

**Short'nin' Bread**

By:Paul Robeson

lyrics by Clement Wood; music by Jacques Wolfe;  
based on the poem by James Whitcomb Riley

Put on the skillet, put on the lid,  
Mammys goin to bake a little shortnin bread.  
That aint all shes goin to do,  
Mammys goin to make a little coffee, too.

Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,  
Two were sick and the other 'most dead.  
Sent for the doctor; doctor said,  
Feed those darkies on shortnin bread.

Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.

I slip to the kitchen, slip up the lid,  
Slip my pockets full of shortnin bread.  
Stole the skillet, stole the lid,  
Stole the gal to make shortnin bread.

Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.

They caught me with the skillet, caught me with the lid,  
Caught me with the gal makin shortnin bread.  
Paid six dollars for the skillet, paid six dollars for the lid,  
Spent six months in jail eatin shortnin bread.

Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin, shortnin  
Mammys little baby loves shortnin bread.