

Hammerstein Oscar "Ol Man River"

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OL' MAN RIVER

Colored folks work on de Mississippi,
colored folks work while de white folks play.

Pullin' dose boats from de dawn to sunset,
gittin' no rest till de judgment day.

Don't look up an' don't look down,
you don't dast make de white boss frown.

Bend yo' knees an' bow yo' head
and pull dat rope until yo're dead.

Let me go way from de Mississippi,
let me go way from de white men boss.

Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,
dat's de ol' stream dat I long to cross.

Ol man river, dat ol' man river,
he must know sumpin' but don't say nothin',
he jus 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 jus keeps rollin' along.

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

"Tote dat barge!","Litf dat bale!",
git a little drunk an' you land in jail.
Ah gits weary an' sick of tryin',
ah m tired of livin' an' skeered of dyin',
but ol' man river, he jus keeps rollin' along.

- Oscar Hammerstein II

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