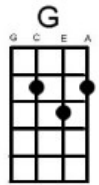


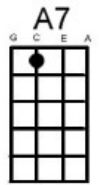
Oh Susanna Stephen Foster

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

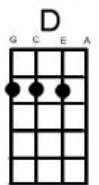
[G] I came from Alabama with my [A7] banjo on my [D] knee
I'm [G] goin' to Louisiana my true love [D] for to [G] see
It rained all night the day I left the [A7] weather it was [D] dry
The [G] sun so hot I froze to death
Susanna [D] don't you [G] cry [G7]



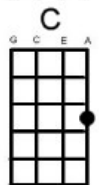
[C] Oh Susanna oh [G] don't you [A7] cry for [D] me
For I've [G] come from Ala[Em]bama
With my [G] banjo [D] on my [G] knee



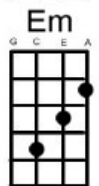
[G] I had a dream the other night
When [A7] every thing was [D] still
I [G] thought I saw Susanna a coming [D] down the [G] hill
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth



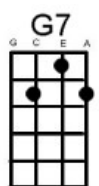
The [A7] tear was in her [D] eye
Says [G] I I'm coming from the South
Susanna [D] don't you [G] cry [G7]



[C] Oh Susanna oh [G] don't you [A7] cry for [D] me
For I've [G] come from Ala[Em]bama
With my [G] banjo [D] on my [G] knee



[G] I soon will be in New Orleans
And [A7] then I'll look all [D] round
And [G] when I find Susanna I'll fall u[D]pon the [G] ground
But if I do not find her why [A7] then I'll surely [D] die
And [G] when I'm dead and buried
Susanna [D] don't you [G] cry [G7]



[C] Oh Susanna oh [G] don't you [A7] cry for [D] me
For I've [G] come from Ala[Em]bama
With my [G] banjo [D] on my [G] knee