

## Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

Sam Cooke

I dream of Jeanie 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 Jeanie with the light brown hair  
Floating, like a vapor on the soft summer air

I long for Jeanie 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 Jeanie and my heart bows low  
Nevermore to find her where the bright waters flow