

Stina Nordenstam, I Dream Of Jeannie

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair
Born like a vapor on the summer 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 Jeanie with the daydawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with 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 with my heart boys low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts 'round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone,
Now the nodding wild flow'rs may wither on the shore
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more

Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.