

Flow gently, sweet Afton! amang 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 stockdove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in [yon](#) thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring 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 weeps 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, [amang](#) 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.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

[Aft hae](#) I rov'd [by Bonie](#) Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And fondly [sae](#) did I [o'](#) mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
[Fu'](#) sweet upon its thorny tree!
And may [fause](#) Luver [staw](#) my rose,
[But](#) ah! he left the thorn [wi'](#) me.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, [nae](#) cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
[Naething](#) could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love [but](#) her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd [sae](#) blindly,
Never met-or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
[Ae](#) fareweeli alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Chorus.-O Whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' [a'](#) should [gae](#) mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily [tent](#) when ye come to court me,
And come [nae](#) unless the [back-yett](#) be a-jee;
[Syne](#) up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

At kirk, [or](#) at market, whene'er ye meet me,
[Gang by](#) me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a [blink o'](#) your [bonie](#) black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may [lightly](#) my beauty a-wee;
[But](#) court [na](#) anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy [frae](#) me.
O whistle [an'](#) I'll come, &c.