

D major
♩ = 90

The Arkansas Traveler

Traditional, arr. Pete Showman

1. Once upon a time in Arkansas, an old man sat in his little cabin door,
And fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear, a jolly old tune that he played by ear.

It was raining hard but the fiddler didn't care, he sawed away at the popular air,
Though his roof-tree** leaked like a water-fall, it didn't seem to bother the old man at all.

2. A traveler was riding by that day, and stopped to hear the fiddler play;
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet, but still the old man didn't seem to fret.

So the stranger said: "Now it seems to me, you'd better mend your roof," said he.
But the old man said, as he played away: "I couldn't mend it now, it's a rainy day."

3. The traveler replied: "That's all quite true, but this, I think, is the thing for you to do;
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright, then pitch the old roof till it's good and tight."

But the old man kept on playin' at his reel, and tapped the ground with his leathery heel:
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain; my cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain!"

** A roof-tree is a ridgepole running along the peak of the roof.

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