68. The Poet's ain Jean

Kořeluch
Unpublished

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

7

[8]

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Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly like the west, For there the bonnie lassie lives, the lassie I lo' e

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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 flow'rs, I see her fresh and fair; I hear her in the

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There's a tune-fu' birds, I hear her charm the air. There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs, by foun-tain, shaw, or green; There's not a bonnie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

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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.