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 hopes that die.

Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
    Wailing for the lost one that comes not again: Oh!
    I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
    Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
    Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
    Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
    Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.

Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore
    While her gentle fingers will cull them no more: Oh!
    I sign for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
    Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.
Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

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Ha-p-py as the daisies that dance on her way. Many were the wild notes her
Sigh-ing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die. Sigh-ing like the night wind and
Fli-tting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the no-dding wild flowers may

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so-bb-ing like the rain, Wai-ling for the lost one that comes not a-gain: Oh!---- I
wi-th-er on the shore While her ge-n-tle fi-ngers will cull them no more: Oh!---- I

dream of Je-an-ie with the light brown hair, Floa-ting, like a va-por, on the
long for Je-an-ie, and my heart bows low, Ne-ver more to find her where the
sigh for Je-an-ie with the light brown hair, Floa-ting, like a va-por, on the

rallentando
soft summer air.
bright waters flow.
soft summer air.

a tempo

loco.