

## II. Appendice

### Summertime

Summer time  
an' the livin' is easy,

Fish are jumpin',  
an' the cotton is high.

Oh, yo' daddy's rich,  
an' yo' ma is good lookin',

So hush, little baby,  
don' yo' cry.

One of these mornin's  
You goin' to rise up singin',

Then you'll spread yo' wings  
an' you'll take the sky.

But till that mornin'  
there's a nothin' can harm you

With Daddy an' Mammy  
standin' by.