

Stina Nordenstam, I Dream Of Jeannie With Light

I dream of Jeannie 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 Jeannie 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 Jeannie with my heart boys low
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow