Old Joe Clark

mandolin tablature

Old Joe Clark the preacher’s son, came to town one day.

People come from miles around, just to hear him play.

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark, fare thee well I say.

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark, see ya again some day.

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

Chorus:
Fare thee well Old Joe Clark, fare thee well I say.
Fare thee well Old Joe Clark, see ya again some day.

I went down to Old Joe’s house, invited me to supper.
Stubbed my toe on the table leg, and stuck my nose in the butter.

Chorus

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