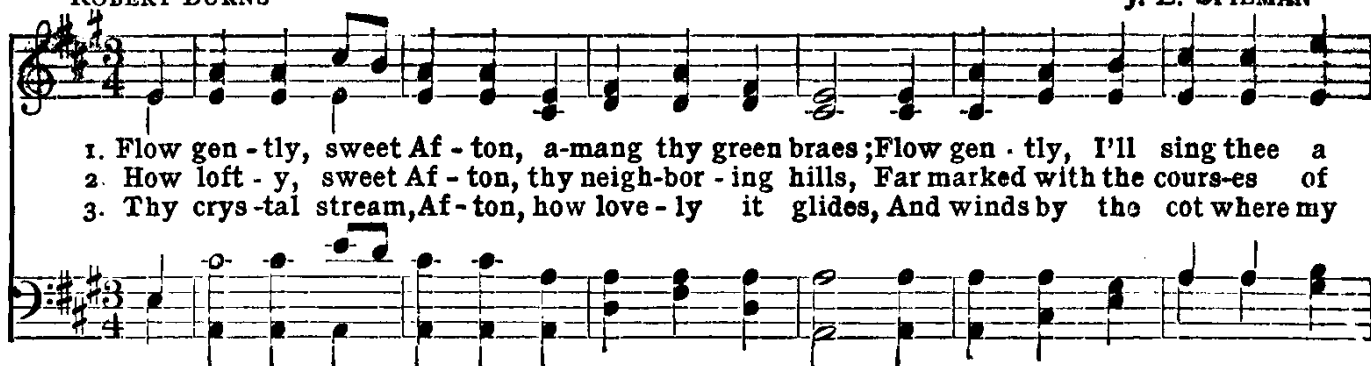


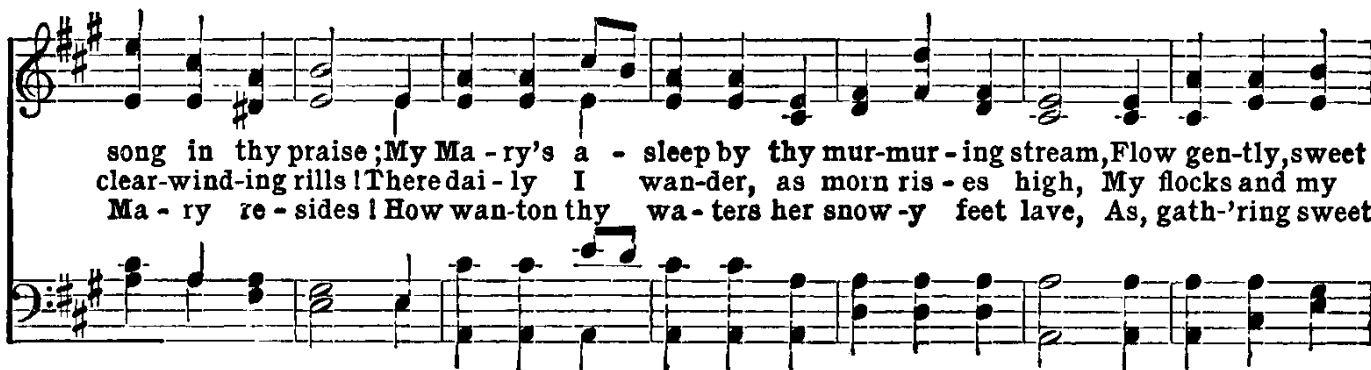
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS

