Mark Twain

words & music

Produced by Carl Jackson

Executive Producers:
Carl Jackson and Cindy Lovell
This project was created as a tribute to the life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, in commemoration of the 175th anniversary of his birth on November 30, 2010. Proceeds benefit the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum (Mark Twain Home Foundation) in Hannibal, Missouri.

The Mark Twain Home Foundation, 120 N. Main Street, Hannibal, MO 63401, USA, is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. Tax-deductible contributions may be made to the Mark Twain Home Foundation. Website: www.marktwainmuseum.org

All tracks and vocals were recorded and engineered by Kyle Manner and John (“Hip-Hop”) Caldwell at Station West Studio in Nashville, Tennessee with the exception of:

Jimmy Buffett recorded the voice of Huck Finn somewhere overlooking the Mississippi River. We are unable to confirm whether or not he was on a raft at the time. Engineered by Jimmy Buffett. Garrison Keillor recorded his narration at Prairie Home Productions. Guy Noir served as his stunt double. Engineered by Noah Smith. Clint Eastwood recorded the voice of Mark Twain at Carmel Recording Studio. It was reported to have made his day. (It sure made ours!) Engineered by Carlos Martin. Angela Lovell recorded the voice of Susy Clemens at Saltlands Studio. Angela’s mom is proud. Engineered by Jim Smith. Sheryl Crow recorded at Frank Rogers’ studio, The Pool House. The first cut was the deepest. (And Sheryl, Carl says, “Yes.”) Engineered by Richard Barrow. Brad Paisley recorded in the comfort of his home studio. Rumor has it that Huck was somewhere in the vicinity. Engineered by Kendall Marcy. Vince Gill also recorded at his home studio. We think Eva is smiling somewhere. Engineered by Drew Bollman. Joe Diffie recorded at home, at his Down In The Hole studio, after whitewashing a fence. Engineered by Joe Diffie. Ricky Skaggs recorded at Skaggs Place Recording Studio. We think he took Highway 40 to get there. Engineered by Lee Groitzsch. Carl Jackson recorded mainly at Station West, but on a few sleepless nights he recorded some instrumentals and vocals at his home studio.

Produced by: Carl Jackson  Executive Producers: Carl Jackson and Cindy Lovell  Mixed and Mastered by: Luke Wooten at Station West Studio in Nashville, Tennessee.  Narrative Written by: Cindy Lovell © 2011. Used by permission  Background Music Written by: Carl Jackson, Priscilla Houliston, Don Poythress, Jerry Salley and Tony Wood  Background Music Arranged by: Carl Jackson  Cover and Booklet Art Designed by: Sheena Kendrick, Cindy Lovell, and Sally Poole (Poole Advertising in Hannibal, Missouri) with assistance from Dave Thomson in Sun Valley, California  Manufactured and Distributed by: Mailboat Records  Mark Twain passages used by permission with thanks to: The Mark Twain Foundation and The Mark Twain Project at the University of California–Berkeley.
The Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum thanks you for purchasing this CD project. Proceeds will help us take good care of Sam Clemens’s boyhood home, a National Historic Landmark, in Sam’s hometown of Hannibal, Missouri. Mark Twain lost a fortune to the literary pirates of his time, and he championed stronger copyright laws to protect authors from book bootleggers and page pirates. In fact, Stephen Colbert was not the first humorist to pitch Congress on behalf of a cause. Clemens appeared before the esteemed body politic in December 1906 to rail against the indifferent copyright protection afforded to authors in those days. He shocked the fashion police by wearing a white suit (typically to be worn between Easter and Labor Day only), because he wanted to stand out — and he did. Reporters loved the “look” he created with his white hair and white suit, and Twain so loved the coverage that he thumbed his nose at fashion and continued dressing this way until his death in 1910. He called it “my don’t care adamm suit.” So, on behalf of the artists who dedicated their talents to this important cause, and on behalf of the Museum, which has its hands full trying to raise money to take care of nine historical properties and countless treasures and artifacts, we thank you in advance for not burning copies of this CD to share with friends and family. Every time you purchase this CD project you are helping to preserve a great American legacy, all while setting a good example. That’s classy. And, as Mark Twain said, “Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.”

Sites to Visit

**Mark Twain Birthplace** in Florida, Missouri

**Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum** in Hannibal, Missouri

**Mark Twain House & Museum** in Hartford, Connecticut

**Elmira College** in Elmira, New York

*Site of Twain’s octagonal writing study and caretakers of Quarry Farm*

**The Mark Twain Project at University of California-Berkeley** in Berkeley, California

*Repository for Mark Twain’s papers*

There simply isn’t enough room in a CD package to properly thank everyone the way they truly deserve to be. There are stories behind the participation of every old and new friend that has given their talent to this project. Hopefully, no one has been left out in the simple listing of names, but the complete stories will have to wait for the autobiography I suppose. Heck, I imagine Twain would have approved of that anyway!!!! All I can say to old friends like Cindy, Emmy, Doyle, Rhonda, Bradley, Brad, Marty, Val, Vinny, Joe, Ricky, Tony, Swine, Cat, Andy, Adam, Rob, Johnny, Mike, Joey, Cia, Sonya, Jerry, Jim, Bryan, Don, Luke, Donna, Hip-Hop, Kyle, Cricket, & Zwick, as well as new friends like Ryan, Herb, Jimmy, Garrison, Clint, Dina, Angela, Sarah, Savannah, Sheryl, Priscilla, Danny, Emily, Bob, Tom, Cheryl, Heather, Keith, Bruce, Joan, & Tony is... “you know.” You know how much the underlying stories and friendships we share mean to me. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. I do want to especially re-mention my buddy, Brad Paisley, for going above and beyond the call of duty, as well as Clint and Dina Eastwood for their extreme kindness in answering that call. Finally, I must single out Dr. Cindy Lovell, the ultimate “Twainiac,” whose true love for the work of Samuel Clemens and belief in me made this dream come to life. ~ **Carl Jackson**
**Track 1: “Hello yourself, and see how you like it…”**

**HUCK:** “YOU don’t know about me without you have read a book by the name of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; but that ain’t no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth.”

