

F G7 C7 Dm

De time is neb-ber drear-y If de darkey neb-ber groans; De la-dies neb-ber  
Oh! neb-ber count de bub-bles While der's wa-ter in de spring; De darkey hab no

F Fdim F C7 F F

wear-y Wid de rat-tle ob de bones: Den come a-gain Su-san-na By de gaslight ob de  
troubles While he's got dis song to sing. De beauties ob cre-a-tion Will \_ neb-ber lose der

C7 F Bb F C7 F Chorus F

moon; We'll \_ tum de old pi-an-o When de ban-jo's out ob tune. Ring, ring de  
charm While I roam de old plan-ta-tion Wid my true lub on my arm.

Bb F C7 F Bb F C7

ban-jo! I like dat good old song. Come a-gain my own true lub! Oh, wha you been so

F G A7 D7 Em

long. Once I was so luck-y, My \_ mas-sa set me free, I went to old Ken  
Ear-ly in de morning Ob a lub-ly sum-mer day, My mas-sa send me

G Gdim G D7 G G

tuck-y To \_ see what I could see: I could not go no far-der, I \_ 'turn to mas-sa's  
warning He'd \_ like to hear me play. So on de ban-jo tapping, I \_ come wid dul-cem

D7 G C G D7 G Chorus G

door, I \_ lub him all de hard-er, I'll \_ go a-way no more. Ring, ring de  
strain Mas-sa fall a - napping, He'll \_ neb-ber wake a - gain.

C G D7 G C G D7 G

ban-jo! I like dat good old song. Come a-gain my own true lub! Oh, wha you been so long.