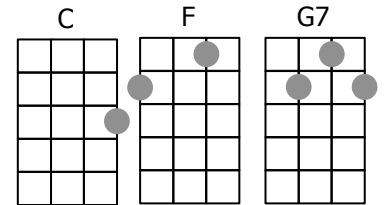


35. Oh Susannah

Stephen Collins Foster



Well I [C] come from Alabama with my banjo on my [G7] knee.
I'm [C] going to Louisiana my true love [G7] for to [C] see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather was bone [G7] dry,
The [C] sun so hot I froze to death, Susannah [G7] don't you [C] cry

CHORUS

[F] Oh Susannah, [C] don't you cry for [G7] me
I [C] come from Alabama with my banjo [G7] on my [C] knee

[C] I had a dream the other night, when everything was [G7] still
I [C] thought I saw Susannah, she was coming [G7] down the [C] hill
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her [G7] eye
Says [C] I, 'I'm coming from the south, Susannah [G7] don't you [C] cry'

CHORUS

[C] I soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look [G7] around
And [C] when I find Susannah I'll fall [G7] upon the [C] ground
But if I do not find her, this boy will surely [G7] die
And [C] when I'm dead and buried, Susannah [G7] don't you [C] cry

CHORUS X2