

## Sweet Afton

G G D C  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Em D C G  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
G D C G  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Em D C G  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
G D C G  
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Em D C G  
Ye wild whistly blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
G D C G  
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
Em D C G  
O'I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Em D C G  
**How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,**  
Am C D  
**Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;**  
Bm C Bm Em D C G  
**There daily I wander as noon rises high,... ooh,**  
Am C D  
**My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.**

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

### Chorus:

Em D C G  
O'Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
Am C D  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
Bm C Bm Em ... D C G  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, ooh,  
Am C D  
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.  
G D C G  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Em D C G  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
G D C G  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Em D C G  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dreams.