

IF YOU SAW ALL THAT I SAW IN ARKANSAS



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
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145 WEST 45th ST. NEW YORK

If You Saw All That I Saw In Arkansas

By WILL J. HARRIS
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Moderato

f

Till ready

p

Voice

How d'y'e do?— say how are you? Bet-cha
Trains that go— back home are slow— But they're

can't guess where I've been. Take a chance per-haps you'll win If you
not too slow for me, For it gives you time to see Na-ture's

don't I'll let you in. I've been down to your home town, 'Mid the hills of Ar-kan-
fair-est scen-e - ry. Hon-est true_ I en- vied you, When I saw your home sweet

sas. If I could paint what a quaint old pic- ture I could draw.
home. Now here's your fare go back there_ to those you call your own.

Chorus

If you saw all that I saw down in Ar-kan-sas I know — You'd want to be back home once

p-f well marked

more — be-side the old log cab-in door — Your on-ly is so lone-ly — and moth-er's

hair is turn-ing gray — I heard a sau-cy rob-in sing to Dob-bin, "Who's gon-na hitchya to the

shay?" Say! I saw your Paw at the old buck-saw cut-tin' wood to roast the Tur-key in the straw. — If

you saw all that I saw — You'd hur-ry home to Ar-kan - sas. — If sas. —

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