

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

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Robert Burns

Moderately

Voice

8

1.Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a - mong thy green
 2.How lof - ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bour-ing
 3.Thy crys-tal stream,Af-ton,how love - ly it

Piano

9

8

braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy
 hills; Far marked with the cours - es of clear wind-ing rills! There dai - ly I wan-der as
 glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her

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8

mur-mur ing stream, Flow gen - tly, Sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream, Thou stock-dove, whose
 morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy
 snow - y feet lave, As gath-ring sweet flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet

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ech - o re-sounds from the hill, Ye_ wild whist-ling black-birds in yon_ thorn-y_ dell; Thou
banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ro - ses_ blow, There
Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet ri - ver, the theme of_ my_ lays; My

30

green crest - ed_ lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I
oft as mild_ eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow

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charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
sweet scent - ed Birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.