

Jean



Jean - my Jean-with eyes of light
An' the beautiful, soft brown hair,
D'ye know that I'm longin' for you tonight-
For your lips, - for the clasp of your hand so white
An' the thrill o' your voice so dear?

Jean-my Jean-of the glances bright,
Where the smile shines through the tear,
D'ye know that I'm callin' to you to-night
Where the seagulls cry like ghosts in flight,
An' the dark falls lone an' drear?

Jean-my Jean - where the snow drifts white
Through the answerless, icy air, -
Ah, would to God you were here to-night,
Braiding your beautiful tresses of light,
An' that I were lying there!

Frank L. Stanton



No. 12242

JEAN

Words by
FRANK L. STANTON

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Fervently, with good rhythm

VOICE.

PIANO.

Jean, my Jean, with the

eyes of light, And the beau-ti-ful, soft, brown hair, Do you know that I'm

long-ing for you to -night, For your lips, for the clasp of your hand so white, And the

Copyright transferred 1914 to Theo. Presser Co. 3

Copyright MCMIII by The William Maxwell Music Co.

International Copyright secured

sound of your voice so dear?— Jean, my Jean, with the

rit. *f*

glances bright, Where the smile shines through the tear, —

— Do you know that I'm calling to you to - night, Where the

f

sea-gulls cry like ghosts in flight An' the dark falls lone and

accl. *rit.*

drear? — Jean, my Jean, where the snow drifts white, Thro' the

an-swer-less, i - cy air, — Ah, would to God you were

here to - night, Braid-ing your beau-ti - ful tress-es of

light, And that I were ly - ing there! —