

Burns Robert

"Flow Gently Sweet Afton"

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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 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

@love @river

Robert Burns. printed in Cole

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