

**The Arkansas Traveler**  
**Music from *Little House on the Prairie***  
**Pa's Fiddle Recordings LLC**  
**PFR 0168-2**

**The Battle Cry of Freedom**

Yes we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
We will rally from the hillside, we will gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with a million freemen more,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, hurrah boys, hurrah!  
Down with the Traitors, up with the Stars;  
While we rally round the flag, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And although they may be poor not a man shall be a slave,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land that we love the best,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, hurrah boys, hurrah!  
Down with the Traitors, up with the Stars;  
While we rally round the flag, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.  
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

## **Old Dan Tucker**

Went to town the other night,  
I hear the noise, then saw the fight,  
The watchman was a-running round,  
Crying "Old Dan Tucker's come to town."  
Old Dan Tucker's back in town,  
Swinging the ladies, all around;  
First to the right, and then to the left;  
Then kiss the gal that he loves best.

(chorus)

Get out of the way! Get out of the way!  
Get out of the way! Old Dan Tucker,  
You're too late to come to supper.

Dan began early in his life,  
To play the banjo to win a wife,  
But every time he'd company keep,  
He'd play himself fast asleep.  
Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,  
He washed his face in the frying pan,  
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died of a toothache in his heel.

(chorus)

Old Dan Tucker came to town,  
A-riding a goat, and leading a hound,  
The hound gave a howl, and the goat gave a jump,  
And threw Dan Tucker a-top a stump.  
I went to meetin' the other day,  
To hear old Tucker preach and pray,  
They all got the spirit, but me alone,  
I make ole Tucker walk jawbone.

(chorus)

When old Dan Tucker passed away,  
They missed the music he used to play,  
They carried him on his last long ride,  
And buried his banjo at his side.

(chorus)

## **The Gum Tree Canoe**

On Tombigbee River so bright I was born,  
In a hut made of husks of the taller yaller corn,  
And there I first meet with my Julia so true,  
And I rowed her about in my gum tree canoe.

(chorus)

Singing row away, row over the waters so blue  
Like a feather we'll float, in my gum tree canoe

All the day in the field the soft cotton I hoe,  
I think of my Julia and sing as I go,  
Oh I catch her a bird, with a wing of true blue,  
And at night sail her round in my gum tree canoe.

(chorus)

With my hands on the banjo and toe on the oar,  
I sing to the sound of the river's soft roar;  
While the stars they look down at my Julia so true,  
And dance in her eye in my gum tree canoe.

(chorus)

One night the stream bore us so far away,  
That we couldn't come back, so we thought we'd just stay;  
Oh we spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue,  
And it took us in tow with my gum tree canoe.

(chorus)

## **Green Grows the Laurel**

(chorus)

Oh, green grows the laurel, and so does the rue,  
So sorry my love for the parting with you.  
But at our next meeting, our love we'll renew,  
And we'll change the green laurel for orange and blue.

I oft times have wondered how women love men,  
I oft times have wondered how men can love them,  
But by long experience I think I well know,  
And I'll follow my true love wherever he goes.

(chorus)

Oh some love a short love, and others love long,  
And some love a weak love, and others love strong;  
They'll love you a little, give your hearts ease,  
But when your back's on them they'll love who they please.

(chorus)

On top of yon mountain, where the green grass does grow,  
Way down in yon valley, where still waters flow,  
I seen my old true love, and she had proved true,  
So we changed the green laurel for the orange and blue.

(chorus)

## **Daisy Deane**

'Twas down the meadow,  
The violets were blowing,  
And the springtime grass was fresh and green.  
And the birds by the brooklet,  
Their sweet songs were singing,  
When I first met my darling Daisy Deane.

( chorus)

None knew thee but to love thee,  
Thou dear one of my heart,  
Oh, thy memory is ever fresh and green.  
Though the sweet buds may wither,  
And fond hearts be broken,  
Still I'll love thee my darling Daisy Deane.

Her eyes soft and tender,  
The violets out-vying,  
And the fairer form was never seen.  
With her brown silken tresses,  
Her cheeks like the roses,  
There was none like my darling Daisy Deane.

(chorus)

The bright flowers are faded,  
The young grass is fallen,  
And the dark clouds hover over the sea.  
For the death angel took her,  
And left me in sorrow,  
For my lost one, my darling Daisy Deane.

Down in the meadows,  
I still love to wander  
Where the young grass grew so fresh and green.  
But the bright golden visions  
Of springtime have faded  
With the flowers, and my darling Daisy Deane.

(chorus)

### **Roll On Silver Moon**

As I strayed from my cot at the end of the day,  
'Mid the ravishing beauties of June;  
'Neath a jasmine shade I spied a fair maid,  
And she plaintively sighed to the moon.  
Roll on silver moon guide the traveler's way,  
Where the nightingale's song is in tune;  
I never, never more with my true love will stray,  
By thy soft silver beams, gentle moon.

As the hart on the mountain, my lover was brave,  
So noble, and manly and clever;  
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,  
Oh my Edwin, his equal was never.  
But now he is dead and gone to his grave,  
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;  
He's fallen asleep while I sadly weep,  
By thy soft silver light, gentle moon.

His lone grave I'll seek out 'til morning appears,  
And weep for my true love so brave;  
I'll embrace the cold sod and bathe with my tears,  
The sweet flowers that bloom on his grave.  
Never again will my poor heart know joy,  
With my lost love I hope to be soon;  
Lovers shall weep o'er the place where we sleep,  
By thy soft silver light, gentle moon.  
I never, never more with my true love will stay,  
By thy soft silver light, gentle moon.

