Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

D A D

Flow
gently, sweet
Afton, among thy green
braes, Flow

0 0 0
0 0 0
0 0 2 1 0 0

A
gen-tly, I'll
sing thee a
song in thy
praise;
My

0 0 0
0 0 0
0 0 1 2 2 4 4 2 0 1

D

Mary's asleep by thy
murmuring stream,
Flow

0 0 0
0 0 0
0 0 2 1 0 0

G

D

gen-tly, sweet
Afton, disturb not her
dream.
Thou

0 0 0
0 0 0
0 0 1 2 4 3

Dulcimer Arr. S. Stevens
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, far marked with the courses of clear winding rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high, my flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea, the sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.