

## Old Joe Clark

G  
Old Joe Clark's a fine old man,  
Tell you the reason why,  
He keeps good likker 'round his house,  
F G  
Good old Rock and Rye.

### Chorus:

G  
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark,  
Fare ye well, I say  
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark,  
F G  
I'm a-go in' away.

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,  
Preached all over the plain,  
The only text he ever knew  
Was "High, low, jack and the game."

Old Joe Clark had a mule,  
His name was Morgan Brown,  
And every tooth in that mule's head  
Was sixteen inches around.

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,  
She would neither sing or pray,  
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar  
And washed her sins away.

Old Joe Clark had a house  
Fifteen stories high,  
And every story in that house  
Was filled with chicken pie.

I went down to old Joe's house,  
He invited me to supper,  
I stumped my toe on the table leg  
And stuck my nose in the butter.

Now I wouldn't marry a widder,  
Tell you the reason why,  
She'd have so many children  
They'd make those biscuits fly.

Sixteen horses in my team,  
The leaders they are blind,  
And every time the sun goes down  
There's a pretty girl on my mind.

Eighteen miles of mountain road  
And fifteen miles of sand,  
If I ever travel this road again,  
I'll be a married man.