

# Tom Roush, Aura Lee

When the blackbird in the Spring,  
'On the willow tree,  
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing,  
Singing Aura Lea.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
Maid with golden hair;  
Sunshine came along with thee,  
And swallows in the air.

Chorus:

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
Maid with golden hair;  
Sunshine came along with thee,  
And swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born,  
Music, when you spake,  
Through thine azure eye the morn,  
Sparkling seemed to break.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
Birds of crimson wing,  
Never song have sung to me,  
As in that sweet spring.

(Chorus)

Aura Lea! the bird may flee,  
The willow's golden hair  
Swing through winter fitfully,  
On the stormy air.  
Yet if thy blue eyes I see,  
Gloom will soon depart;  
For to me, sweet Aura Lea  
Is sunshine through the heart.

(Chorus)

When the mistletoe was green,  
Midst the winter's snows,  
Sunshine in thy face was seen,  
Kissing lips of rose.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
Take my golden ring;  
Love and light return with thee,  
And swallows with the spring.

(Chorus)