**NARRATOR:** Samuel Langhorne Clemens was the sixth of seven children born to John and Jane Clemens. His mother would tell him later that he came into the world with the arrival of Halley’s Comet, a cosmic event that occurred every 75 years, and so she predicted greatness for her premature and sickly infant son, whose survival in those challenging times was not typical.

**TWAIN:** “I was born the 30th of November, 1835, in the almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by 1 per cent. It is more than many of the best men in history could have done for a town. It may not be modest in me to refer to this but it is true. There is no record of a person doing as much—not even Shakespeare. But I did it for Florida and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose.” *(Autobiography)*

**Huck Finn:** Jimmy Buffett; **Narrator:** Garrison Keillor; **Mark Twain:** Clint Eastwood; **Background Score:** “Comet Ride” performed by Andy Leftwich

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**Track 2: When Halley Came To Jackson**

**Artist:** Emmylou Harris  **Written by:** Mary Chapin Carpenter  **Published by:** ©1990 EMI April Music / Getarealjob Music (ASCAP)  All rights controlled & administered by EMI April Music, Inc.

Late one night when the wind was still  
Daddy brought the baby to the windowsill  
To see a bit of heaven shoot across the sky  
The one and only time Daddy saw it fly  

It came from the east just as bright as a torch  
The neighbors had a party on their porch  
Daddy rocked the baby, Mama said, “Amen”  
When Halley came to visit in 1910

Now back then Jackson was a real small town  
And it’s not every night a comet comes around  
It was almost eighty years since its last time through  
So I bet your mother would’ve said “Amen” too  

As its tail stretched out like a stardust streak  
The papers wrote about it every day for a week  
They wondered where it’s going and where it’s been  
When Halley came to Jackson in 1910  

Now Daddy told the baby sleeping in his arms  
To dream a little dream of a comet’s charms  
And he made a little wish as she slept so sound  
In 1986 that wish came round  

It came from the east, just as bright as a torch  
She saw it in the sky from her daddy’s porch  
As heavenly sent as it was back then  
When Halley came to Jackson in 1910

Late one night when the wind was still…

**Lead Vocal:** Emmylou Harris; **Tenor Vocal:** Joey Martin;  
**Baritone Vocal:** Carl Jackson; **Drums:** Tony Creasman;  
**Bass:** Kevin Grantt; **Piano:** Catherine Marx; **Acoustic Guitar:** Carl Jackson;  
**Fiddle:** Andy Leftwich; **Mandolin:** Adam Steffey
Track 3: “Hannibal, Missouri, where my boyhood was spent…”

NARRATOR: When Sam was almost four years old, his folks, who just couldn’t make a go of it in Florida, Missouri, moved the family a short distance to a village nestled on the west bank of the Mississippi River – Hannibal, Missouri.

HUCK: “Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hill-top we looked away down into the village and could see three or four lights twinkling, where there were sick folks, maybe; and the stars over us was sparkling ever so fine; and down by the village was the river, a whole mile broad, and awful still and grand. We went down the hill and found Jo Harper and Ben Rogers, and two or three more of the boys, hid in the old tanyard. So we unhitched a skiff and pulled down the river two mile and a half, to the big scar on the hillside, and went ashore.”

NARRATOR: His father was the Justice of the Peace and attempted several business endeavors, yet the family continued to experience financial hardship. This didn’t seem to hamper young Sam, who found mischief and excitement in his surroundings… the cave, the steamboats, the wide, muddy river, uninhabited islands, the woods on Holliday’s Hill. Hannibal offered plenty of playground for its children, rich or poor, and would later become the setting for Sam’s most beloved books.

TWAIN: “In the small town of Hannibal, Missouri, when I was a boy everybody was poor but didn’t know it; and everybody was comfortable and did know it…” (Autobiography)

HUCK: “Well, the woman fell to talking about how hard times was, and how poor they had to live, and how the rats was as free as if they owned the place, and so forth and so on… She was right about the rats…”

TWAIN: “Once a day a cheap, gaudy packet arrived upward from St. Louis, and another downward from Keokuk. Before these events, the day was glorious with expectancy; after them, the day was a dead and empty thing. Not only the boys, but the whole village, felt this. After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer’s morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in watermelon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the ‘levee;’ a pile of ‘skids’ on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun…” (Autobiography)

HUCK: “We had mountains on the Missouri shore and heavy timber on the Illinois side, and the channel was down the Missouri shore at that place, so we warn’t afraid of anybody running across us. We laid there all day, and watched the rafts and steamboats spin down the Missouri shore, and up-bound steamboats fight the big river in the middle.”

NARRATOR: Sam cherished the summers he spent back at his Uncle John’s farm in Florida, Missouri, where he looked up to Uncle Dan’l – an affectionate friend and ally, and one of Uncle John’s slaves. Uncle Dan’l would later provide the inspiration and model for the character, Jim, the runaway slave and friend of Huckleberry Finn.

HUCK: “Sometimes we’d have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. Yonder was the banks and the islands, across the water; and maybe a spark—which was a candle in a cabin window; and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two—on a raft or a scow, you know; and maybe you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them rafts. It’s lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could a laid them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so
I didn’t say nothing against it, because I’ve seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell, too, and see
them streak down. Jim allowed they’d got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

“Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then she would belch a whole world of sparks up out of her chimblyes, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then she would turn a corner and her lights would wink out and her powwow shut off and leave the river still again; and by and by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and juggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldn’t hear nothing for you couldn’t tell how long, except maybe frogs or something.”

NARRATOR: On the farm, Uncle Dan’l thrilled the children with stories, and Sam vividly recalled the largesse of farm life.

