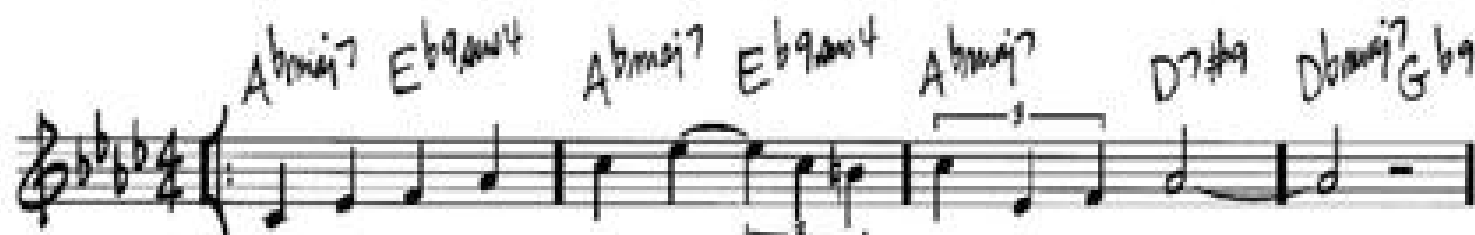
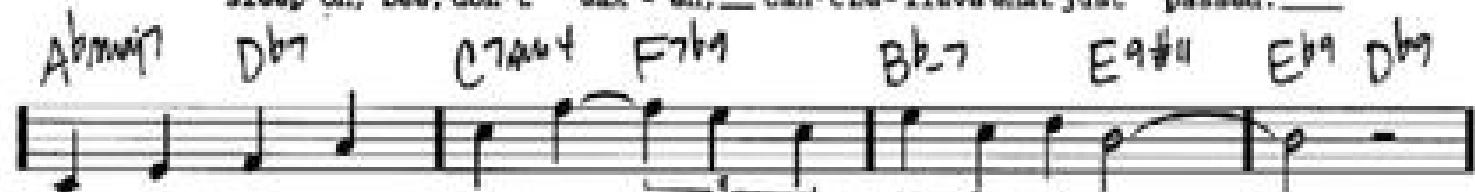


(BALLAD)

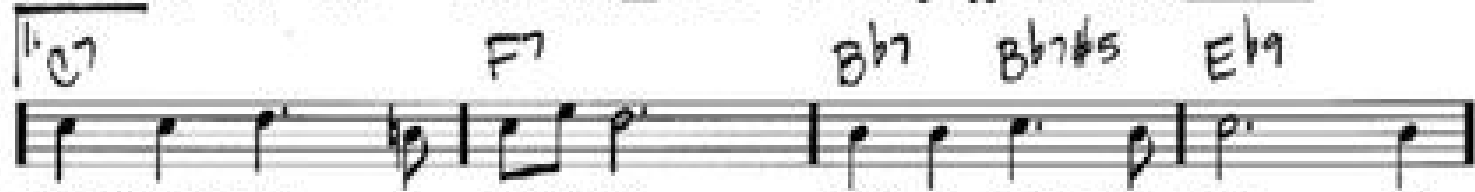
## A SLEEPIN' BEE

- HAROLD ARLEN/  
TRUMAN CAPOTE

When a bee lies sleep-in' in the palm o' your hand,  
Sleep on, bee, don't wak-en, can't be-lieve what just passed.



you're be-witch'd and deep in love's long look'd af-ter land.  
He's mine for the tak-in'. I'm so hap-py at last.



Where you'll see a sun-up sky with a morn-in' new, and



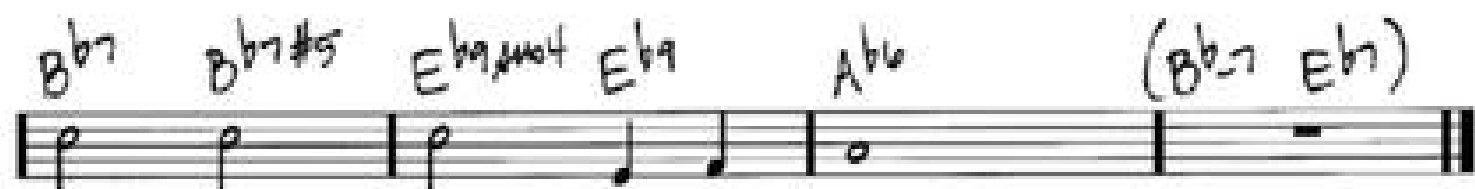
where the days go laugh-in' by as love comes a-call-in' on you.



May-be I dreams, but he seems sweet gold-en as a crown, a



sleep-in' bee done told me, I'll walk with my feet off the groun' when my



one true love I has foun'.