

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant with gladness, warmw ith 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, Oh!
I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.