Old Man River

Ruth Brown

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi
Here we all work while the white folk play
Pulling' them boats from the dawn till sunset
Getting no rest till the judgment day

Don't look up and don't look down
You don't dare make the white boss frown
Bend your knees and bow your head
And pull that rope until you're dead

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi
Let me go 'way from the white man boss
Show me that stream called the River Jordan
That's the old stream that I long to cross

Old Man River, that Old Man River
He must know something, but he don't say nothing
He just keeps rolling, he keeps on rolling along
He don't plant taters, and he don't plant cotton

And them what plants 'em is soon forgotten
But Old Man River, jest keeps rolling along
You and me, we sweat and strain
Bodies all aching and wracked with pain

Tote that barge and lift that bale
You get a little drunk and you land in jail
I get weary and so sick of trying
I'm tired of living, but I'm feared of dying
And Old Man River, he just keeps rolling along

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