

# Summertime

**Ella Fitzgerald**

Summertime and the livin' is easy  
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high  
Your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'  
So hush, little baby, don't you cry One of these mornin's, you're gonna rise up singin'  
you're gonna spread your wings and you'll take to the sky  
But 'til that mornin', there is nothin' can harm you  
With Daddy and Mummy, Mummy standing by  
Don't you, don't you cry

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