TWAIN: “It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John’s. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor connecting it with the kitchen.
In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie–chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot ‘wheat bread,” hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter–beans, string–beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, “clabber”; watermelons, musk–melons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can’t remember the rest.” (Autobiography)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Background Score: “Comet Ride” performed by Carl Jackson and Andy Leftwich; “Uncle John’s Farm” written and performed by Carl Jackson

Track 4: Better Times A’ Comin’
Artist: Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver  Written by: Cal Veale  Published by: ©1962 Sony / ATV Acuff Rose Music (BMI)

Well, the cow’s gone dry, the hens won’t lay, there’s no place I can borrow
I give the landlord all the news and the rent comes due tomorrow
Lots of money in the bank they say that’s where they keep it
Not only wouldn’t they loan me some they wouldn’t let me see it

So pick away on the old banjo, keep that guitar strummin’
Put more water in the soup, there’s better times a’ comin’

Well Mary Lou could pull a plow if only I would let her
Twice as strong as any ox, and she don’t smell much better
I didn’t kiss that Mary Lou but once, then I had to leave her
Makes my collar get too tight I start to burn with fever

So pick away on the old banjo, keep that guitar strummin’
Put more water in the soup, there’s better times a’ comin’

The rooster used to chase the hens, he just kept gettin’ thinner
’Til he run hisself to death, so I brought him in for dinner
Cotton crops are mighty poor, the weeds are really growin’
I need a woman pretty bad to help me with the hoein’

So pick away on the old banjo, keep that guitar strummin’
Put more water in the soup, there’s better times a’ comin’

Well a man come by the other day a-huntin’ manual labor
I told him I hadn’t seen the guy, why don’t he ask my neighbor
So come on boys get your gals, and kick your heels up higher
Don’t let no one steal your gal, just hold her a little tighter

So pick away on the old banjo, keep that guitar strummin’
Put more water in the soup, there’s better times a’ comin’
There’s better times a’comin’

Lead Vocal: Corey Hensley; Low Tenor Vocal: Josh Swift;
Baritone Vocal: Doyle Lawson; Drums: Tony Creasman;
Bass: Kevin Grantt; Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Dobro: Josh Swift;
Mandolin: Doyle Lawson; Banjo: Dale Perry
Track 5: “He agreed to teach me the Mississippi River…”

NARRATOR: Steamboats plied the Mississippi River, often stopping in Hannibal to load or unload passengers and cargo. A puff of black smoke announced their arrival long before the boats were visible.

HUCK: “…a steamboat landed, and in about two minutes up comes a crowd a-whooping and yelling and laughing and carrying on…”

NARRATOR: Young Sam Clemens watched and yearned for journeys on that river. He watched as every type of freight was loaded and unloaded there in Hannibal – lumber, hemp, even slaves. When Sam was eleven his father died from pneumonia, and Sam had to leave school and work as a printer’s apprentice to provide some financial help for his mother and his brothers and sister. He earned his keep there in Hannibal setting type from the age of 12 to 17, but he always kept an eye on that river. He left Hannibal at 17, set type in St. Louis to earn steamboat passage to New York City, and set himself in motion…

TWAIN: “When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was, to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us all burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained. A pilot, in those days, was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth.” (Life on the Mississippi)

HUCK: “…the night got gray and ruther thick, which is the next meanest thing to fog. You can’t tell the shape of the river, and you can’t see no distance. It got to be very late and still, and then along comes a steamboat up the river. We lit the lantern, and judged she would see it. Up-stream boats didn’t generly come close to us; they go out and follow the bars and hunt for easy water under the reefs; but nights like this they bull right up the channel against the whole river.

“We could hear her pounding along, but we didn’t see her good till she was close. She aimed right for us. Often they do that and try to see how close they can come without touching; sometimes the wheel bites off a sweep, and then the pilot sticks his head out and laughs, and thinks he’s mighty smart. Well, here she comes, and we said she was going to try and shave us; but she didn’t seem to be sheering off a bit. She was a big one, and she was coming in a hurry, too, looking like a black cloud with rows of glow-worms around it; but all of a sudden she bulged out, big and scary, with a long row of wide-open furnace doors shining like red-hot teeth, and her monstrous bows and guards hanging right over us. There was a yell at us, and a jingling of bells to stop the engines, a powwow of cussing, and whistling of steam—and as Jim went overboard on one side and I on the other, she come smashing straight through the raft.”

TWAIN: “Piloting on the Mississippi River was not work to me; it was play—delightful play, vigorous play, adventurous play—and I loved it... When I find a well-drawn character in fiction or biography I generally take a warm personal interest in him, for the reason that I have known him before—met him on the river." (Life on the Mississippi)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood  Background Score: “Run Mississippi” performed by Carl Jackson
Track 6: Run Mississippi

Chorus:
Run, Mississippi River
Roll, down to the sea
Run, Mississippi River
Mississippi River you’re a part of me

Ol’ man river whirlin’ and a’ windin’
Makin’ its way down to New Orleans
Riverboat engine gruntin’ and a’ grindin’
Prettiest sight I’ve ever seen

Repeat Chorus

Sittin’ on the bank, feet stuck in the water,
Jabberin’ with Huck, “What ‘cha wanna be?”
You be the pirate, I’ll be the pilot,
Mississippi River is callin’ me

Repeat Chorus

Climbin’ on a raft feels just like a steamboat,
Shove from the land and make for the sea,
Spyin’ Jackson’s Island out in the distance
Mississippi River, you’re a part of me.

Repeat Chorus

Nothin’ like steamin’ on your brown water,
Up from N’awlins, on to Saint Lou,
Sunlight or moonlight, markin’ twain felt right,
Mississippi River, it was always you.

Repeat Chorus

Lead Vocal: Rhonda Vincent; Tenor Vocal: Sonya Isaacs;
Baritone Vocal: Carl Jackson; Drums: Tony Creasman; Bass: Kevin Grantt;
Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Dobro: Rob Ickes; Fiddle: Andy Leftwich;
Mandolin: Adam Steffey; Banjo: Carl Jackson

Track 7: “Several years of variegated vagabondizing…”

NARRATOR: Sam did become a steamboat pilot – got his license in 1859. His run took him back and forth between New Orleans and St. Lou.

HUCK: “Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights; not a house could you see. The fifth night we passed St. Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up. In St. Petersburg they used to say there was twenty or thirty thousand people in St. Louis, but I never believed it till I see that wonderful spread of lights at two o’clock that still night.”

