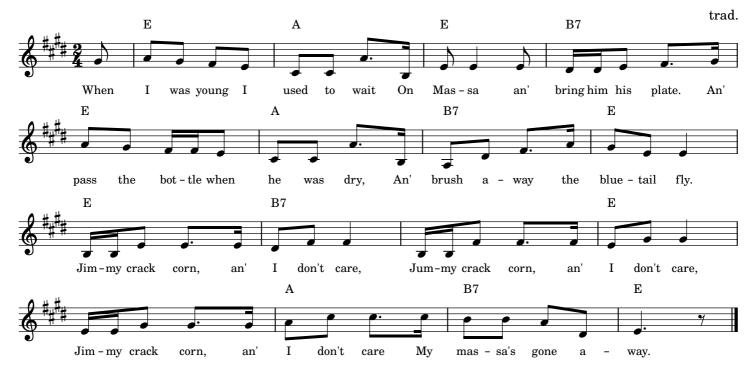
Blue Tail Fly



When I was young I used to wait On massa, and hand him the plate, And pass the bottle when he got dry, And brush away the blue-tail fly. Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care, Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care, Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care. My massa's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon, I'd follow with a hickory broom, The pony being very shy, When bitten by the blue-tail fly. Jimmy, crack corn, . . .

One day while riding round the farm, The flies so numerous they did swarm, One chanced to bite him on the thigh, The devil take the blue-tail fly. Jimmy, crack corn, . . .

The pony ran, he jumped, he kicked, He throwed old massa in the ditch, He died and the jury wondered why, The verdict was - the blue-tail fly. Jimmy, crack corn, . . .

They laid him under a persimmon tree. His epitaph is there to see:
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
And all because of the blue-tail fly.
Jimmy, crack corn, . .