

## Banjo Clark

Darrell Scott

Old Joe Clark he made his mark when cotton was king  
And late at night 'neath the shanty light you could hear that banjo ring  
It would ring out for the master who was listening on the hill  
And it would ring out for the babies who were sleeping quiet and still

Round and round old Joe Clark  
Round and round, I say  
Round and round old Joe Clark until the break of day

When he came out of the belly of that ship of slavery he was holding to his banjo but it was not on his knee  
And someone said, "Hey here's a strong one and he can entertain  
So we'll let you keep your banjo, but Clark's gonna be your name"

Round and round old Joe Clark  
Play it when I say  
Round and round old Joe Clark or they'll carry you away  
Round and round

He learned to play the melodies of Cork and county Claire  
He even played for Lincoln once, outside the courthouse square  
Then he went down to New Orleans, they call it Dixieland  
But everywhere that old Joe played, he was still a hired hand  
Round and round