

Aura Lee

As the blackbird in the spring,
'neath the willow tree,
Sat and piped, I heard him sing,
Sing of Aura Lee.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.
In her blush the rose was born,
'twas music when she spake.
In her eyes the light of morn,
Sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.
Aura Lee, the bird may flee,
The willow's golden hair,
Then the wintry winds may be,
Blowing everywhere.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see,
Gloom will soon depart.
For to me, sweet Aura Lee,
Is sunshine to the heart.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.