

## Sweet Afton

Nickel Creek

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 thro' the glen  
Ye wild whistly blackbirds in yon thorny den  
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair

Oh, 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, oooh  
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 sweeps over the lea  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me

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

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