

The Bluetail Fly

(Jimmy Crack Corn)

Words and Music by Daniel Decatur Emmett



Strum Pattern: 10
Pick Pattern: 10

Verse

Rubato

Dm Bb F C7 Dm

mf
1. When I was young I used to wait on Mas-ter and hand him his plate, and pass the bot-tle when
2.-5. See additional lyrics

T	2	3 2 0 3	0 0 3	3 3 3	2 2 3 2 2	3 2 0 0 3
A		0	0	3	3	3
B		1	1	3	3	3

Chorus

A tempo

Bb C7 F F C7

he got dry, and brush a-way the Blue-tail Fly! Jim-my crack corn, and I don't care, Jim-my crack corn, and

	0 0 3 0	3 2 0 3	2 3 3	3 3 3 3 3	2 0 0	0 0 0
	1	3		3 3	3	3 3

F Bb C7 F F

I don't care. Jim-my crack corn, and I don't care, my Mas-ter's gone a - way. 2. And way.

	3 2 3	3 3 2 2 2	3 3 3 3	1 1 3 0	3 2	1 1

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being very shy,
When bitten by the Bluetail Fly!</p> <p>3. One day while riding round the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm;
One changed to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the Bluetail Fly!</p> | <p>4. The pony run, he jump, he kick,
He threw my Master in the ditch;
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the Bluetail Fly!</p> <p>5. They laid him under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this stone Jim forced to lie,
A victim of the Bluetail Fly!"</p> |
|---|--|