

Ol' Man River - 1927

Dere's an ol' man called de Mississippi
Dat's de ol' man dat I'd like to be!
What does he care if de world's got troubles?
What does he care if de 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' 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' rack'd wid pain,
Tote dat barge!
Lif' 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 jes'keeps rolling' along.

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 judgement day.

Don't look up
An' don't look down,
You don' dast make
De white boss frown.
Bend your 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 long 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.
Long ol' river forever keeps rollin' on...

He don' plant tater,
He don' plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em
Is soon forgotten,
but ol' man river,
He jes' keeps rollin' along.
Long ol' river keeps hearing dat song.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin an' racked wid pain.
Tote dat barge!
Lif' 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 jes'keeps rollin' along!

Name:

Period:

Ol' Man River

Follow along as we listen to the song Ol' Man River, which examines the lives of African Americans in the south during the early 1900's. Please do not start answering questions below until instructed to.

Choose one word to describe the **tone** of the song.

Based on the song, what is the attitude of the narrator towards the "**white folk**" in the south?

How does the **narrator** in the song describe the Mississippi River?

How does the narrator describe his **own life** as well as the lives of his peers in the South? Come up with at least 3 aspects of his life that he describes.

1.

2.

3.

How does this song help explain why the **Great Migration** occurred in the United States during this time period?

According to the song what **career options** did African Americans in the South at this time have?

1.

2.

3.

If you had to write a **letter** through time to the narrator of this song, what would you say to him?

Based on the above questions, why does the narrator seem **envious** of the Mississippi River?

Music of the 20's and 30's

- 1. Why do you think this song was written/what message was the writer trying to send?**
- 2. What is the tone of the music, and how does the music affect the lyrics (if there are lyrics)?**
- 3. What does the song say about the time in history that it was written?**

n/a	Title: "The Charleston" Artist: James P. Johnson Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3kJWdUFzLOY
<p>No one to talk with, all by myself No one to walk with, I'm happy on the shelf babe Ain't misbehavin', savin' my love for you</p> <p>I know for certain the one I love I'm through with flirtin', you that I'm thinkin' of Ain't misbehavin' Oh savin' my love oh baby, love for you</p> <p>Like Jack Horner in a corner Don't go nowhere and I don't care Oh your kisses worth waitin' for, babe</p> <p>I don't stay out late, don't care to go I'm home about eight, me and my radio, babe Ain't misbehavin' Savin' all my love for you</p>	Title: "Ain't Misbehavin'" Artist: Louis Armstrong Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qTnAR_5qzw8
<p>I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round, Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town. And the police make it hard wherever I may go And I ain't got no home in this world anymore. My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road, A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod; Rich man took my home and drove me from my door And I ain't got no home in this world anymore. Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor; My crops I lay into the banker's store. My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor, And I ain't got no home in this world anymore. I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn I been working, mister, since the day I was born</p>	Title: "I Ain't Got No Home" Artist: Woody Guthrie Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MfMzsa03E3E

Now I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore
Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is
poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I hate to see de evenin' sun go down,
Hate to see de evenin' sun go down
'Cause ma baby, he done lef' dis town.
Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today,
Feel tomorrow like I feel today,
I'll pack my trunk, make ma git away.

Saint Louis woman wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat man 'roun' by her apron strings.
'Twant for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man ah love would not gone nowhere, nowhere.
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
That man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.

Been to de gypsy to get ma fortune tole,
To de gypsy, done got ma fortune tole,
Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll.
Gypsy done tole me, "Don't you wear no black."
Yes, she done told me, "Don't you wear no black.

Go to Saint Louis, you can win him back."
Help me to Cairo, make Saint Louis by maself,
Git to Cairo, find ma old friend Jeff,
Gwine to pin maself close to his side;
If ah flag his train, I sho' can ride.
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
That man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Colonel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day I die.

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine,
Lak he owns de Dimon' Joseph line,
He'd make a cross-eyed o'man go stone blin'.
Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest man in de whole of Saint Louis,
Blacker de berry, sweeter am de juice.
About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when worktime comes, he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten-spot,
What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got.

Title: "St. Louis Blues"

Artist: Bessie Smith

Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3rd9IaA_uJI

Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.

A black-headed gal makes a freight train jump the track,
said a black-headed
Gal makes a freight train jump the track,
But a long tall gal makes a preacher ball the jack.

Lawd, a blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave
the town, I said
Blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave the
town,
But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa
down.

Oh, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, I said ashes to
ashes and dust to dust,
If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must.

Dare's an ol' man cal'd de Mississipi
Dat's de ol' man dat I'd lek to be
Whot does he care
iv de world gets trauble
Whot does he care iv de land lev's 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' 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!
You gits a little drunk
An' you lands in jail.

Ah gits weary
An' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin'
An' skeered of dyin',

Title: "Ol Man River"

Artist: Paul Robeson

Link:<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eh9WayN7R-s>

But ol' man river,
He jes'keeps rolling' along.

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Colored folks work while de white folks play,
Pullin' dose boats from de dawn to sunset,
Gittin' no rest till de judgement day.

Don't look up
An' don't look down,
You don' dast make
De white boss frown.
Bend your knees
An'bow your head,
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Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,
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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.

(Long ol' river forever keeps rollin' on...)

He don' plant tater,
He don' plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em
Is soon forgotten,
but ol' man river,
He jes' keeps rollin' along.

(Long ol' river keeps hearing dat song).

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin an' racked wid pain.
Tote dat barge!
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Git a little drunk
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Ah, gits weary
An' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin'
An' skeered of dyin',
But ol' man river,
He jes'keeps rollin' along!

I had a friend named Ramblin' Bob

Title: "In the Jailhouse Now"

<p>Who used to steal, gamble and rob He thought he was the smartest guy in town</p> <p>But I found out last Monday That Bob got locked up Sunday They've got him in the jailhouse way down town</p> <p>He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now I told him once or twice To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice He's in the jailhouse now</p> <p>He played a game called his Poker He knock on Whist and Euchre But shootin' dice was his greatest game</p> <p>Now he's down town in jail Nobody to go his bail The judge done said that he refused the fine</p> <p>He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now I told him once or twice To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice He's in the jailhouse now</p> <p>I went out last Tuesday Met a girl named Susie I told her I was the swellest man around</p> <p>We started to spend my money Then she started to call me honey We took in every cabaret in town</p> <p>We're in the jailhouse now, we're in the jailhouse now I told the judge right to his face We didn't like to see this place We're in the jailhouse now</p>	<p>Artist: Jimmie Rogers Link:https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p3L2qf3q-ok</p>
<p>I can't sleep at night I can't eat a bite 'cause the man I love He don't treat me right. He makes me feel so blue. I don't know what to do. Sometime I sit and sigh And then begin to cry 'cause my best friend Said his last goodbye.</p> <p>There's a change in the ocean, Change in the deep blue sea, my baby, I'll tell yo,u folks, there ain't no change in me. My love for that man will always be. Now I can read his letters. I sure can't read his mind. I thought he's lovin' me. He's leavin' all the time.</p> <p>Now I see my poor love was blind. Now I got the crazy blues since my baby went</p>	<p>Title: "Crazy Blues" Artist: Mamie Smith Link:https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qaz4Ziw_CfQ</p>

<p>away. I ain't got no time to lose. I must find him today. Now the doctor's gonna do all that he can. But what you're gonna need is an undertaker man. I ain't had nothin' but bad news. Now I got the crazy blues.</p>	
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