

# Of a the airts

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

René De Clercq (1877 - 1932)

**Zang**

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear - ly like the  
2. I see her in the de - wy flowers, I see her sweet and

**Piano**

4

west,  
fair: For there the bo - nie las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e  
I hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm the

8

best: There's wild - woods grow, and ri - vers row, And mo - ny a hill be -  
air: There's not a bo - nie flower that springs, By foun - tain, shaw, or

12

tween: But day and night my fan - cys' flight Is e - ver wi' my Jean.  
green; There's not a bo - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.