SUSANNA, FROM SAVANNAH.

NEGRO DITTY.

Arr. by THEO. NORTHRUP.  

By GEORGE EVANS.

Moderato.

1. There's a cotage down in Georgia In the city of Savannah, Where a
2. A... coon named Ro-fus Jackson Was trying to steal Sus-an-na, But his

co-coa colored gal does dwell; Her ways they are the coax-ing-est, She
work was just a lit-tle too coarse; For I carved up Mis-ter Jack-son In a
has the co - tus - man - ner, Her name to you I'll tell.

She's

so - na - da - re - e - man - ner,

Now his fam - ily mourns his loss. A pro -

not like oth - er la - dies Of the shoe - o - late per - su - sion. And her

cess - sion left his dom - i - elie A week a - go to - day. And in the

style is all her own. She's the black - est stick of lie - o - rice The

troat carriage he did ride. And, to tell the truth, you know, His friends be -

sun has ev - er shown on. And some day she'll be my own.

kind were walk - ing slow, for Ra - fas had done gone and died.

O'Nezazza: My lady love. 3-5.
CHORUS.

Rather Slow.

O Susan, na, From Savannah, mhm, You're my black-eyed angel

from a bore, You're my honey, My spendin' money, O Susan, my lady love, O Susan.