



Short'nin' Bread

Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

f 1. Three lit-tle chil-dren, ly-in' in bed, Two were sick and the oth-er 'most dead.

Sent for the doc-tor and the doc-tor said, "Give those child-ren some short-'nin' bread."

mp Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-'nin', short-'nin', Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-'nin' bread.

f Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-'nin', short-'nin', Ma-ma's lit-tle ba-by loves short-'nin' bread.

2. Put on the skillet, slip on the lid,
Mama's gonna make a little short'nin' bread.
That ain't all she's gonna do,
Mama's gonna make a little coffee, too.
Mama's little baby loves...

3. When those children, sick in bed,
Heard that talk about short'nin' bread,
Popped up well to dance and sing,
Skipped around and cut the pigeon wing.
Mama's little baby loves...

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