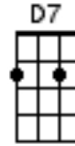
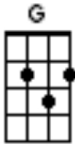
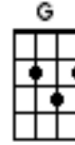
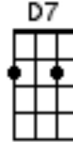
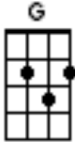


# OH SUSANNA

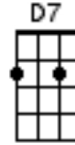
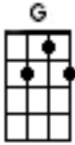
Stephen Foster



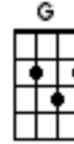
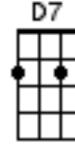
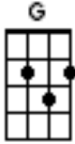
Oh, I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee



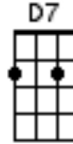
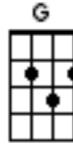
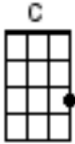
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see



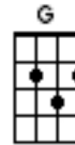
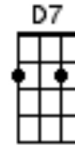
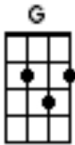
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry



The sun so hot, I froze to death Susanna, don't you cry



*Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me*



*For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee*

I had a dream the other night when everything was still

I thought I saw Susanna coming down the hill

A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye

I said, I'm coming from Dixieland Susann', don't you cry

I soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look around

And when I find Susanna I'll fall upon the ground

But if I don't find her this man'll surely die

And when I'm dead and buried Susann', don't you cry