

Robert Burns

# Flow gently sweet Afton

Jonathan E. Spilman

♩ = 100

*rec'd Le 03/10/2012*

S/A

Flow gent - ly sweet Af - ton a - mong thy green braes Flow gent - ly I'll sing thee a song in thy  
 lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bo - ring hills Far marked with the cour - ses of clear wind - ing  
 crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re -

T/B

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8

praise My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream Flow gent - ly sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream Thou  
 rills There dai - ly I wan - der as noon ri - ses high My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye How  
 sides How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave As ga - thering sweet flo - wers, she stems thy clear wave Flow

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 sides How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave As ga - thering sweet flo - wers, she stems thy clear wave Flow

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stock dove whose ech - o re - sounds through the glen Ye wild whistl - ing black - birds in yon thor - ny dell, Thou  
 plea - sant thy banks and sweet val - leys be - low Where wild are the wood - lands, the prim - ro - ses blow There  
 gent - ly sweet Af - ton a - mong thy greenbraes Flow gent - ly sweet ri - ver, the theme of my lays My

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green - cres - ted lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair. How  
 oft, as mild e - vening weeps o - ver the lea The sweat scen - ted birk shades my Ma - ry and me. Thy  
 Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mu ring stream Flow gent - ly sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

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