

# Arkansas Traveler

**G C G D G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>**  
Once up-on a time in Ar-kan - sas, An old man sat in his lit-tle cab-in door, And he

**G C G C D<sup>7</sup> G**  
fid-dled at a tune that he liked to hear, A jol-ly old tune that he played by ear. It was

**D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G D G D<sup>7</sup>**  
rain-ing hard but the fid-dler did-n't care, He sawed a-way at the pop u-lar air, Though his

**G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G C D<sup>7</sup> G**  
roof - tree leaked like a wat - er fall, That did - n't seem to both - er the man at all.