

Robert Burns

3 Of a' the Airts

R. de C.

Moderato

of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For
 I see her in the de-wy flowers, I see her sweet and fair: I

there the bon- nie las- sie lives, The las- sie lo'e best: There's
 hear her in the tune-ful birds' I hear her charm the air: There's

wild woods grow and ri- vers row and mo-ny a hil be- tween But
 not a bon- nie flower that springs, By four-teen shaw or green; There's

day and night my fan- cy's flight is e- ver with my Jean.
 not a bon- nie bird that sings But mind me o' my Jean.