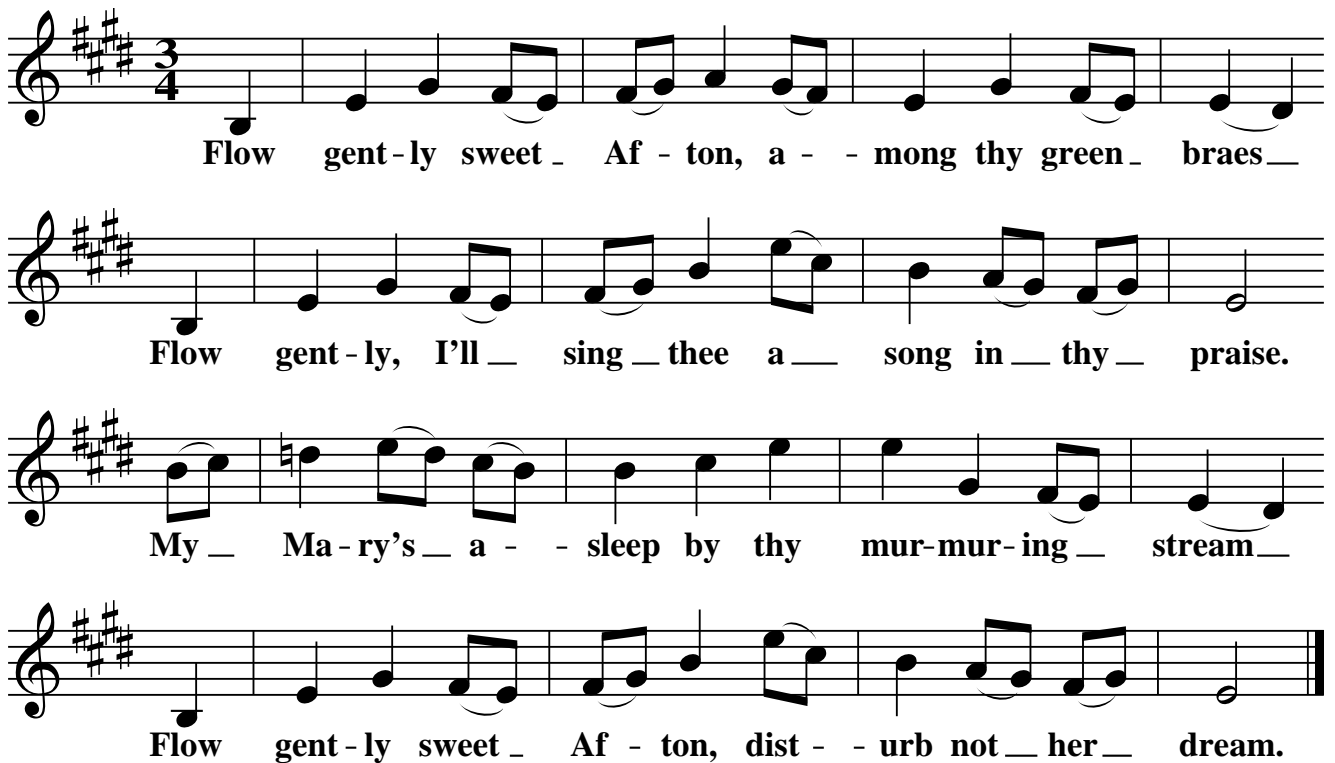


Afton Water



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 by thy mur-mur-ing stream

Flow gent-ly sweet Af - ton, dist - - urb not her dream.

Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge thee disturb not my slumbering fair.

The 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:

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;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.