

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