



I love my Jean

George J. Bennett  
(1863-1930)

**George John Bennett** (1863-1930) was born in Andover, Hampshire, and was a chorister in Winchester Cathedral. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Sir George A. Macfarren, winning the Balfé scholarship. He also studied in Germany under Josef Rheinberger. He was organist at Westminster Methodist Chapel; St. John's Church, Pimlico; and was Organist and Master of Choristers at Lincoln Cathedral for thirty-five years. He was also Professor of harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. As a conductor, he conducted the Lincoln Music Festivals; the orchestra of the London Organ School; Church Orchestral Society; and founded the Lincoln Musical Society, and Lincoln Orchestral Society. His compositions include orchestral music, church music, organ pieces, songs, chamber music, piano pieces, and part-songs.

# I love my Jean

George J. Bennett

Vivace ♩ = 100

S *mf* Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, *f* I dear - ly like the west,

A *mf* Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, *f* I dear - ly like the west,

T *mf* Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, *f* I dear - ly like the west,

B *mf* Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, *f* I dear - ly like the west,

5

S *f* For there the bon - nie las - sie lives, *p* The las - sie

A *f* For there the bon - nie las - sie lives, *p* The las - sie I lo'e

T *f* For there the bon - nie las - sie lives, *p* The las - sie I lo'e

B *f* For there the bon - nie las - sie lives, *p* The las - sie I lo'e

8

S I lo'e best; There wild woods grow, and

A best; There wild woods grow, and

T best; There wild woods grow, and

B best; There wild woods

11

S riv - ers row, And mo - nie\_a hill be - tween, By

A riv - ers row, And mo - nie\_a hill be - tween, By

T riv - ers row, And mo - nie\_a hill be - tween, By

B grow, and riv - ers row, And mo - nie\_a hill be - tween, By

14

S day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my Jean,

A day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my

T day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my

B day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my

17

S *p rit.* is ev - er wi' my Jean.

A *p rit.* Jean, is ev - er wi' my Jean.

T *p rit.* Jean, is ev - er wi' my Jean.

B *p rit.* Jean, is ev - er wi' my Jean.

S *mf a tempo* I see her in the dew - y flowers, I see her sweet and fair;

A *mf a tempo* I see her in the dew - y flowers, I see her sweet and fair;

T *mf a tempo* I see her in the dew - y flowers, I see her sweet and fair;

B *mf a tempo* I see her in the dew - y flowers, I see her sweet and fair;

23

S I hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her

A I hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm

T I hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm

B I hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm

26

S charm \_\_\_\_\_ the air; There's not a bon - nie flower that

A \_\_\_\_\_ the air; There's not a bon - nie flower that

T \_\_\_\_\_ the air; There's not a bon - nie flower that

B \_\_\_\_\_ the air; There's not a bon - nie

29

S springs \_\_\_\_\_ By foun - tain, shaw, \_\_\_\_\_ or green; \_\_\_\_\_ There's

A springs By foun - tain, shaw, \_\_\_\_\_ or green; \_\_\_\_\_ There's

T springs By foun - tain, shaw, \_\_\_\_\_ or green; \_\_\_\_\_ There's

B flower \_\_\_\_\_ that springs By foun - tain, shaw, \_\_\_\_\_ or green; \_\_\_\_\_ There's

*cresc.* *mf*

32

S not a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean, \_\_\_\_\_

A not a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my

T not a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my

B not a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my

*f*

35

S  
but minds me o' my Jean.

A  
Jean, but minds me o' my Jean.

T  
Jean, but minds me o' my Jean.

B  
Jean, but minds me o' my Jean.

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1894)

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best:  
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between;  
Bait day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

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