



Scottish Songs



Of A' The Airs

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers -
I see her sweet and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds -
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green.
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

