

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft - ty, 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 — wat - 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 thro' 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

glen, Ye — wild whis - tling black - birds in yon thorn - y — den, 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 -

rit. *a tempo*

lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - 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.