

# Oh, Susanna

I came from Salem City  
with my washpan on my knee  
I'm going to California,  
the gold dust for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,  
the weather it was dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Oh, brothers don't you cry.

Oh, Susannah, Oh, don't you cry for me  
I'm going to California with my washpan on my knee.

I soon shall be in Frisco  
and there I'll look around.  
And when I see the gold lumps there,  
I'll pick them off the ground.

I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,  
I'll drain the rivers dry.  
A pocketful of rocks bring home,  
So, brothers don't you cry.

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).