

Aura Lee

Jimmy Dean

As the blackbird in the spring neath the willow tree
He sat and piped I heard him sing praising Aura Lee

Aura Lee Aura Lee maid of golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air

(Aura Lee the birds may flee the willow's golden hair)
Swing through winter fitfully on the stormy air

Aura Lee Aura Lee maid of golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air