

# Ol' Man River

words by Oscar Hammerstein II • music by Jerome Kern • 1927

Col-ored folks work on the Mis-sis-sip-pi, Col-ored folks work while the white folks play,  
Pull-in' those boats from the dawn to sun-set, Git-tin' no rest till the judge-ment day. Don't look up and  
don't look down, You don't dast make the white boss frown, Bend your knees and bow your head, and  
pull that rope un - til you're dead. Let me go 'way from the Mis-sis-sip-pi, Let me go 'way from the  
white men boss. Show me that stream called the Riv er Jor dan, That's the old stream that I long to cross.  
Ol' man riv-er, that ol' man riv-er, He must know some-thin', but don't say noth-in', He just keeps roll-in', he  
keeps on roll-in' a - long. He don't plant 'ta-ters, he don't plant cotton, And them that plants 'em is  
soon for-got ten, But ol' man riv-er, he just keeps roll in' a - long. You and me, we  
sweat and strain, Bod-y all ach-in' and racked with pain. "Tote that barge! Lift that bale!"  
Git a lit - tle drunk and you land in jail. I gits wear-y and sick of try-in', I'm  
tired of liv-in' and scared of dy-in', But ol' man river, he just keeps roll-in a - long.