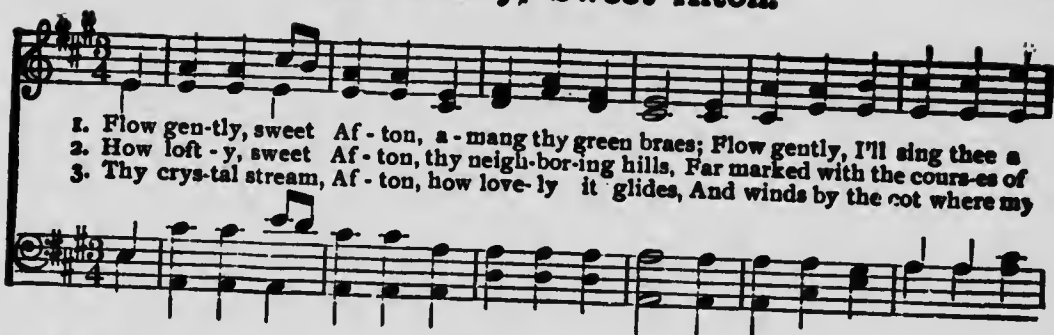
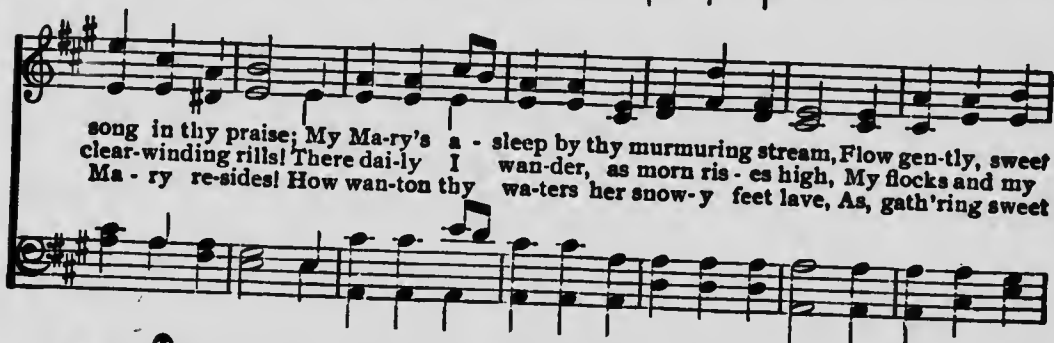


Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

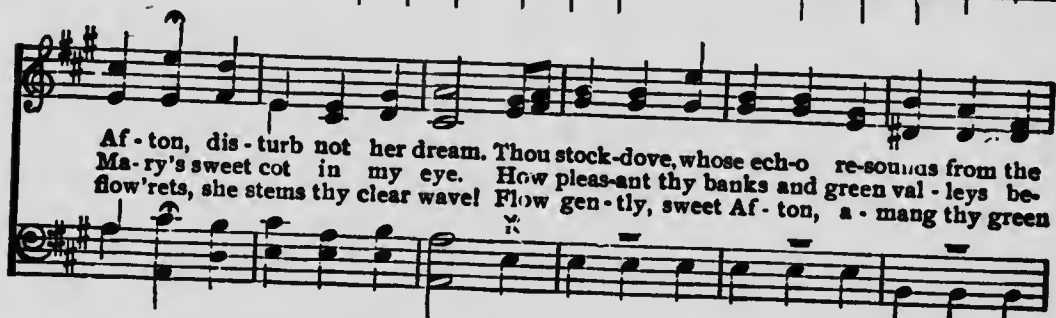
25



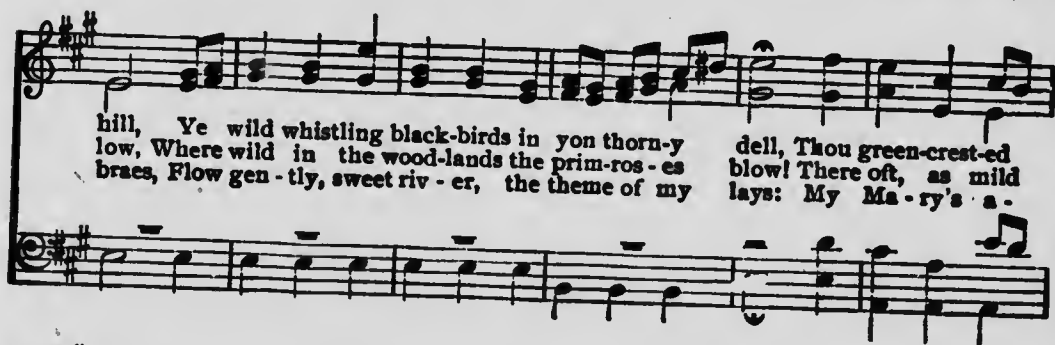
1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



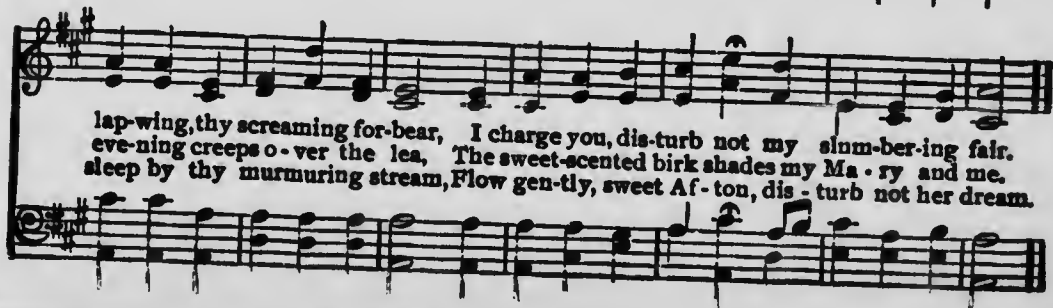
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet



Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green



hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-



lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.