

O SUSANNAH

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
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 red, red rose was in her hand, 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
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 you there, then I will surely die
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry.

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