



## 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.

