

Darrell Scott "Banjo Clark"

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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

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