As the blackbird in the spring, 'neath the willow tree

sat and piped I heard him sing, singing, "Aura Lee."

Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair,

Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.
2. In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake.

Through thine azure eye, the morn, sparkling seemed to break.

Aura Lee, Aura Lee, birds of crimson wing.

Never song have sung to me as in that night, sweet spring.
AURA LEE

[Music notation]

AURA LEE

[Music notation]