

Aura Lee

Harmonica en C

George R. Poulton



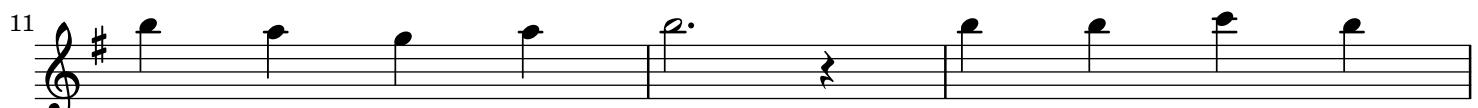
As the black - bird in the spring, 'neath the wil - low



tree, sat and piped, I heard him sing,



prais - ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!



Maid of gold - en hair, sun - shine came a -



long with thee and swal - lows in the air.