

# Summertime

George Gershwin

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

Your daddy's rich  
And your mamma's good lookin'  
So hush little baby  
Don't you cry

One of these mornings  
You're going to rise up singing  
You'll spread your wings  
And you'll take to the sky

Until that mornin'  
There ain't no one can harm you  
So, Hush little baby  
Don't you cry

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