Aura Lee

Traditional American Folk Song

As the black-bird in the spring
by the wil-low tree,
In thy blush the rose was born;
Music when you spake;
Aura Lee, the bird may flee,
The wil-low's gold-en hair
When the mis-tle-toe was green,
mid the win-ter's snow
Love me ten-der, love me sweet,
Never let me go.

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-fully,
On the storm-y air.
Sun-shine in thy face was seen,
Kiss-sing lips of rose.

You have made my life com-plete
And I love you so.

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 gold-en ring;

Love me ten-der, love me true,
All my dreams ful-fill;

Sun-shine came a-long with thee,
And swal-lows in air.
Never 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-ways will.