

Nickel Creek, Sweet Afton

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,
Oh, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forebear,
Oh, 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
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 Ev'ning sweeps over the lea
The sweet scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Oh, Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by her cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets 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 dream.