

The Blue Tail Fly' by Peter Yarrow

**When I was young I use' to wait
On massa an' hand him his plate
An' pass de bottle when he got dry
An' brush away de blue-tail fly**

**Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Ol' Massa's gone away**

One day he ride aroun' de farm
De flies so num'rous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on de thigh
De devil take de blue-tail fly!

Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Ol' Massa's gone away

De pony run, he jump he pitch
He threw my Massa in de ditch
He died an' de jury wondered why
De verdict was de blue-tail fly

**Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care
Ol' Massa's gone away**

**They lay him under a simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see --
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie --
Victim of de blue-tail fly."**

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Ol' Massa's gone away**