NARRATOR: But when the Civil War broke out in 1861, his “permanent ambition” came to an end. He joined his brother on a stagecoach journey to the Nevada Territory where they would live for the next several years in the company of gold miners, silver miners, “cay-otes,” cowboys, saloonkeepers, antelope, politicians, prairie dogs, and various colorful characters. And this is where Sam Clemens would officially become “Mark Twain” writing for the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise. Sam got a glimpse of a Pony Express rider, he shared a cup of coffee with the legendary gunslinger, Slade, he bought himself a “genuine Mexican plug,” and speculated on the Comstock Lode. Although he distinguished himself as a storyteller and immortalized many a western rapscallion, he never did master that “genuine Mexican plug.”
TWAIN: “In the afternoon I brought the creature into the plaza, and certain citizens held him by the head, and others by the tail, while I mounted him. As soon as they let go, he placed all his feet in a bunch together, lowered his back, and then suddenly arched it upward, and shot me straight into the air a matter of three or four feet! … I heard a stranger say: “Oh, don’t he buck, though!” While I was up, somebody struck the horse a sounding thwack with a leathern strap, and when I arrived again the Genuine Mexican Plug was not there. A California youth chased him up and caught him, and asked if he might have a ride… He mounted the Genuine, got lifted into the air once, but sent his spurs home as he descended, and the horse darted away like a telegram. He soared over three fences like a bird, and disappeared down the road toward the Washoe Valley.” (Roughing It)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood Background Score: Medley: “Dixie,” “Ink,” and “Mexican Telegram” arranged and performed by Carl Jackson (“Dixie” written by Daniel D. Emmett; “Mexican Telegram” written by Carl Jackson)

Track 8: A Cowboy In His Soul
Artist: Bradley Walker Written by: Bryan Kennedy and Jim Rushing
Published by: ©1997 EMI April Music Inc. (ASCAP) / Rope and Dally Music (ASCAP) and Colonel Rebel Music / Kentucky Thunder Music / Rushing Water Music (ASCAP) (All admin. by EverGreen Copyrights)

He was a good hand breakin’ horses, pure poison with a rope
He lives for strong black coffee and the rollin’ of his smokes
He throws a leg up on ol’ Ranger, sticks a rile into his hide
Saddled there in his easy chair through his memory he still rides

While shakin’ out a good loop, he flicks his ashes on the floor
He’s a’ brandin’ for Sam Williams, who he loved workin’ for
In the air he draws a picture with a cigarette in his hand
As his fingers make the last stroke, in the smoke I see the brand

Whoopy ti yi aye is not his way, he didn’t choose his line of work
There’s no silver on his saddle and no fringe upon his shirt
Well I’d give the world to be like him, born 90 years ago
‘Cause when the Master’s hands made this man, he put a cowboy in his soul

Lead Vocal: Bradley Walker; Tenor Vocal: Carl Jackson; High Baritone Vocal: Cia Cherryholmes; Background vocals: Carl Jackson & Jerry Salley; Drums: Tony Creasman; Bass: Kevin Grantt; Piano & Synth: Catherine Marx; Acoustic & Gut String Guitar: Carl Jackson

Track 9: “It liberates the vandal to travel…”

NARRATOR: Sam Clemens loved to travel. After leaving Hannibal when he was in his teens, his curiosity about the world spurred him to visit new places.

HUCK: “…it was a grand adventure, and mysterious, and so it hit him where he lived…”

NARRATOR: From Nevada he went to San Francisco and then visited Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands as it was called back then. When he headed east,
he wanted to see more of the world. He booked passage on the steamer, the *Quaker City*, for a five-month excursion to Europe and the Holy Land. He had contracted with the San Francisco *Alta* newspaper to send letters back describing his tour and the voyage and all the places he would visit. But when they docked in Greece, the passengers learned that they were to be quarantined and were forbidden to leave the ship. The itinerant journalist chafed at the news.

**TWAIN:** "It was the bitterest disappointment we had yet experienced. To lie a whole day in sight of the Acropolis, and yet be obliged to go away without visiting Athens! Disappointment was hardly a strong enough word to describe the circumstances. At eleven o’clock at night, when most of the ship’s company were abed, four of us stole softly ashore in a small boat, a clouded moon favoring the enterprise… Seeing no road, we took a tall hill to the left of the distant Acropolis for a mark, and steered straight for it over all obstructions… The full moon was riding high in the cloudless heavens now. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down—a vision! And such a vision! Athens by moonlight!" (*The Innocents Abroad*)

**Narrator:** Garrison Keillor; **Huck Finn:** Jimmy Buffett; **Mark Twain:** Clint Eastwood; **Background Score:** “Safe Water” performed by Carl Jackson

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**Track 10: Safe Water**

**Artist:** Carl Jackson  
**Written by:** Carl Jackson and Jerry Salley  
**Published by:** ©2011 Colonel Rebel Music (ASCAP), administered by BMG Chrysalis and Universal Music – Brentwood Benson Tunes / Lasso The Moon Music (SESAC)

Mama I won’t drink; I promise I won’t gamble  
No matter where I go I’ll keep this vow  
That steamboat whistle’s callin’, sayin’ boy, you’re born to ramble  
Gonna carry me and my dreams outta town

New York to Cincinnati, Philadelphia to St. Lou  
A new town only whets my appetite  
So when I run out of river, I’ll sail the ocean blue  
’Til my wanderin’ eyes see Athens by moonlight

Ridin’ on safe water everywhere I roam  
Like the constant current always movin’ on  
Safe water  
Who knows, someday it might just bring me home  
Yeah, who knows, someday it might just bring me home

Thirsty for adventure, the world’s become my stage  
Reflected in the countless words I write

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**Track 11:** “You ain’t ever to love anybody but me…”

**NARRATOR:** After the 164-day voyage on the *Quaker City*, Sam Clemens would reconnect with a friend he’d met on that journey, Charley Langdon. Sam had seen a photo of Langdon’s sister, Olivia, in Langdon’s stateroom on the boat and within a year he contrived to meet this beautiful, educated, genteel
Eastern woman who was ten years younger and every bit his intellectual match. He went so far as to fake a head injury so that he could prolong a visit at the Langdons’ home. And thus began an enduring love affair.

**TWAIN:** “I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley’s stateroom…in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish—and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life.” *(Autobiography)*

**NARRATOR:** Olivia’s father gave permission for the engagement despite Sam Clemens’s unpolished background and his lack of references. And in a letter to Livy, Sam wrote passionately of their impending union.

