

I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

$\text{♩} = 100,000000$

Guitar

Voice

I

5

Guitar

Voice

dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a vapor,

8

Guitar

Voice

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

11

Guitar

Voice

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

14

Guitar

Voice

merry voice would pour, many were the blithe birds that

33/16

16 

Guitar

Voice

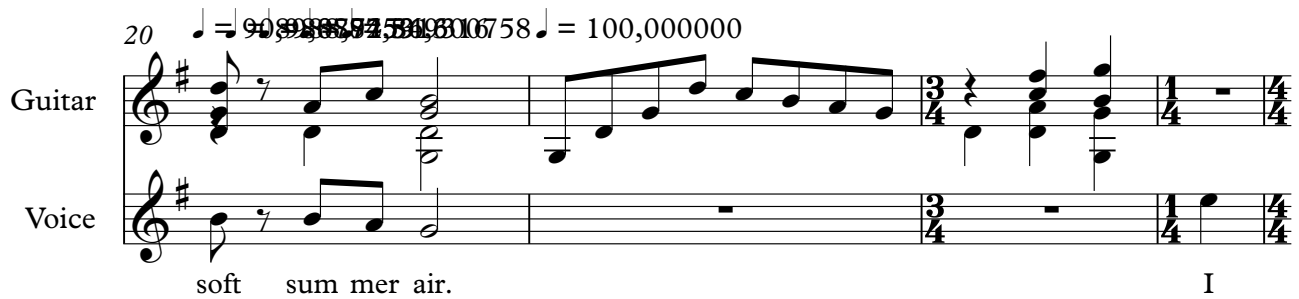
war bled them o'er: I

17 

Guitar

Voice

dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair, Floating, like a vapor, on the I

20 

Guitar

Voice

soft summer air. I

24 

Guitar

Voice

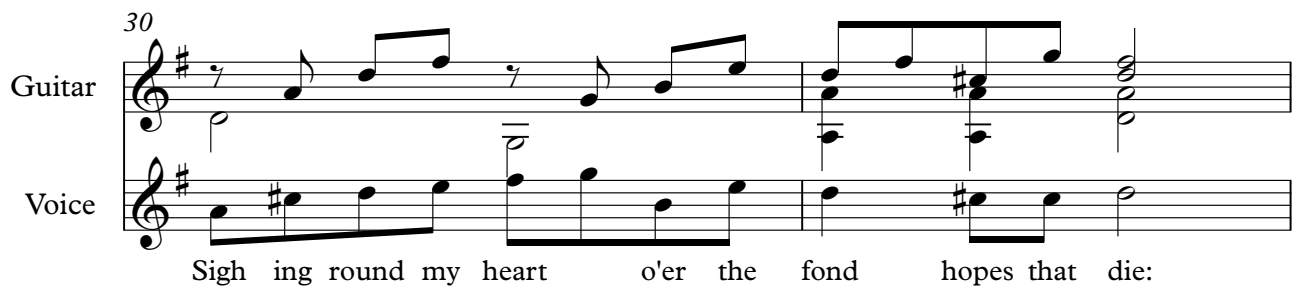
long for Jeannie with the day dawn smile, Radiant in gladness,

27 

Guitar

Voice

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

30 

Guitar

Voice

Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:

32

Guitar

Voice

Sigh ing like the night wind and sob bing like the rain, Wail ing for the lost one that

35

Guitar

Voice

comes not a gain: Oh! I

36

Guitar

Voice

long for Jea nie, and my heart bows low,

38

Guitar

Voice

Ne ver more to find her where the bright wa ters flow.

40

Guitar

I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

Guitar

$\text{♩} = 100,000000$

7

11

16

19

24

29

34

37

40

Voice I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

$\text{♩} = 100,000000$
 $\frac{3}{4}$

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a vapor,

8

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

11

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

14

merry voice would pour, many were the blithe birds that

16

warbled them o'er; I dream of Jeanie with the

18

light brown hair, Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

23

I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile, Radiant in gladness,

27

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

30

Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die: Sighing like the nightwind and

33

sobbing like the rain, Wailing for the lost one that

V.S.

2

Voice

35

comes not a gain: Oh! I long for Jeannie, and my

37

heart bows low, Never more to find her where the

39

bright waters flow.