

# Louis Armstrong, When It's Sleepytime Down South

Pale moon shining on the fields below  
Folks are crooning songs soft and low  
Needn't tell me so because I know  
It's sleepy time down south

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

Steamboats on the river a coming or a going  
Splashing the night away  
Hear those banjos ringing, the people are singing  
They dance til the break of day, hey

Dear old southland with his dreamy songs  
Takes me back there where I belong  
How I'd love to be in my mammy's arms  
When it's sleepy time way down south

Dear old southland with his dreamy songs  
Take me back there where I belong  
How I'd love to be in my mammy's arms  
When it's sleepy time down south  
Sleepy time down south