

Oh, Susannah

Stephen Foster

A E

I come from A - la - ba - ma with my ban - jo on my knee I'm
rained all night the day I left, the weath - er it was dry The

A D E A A7

goin' to Loui - si a - na my true love for to see It
sun so hot I froze to death Sus - an - na don't you cry

D A E

Oh, Sus - an - na, oh, don't you cry for me I

A D E A

come from A - la - ba - ma with my ban - jo on my knee

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, . .