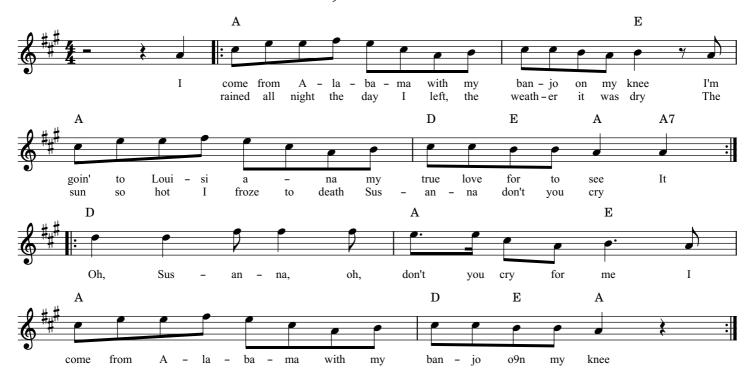
Oh, Susannah



I've 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 was so dry, the sun so hot I froze to death, Susannah, don't you cry. | |:Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee. : | |

I had a dream an other night, when everything was still, I thought I saw Susanna dear, a-coming down the hill. The red, red rose was in her hand, the tear was in her eye, I said, "I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry." Oh, Susanna, . .

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look all 'round. And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground. But if I do not find her, then I'll surely die, And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry. Oh, Susanna, . .