



Henry Smith

1. "Old Man River" (02:27)

H. Smith: Colored folk work on the Mississippi

Colored folk work while the white folks play

Pullin' those boats from the dawn til' sunset

Get they no rest until the Judgement Day

Don't look up and don't look down

You don't dare make the white folks frown

Bend your knees and bow your head

And pull that rope until you're dead

Let me go away from the Mississippi

Let me go away from the white man boss

Show me that stream called the river Jordan

Dat's the old stream that I long to cross

Old Man River

That Old Man River

It must know somethin'

But don't say nothin'

It just keep rollin'

It keeps on rollin' along

It don't plant taters

It don't plant the cotton

But dem that plants'em

Is soon forgotten
But Old Man River
It just keep rollin' along

You and me, we sweat and strain
Body all achin' and racked with pain
Tote that barge
Lift that bale
You get a little chunk
And you land in jail

I get so weary
And sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin'
And scared of dyin'
But Old Man River
He just keep rollin' along.