

## S L E E P Y B O D I E.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O,  
 And think myfell as good as thofe  
 That rich apparel wear, O.  
 Altho' my gown be hame-fpun grey,  
 My fkin it is as faft, O,  
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft, O.

What tho' I keep my father's fheep ?  
 The thing that muft be done, O,  
 With garlands of the fineft flowers  
 To fhade me frae the fun, O.  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grafs and flowers do fpring, O,  
 Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,  
 I fet me down, and fing, O.

My Paisley Piggy cork'd, with fage,  
 Contains my drink, but thin, O,  
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage,  
 Or tempt my mind to fin, O.  
 My country curds and wooden fpoon,  
 I think them unco fine, O,  
 And on a flow'ry bank at noon,  
 I fet me down, and dine, O.

# Sleepy Bodie.

45

*Violin*

*Moderately  
Slow*

Al-tho' I be but a Country lafs, Yet a lof-ty mind I bear

O, And think myfelf as good as thofe That rich apparel wear O, Al-

- tho' my gown be hame spun gray, My fkin it is as foft O, As

them that fat-tin weeds do wear, And carry their heads a-loft O.