If You Saw All That I Saw In Arkansas

By WILL J. HARRIS
and MILTON AGER

Moderato

Voice

Till ready

How dy'e do? say how are you? Bet-cha slow. But they're
can't guess where I've been. Take a chance perhaps you'll win.
not too slow for me. For it gives you time to see.

If you

Nate-re's

don't I let you

fairst scene-ry. I've been down to your home town. Mid the

hills of Ar-kan-

sas. If I could paint what a quaint old picture 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 Arkansas I know—You'd want to be back home once

more beside the old log cabin door Your only is so lonely and mother's

hair is turning gray I heard a saucy robin sing to Dobbin, "Who's gonna hitch ya to the

shay?" Say! I saw your Paw at the old buck-saw cuttin' wood to roast the Turkey in the straw. If

you saw all that I saw You'd hurry home to Arkansas. If sas...
HAVE THIS SONG PLAYED FOR YOU!
YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN IN DIXIE
AND THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE

Words by
CHAS. MC CLARDON

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

CHORUS

When the sun goes down in Dix - ie, And the moon begins to rise, That's the hour down in Dix - ie.

Dix - ie, When the darkness has mon - i - ze, Old Un - cle Joe you'll surely see.

With his ban - jo on his knee, And my Hi - de - dee - de - let - tash, as the old peas - a,

Pick - in' out a mel - o - dy, Come to think 'bout it, I'm go - ing back to the scenes of my

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