

Stephen Foster - Oh Susanna

Tom: G

Oh I come from Alabama with a 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, 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 up the hill
 The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye

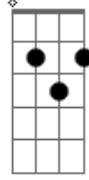
I said I'm coming from Dixieland, Susanna don't you cry
 Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
 For I come from Alabama
 With my banjo on my knee

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around
 And when I find my gal Susanne, I'll fall upon the ground
 But if I do not find her, this darkey'll surely die
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry

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

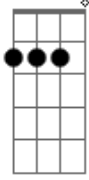
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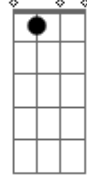
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