

The Blue Tail Fly

Burl Ives

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

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 a hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue-tail fly

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

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

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

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

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

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

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
The master's gone away