

Robert Burns

Moderately

# Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

J. E. Spilman

Voice

8

1.Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green  
 2.How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bour-ing  
 3.Thy crys-tal stream,Af-ton,how love-ly it

Piano

9

8

braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy hills; Far marked with the cours - es of clear wind-ing rills! There dai - ly I wan-der as glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her

Piano

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8

mur-mur ing stream, Flow gen - tly, Sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream, Thou stock-dove, whose morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy snow - y feet lave, As gath-'ring sweet flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet

Piano

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ech - o re-sounds from the hill, Ye\_ wild whist-ling black-birds in yon\_ thorn-y\_ dell; Thou  
banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ro - ses\_ blow, There  
Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet ri - ver, the theme of\_ my\_ lays; My

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green crest - ed\_ lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I  
oft as mild\_ eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The  
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow

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charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
sweet scent - ed Birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.