

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Jonathan E. Spilman (1812–1896)

*p*

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Afton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a  
2. How loft-y, sweet Afton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of  
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

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song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-muring stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet  
clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my  
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'-ring sweet

*piu mosso*

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re-sounds from the  
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -  
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green

*poco rit.* *f* *a tempo*

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed  
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild  
braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -

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lap-wing, thy screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.  
eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
sleep by the mur-muring stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis-turb not her dream.

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