Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne, like a vapor,
I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile, Radiant in gladness,
I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed Far from the fond hearts.

on the sum-mer air; I see her trip-ping where the bright streams play,
warm with win-ning guile; I hear her mel-o-dies, like joys gone by,
round her na-tive glade; Her smiles have van-ished and her sweet songs flown,

Hap-py as the dai-sies that dance on her way.
Sigh-ing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Flit-ting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.

Ma-ny were the wild notes her mer-ry voice would pour,
Sigh-ing like the night wind and sob-bing like that rain,
Now the nod-ding wild flowers may with-er on the shore,

Ma-ny were the blithe birds that war-bled them o'er: Oh I
Wail-ing for the lost one that comes not a-gain: Oh I
While her gen-tle fin-gers will call them no more: Oh I

Dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,

Float-ing, like a vapor, on the soft sum-mer air.
Never more to find her where the bright wa-ters flow.
Float-ing, like a vapor, on the soft sum-mer air.