

AFTON WATER.—*Continued.*

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear, I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.	There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, Far marked with courses of clear winding rills! There daily I wander as morn rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.	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.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!	Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays: My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

KELVIN GROVE.

Andante.

LYLE.



1. Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Through its



ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Where the ro-ses in their pride Deck the



bon-nie din-gle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bon-nie las-sie, O.

Let us wander by the mill; bonnie lassie, O, To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O, Where the glens rebound the call Of the roaring water's fall, Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.	But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O, On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O, Ere yon golden orb of day Wake the warblers on the spray, From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.
---	--

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O, When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O, There the May-pink's crimson plume Throws a soft but sweet perfume Round the yellow banks o'-broom, bonnie lassie, O.	Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O, And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O, To the river winding clear, To the fragrant scented brier, Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.
--	---

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O, As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O, Yet with fortune on my side, I could stay thy father's pride, And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.	When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O, Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O, Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear Of thy lover on his bier, To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!
---	---