

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

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 / waterfall,
 That / didn't seem to bother the old / man at all /

A / traveler was riding / by that day, and / stopped to hear him a- /
 Practicing away, the / cabin was afloat 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' / 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." /

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 / patch the old roof till it's / good and tight. "
 But the / old man kept on a- / playing at his reel,
 And / tapp'd the ground with his / leathery heel;
 "Get a / long," said he, "for you / give me a pain,
 My / cabin never leaks when it / doesn't rain ! " /

