

Jimmy Crack Corn

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F Bb F C7
When I was young I us'd to wait for my mas - ter and hand him his plate; And

5 F Bb C7 F F
Pass the bot-tle when he got dry, And brush a-way the blue tail fly. Jim-my crack corn and

10 C7 F
I don't care, Jim-my crack corn and I don't care, Jim-my crack corn and

14 Bb C7 F F
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