

I Love My Jean

Camera Obscura

Of all the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west
For there the bonnie Lassie lives
The Lassie I love best
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row
And many a hill between
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever way my Jean

I see her in the Dewy flowers
I see her sweet and fair
I hear her in the tuneful birds
I hear her charm the air
There's not a bonnie flower, that springs
By a fountain, shaw, or green
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o, my Jean