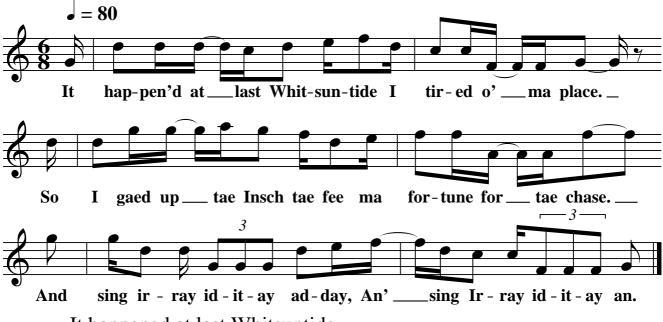
Sleepytoon



It happened at last Whitsuntide I tired oâ?? ma place So I gaed up tae Ainsty fee Ma fortune for tae chase

Chorus: And sing iry iddiday addy And sing iry iddiday an.

I met wiâ?? Adam Mitchell And tae fee we did presume Heâ??s a fairmer up Kinethmont way At a place caâ??d Sleepytoon

â??If ye and I agreeâ? said heâ??I promise ye fair play,For I never gar ma servants workmair nor ten â??oors a dayâ?

â??Yeâ??ll work well when the day is fine In rain ye shall work none. A regular diet ye shall hae And wages when theyâ??re won.â? â??If aâ?? be true ye tell tae me I think the place might suitâ? Says I, â??Iâ??Il gang wiâ?? you although ye are an ugly brute.â?

So I agreed tae fee wiâ?? him Anâ?? thocht masel well kent Until I got tae Sleepytoon And there I did repent

The order was tae yoke at five And work while we could see â??Oh no! youâ??re not in order Sir, Defied ye maun beâ?

â??Will ye defy what I command, Ye scoundrel that ye are?Ten â??oors a day did we agreeDeny it if ye daur.â?

Next order was tae bed at nine And never leave the toon And ilka time we left it Weâ??d be fined half a croon

But we took little heed oâ?? that And oftimes took the pass Sometimes tae buy tobacco And sometimes tae court a lass

The ither lads were often fined But never lost the hairt And I maself was fined a croon For riding in the cairt

And noo the term is nearly done And soon we shall be free And wiâ?? that wary fairmer I never more will fee. And noo the term is over And oor wages we hae won So weâ??ll awaâ?? tae Rhynie mere And hae oorselves some fun

Maybe weâ??ll see old Adam, Suppinâ?? at his brose. Iâ??ll gie him a lenâ?? o' ma hankie For tae dicht his snotty nose