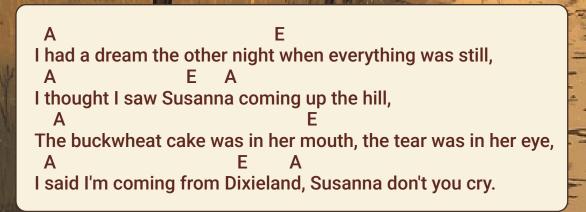
Oh! Susanna

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A E
Oh I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
 A E A
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see
 A E
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
 A E A
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.

A E
I had a dream the other night when everything was still,
A E A
I thought I saw Susanna coming up the hill,
A E
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye,
A E A
I said I'm coming from Dixieland, Susanna don't you cry.





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

