The State of Arkansaw

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Come all ye true-bred Irishmen and listen to my chant;
'Tis all the lamentation of an Irish emigrant
Who lately crossed the ocean, for a fortune thought he saw,
Five hundred men were wanted in the state of Arkansaw.

The first I met was Mr. Brown, who came up with a smiling face;
He said, "Lad, come along with me; I keep a dacent place.'
He fed me on corn dodgers and his beef you couldn't chaw,
And he charged me fifty cents a day in the state of Arkansaw.

The next I met was Mr. Green and a different face had he;
He says, "I keep a dacent place, just come along with me:
Give to me five dollars and a ticket you will draw,
That will put you to work on the railroad in the state of Arkansaw."

I traveled along the railroad till I came to Little Rock,
And every depot I came to, my heart it got a shock,
For the divil a one I met that day extended me a paw,
Or says, "Pat, you're very welcome to the state of Arkansaw."

Well, now the railroad's finished, boys, and I am very glad;
I leave this part of the counteree, or else I will go mad.
I'll go to the Cherokee nation and there I'll marry a squaw,
And as sure as hell I'll bid farewell to the state of Arkansaw.

From Songs of the People, Henry