

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

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Poetry and Music by

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MODERATO.



I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a va - por,

A musical staff for the first line of the song. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the guitar accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a va - por,". The music consists of a series of chords and single notes in the guitar part, and a melody in the vocal part.

on the summer air; I see her tripping where the bright streams play,

A musical staff for the second line of the song. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the guitar accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "on the summer air; I see her tripping where the bright streams play,". The music consists of a series of chords and single notes in the guitar part, and a melody in the vocal part.

Happy as the daisies that dance on her way. Many were the wild notes her

A musical staff for the third line of the song. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the guitar accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Happy as the daisies that dance on her way. Many were the wild notes her". The music consists of a series of chords and single notes in the guitar part, and a melody in the vocal part.

ad lib:

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

ritard!

soft summer air.

tempo.

I sigh for Jennie, but her light form strayed Far from the fond hearts

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile, Radiant in glad-ness,

round her native glade; Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,

warm with winning guile; I hear her melodies like joys gone by,

Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the nodding wild flowers may

Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:— Sighing like the night wind and

with-er on the shore, While her gen-tle fin-gers will

sob-bing like the rain,— Wail-ing for the lost one that

pull them no more: Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the

comes not a-gain: Oh!..... I long for Jeanie, and my

light brown hair, Float-ing like a va-por, on the

heart bows low, Ne-ver more to find her where the

soft summer air.

bright waters flow.