

## Old Joe Clark-Traditional American

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A G  
Old Joe Clark's a fine old man, tell you the reason why.  
A G A  
He keeps good likker 'round his house, good old Rock & Rye.

#### CHORUS:

A G  
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark! Fare ye well, I say.  
[alt: Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark. Goodbye, Betsy Brown.]  
A  
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark! I'm a-goin' away.  
[alt: Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark. I'm gonna leave this town.]

Old Joe Clark used to clean the bar. Liquor was his pay.  
Never saved a golden eagle. Drank it all away.

#### CHORUS:

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.

#### CHORUS:

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

#### CHORUS:

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

#### CHORUS:

Old Joe Clark, he had a house, fifteen stories high.  
And every story in that house was filled with chicken pie.

#### CHORUS: