

# Aura Lee

Traditional American Folk Song

G D G

At the black-bird in the spring by the willow tree,  
In thy blush the rose was born; Music when you spake;  
Au-ra Lee, the bird may flee, The willow's golden 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 G D G

Sat and piped, I heard him sing Of thee Au-ra Lee.  
Thru thine as-ure 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 G B m E m G

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;  
Aur-a Lee, Au-ra Lee, Take my gol-den ring;  
Love me ten-der, love me true, All my dreams ful-fill;

13 G A m D C G

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.