

## SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN

Harry Miller, 1873

1. In Scot - land's fair lands\_ o - ver moun - tains and rills, That's  
2. She said she would meet me, but I've wait - ed long in vain, In\_\_

where\_ I roamed for ma - ny a day In look - ing at the lads and  
lands far a - way\_ she does roam; Her prom - ise she will keep, oh!

las - sies on the green, In the fair old land of Scot - land far a - way. I have  
break it not, my Jean! We'll be hap - py in our bon - nie lit - tle home. O then

wait - ed for her com - ing but she has not come as yet, The  
let me not long wait, \_ let me meet thee soon, my Jean, And the

truth seems to dawn up - on me plain; They say she is false, but I  
heav - ens\_ will smile\_ on our love; And when life is dead we will

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still be - lieve her true, She's my dar - ling blue-eyed Scotch las - sie, Jean.  
leave this earth - ly scene, And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss a - bove.

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*f* Oh, Jean, my bon - nie Jean, come to your lad-die once a - gain! — They

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*p* say that you are false, but I still believe you mine, You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean.