Flow Gently Sweet Afton

(alternate:)

Flow Gently Sweet Afton

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes
Flow gently I'll sing thee a song in thy praise
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
Flow gently sweet afton, disturb not her dream

Thou stock dove whose echo resound through the glen
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den
Thou greencrested lapwing thy screaming forbear
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills
There daily I wander as noon rises high
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye

How pleasant thy banks and sweet valleys below
Where wild are the woodlands, the primroses blow
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

Thy crystal stream, afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides
How wanton the waters her snowy feet lave
As gathering sweet flowers, she stems thy clear wave

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

Robert Burns. printed in Cole