



The Arkansas Traveler

Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

1. Oh, once up-on a time in Ar-kan-sas, An old man sat in his lit-tle cab-in door And

6 fid-dled at a tune he liked to hear, A jol-ly old—tune that he played by ear. It was

10 rain-ing—hard, but the fid-dler did-n't care, He sawed a-way at the pop-u-lar air, Though his

14 roof-tree—leaked like a wa-ter - fall, That did-n't seem to both-er the man at all.

More sheet music at:
www.gmajormusictheory.org



The Arkansas Traveler

2. A traveler was riding by that day,
And stopped to hear him a-practicing away;
The cabin was a-float and his feet were wet,
But still the old man didn't seem to fret.
So the stranger said, "Now the way 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 to do;
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,
Then patch the old roof till it's good and tight."
But the old man kept on a-playing 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."

**These words were composed by
the Arkansas State Song Selection Committee, 1949:**

1. On a lonely road quite long ago,
A trav'ler trod with fiddle and a bow;
While rambling thru the country rich and grand,
He quickly sensed the magic and the beauty of the land.
For the wonder state we'll sing a song,
And lift our voices loud and long.
For the wonder state we'll shout hurrah!
And praise the opportunities we find in Arkansas.
2. Many years have passed, the trav'lers gay,
Repeat the tune along the highway;
And every voice that sings the glad refrain
Re-echoes from the mountains to the fields of growing grain.
For the wonder state we'll sing a song,
And lift our voices loud and long.
For the wonder state we'll shout hurrah!
And praise the opportunities we find in Arkansas.