**TWAIN:** “…it makes of two fractional lives a whole; it gives to two purposeless lives a work, & doubles the strength of each whereby to perform it; it gives to two questioning natures a reason for living, & something to live for; it will give a new gladness to the sunshine, a new fragrance to the flowers, a new beauty to the earth, a new mystery to life; & Livy, it will give a new revelation to love, a new depth to sorrow, a new impulse to worship. In that day the scales will fall from our eyes & we shall look upon a new world. Speed it!” *(Letter to Livy, 9/8/1869)*

**Narrator:** Garrison Keillor; **Mark Twain:** Clint Eastwood; **Background Score:** “Sam & Livy” written and performed by Carl Jackson

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**Track 12: I Wandered By A Brookside**

**Artist:** The Church Sisters  **Written by:** Traditional: Music by Barbara Berry  **Published by:** ©2000 Northworks UK (PRS)

I wandered by a brookside
I wandered by a mill
I could not hear the water
The murmuring it was still
Not a sound of any grasshopper
Nor the chirp of any bird
But the beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard
The beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard

Then silent tears fast flowing
When someone stood beside

A hand upon my shoulder
I knew the touch was kind
He drew me near and nearer
We neither spoke one word
But the beating of our own hearts
Was the only sound I heard
The beating of our own two hearts
Was the only sound I heard

**Lead Vocal:** Savannah Church; **Tenor Vocal:** Sarah Church;  **Baritone Vocal:** Carl Jackson; **Percussion:** Tony Creasman;  **Bass:** Kevin Grantt;  **Piano:** Catherine Marx;  **Acoustic Guitar:** Carl Jackson

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**Track 13: “It was a mighty nice family…”**

**NARRATOR:** Sam and Livy married February 2nd, 1870. They had four children: a son, Langdon, who died of diphtheria at 19 months, followed by three daughters, Susy, Clara, and Jean. They built a mansion in Hartford, Connecticut for a storybook existence as Mark Twain’s literary star continued to soar. Livy’s nickname for her husband was “Youth,” because he had the heart and soul of a boy, and his nickname for her was, “Gravity,” because she did try to keep his feet on the ground. They were a close and loving family, and their happiness was almost dreamlike.
TWAIN: “When Susy was thirteen and was a slender little maid with plaited tails of copper-tinged brown hair down her back and was perhaps the busiest bee in the household hive... she secretly and of her own motion and out of love added another task to her labors—the writing of a biography of me. She did this work in her bedroom at night and kept her record hidden. After a little the mother discovered it and filched it and let me see it; then told Susy what she had done and how pleased I was and how proud. I remember that time with a deep pleasure. I had had compliments before but none that touched me like this.” (Autobiography)

SUSY: “We are a very happy family. We consist of Papa, Mamma, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him, as he is a very striking character. Papa’s appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. He has beautiful gray hair, not any too thick or any too long, but just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes and a small mustache. He has a wonderfully shaped head and profile. He has a very good figure – in short, he is an extraordinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn’t extraordinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn’t wear a beard. He is a very good man and a very funny one. He has got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw or ever hope to see – and oh, so absent-minded. He does tell perfectly delightful stories. Clara and I used to sit on each arm of his chair and listen while he told us stories about the pictures on the wall.” (Susy Clemens, Papa, as published in Twain’s Autobiography)

TWAIN: “I remember the story telling days vividly. They were a difficult and exacting audience—those little creatures. As romancer to the children I had a hard time, even from the beginning. If they brought me a picture in a magazine and required me to build a story to it, they would cover the rest of the page with their pudgy hands to keep me from stealing an idea from it. The stories had to be absolutely original and fresh. Sometimes the children furnished me simply a character or two, or a dozen, and required me to start out at once on that slim basis and deliver those characters up to a vigorous and entertaining life of crime. If they heard of a new trade or an unfamiliar animal or anything like that, I was pretty sure to have to deal with those things in the next romance. Once Clara required me to build a sudden tale out of a plumber and a “bawgun strictor,” and I had to do it. She didn’t know what a boa constrictor was until he developed in the tale—then she was better satisfied with it than ever.” (Autobiography)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Susy Clemens: Angela Lovell; Background Score: “Little Creatures” written and performed by Carl Jackson

Track 14: Beautiful Dreamer
Artist: Sheryl Crow Written by: Stephen Earl Foster Published by: Public Domain

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day
Lull’d by the moonlight have all pass’d away
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song
List while I woo thee with soft melody
Gone are the cares of life’s busy throng
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelie

Over the streamlet vapors are borne
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart
E’en as the morn on the streamlet and sea
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me

Lead Vocal: Sheryl Crow
Track 1: “Don’t scrunch up like that, Huckleberry…”

NARRATOR: These family years brought profound joy and comfort. His books were bestsellers around the world. Sam Clemens, now widely known as “Mark Twain,” was beloved by presidents and the populace alike. Thomas Edison said, “An average American loves his family. If he has any love left over for some other person, he generally selects Mark Twain.” Mark Twain was very prolific, and during summers at Quarry Farm in Elmira, New York, and back home in Hartford, he wrote such masterpieces as *Roughing It*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Life on the Mississippi* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court*. Mark Twain said, “High and fine literature is wine, and mine is only water; but everybody likes water.” Of course his greatest work of all was written during this period, his main character based on a neighbor boy back in Hannibal, Missouri.

TWAIN: “In *Huckleberry Finn* I have drawn Tom Blankenship exactly as he was. He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficiently fed; but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. His liberties were totally unrestricted. He was the only really independent person—boy or man—in the community, and by consequence he was tranquilly and continuously happy and envied by the rest of us. And as his society was forbidden us by our parents the prohibition trebled and quadrupled its value, and therefore we sought and got more of his society than any other boy’s.” (*Autobiography*)

HUCK: “We went tiptoeing along a path amongst the trees back towards the end of the widow’s garden, stooping down so as the branches wouldn’t scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. Tom he made a sign to me—kind of a little noise with his mouth—and we went creeping away on our hands and knees. …we cut along the path, around the garden fence, and by and by fetched up on the steep top of the hill the other side of the house.”

