**A FEW ADDITIONAL VERSES (or make up your own)**

**CHORUS**:

Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark

Fare ye well, I say

Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark

I’m a-goin’ away

I won’t marry an old maid

Andhere’s the reason why

Her neck is long just like a string

And I’m ‘fraid she’d never die

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 a-round

I had an old horse named Joe Clark

I rode him down to town

Every tooth in his old head

Was a mile and a quarter round

Old Joe Clark’s a fine old man

Tell you the reason why

He keeps good likker ‘round his house

Good old Rock and Rye

I went up on the mountain top

A-huntin’ Sugar cane

Stuck my foot in a holler log

And out jumped Liza Jane

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat

She would neither sing nor 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

Wished I had a sweetheart

Put her on a shelf

And every time she’d smile at me

I’d get up there myself

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

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