

Burl Ives, Blue Tail Fly

2.

BLUETAIL FLY

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

CHORUS: 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 master's gone away

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with my hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly

CHORUS:

One day he ride around the farm
Flies so numerous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take the blue-tail fly

CHORUS:
MUSIC

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

CHORUS:

He lay under the 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
The victim of the blue-tail fly"

CHORUS:
The Masters gone away