

# Aura Lee

Amerikanisches Bürgerkriegslied

Liedtext: George R. Poulton - Musik: W. W. Fosdick

1 As the black-bird in the spring 'neath the wil- low trees  
5 sat and piped, I heard him sing: sing of Au- ra Lee.  
9 Au- ra Lee, Au- ra Lee, maid with gol- den hair.  
13 sun- shine com a- long with thee, swal- lows in the air.  
16

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.

3. Aura Lee, 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 Lee is sunshine through the heart.

4. When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows  
Sunshine in thy face was seen kissing lips of rose.  
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, take my golden ring.  
Love and light return with thee, and swallows with the spring.

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