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## Ol' Man River

Reference number PT0219

Colored folks work on de Mississippi,  
Colored folks work while de white folks play,  
Pulling dose boats from de dawn to sunset,  
Gittin' no rest till de judgement day.

Don't look up an' don't look down,  
You don' dast make de white boss frown;  
Bend your knees an' bow your head,  
an' pull date rope until yo're dead.

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi,  
Let me go 'way from de white man boss,  
Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,  
Dat's de ol' stream dat I long to cross.

### *BURTHEN*

O' man river, dat ol' man river,  
He mus' know sumpin' but don't say nothin',  
He jes' keeps rollin'  
He keeps on rollin' along.

He don' plant taters, he don' plant cotton,  
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon forgotten;  
But ol' man river he jes' keeps rollin' along.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,  
Body all achin an' racked wid pain.

“Tote dat barge!”

“Lift dat bale,”

Git a little drunk an' you land in jail.

Ah, gits weary an' sick of tryin',

Ah'm tired of livin'

An' feared of dyin',

But Ol' man river he jes'keeps rollin' along!