



Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Alexander Hume
 Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

Words: Robert Burns

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet— Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow

gent-ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep in thy

mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gent-ly sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou—

Chords: G, C, D7, G7, C, D7, G

Fingerings: 1, 3, 5, 2, 4, 3, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1, 1, 2, 5, 2, 3, 1, 3, 1, 5, 2, 1, 2, 1

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18 D A7 D
 stock dove whose ech - o re - sounds through the glen, Ye—

22 A7 D
 wild whist - ling black - birds in yon— thorn - y— den, Thou

26 G C G
 green crest - ed— lap - wing thy scream - ing for - bear, I

30 G7 C D7 G
 charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 Far mark'd 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.

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

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

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,
 So flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dreams.