

Слова:

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;  
I thought I saw Susanna, 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, Susanna, don't you cry!  
O, Susanna...

I soon will be hi New Orleans, and then I'll look all 'round,  
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.  
But if I do not find her, I'm surely bound to die,  
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry!  
O, Susanna...

