

Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair

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STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

I dream of Jean-ie With The Light Brown Hair, Borne, like a va - por,
 I sigh for Jean-ie, 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,
 round her na - tive glade; Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,

hap-py as the dais-ies that dance on her way. Man - y were the wild notes her
 flit-ting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the nod-ding wild flow'rs may

mer - ry voice would pour, Man - y were the blithe birds that war-bled them o'er: —
 with-er on the shore, While her gen-tle fin - gers will call them no more, —

a tempo
 dream of Jean-ie With The Light Brown Hair, Float-ing like a va - por on the soft, sum-mer air.
 sigh for Jean-ie With The Light Brown Hair, Float-ing like a va - por on the soft, sum-mer air.