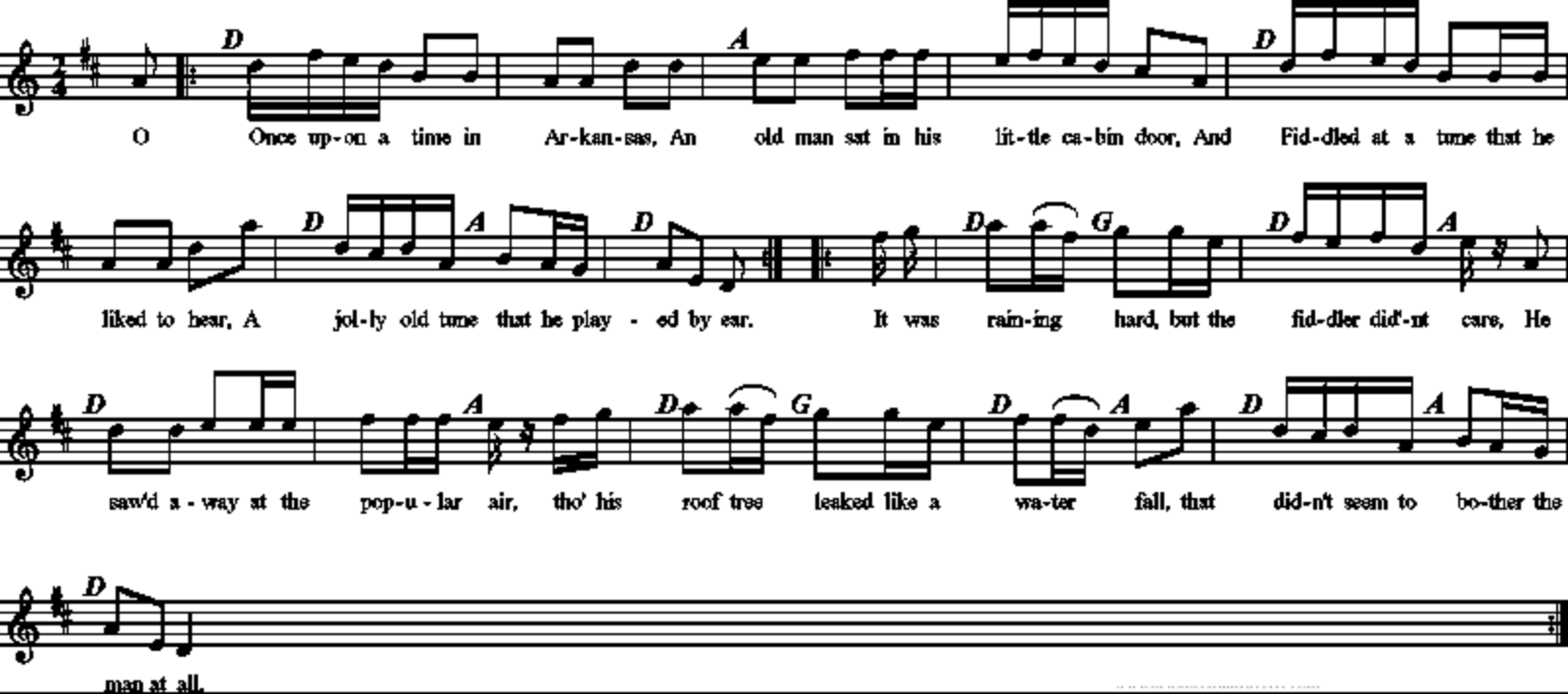
D A D
O Once up-on a time in Ar-kan-sas, An old man sat in his lit-tle ca-bin door, And Fid-dled at a tune that he
D A D
liked to hear, A jol-ly old tune that he play - ed by ear. It was rain-ing hard, but the fid-dler did'-nt care, He
D G D A
saw'd a - way at the pop-u - lar air, tho' his roof tree leaked like a wa-ter fall, that did-n't seem to bo-ther the
D G D A D A
D
man at all.