

Oh, Susannah!

D.... D.. A..  
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee  
D.... D.. A.. D..  
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see

D....  
It rained all night the day I left,  
D.. A..  
the weather it was dry  
D....  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
D.. A.. D..  
Susanna, don't you cry

G....  
Oh! Susanna,  
D.. A..  
Oh don't you cry for me  
D....  
For I come from Alabama with  
D.. A.. D....  
my banjo on my knee

D....  
I had a dream the other night,  
D.. A..  
when everything was still  
D....  
I thought I saw Susanna dear,  
D.. A.. D..  
a coming down the hill  
D....  
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth,  
D.. A..  
a tear was in her eye  
D....  
Says I, I'm coming from Dixieland,  
D.. A.. D....  
Susanna, don't you cry  
D....  
I soon will be in New Orleans,  
D.. A..  
and then I'll look around  
D....  
And when I find my gal Susanna,  
D.. A.. D..  
I'll fall upon the ground