

The Blue-Tail Fly

(a.k.a Jimmy Crack Corn)

Words & Music:
Traditional American

F C G G7
When I was young, I used to wait on master and hand him his plate.
F G7 C
And pass the bottle when he got dry and brush away the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

C G7
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
C
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
C7 F
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
G7 C
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom.
The pony being rather shy when bitten by the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

One day he rode around the farm, the flies so numerous they did swarm.
One chanced to bite him on the thigh, the devil take the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

The pony run, he jump, he pitch; he threw my master in a ditch.
He died and the jury wondered why; the verdict was the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

They buried him 'neath a 'simmon tree, his epitaph is there to see,
Beneath this stone he's forced to lie, a victim of the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS: