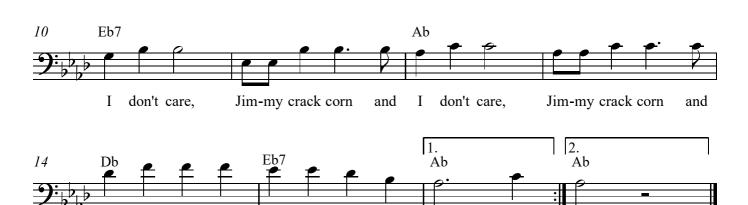
## Jimmy Crack Corn

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



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