

## 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