

WHEN IT'S SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH (L & O Rene-Muse) slowly



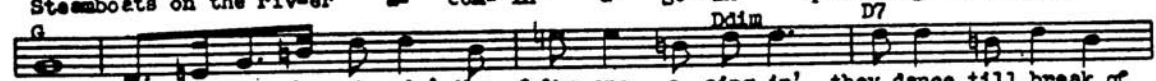
Pale moon shining on the fields below Folks are crooning songs soft and low —
Soft winds blowing thru the pinewood trees Folks down there live a life of ease —



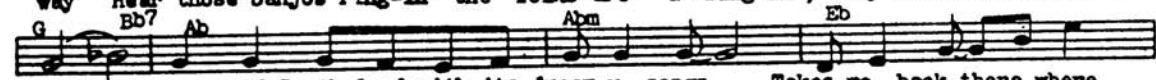
Needn't tell me so be-cause I know, — } It's Sleep-y-time down South. South. —
When ol, mam-my falls up- on her knees }



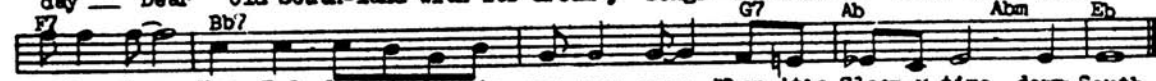
Steamboats on the riv-er a- com- in' a- go- in' Splash-ing the night a-



way Hear those banjos ring-in' the folks are a- sing-in', they dance till break of



day — Dear old South-land with its dream-y songs — Takes me back there where



I be- long How I, d love to be in mam-my's arms When it's Sleep-y-time down South