

When It's Sleepy Time Down South

Louis Armstrong

Ah, the pale moon's shining the fields below
Dark is crooning songs soft and low
You needn't tell me, boy, because I know
It's sleepy time down south

And soft winds blowing through the pinewood trees
Folks down there live a life of ease
When old mammy falls upon her knees
It's sleepy time down south

Oh, steamboats on the river a coming, a going
Splashing the night away
You hear those banjos ringing, the dark is singing
They dance till the break of day

Dear old southland with his dreamy songs
Takes me back to the gallent John
Oh, how I'd love to hold her in my arms
When it's sleepy time way down, down south