

I Dream Of Jeannie Danny Boy

Joan Baez

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the summer air.
I hear her melodies like days gone by,
Sighing around my heart o'er the fond hopes that die.

Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for her lost love that comes not again.
I dream of Jeannie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find her where the deep waters flow.

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone and all the roses falling;
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
It's I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow;
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

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