

JEAN

Written by the American poet and composer Rod McKuen in 1969

**Jean, Jean, ros-es are red,
all the leaves have gone green;
and the clouds are so low,
you can touch them and so
come out to the mea-dow, Jean.**

**Jean, Jean, you're young and a-live;
come out of your half-dreamed dream,
and run, if you will, to the top of the hill;
o-pen your arms, bon-nie Jean.**

**'Til the sheep in the val-ley come home my way,
'til the stars fall a-round me and find me a-lone,
when the sun comes a-sing-in'
I'll still be wait-in' -**

**Jean, Jean, the ros-es are red,
all the leaves have gone green.
And the hills are a-blaze with the moon's yel-low haze;
come in-to my arms, bon-nie Jean.**

[Second half of song is repeated as follows]

**'Til the sheep in the val-ley come home my way,
'til the stars fall a-round me and find me a-lone,
when the sun comes a-sing-in'
I'll still be wait-in' -**

**Jean, Jean, the ros-es are red,
all the leaves have gone green.
And the hills are a-blaze with the moon's yel-low haze;
come in-to my arms, bon-nie Jean.**