

Oh, Susannah

By Stephen Foster

Well I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
I'm bound for Lou-siana,
My true love for to see
Now it rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death
Susannah, don't you cry

Oh, Susannah
Now, don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I dreamed I saw my girl Susanne
A-comin' 'round the hill
Now the buckwheat cake was in her mouth
A tear was in her eye
I said I come from Dixie-land
Susannah, don't you cry

Oh, Susannah
Don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee