

Lovely Jean Dix.39

Burns, 1790

$\text{♩} = 90$

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear - ly like the West, F - or

there the bonn - ie lass - ie lives, the lass that I loe best Tho'

wild woods grow and riv - ers row Wi mon - ie a h - ill be - tween. Baith

day and night my fan - cys flight is ev - er wi' my Jean. I -

see her in the dewy flow - er, Sae love - ly sw - eet a - nd fair I -

hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' mus - ic ch - arm the air, Th - eres

not a bonn - y flower that springs by fount - ain sh - aw o - r green, Nor

yet a bonn - y bird that sings but minds me o' my Jean.