

# Jimmy Crack Corn

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When I was young I us'd to wait for my mas-ter and hand him his plate; And

5 Pass the bot-tle when he got dry, And brush a-way the blue tail fly. Jim-my crack corn and

10 I don't care, Jim-my crack corn and I don't care, Jim-my crack corn and

14 I don't care, My mas-ter's gone a-way.

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

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

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

Now he lies beneath the 'simmon tree  
His epitaph is there to see  
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie  
The victim of the blue-tail fly