

Oh, Susannah – Stephen Foster



Intro: c/

Oh, I come 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

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me

For I 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, coming down the hill

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye

I said, I come from Dixieland, Susanna don't you cry

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

Oh, I soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look a-round

And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground

But if I do not find her, this man will surely die

And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee

