Flow Gently Sweet Afton - song lyrics

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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 dove, whose soft echo resounds from the hill!
Thou green-crested lap-wing, with noise loud and shrill!
Ye wild whistling warblers! your music forbear!
I charge you disturb not the slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
Thy sweet-scented groves shade my Mary and me.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme or my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream-
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.