

Oh, Susannah

By:Paul Robeson

composed by Stephen Collins Foster

I've been all over everywhere, Susannah dear for you;
My banjo strings, they speak your name so lovely and so true;
Your face is in the whirling wind as lightning in the sky;
Your voice is carving in my heart: Susannah, don't you cry.

Oh, Susannah, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've been to California with my banjo on my knee.

I never get a wink of sleep for dreaming of the pain:
The gushing pang of tenderness that rushes in my vein.
The alligator on the mud turns up his white of eye,
Quite overcome to hear me sing: Susannah, don't you cry.

Oh, Susannah, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've been to California with my banjo on my knee.

I often feel so very sad; I think this heart must break;
And then I double dinner eat, my Suzy, for your sake.
Once more I'll search but if in vain some dreadful death I'll die,
Undone by sorrow and by love, Susannah, don't you cry.

Oh, Susannah, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've been to California with my banjo on my knee.