

Mahalia Jackson

"Medley: Summertime/Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child"

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summer time,
and the living is easy,
fish're juping,
and the cotton is high,

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

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

but till that morning,
nothing will harm you,
with daddy and mummy,
they be standing by,

sometime I feel,
like a motherless child,
sometime I feel,
like a motherless child,
sometime I feel,
like a motherless child,
just alone,
long way,
from my home,
alone,
just alone,
from my home,
humhumhumhumhum
just along way from home

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