



Oh Susannah

Ist ein altes amerikanisches Apachen-Kriegslied.
Die Amerikaner nennen es ein Minstrel Song.

C

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,

C

I'm goin' to Louisiana my true love for to see,

C

It rained all night the day we left,

G7

The weather it was dry,

C

The sun so hot I froze to death,

G7 C

Susanna don't you cry.

F

Oh! Susanna,

C

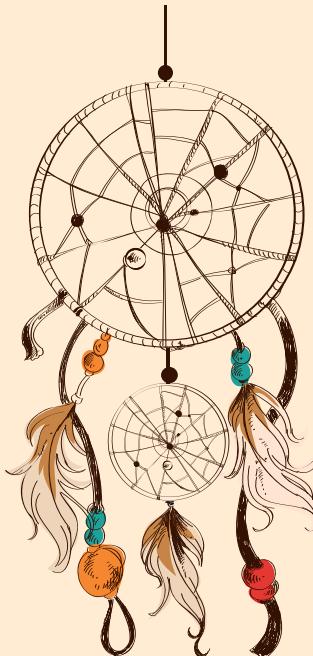
Now don't you cry for me,

G7

C
I come from Alabama,

G7 C

With my banjo on my knee.

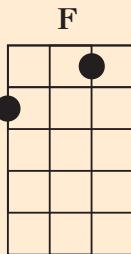
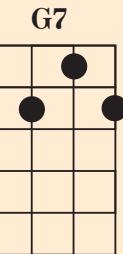
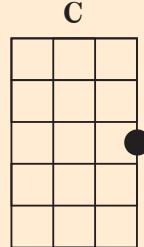


2. Well I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna dear,
Oh baby coming down the hill,
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
A tear was in her eye,
Said I, I'm coming from the south,
Susanna don't you cry.

Ref.

Oh! Susanna,
Now don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee.

G7
**4/4 Takt
C-Dur**



3. Well I am going down to New Orleans,
And then I'll take a look around,
And when I find Susanna,
I'm gonna fall upon the ground,
But if I do not find her,
My man surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna don't you cry.

Ref. 2x

Oh! Susanna,
Now don't you cry for me,
'Cause I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee.

Wäge dem muesch du nüd trurig si

1. Nimmsch du dir im Läbe öppis vor, und es gaht dir gäg de Strich, reg di ja nöd uf und pfif doch druf, schliessli isch doch alles glich.

Ref.: [O Susanna, wie isch doch 's Läbe schön,
wäge dem muesch du nüd trurig si, wäge dem, wäge dem, wäge dem. :]

2. Schiefi Absätz und en alte Huet und in jedem Strumpf es Loch, fifiheirassa und hopsassa, aber 's Läbe freut eus doch

Ref.: [O Susanna, wie isch doch 's Läbe schön,
wäge dem muesch du nüd trurig si, wäge dem, wäge dem, wäge dem. :]

3. Jede Tag studiere, was chunt morn ? Liebe Fründ, das hät kei Zwäck, sone luschtigs Lied, e heiters Gmüet, das hilft über alles weg.

Ref.: [O Susanna, wie isch doch 's Läbe schön,
wäge dem muesch du nüd trurig si, wäge dem, wäge dem, wäge dem. :]