

Flow Gently Sweet Afton

Robert Burns and James Spilman

G C G
 Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 D G A7 D
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
 G C G
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 D G C G D7 G
 Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
 D A7 D
 Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds from the glen,
 A7 D
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 D9 G C G
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for bear,
 D G C G D7 G
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills.
 There daily I wander as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow.
 There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides.
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.
 Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently sweet river, the theme of my lays.
 My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
 Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.