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Background Score: “Comet Ride” performed by Carl Jackson

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Track 2: *Huck Finn Blues*

Artist: Brad Paisley  Written by: Emily Hayes, Carl Jackson, Danny Wilson  Published by: ©2011 Prairie Ghost (BMI) and Colonel Rebel Music (ASCAP), administered by BMG Chrysalis

Well, I sit here alone about midnight
So darn lonesome, not a soul in sight
Pap’s out drinkin’ in Hannibal town
So it’s through the window, and I shimmy down
There’s only so much sleep a boy can stand
When the witchin’ hour’s so close at hand

Across the alley and over the fence
The night air cracklin’ with dark suspense
Beneath the window against the wall
I conjure up my best cat-call
Tom crawls out the window, and his feet hit the ground
Like two Tomcats we'll make the rounds
And it's down to the river or the old graveyard
There's no better livin' than livin' hard
High on the midnight air a boy can be free
Just the moonlight, Tom Sawyer, and me
So we hit the back streets before it gets light
This ol' town's full of ghosts and gamblers tonight
Then on down to Bear Creek for a moonlight dip,
Cigars and whiskey on the banks we'll sip
We might even steal a raft in the river's sway
And slip off to Orleans before the break of day
And it's down to the river or the old graveyard
There's no better livin' than livin' hard
High on the midnight air a boy can be free
Just the moonlight, Tom Sawyer, and me
Ol' Tom's got his head and his heart in a whirl
'Cause his mind's wrapped around that little Thatcher girl
So I'll do my best to help him figure it out

There ain't a whole lotta future in what he's thinkin' about,
Comin' over the top of Cardiff Hill
It's a boy's paradise, Heaven's windowsill
An ol' rooster is crowin', Tom's gotta go
He don't want his poor Aunt Polly to know
Somewhere 'neath the dark sky, I'll lay my head
With just a blanket of stars to cover my bed
And I'll drift off in boyhood dreams as I close my eyes
Of adventures and mysteries awaitin' tomorrow night
We'll go down to the river or the old graveyard
There's no better livin' than livin' hard
High on the midnight air a boy can be free
Just the moonlight, Tom Sawyer, and me
Well I lie here alone, it's about daylight
So darn lonesome, not a soul in sight

Track 3: “The crows would gather on the railing and talk about me…”

NARRATOR: The tranquility of the Clemens family, like many well to do families of the time, was to be shattered by the countrywide Panic of 1893 and further complicated by Sam's poor investments. Facing potential bankruptcy, Sam, Livy, and Clara left the United States in 1895 for a thirteen-month lecture tour around the world, Susy and Jean staying behind with family. The girls were young adults now, and although it was painful, the separation seemed bearable under the circumstances. From Fiji to Australia to New Zealand to Ceylon, India, South Africa, the three of them pressed on with Sam lecturing and getting material for a book about his journey, Following the Equator. Sam Clemens recounted adventures and described characters from every culture, but he was especially enchanted with India and one certain “resident” in particular, the “Bird of Birds the Indian crow.”

TWAIN: “I suppose he is the hardest lot that wears feathers. Yes, and the cheerfulest, and the best satisfied with himself. He never arrived at what he is by any careless process, or any sudden one; he is a work of art, and “art is long”; he is the product of immemorial ages, and deep calculation; one can't make a bird like that in a day. He has been reincarnated more times than Shiva; and he has kept a sample of each incarnation, and fused it into his constitution. In the course of his evolutionary promotions, his sublime march toward ultimate perfection, he has been a gambler, a low comedian, a dissolute priest, a fussy woman, a blackguard, a scoffer, a liar, a thief, a spy, an informer, a trading politician, a swindler, a professional hypocrite, a patriot for cash, a reformer, a lecturer, a lawyer, a conspirator, a rebel, a royalist, a democrat, a practitioner and propagator of irreverence, a meddler, an intruder, a busybody, an infidel, and a wallower in sin for the mere love of it. The strange result, the incredible result, of this patient accumulation of all damnable traits is, that he does not know what care is, he does not know what sorrow is, he does not know what remorse is, his life is one long thundering ecstasy of
happiness, and he will go to his death untroubled, knowing that he will soon turn up again as an author or something…” (Following the Equator)

**Narrator:** Garrison Keillor; **Mark Twain:** Clint Eastwood; **Background Score:** “Indian Crow” performed by Carl Jackson

### Track 4: Indian Crow

**Artist:** Marty Raybon  **Written by:** Carl Jackson and Jerry Salley  **Published by:** ©2011 Colonel Rebel Music (ASCAP), administered by BMG Chrysalis and Universal Music – Brentwood Benson Tunes / Lasso The Moon Music (SESAC)

Indian Crow sittin’ on a rail, studying me in great detail  
I wish I knew just what you know, you’re a cagey bird ol’ Indian Crow

Indian Crow just like me, from place to place on the open breeze  
Back and forth from town to town, you’d write a book if you could write it down

You’ve been a gambler, comedian, priest & politician  
Fussy woman, blackguard, scoffer, in addition

Swindler, liar, thief & a hypocrite  
You’ve been a spy & informer, rebel & reformer

A lawyer, lecturer, infidel, meddler  
Waller in sin for the love of it

Swindler, liar, thief & a hypocrite  
You’ve been a spy & informer, rebel & reformer

A lawyer, lecturer, etcetera… etcetera…  
Waller in sin for the love of it

Indian Crow sittin’ on a rail, studying me in great detail  
I wish I knew just what you know, you’re a cagey bird ol’ Indian Crow

Indian Crow just like me, from place to place on the open breeze  
Back and forth from town to town, you’d write a book if you could write it down

If you could write it down

You’ve been a gambler, comedian, priest & politician  
Fussy woman, blackguard, scoffer, in addition

**Lead Vocal:** Marty Raybon; **Tenor Vocal:** Carl Jackson;  
**Drums:** Tony Creasman; **Bass:** Kevin Grantt;  
**Acoustic Guitar:** Carl Jackson; **Weisenborn:** Rob Ickes;  
**Fiddle:** Andy Leftwich; **Banjo:** Johnny Rawls

### Track 5: “So wounded, so broken-hearted…”

**NARRATOR:** The tour was a triumph. Sales of the new book would allow the family to pay off every cent of their debt. Sam, Livy, and Clara had kept in touch with Susy and Jean during those 13 months of traveling through letters and cablegrams. And now a reunion was planned for the family to live together once again – this time in England where it wouldn’t cost so much and where Sam could write in peace.