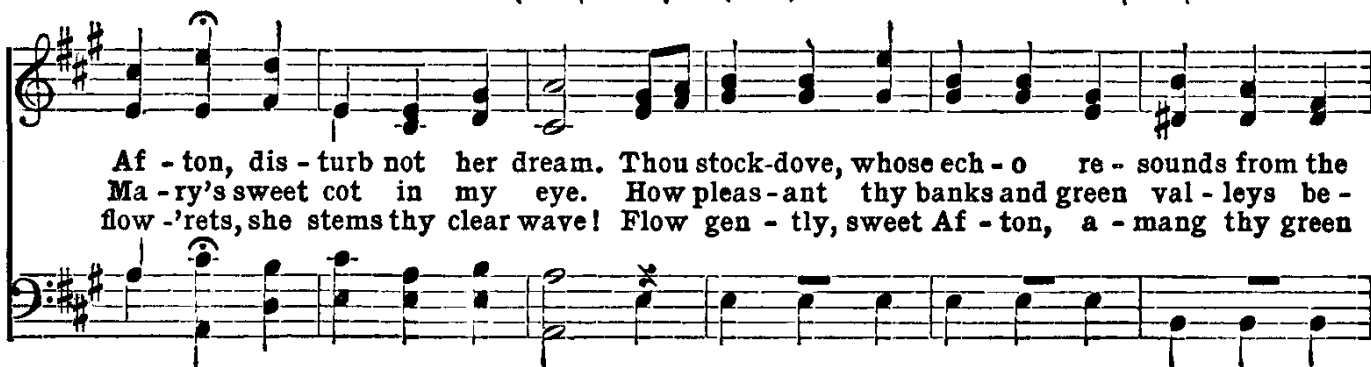
J. E. SPILMAN



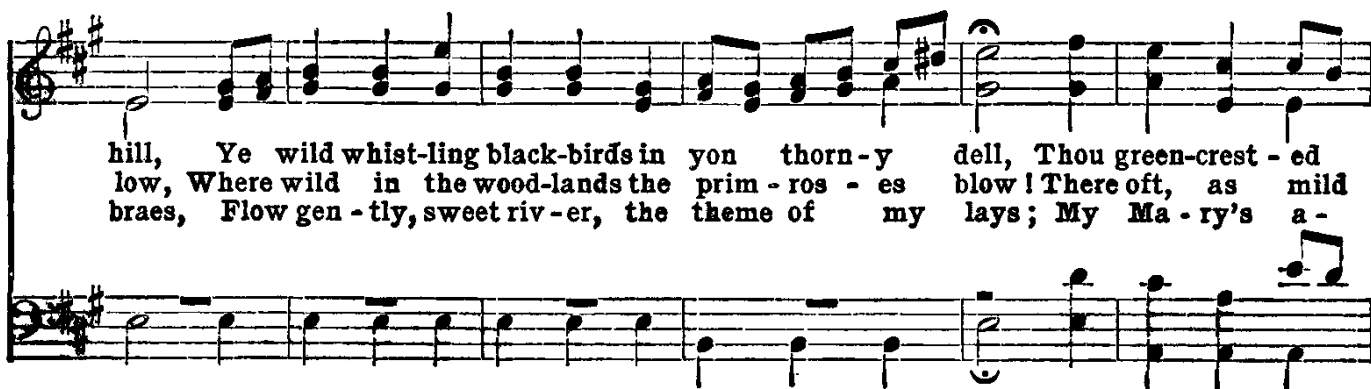
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



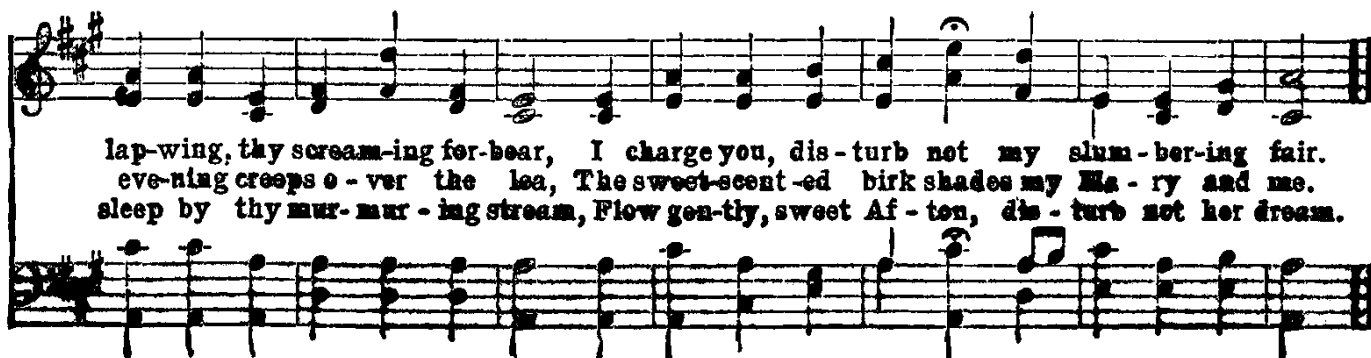
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet
 clear - wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath - ring sweet



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 whist - ling 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 scream - ing fer - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.