

OLD JOE CLARK

G/// G/D/ G/// D/G/ :|
G/// G/F/ G/// D/G/ :|

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

chorus: (repeat after every verse)

*[G] Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark,
fare ye well, I [F] say
[G] Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark,
I'm a-[D]goin' a-[G]way*

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

[G] Old Joe Clark had a mule,
His name was Morgan [D] Brown,
And [G] every tooth in that mule's head
Was sixteen [D] inches a-[G]round

[G] Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,
She would neither sing nor [D] pray
She [G] stuck her head in the buttermilk jar
And washed her [D] sins a-[G]way

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

[G] I went down to Old Joe's house,
He invited me to [D] supper,
I [G] stumped my toe on the table leg
And stuck my [D] nose in the [G] butter

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

[G] I wouldn't marry that old maid,
Tell you the reason [D] why,
She [G] blows her nose in the corn-bread
And calls it [D] pumpkin [G] pie

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

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