Blue Tail Fly

The Blue-Tail Fly
(a.k.a Jimmy Crack Corn)
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.

CHODIIG.

CHORUS:
C G7

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
C

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.
C7

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: