

## Kris Drever

### "O' a' the Airts"

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Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly love the west  
For there the bonnie lassie lives  
The lass i love the best  
There wild woods grow and rivers row  
And many a hill between  
Both day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever with my Jean

Blaw you westlin winds, blaw soft  
Amang the leafy trees  
I hear her voice in ilka bird  
Bring hame the laden bees  
And bring the lassie back to me  
The mountain, shaw or green  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care  
Sae lovely is my Jean

What sighs and vows amang yon knows  
Hae past atween us twa  
Sae fain tae meet, I wae tae pairt  
The day she gang awa  
The powers above can only know  
To whom my heart has seen  
Bring the lassie back to me  
Nane can be sae dear to me  
My sweet and lovely Jean

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