

Blue Tail Fly

trad.

When I was young I used to wait On Mas - sa an' bring him his plate. An'

pass the bot - tle when he was dry, An' brush a - way the blue - tail fly.

Jim - my crack corn, an' I don't care, Jum - my crack corn, an' I don't care,

Jim - my crack corn, an' I don't care My mas - sa's gone a - way.

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, . . .