Blue-Tail Fly

Blue-Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On my master and give him his plate
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

cho: Give me cracked corn and I don't care *
    Give me cracked corn and I don't care
    Give me cracked corn and I don't care
    My Master's gone away

He'd ride around in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
His pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue-tail fly.

   CHORUS

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

The pony run, he jump, he pitch
He throw'd my master in the ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the blue-tail fly

   CHORUS

They laid him neath a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
Beneath this rock I'm forced to lie
The victim of the blue-tail fly.

   CHORUS

   note: as sung by The Highgraders, San Francisco, early 60s -
the traditional chorus, which makes no sense, is "Jimmie Crack
Corn"; I prefer "Gimmie crack'd corn" - whiskey] ES
    Could be. Also might not be. Logic often leads to fakelore. RG
DT #669