

Aura Lee (low melody) American Civil War Tune

Music - G. Poulton; Words - W. Fosdick

slowly

D Em A7 D

As the black-bird in the Spring. Neath the wil - low tree.
Take my heart and take my ring. I give my all to thee.
In thy blush the rose was born, mus- ic when you spake.

1 2 3 4

T 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 0
A 0 0 2 0 1 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 0 0
D 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 0 0

Em A7 D

Sat and piped, I heard him sing. Sing of Aur - a Lee.
Take me for e ter - ni - ty, dear - est Aur - a Lee.
Through thine a - zure eye, the morn, spark - ling seemed to break.

5 6 7 8

T 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 0
B 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 0

F#m G7 G D

Aur - a Lee, Aur - a Lee, Maid with gold - en hair.
Aur - a Lee, Aur - a Lee, Maid with gold - en hair.
Yet if thy, blue eyes I see, gloom will soon de part.

9 10 11 12

T 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 3 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 0 0
B 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2

G D Em A7 D

Sun - shine came a long with thee, and swal - lows in the air.
Sun - shine came a long with thee, and swal - lows in the air.
For to me sweet Aur - a Lee, is sun - shine to the heart.

13 14 15 16

T 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0
A 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 0 0 0
B 2 2 3 2 1 1 0 0 2 1 0 0