rose.
You have made my life com-plete And I love you so.

9 Au-ra Lee, Au-ra Lee, Maid of gold-en hair;
 Au-ra Lee, Au-ra Lee, Birds of crim-son wing,
 Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon de-part;
 Au-ra Lee, Au-ra Lee, Take my gol-den ring;
Lave me ten-der, love me true, All my dreams ful-fill;

13 Sun-shine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in air.
 Ne-ver songs have sung to me, as that bright, spring.
 For to me, sweet Au-ra Lee is sun-shine thru heart.
 Love and light re-turn with thee, and swal-lows with spring.
For my dar-ling, I love you, And I al-will.