

Oh! Susanna

Stephen Foster, 1848

♩=130

I — come from Al - a - ba - ma with my ban - jo on my knee; I — gwan to Lou - si - an - a My —
true love for to see. It — rain'd all night the day I left, the wea - ther it was dry, The —
sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry. Oh! Su - san - na,
don't you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma with my banjo on my knee.

2.

I had a dream the other night,
when every thing was still;
I thought I saw Susanna dear,
a comin' down the hill,
The buckweat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Says I'm coming from the south,
Susanna don't you cry.

3.

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,
This darky'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna don't you cry.