

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

1854 Stephen C. Foster

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a vapor on the summer air, I
see her tripping where the bright streams play, Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour, Many were the blithe birds that
warbled them o'er, Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Floating like a vapor on the
soft summer air. I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile, Radiant in gladness,
warm with winning guile; I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing 'round my heart o'er the fond hope that die; Sighing like the night wind and
sobbing like the rain, Wail for the lost one that comes not a gain: Oh! I long for Jeanie and my
heart bows low, Nev-er-more to find her where the bright waters flow.