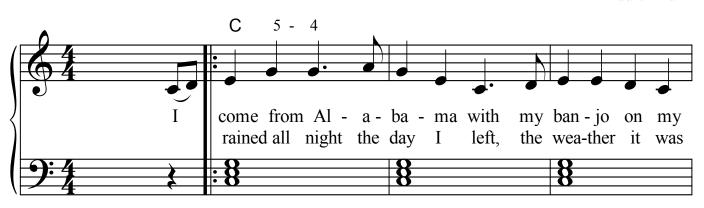
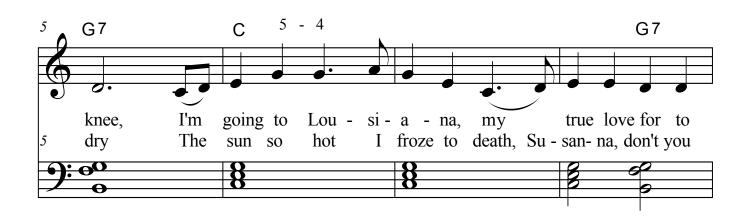
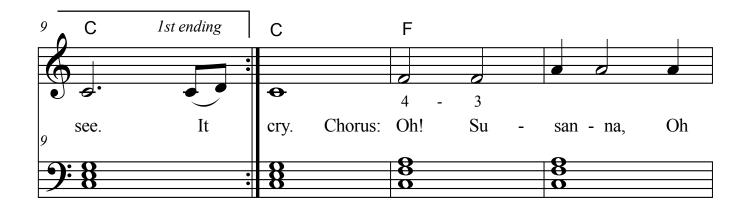
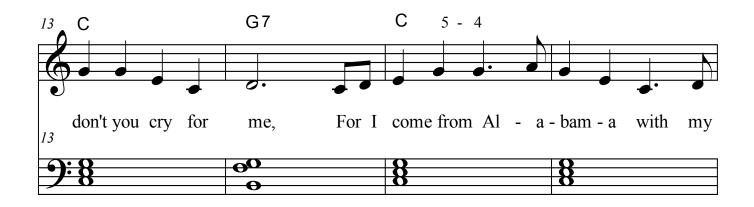
## O Susannah

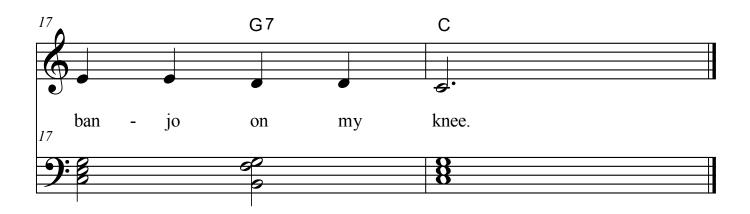
Traditional











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

## **CHORUS**

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 do not find her, then I will surely die, And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

## **CHORUS**