Flow Gently Sweet Afton

1. Flow gently, sweet Afton! a-
2. Thou stock dove whose echo return-
3. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy
4. How pleasant thy banks and green
5. The crystal stream, Afton, how
6. Flow gently, sweet Afton, a-

mang thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll
sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling
neighbouring hills, Far mark'd with the
valleys below, Where, wild in the
loving it glides, And winds by the
mang thy green braes, Flow gently, sweet

sing thee a song in thy praise; My
black birds in yon thorny den, Thou
courts of clear, wind ing rills; There
woods of the primroses blow; There
cot where my Mary resides; How
river, the theme of my lays; My

Marry's asleep by thy murmuring
green crest ed lap wing, thy screaming for
Dai ly I wander as noon rises
oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the
wanton thy waters her snowy feet
Marry's asleep by thy murmuring
stream, Flow gently, sweet
bear, I charge you, disturb not my
high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet
lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my
lave, As gathering sweet flowrets,
stream, Flow gently, sweet

C7 F Bb

turb not her dream.
slumbering Fair.
cot my eye.
Mary and me.

she stems thy clear wave.
turb not her dream.