

Aura Lee

Traditional Folk Song

As the black - bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree,
In thy blush the rose was born; Mu - sic when you spake;
Aur - a Lee, the bird may flee, The wil - low's golden hair

Sat and piped, I heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee, Aur - a Lee, Aur - a Lee,
Through thine a - zure eye, the moon Spark - ling seemed to break. Aur - a Lee, Aur - a Lee,
Swing through win - ter fit - ful - ly, On the stor - my air. Yet if thy blue eyes I see,

Maid with gol - den hair, Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal - lows in the air.
Birds of crim - son wing Ne - ver song have sung to me As in that bright, sweet spring.
Gloom will soon de - part; For to me, sweet Aur - a Lee Is sun - shine through the heart.

Notes: Additional Verse:

When the mistletoe was green, 'Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen, Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, Take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee, And swallows with the spring

Tune used in Love Me Tender by Elvis Presley