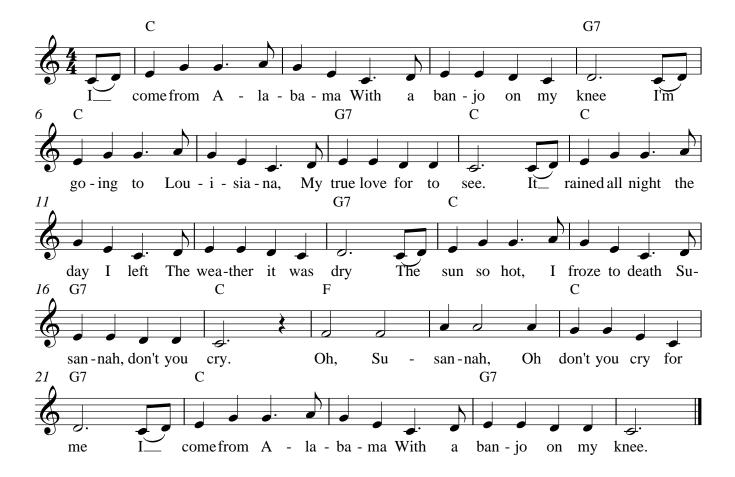
## Oh, Susanna



I had a dream the other night When everything was still I dreamed I saw Susannah dear A-coming down the hill.

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth The tear was in her eye Says I, "I'm coming from the south, Susannah, don't you cry."

Oh, Susannah, Oh don't you cry for me For I come from Alabama With a banjo on my knee.

I come from A-la-ba-ma With a ban-jo on my knee, I'm going to Lou-i-siana, My true love for to see.

Oh, Su-san-nah, oh, Don't you cry for me, For I come from A-la-ba-ma With a ban-jo on my knee.