

Ol' Man River

Reference number PT0587

Dere's an ol' man called de Mississippi,
Dat's de ol' man dat I'd like to be.
What does he care if the world's got troubles?
What does he care if the land ain't free?

Ol' man river,
Dat ol' man river,
He mus' know sumpin'
But don't say nuthin',
He jes' keeps rollin',
He keeps on rollin' along.

He don't plant taters,
He don't 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' racket wid' pain.
Tote dat barge!
Lif' dat bale!
Git a little drunk
An' you land in jail.

I git weary
An' sick of tryin',
Im tired of livin'
An' skeered of dyin',
But ol' man river,
He jes' keeps rolling' along!

Colored folks work on de Mississippi,
Colored folks work while de white folks play,
Pullin' dem boats from de dawn to sunset,
Gittin' no rest till de Judgment Day.

Don't look up an' don't look down,
You don' dast make de white boss frown.
Bend yo' knees an' bow your head,
an' pull date rope until you' 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 longs to cross.

O' man river,
Dat ol' man river,
He mus' know sumpin'
But don't say nuthin'
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!
An' lift dat bale!
Git a little drunk an' you land in jail.

I git weary
An' sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin'
An' skeered of dyin';
But ol' man river,
He jes' keeps rollin' along!