****Teacher Edition: Questions to ponder with the lyrics:**

**Oh Susanna!**

Well I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
Oh, I’m bound for California, my true love for to see!

*(Who is the “true love”? Gold?)*

Oh Susanna! Oh don't you cry for me!

*(Who do you think Susanna is? Why would she cry for him?)*
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

*(How will his banjo help?)*

It rained all night the day I left, the weather was bone dry
The sun so hot I froze myself, Susanna don't you cry

*(How are these lyrics “nonsensical”?)*

Oh Susanna! Oh don't you cry for me!
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

Gonna get me lots of gold, and when I find that stuff,

I’ll dig and dig and dig and dig, I’ll never get enough

*(Why would it be important to dig and dig, and never get enough?)*

Oh Susanna! Oh don't you cry for me!
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

I tramp the prairies and the plains, I trudge each weary mile.

I’ll tramp and trudge and trudge and tramp, until I make my pile.

*(What pile?)*

Oh Susanna! Oh don't you cry for me!
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I’m a ragged, rugged lover of the wild and wooly West.

Of all the things I haven’t got, I like my gold the best.