

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...

