

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
And here'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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