**TWAIN:** “Clara and her mother and I arrived in England from around the world on the 31st of July and took a house in Guildford. A week later, when Susy, Katy, and Jean should have been arriving from America we got a letter instead. It explained that Susy was slightly ill—nothing of consequence. But we were disquieted and began to cable for later news. This was Friday. All day no answer—and the ship to leave Southampton next day at noon. Clara and her mother began packing, to be ready in case the news should be bad. Finally came a cablegram saying, “Wait for cablegram in the morning.” This was not satisfactory—not reassuring. I cabled again, asking that the answer be sent to Southampton, for the day was now closing. I waited in the post office that night till the doors were closed, toward midnight, in the hope that good news might still come, but there was no message. We sat silent at home till one in
the morning, waiting—waiting for we knew not what. Then we took the earliest morning train and when we reached Southampton the message was there. It said the recovery would be long but certain. This was a great relief to me but not to my wife. She was frightened. She and Clara went aboard the steamer at once and sailed for America to nurse Susy. I remained behind to search for another and larger house in Guildford. That was the 15th of August, 1896. Three days later, when my wife and Clara were about halfway across the ocean, I was standing in our dining-room, thinking of nothing in particular, when a cablegram was put into my hand. It said, “Susy was peacefully released to-day.” It is one of the mysteries of our nature that a man, all unprepared, can receive a thunder-stroke like that and live… The calamity that comes is never the one we had prepared ourselves for.” (Autobiography and letter to Olivia Clemens, 8/16/1896)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Background Score: “Tick, Tock, Tick…” written and performed by Carl Jackson

Track 6: Love Is On Our Side
Artist: Val Storey  Written by: Tish Hinojosa  Published by: ©1989 Almo Music Corp. / Manzano Music (ASCAP)
Show me someone helping out a friend
Show me a broken man, standing up again
Show me a smile in ancient eyes
And I’ll say love is on our side
See the little baby in her mother’s arms
Daddy was a shelter keeping her from harm
When the storm gets closer we realize
That love is on our side
We’re all on that train, there’s where hope begins
Waiting on the fringes, for the world to end
Who is gonna save us, who is gonna win?
And beyond the headlights, the answer lies
Love is on our side
Love is on our side
We’re all on that train, there’s where hope begins
Take a look around you, tell me what you see
Listen to the dreamers, sound like you and me
See them working hands joined to arise
And see love is on our side
Lead Vocal: Val Storey; Tenor Vocal: Cia Cherryholmes; Baritone Vocal: Carl Jackson; Percussion: Tony Creasman; Bass: Kevin Grantt; Piano: Catherine Marx; Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Dobro: Rob Ickes

Track 7: “Wheresoever she was, there was Eden…”
NARRATOR: The family never fully recovered from the impact of Susy’s death. Livy, who had always experienced frail health, endeavored to press on despite her physical weaknesses.
TWAIN: “She could not rest. She never was intended to rest. She had the spirit of a steam engine in a frame of flesh.” (Autobiography)
NARRATOR: The Clemenses had lived in a Florentine villa before, in 1892. And in 1903 doctors advised a return to Florence when Livy’s health appeared to be worsening.
TWAIN: “It is agreed that life at a Florentine villa is an ideal existence. The weather is divine, the outside aspects lovely, the days and the nights tranquil and reposeful, the seclusion from the world and its worries as satisfactory as a dream. Late in the afternoons friends come out from the city and drink tea in the open air and tell what is happening in the world; and when the great sun sinks down upon Florence and the daily miracle begins, they hold their breaths and look. It is not a time for talk.” (Autobiography)
NARRATOR: In Florence, Clemens grew hopeful that Livy would recover, and she appeared to be getting better. And then on Sunday evening, June the fifth, 1904 he wrote:

TWAIN: “She has been dead two hours. It is impossible. The words have no meaning. But they are true; I know it, without realizing it. She was my life, and she is gone; she was my riches, and I am a pauper… Only four hours ago I sat by her bedside while Clara and Jean were at dinner, and she was bright and cheerful… Only four hours ago—and now there she lies, white and still! She was the most beautiful spirit, and the highest and the noblest I have ever known. And now she is dead… I wish I were with Livy.” (Autobiography)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Background Score: “Safe Water” performed by Carl Jackson

Track 8: I Know You By Heart

Artist: Vince Gill  Written by: Eve Nelson and Diane Scanlon  Published by: ©1997 V2 Music Publishing / Clamshell Music. All rights administered by Blue Mountain Music / Irish Town Songs (ASCAP) and Dwyer Hills Music/Songs of Peer, Ltd. (ASCAP)

Midnights in winter
The glowing fire
Lights up your face in orange and gold
I see your sweet smile
Shine through the darkness
Each line is etched in my memory
So I’d know you by heart

Mornings in April
Sharing our secrets
We’d walk until the morning was gone
We were like children
Laughing for hours
The joy you gave me lives on and on
’Cause I know you by heart

On warm summer nights
Whispering like the wind
You left in autumn
The leaves were turning
I walked down roads of orange and gold
I saw your sweet smile
I heard your laughter
You’re still here beside me every day
’Cause I know you by heart
Yes, I know you by heart

Lead Vocal: Vince Gill; Drums: Tony Creasman;
Bass: Kevin Grantt; Piano: Catherine Marx;
Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Fiddles: Andy Leftwich

Track 9: “My conscience got to stirring me up hotter than ever…”

NARRATOR: After Livy’s death Twain poured his grief and rage into the social commentary that had come to define him – honest, scathing tirades against hypocrisy, dishonesty, greed, and bigotry. No subject escaped his famous “pen warmed up in hell” – politics, business, religion, education, prisons – all affronts were challenged, debated and opined. Twain’s view was sought in all matters.

TWAIN: “Strange—it is just like religion and politics! In religion and politics people’s beliefs and convictions are in almost every case gotten at second-hand, and without examination, from authorities who have not themselves examined the questions at issue but have taken them at second-hand from other non-examiners, whose opinions about them were not worth a brass farthing.” (Autobiography)
HUCK: “It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I’d got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knewed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

“All right, then, I’ll go to hell”—and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head, and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn’t. And for a starter I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog.”

