

24 **FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON**

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 stock-dove whose echo resounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

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, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, 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.

25 **DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES**

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As given in the hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And send'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

26 **SUNRISE**

Dear one the world is waiting for the sunrise;
Ev'ry rose is heavy with dew
The thrust on high, his sleepy mate is calling
And my heart is calling you!

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