

# Blue-Tail Fly/Jimmie Crack Corn traditional

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

*C*                    *C*                    *G*                    *G*  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.  
*G7*                    *G7*                    *C*                    *C*  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.  
*C*                    *C7*                    *F*                    *F*  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care.  
*G7*                    *G7*                    *C*                    *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.

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.

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.

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