

Sweet Afton
Nickel Creek

Nickel Creek " Sweet Afton

E1 - 0-7-9-9-0-0

E1 B A E#8232;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, 

C#m B A E
 Flow gently, I ll sing thee a song in thy praise; 

E1 B A E#8232;
My Mary s asleep by thy murmuring stream, 

C#m B A E
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  

E1 B A E
 

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro the glen, 

C#m B A E#8232;
oh Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, 

E1 B A E
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forebear, 

C#m B A E#8232;
oh I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair. 

  C#m B A E#8232;
oh How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, 

F#m F#m A B#8232;
Far mark d with the courses of clear winding rills, 

G#m A G# C#m B A E  
There daily I wander as noon rises high, ooh, 

F#m F#m A B
 My flocks and my Mary s sweet cot in my eye. 

E1 B A E#8232;
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, 

C#m B A E#8232;
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; 

E1 B A E#8232;
There oft as mild Ev ning sweeps over the lea 

C#m B A E#8232;
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.   

C#m B A E#8232;
oh Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, 

F#m F#m A B#8232;
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides, 

G#m A G#m C#m B
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, 

F#m F#m A B#8232;

