





Aura Lee

George R. Poulton & W. W. Fosdick 1861

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As	the	black - bird		in	the	spring	be -	neath	the	wil - low	tree,
In	thy	blush	the	rose	was	born,		mu -	sic	when you	spake.
0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
0	0	2	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	2
X	0	X	0	1	X	1	1	0	X	X	X

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Sat and piped I	heard him sing, And	sing of Au - ra	Lee.
Thru' thine az - ure	eye, the morn,	Spark - ling seem'd to	break.
0 0 0 0	3 3 3 3	3 3 3 3	2
0 0 2 0	1 1 1 1	1 2 1 2	0
X 0 X 0	1 X 1 1	0 X X X	0

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Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en hair, Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, birds of crim - son wing,				
0	0	0	0	0
3	3	2	1	1
2	2	2	2	2

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Sun - shine	came	a -	long	with	thee,	and	swal - lows	in	the	air.	
Ne - ver	song	have	sung	to	me	as	in	that	night, sweet	spring.	
0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	2
3	3	3	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	0
2	2	3	1	X	1	1	0	X	2	1	0

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