

Summertime

George Gershwin

Summertime, and the living is easy
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high
Your daddy's rich and your mama's good
looking
So hush now little baby, don't you cry
One of these mornings you're gonna rise up
singing
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take
to the sky
Until that morning, there ain't nothing can
harm you
With Daddy and Mummy standing by