

**THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER'S
SONGSTER: CONTAINING
THE CELEBRATED STORY OF
THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649329410

The Arkansas Traveller's Songster: Containing the Celebrated Story of the Arkansas Traveller
by Various

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ARKANSAS
TRAVELER'S



SONG BOOK

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1884, by

DICK & FITZGERALD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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THE

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER'S
SONG-BOOK.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

By MORGAN CLARK.

(Published, in sheet-music form, by BLODGETT & BRADY, Music Publishers, Dallas.)

THIS piece is intended to represent an Eastern man's experience among the inhabitants of Arkansas, showing their hospitality and the mode of obtaining it.

Several years since, he was travelling the state to Little Rock, the capital. In those days, railroads had not been heard of, and the stage-lines were very limited; so, under the circumstances, he was obliged to travel the whole distance on foot. One evening, about dusk, he came across a small log house, standing fifteen or twenty yards from the road, and enclosed by a low rail fence of the most primitive description. In the doorway sat a man, playing a violin; the tune was the then most popular air in that region—namely, "The Arkansas Traveller." He kept repeating the first part of the tune over and over again, as he could not play the second part. At the time the traveller reached the house it was raining very hard, and he was anxious to obtain shelter from the storm. The house looked like any thing but a shelter, as it was covered with clapboards, and the rain was leaking into every part of it. The old man's laughter Sarah appeared to be getting supper, while a

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

small boy was setting the table, and the old lady sat in the doorway near her husband, admiring the music.

The stranger, on coming up, said, "How do you do?" The man merely glanced at him, and, continuing to play replied, "I do as I please."

Stranger. How long have you been living here?

Old Man. D'ye see that mountain thar? Well, that was thar when I come here.

S. Can I stay here to-night?

O. M. No! ye can't stay here.

S. How long will it take me to get to the next tavern?

O. M. Well, you'll not get far at all, if you stand thar frollin' with me all night! (*L'rye*)



S. Well, how far do you call it to the next tavern?

O. M. I reckon it's upwards of some distance! (*Plays again, as above.*)

S. I am very dry—do you keep any spirits in your house?

O. M. Do you think my house is haunted? They say, that's plenty down in the graveyard. (*Plays as before.*)

S. How do they cross this river ahead?

O. M. The ducks all swim across. (*Plays as before.*)

S. How far is it to the forks of the road?

O. M. I've been livin' here nigh on twenty years, and no road ain't forked yet. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Give me some satisfaction, if you please, sir. Where does this road go to?

O. M. Well, it hain't moved a step since I've been here. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Why don't you cover your horse? It leaks.

O. M. 'Cause it's rainin'!

S. Then why don't you cover it when it's not rainin'?

O. M. 'Cause it don't leak. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Why don't you play the second part of that tune?

O. M. If you're a better player than I am, you can play it yourself. I'll bring the fiddle out to you—I don't want you in here! (*Stranger plays the second part of the tune.*)

