

Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair

Sam Cooke

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair
Borne like a vapor, on the summer's 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
I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair
Floating, like a vapor on the soft summer air

I long for Jeannie with the day dawn smile
Radiant in gladness, warm 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
I long for Jeannie and my heart bows low
Nevermore to find her where the bright waters flow