



Old Joe Clark

Fiddle tune
Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

VERSE: Old Joe Clark, he had a house, Eight-een sto-ries high,
Ev'-ry sto-ry in that house was filled with chick-en pie.
CHORUS: Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
Fare thee well I say, Fare the well, Old Joe Clark, Ain't got long to stay.

Wished I had a nickel
Wished I had a dime
Wished I had a pretty girl
To kiss and call her mine

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

Wish I was a sugar tree
Standin' in the town
Every time a pretty girl passed
I'd shake some sugar down

I will not marry an old maid
I'll tell you the reason why
Her neck is so long and stringy
I'm afraid she'll never die

I won't go home with Old Joe Clark
I'll tell you the reason why
He blowed his nose in a cornbread crust
And called it pumpkin pie

I wish I had a sweetheart
I'd set her on the shelf
And every time she'd smile at me
I'd get up there myself

I asked my girl to marry me
And what do you think she said
Time enough to marry you
When all the rest are dead

I went up on the mountain top
A-huntin' sugar cane
Stuck my foot in a holler log
And out jumped Liza Jane

I used to live on mountain top
But now I live in town
I'm boarding at the big hotel
Courting Betsy Brown

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