

1860--

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance in her way.
Many are the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blythe birds that warble them o'er
Oh, I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Tossed like a vapor on the soft summer air.

1870--

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
When on the earth the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our heart love sang an old sweet song.
And in the dusk where fell the starlight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low
And the flickering shadows softly come and go
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

1880--

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come, and softly go.
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me
As you did once long ago?

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me!
Tho' I pass away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free,
For my heart was crushed with longing
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you, and best for me.