**OLD JOE CLARK**

**[A]** Old Joe Clark’s a fine old man,

Tell you the reason **[G]** why,

He **[A]** keeps good likker ‘round his house,

Good old **[G]** Rock and **[A]** Rye

***CHORUS***: **(REPEAT AFTER EVERY VERSE)**

***[A]*** *Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, fare ye well, I* ***[G]*** *say*

***[A]*** *Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, I’m a-****[G]****goin’ a-****[A]****way*

**[A]** Old Joe Clark the preacher’s son,

Preached all over the **[G]** plain,

The **[A]** only text he ever knew

Was High, low **[G]** jack and the **[A]** game

**[A]** Old Joe Clark had a mule,

His name was Morgan **[G]** Brown,

And **[A]** every tooth in that mule’s head

Was sixteen **[G]** inches a-**[A]**round

**[A]** Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,

She would neither sing nor **[G]** pray

She **[A]** stuck her head in the buttermilk jar

And washed her **[G]** sins a-**[A]**way

**[A]** Old Joe Clark had a house,

Fifteen stories **[G]** high

And **[A]** every story in that house

Was filled with **[G]** chicken **[A]** pie

***CHORUS***: **(REPEAT AFTER EVERY VERSE)**

***[A]*** *Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, fare ye well, I* ***[G]*** *say*

***[A]*** *Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, I’m a-****[G]****goin’ a-****[A]****way*

**[A]** I went down to Old Joe’s house,

He invited me to **[G]** supper,

I **[A]** stumped my toe on the table leg

And stuck my **[G]** nose in the **[A]** butter

Now **[A]** I wouldn’t marry a widder,

Tell you the reason **[G]** why,

She’d **[A]** have so many children,

They’d make those **[G]** biscuits **[A]** fly

**[A]** I wouldn’t marry that old maid,

Tell you the reason **[G]** why,

She **[A]** blows her nose in the corn-bread

And calls it **[G]** pumpkin **[A]** pie

**[A]** Sixteen horses in my team,

The leaders they are **[G]** blind

And **[A]** every time the sun goes down,

There’s a pretty **[G]** girl on my **[A]** mind

**[A]** Eighteen miles of mountain road,

And fifteen miles of **[G]** sand,

If **[A]** I ever travel this road again,

I’ll be a **[G]** married **[A]** man