Aura Lee
Music by George R. Poulton
Words by W. W. Fosdick
Arranged by Ron Zuckerman

1. When the blackbird in the spring,
   was born, 'Neath the music when you spake,
   thy bird was born, 'Neath the music when you spake,
   seemed to break.

2. In thy blush the rose, born,
   low tree, when you spake,
   to spake,
   singer seemed to break.

Chorus

Aura Lee, Aura Lee, Maid with golden hair;
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, Birds of crimson wing,
Sunshine came a-
Never song have

long with thee, And swallow in the air.
in that sweet

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spring.
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