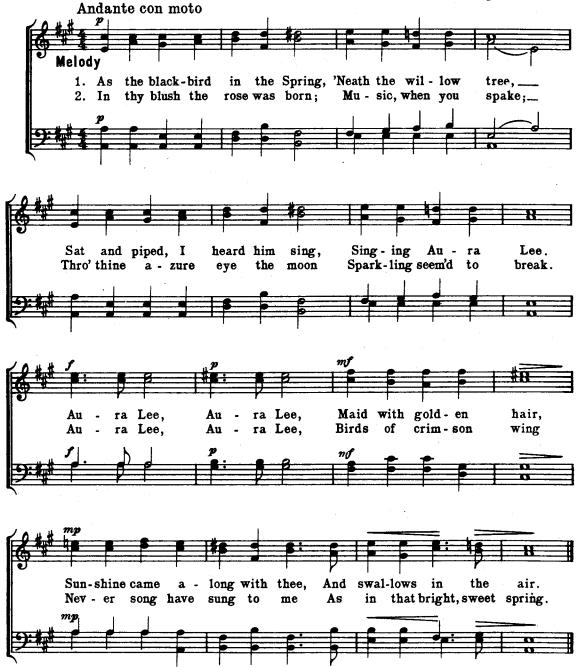
## Aura Lee





- 3. Aura Lee, the bird may flee,
  The willow's golden hair
  Swing thro' 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 thro' the heart.
- 4. When the misletoe 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.