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Aura Lee

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(Words: George R. Poulton; Music W. W. Fosdick)

As the blackbird in the spring, 'neath the willow tree,
Sat and piped, I heard him sing; sing of Aura Lee.

Aura Lee, Aura Lee, 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 Lee, Aura Lee, birds of crimson wing
Never song have sung to me as in that night, sweet spring.

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.

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.

Note: A traditional West Point favorite for a couple of centuries. Elvis,
of course, used the tune for "Love me Tender." Neither set of lyrics
is terribly inspired; perhaps the ruder fusion approach is best:

"Love me tender, love me sweet, love me Aura Lee" RG