### **The Blue Juniata**

Wild rovd an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.  
Swift as an antelope, through the forest going,  
Loose were her jetty locks in wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song of bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.  
Strong and true my arrows are in my painted quiver,  
Swift goes my light canoe on down the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good, the love of Alfarata,  
Proud waves his snowy plume along the Juniata.  
Soft and low he speaks to me, then his war-cry sounding,  
Rings his voice in thunder loud, from height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl, bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.  
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata,  
Still sweeps the river on, the blue Juniata.

## Dixie's Land

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie land.  
In Dixie's land where I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin',  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.

(chorus)  
And I wish I was in Dixie, hurray, hurray.  
In Dixie's land, we'll take our stand,  
To live and die in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie;  
Look away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old misses marry Will the Weaver,  
William was a gay deceiver,  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.  
And when he put his arm around her,  
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.

(chorus)  
While misses lived, she lived in clover,  
And when she died, she died all over;  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.  
How could she act such a foolish part, O'  
And to marry a man to break her heart. O'  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

(chorus)  
Those buckwheat cakes and a stony batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.  
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,  
To Dixie's land I'm bound to travel.  
    Look away, look away, look away Dixie's Land.

(chorus)

## **Happy Land**

There is a happy land, far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.  
Oh, how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Savior King,  
Loud let his praises ring, praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land, come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee, blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.  
Oh, then, to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won;  
And, bright above the sun, we reign for aye.

### **The Monkey's Wedding**

The monkey married the baboon's sister;  
He smacked his lips, and then he kissed her;  
He kissed so hard he raised a blister;

And she set up a yell.

The bridesmaid stuck on an old corn plaster;  
It stuck so fast it couldn't stick faster,  
Surely was a sad disaster;

But it soon got well.

What do you think the bride was dressed in?  
A pretty white dress and pretty green hatpin,  
Red shoes—quite interesting;

She was quite a belle.

The bridegroom dressed with a blue shirt collar,  
Black silk stockings that cost a dollar,  
Large grey whiskers, the fashion to follow;

He cut a monstrous swell.

What do they think they had for supper?

Black-eyed peas, and bread and butter,  
Ducks in the duck-house all in a flutter,

And pickled oysters, too.

Chestnuts raw and a-boiled and a-roasted,  
Apples a-sliced, and the onions a-toasted;

Music in the corner already posted,

Waiting for the cue.

What do you think was the tune they danced to?

"The Drunken Sailor," sometimes "Jim Crow";

Tails in the way, and they got pinched, too,

'Cause they were too long.

What do you think they had for a fiddle?

An old banjo with a hole in the middle,

A tambourine made out of a riddle—

And that's the end of my song!

**Oh! California (Oh! Susanna)**

I came from Salem City,  
With my wash bowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California  
The gold dust for to see.  
It seemed all night, the day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Oh! brothers, don't you cry.

(chorus)

Oh! California,  
That's the land for me,  
I'm going to Sacramento  
With a washbowl on my knee.

I jumped aboard the *'Liza* ship  
And traveled o'er the sea,  
And every time I thought of home,  
I wished it wasn't me.  
The vessel reared like any horse,  
That had of oats a-wealth,  
I found it couldn't throw me,  
So I thought I'd throw myself.

(chorus)

I thought of all the pleasant times  
We've had together here,  
I thought I ought to cry a bit,  
But couldn't shed a tear.  
The pilot bread was in my mouth,  
The gold dust in my eye,  
And, though I'm going far away,  
Dear brothers, don't you cry.

I soon shall be in 'Frisco,  
And then I'll look around,  
And when I see the gold lumps there,  
I'll pick them off the ground.  
I'll scrape the mountains clean,  
I'll drain the rivers dry,  
A pocket full of rocks bring home,  
So, brothers, don't you cry.

(chorus)

## The Gypsy King

'Tis I am the Gypsy King,  
And where is the King like me?  
No troubles my dignities bring,  
No other is half so free.  
In my kingdom there is just one table,  
All my subjects partake with me here.  
We would play all day long were we able,  
As it is, we have plenty of cheer.  
Oh, I am the Gypsy King, ha! ha!  
I am the Gypsy King.

A king, and a true one, am I,  
No courtiers, no ministers here.  
I see everything with my own eye,  
And hear everything with my own ear.  
No conspiracies I apprehend,  
Among brothers and equals I rule.  
We all help to gain and to spend,  
And jump high when the treasury's full.  
Oh, I am the Gypsy King, ha! ha!  
I am the Gypsy King.

I confess that I am but a man,  
My failings who pleases may know.  
I am fond of my girl and my Ann,  
And jolly companions a row.  
My subjects are kind to me,  
They don't grudge me the largest glass,  
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,  
At this moment, the prettiest lass;

Not a king do I envy nor Kaiser,  
That sits on a golden throne,  
And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,  
Here's a scepter and ball of my own.  
To sit the night through in a crown,  
I've a notion mine ears would freeze,  
But I pull my old nightcap down;  
And tittle and joke at my ease;  
Oh I am the Gypsy King, ha! ha!  
I am the Gypsy King.

### **Bye Baby Bunting**

Bye lo baby bunting,  
Papa's gone a-hunting;  
He's gone to get a rabbit skin,  
To wrap the baby bunting in.  
Bye lo baby bunting,  
Papa's gone a-hunting;  
He's gone to get a rabbit skin,  
To wrap the baby bunting in.  
Bye lo baby bunting.  
Bye lo baby bunting.