

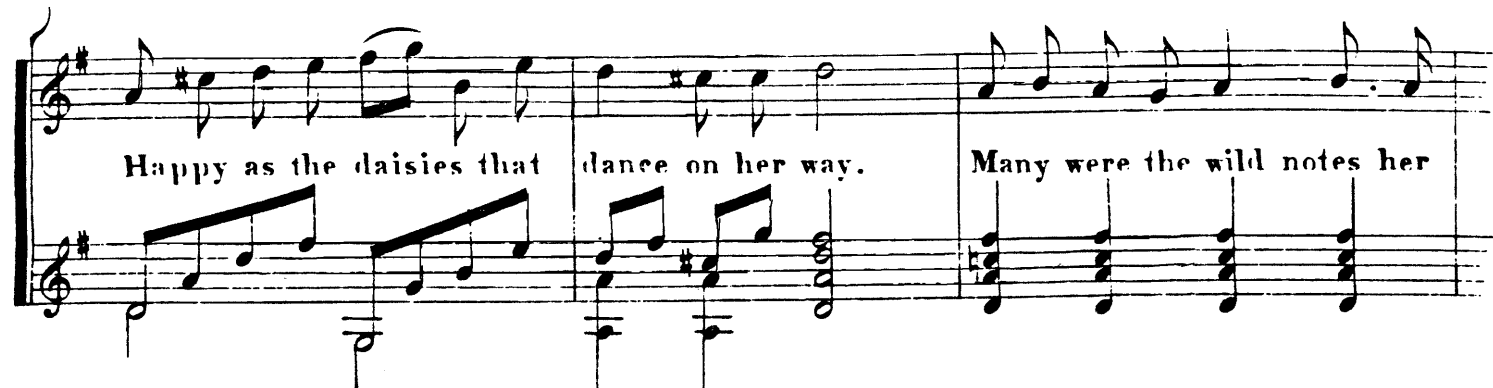
# JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

Poetry and Music by

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MODERATO.

GUITAR.

Musical notation for guitar introduction, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, starting with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, and a quarter note D5. The piece concludes with a final chord of G4-B4-D5.Musical notation for the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a va - por,". The guitar accompaniment is on a bass clef staff, providing a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.Musical notation for the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "on the summer air; I see her tripping where the bright streams play,". The guitar accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.Musical notation for the third line of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "Happy as the daisies that dance on her way. Many were the wild notes her". The guitar accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

ad lib:

merry voice would pour, Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er: Oh! I

dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair Floating like a vapor on the

ritard!

soft summer air.

tempo.

I sigh for Jennie, but her light form strayed Far from the fond hearts

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile, Radiant in glad-ness,

round her native glade; Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,

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

Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the nodding wild flowers may

Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:— Sighing like the night wind and

with-er on the shore, While her gen-tle fin-gers will

sob-bing like the rain,— Wail-ing for the lost one that

pull them no more: Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the

comes not a-gain: Oh!..... I long for Jeanie, and my

light brown hair, Float-ing like a va-por, on the

heart bows low, Ne-ver more to find her where the

soft summer air.

bright waters flow.