

Jimmy Dean, Jean

"Jean"

Jean, Jean, roses are red; All the leaves have gone green.
And the clouds are so low, You can touch them, and sow
Come out to the meadow, Jean.

Jean, Jean, you're young and awise; Come out of your half-dreamed dream.
And run, if you will, To the top of the hill;
Open your arms, bonnie Jean.

'Til the sheep in the valley come home my way,
'Til the stars fall around me, and find me, alone,
When the sun comes a-singin', I'll still be waitin'... for...

Jean, Jean, roses are red; And all of the leaves have gone green.
While the hills are a blaze With the moon's young haze.
Come into my arms, bonnie Jean.

'Til the sheep in the valley come home my way,
'Til the stars fall around me, and find me, alone,
When the sun comes a-singin', I'll still be waitin'... for...

Jean

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From the 20th Century-Fox Film
'The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie'

Words and Music by Rod McKuen

A Mickey McBride Arrangement

Jean, Jean, roses are red; and all of the leaves have grown green.
And the clouds are so low, you can touch them, you know;
Come out to the meadow, bonnie Jean.

Jean, Jean, you're young and alive; come out of your half-dreamed dream.
And run, if you will, to the top of the hill;
Open your arms, bonnie Jean.

'Til the sheep in the valley come home my way.
'Til the stars all around me come find me and stay.
When the sun comes a-singing, I'll still be waitin' for...

Jean, Jean, roses are red; and all of the leaves have gone green.
And the hills are ablaze, with the moon's yellow haze.
Come into my arms, bonnie Jean.

Jean, Jean, you're young and alive; come out of your half-dreamed dream.
And run, if you will, to the top of the hill;
Come into my arms, bonnie Jean.