

68. The Poet's ain Jean

Koželuch
Unpublished

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

7

Of a' the airts the

12

wind can blaw, I dear - ly like the west, For_ there the bon-nie lass - ie lives, the lass - ie I lo'e

18

best. There wild woods grow, and ri - vers row, And mo - ny a hill_ be - tween; But_

23

day and night my fan - cy's flight is e - ver wi' my Jean. I_ see her in the

28

dew - y flow'rs, I see her fresh_ and_ fair; I_ hear her in the

32

tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm the air. There's not a bon - nie flow'r that springs, by

37

foun-tain, shaw, or green; There's not a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

43

There's not a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE POET'S AIN JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony 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 bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.