

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Old Joe Clark

Old Joe Clark&#039;s a fine old man  
Tell you the reason why  
He keeps good likker &#039;round his house  
Good old Rock and Rye

Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark  
Fare ye well, I say  
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark  
I&#039;m a going away

Old Joe Clark, the preacher&#039;s son  
Preached all over the pain  
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&#039;s head  
Was sixteen inches around

Old Joe Clark had ayellow cat  
She would neither sing or 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

I went down to Old Joe&#039;s house  
He invited me to supper  
I stumped my toe on the table leg  
And stuck my nose in the butter

Now I wouldn&#039;t marry a widder  
Tell you the reason why  
She&#039;d have so many children  
They&#039;d make those biscuits fly

Sixteen horses in my team  
The leaders they are blind  
And every time the sun goes down  
There&#039;s a pretty girl on my mind

Eighteen miles of mountain road  
And fifteen miles of sand  
If ever travel this road again  
I&#039;ll be a married man