



Oh! Susanna

I came from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see;
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS

Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna,
A coming down the hill;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, "I'm coming from the south,
Susanna, don't you cry."
CHORUS

