

Aura Lee

music by George R. Poulton
words by William Whiteman Fosdick

As the black - bird in the spring 'neath the wil - low tree
On her cheek the rose was born; 'twas mu - sic when she spake;

sat and pip'd, I heard him sing with sing of Au - ra Lee.
In her eyes the rays of morn with sud - den splen - dor break.

Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee! } Maid of gold - en hair!
Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee! }

Sun - shine came a - long with thee, and swal-lows in the air.