TWAIN: “It is an odd and curious and interesting ass, the human race. [And] when the human race has once acquired a superstition nothing short of death is ever likely to remove it.” (Autobiography)

NARRATOR: On most topics, Twain spoke candidly. But many of his controversial writings he suppressed until after his death. In his autobiography, which was published after his death, Twain wrote:

TWAIN: “I have always preached. That is the reason I have lasted thirty years. If the humor came of its own accord and uninvited I have allowed it a place in my sermon, but I was not writing the sermon for the sake of the humor. I should have written the sermon just the same, whether any humor applied for admission or not.” (Autobiography)

HUCK: “And I about made up my mind to pray, and see if I couldn’t try to quit being the kind of a boy I was and be better. So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn’t come… You can’t pray a lie—I found that out.”

TWAIN: “I am saying these vain things in this frank way because I am a dead person speaking from the grave. Even I would be too modest to say them in life. I think we never become really and genuinely our entire and honest selves until we are dead—and not then until we have been dead years and years. People ought to start dead and then they would be honest so much earlier.” (Autobiography)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Background Score: “Indian Crow” performed by Rob Ickes

Track 10: Ink
Artist: Joe Diffie  Written by: Carl Jackson, Don Poythress, and Tony Wood  Published by: ©2011 Colonel Rebel Music (ASCAP), administered by BMG Chrysalis, Loose Groove Music / Cleveland Girl Music (ASCAP), Sony / ATV Cross Keys / Songs From Exit 71 (ASCAP)

Awh, sometimes in the middle of doing something that you hate
You discover something that you kinda like
And when I was a kid I went to work day after day
For my brother’s paper setting up the type
Then there was a moment, it was just like lightning hit,
Felt the power of words that formed beneath my fingertips

Oh, once it was the river, that was my true love
But now as time goes by I’ve come to think
It ain’t the muddy water a’ flowin’ through my blood  
Nawh… it’s ink

Awh, I began to read all I could get my hands onto  
Every magazine and book that I could find  
Started turning local gossip straight into the front page news  
Printing stories that you’d call the “spicy” kind  
Yeah, you could say that’s ‘bout the time when I was truly smitten  
When I saw the town’s reaction to the tales that I had written

Well, it took me ‘cross the ocean, It took me ‘round the world  
It took me down a million miles of rails  
And I gained and lost more fortunes than I ever thought I could

All because of somethin’ I used to scrape from underneath my nails

Now a lotta decades passed, a lotta words flowed from my pen  
I’ve known privilege, popularity and wealth  
There were days when I would harbor such gratitude within  
From just seeing my own books there on the shelf  
So I wrote my final chapter and a century’s gone past  
And now from the great hereafter I’m still having the last laugh

Once it was the Mississippi, that was my true love  
But a hundred years up here have made me think  
It was never muddy water a’ flowin’ through my blood  
Nawh… it was ink

Lead Vocal: Joe Diffie; Tenor Vocal: Carl Jackson; Drums: Tony Creasman; Bass: Kevin Grantt; Piano: Catherine Marx; Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Dobro: Rob Ickes

Track 11: “The report of my death was an exaggeration…”

NARRATOR: Sam stayed busy giving speeches, granting interviews, and writing commentary. He accepted honors and accolades, including an honorary doctorate from Oxford University. His daughter, Clara, married and moved away. Daughter Jean had suffered from epilepsy for years and often lived in sanitariums where doctors searched for a cure. Lonesome for each other, Jean came home to live with her father. Their days together were sweet, and made more poignant by their brevity. Jean died of a seizure that Christmas Eve in 1909 just a short time after coming to live with her father. Clemen’s grief was profound, and his own days were numbered.

TWAIN: “I came in with Halley’s Comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don’t go out with Halley’s Comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: ‘Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.’” (Autobiography)

Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Mark Twain: Clint Eastwood; Background Score: “Comet Ride” performed by Carl Jackson

Track 12: Comet Ride

Artist: Ricky Skaggs  Written by: Carl Jackson  Published by: ©2011 Colonel Rebel Music (ASCAP), administered by BMG Chrysalis

Well, the good Lord said November 30, back in 1835  
Let the whole world know young Samuel Clemens by the way he will arrive  
When the doctor spanks that little bottom and this newborn baby cries  
Let a light shine bright up here in Heaven, leave a trail across the sky
Gonna take a ride on Halley’s Comet for the whole wide world to see
Gonna fill the sky, they’ll see him coming for a place in history
Drop him off in old Missouri

Well, the muddy Mississippi was his Harvard and his Yale
And it forever put a stamp upon the way he’d spin a tale
It brought us the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn
Who taught us the fires of Hell are better than betrayin’ your best friend

Well, he took a ride on Halley’s Comet for the whole wide world to see
A light filled the sky, they saw him coming for a place in history
Dropped him off in old Missouri

Three quarters of a century passed and the year is 1910
Twain lifts a prayer, let me go out just the way that I came in

God smiled down and said dear Mark, I agree the time is right
I can’t bear to see you disappointed, pick ya’ up on Thursday night

Gonna take a ride on Halley’s Comet for the whole wide world to see
Gonna fill the sky, they’ll see him going for a place in history

Gonna take a ride on Halley’s Comet for the whole wide world to see
Gonna fill the sky, they’ll see him going for a place in history
For all eternity

Lead Vocal: Ricky Skaggs; Tenor Vocal: Carl Jackson;
Drums: Tony Creasman; Bass: Kevin Grantt;
Acoustic Guitar: Carl Jackson; Dobro: Rob Ickes;
Fiddle: Andy Leftwich; Mandolin: Adam Steffey; Banjo: Carl Jackson

Track 13: “The truth, mainly…”

HUCK: “…and so there ain’t nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I’d a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn’t a tackled it, and ain’t a-going to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she’s going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can’t stand it. I been there before.”

NARRATOR: Samuel Langhorne Clemens died on April 21st, 1910 in Redding, Connecticut with the perihelion of Halley’s Comet blazing in the night sky – just as he had predicted. His only surviving daughter, Clara, had one child – Nina Clemens Gabrilowitsch. Nina never married, bore no children, died in Los Angeles at the age of 55 leaving no direct descendents of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whom the world lovingly remembers as Mark Twain. Sam’s longtime friend, William Dean Howells, lamented his friend’s passing. He said, “Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes – I knew them all and all the rest of our sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like one another and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature.”

Huck Finn: Jimmy Buffett; Narrator: Garrison Keillor; Background Score: “Beautiful Dreamer” performed by Catherine Marx

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Cindy Lovell
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