

Sweet Afton

Alexander Hume/Robert Burns

C C F C C

Flow gent - ly, swe - et Af - ton! am - ang thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll
 Thou stock -dove who -se ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist -ling
 How lof - ty, swe - et Af - ton, thy neigh - bour -ing hills, Far mark'd with the
 How pleas -ant th - y banks and green val - leys be - low, Where, wild in the
 Thy crys - tal stre - am, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the
 Flow gent - ly, swe - et Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet

C C G C C

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mar - y's a - - sleep by thy
 black - birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - e - d lap - wing thy
 cours - es of clear, win - ding rills; There dai - ly I - wan - der as
 wood - lands, the prim - ros - es blow; There oft, as mi - ld Ev'n - ing weeps
 cot where my Mar - y re - sides; How wan - ton th - y wat - ers her
 riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Mar - y's a - - sleep by thy

F G C C G C

mur - mur -ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
 scream -ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber -ing Fair.
 noon ris - es high, My flocks and my Mar - y's sweet cot in my eye.
 ov - er the lea, The sweet - scent -ed birk shades my Mar - y and me.
 snow - y feet lave, As, gather -ing sweet flower -ets, she stems thy clear wave.
 mur - mur -ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.