

(A)

Summertime
And the livin' is easy.
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high.

(B)

Oh your daddy's rich,
And your ma is goodlookin'.
So hush, little baby,
Don't you cry.

(A)

One of these mornin's
You goin' to rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky.

(B)

But till that mornin'
There's a nothin' can harm you.
With daddy and mammy standin' by.

Words

Edwin DuBose Heyward

Music

George Gershwin