THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

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     A              A              E                    B7
WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I USED TO WAIT UPON AN OLD MASTER AND PASS HIS PLATE
    A                    A               B7             E
AND FETCH THE BOTTLE WHEN HE GOT DRY, AND BRUSH AWAY THE BLUETAIL FLY
     E                      B7
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     B7                     E
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     E7                     A
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
        B7             E
     MY MASTER'S GONE AWAY
    A                    A             E             B7
AND WHEN HE'D RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON I'D FOLLOW WITH A HICKORY BROOM
    A          A             B7          E
THE PONY BEING VERY SHY, GOT BITTEN BY A BLUE-TAIL FLY
     E                      B7
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     B7                     E
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     E7                     A
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
        B7             E
     MY MASTER'S GONE AWAY
    A                      A         E                 B7
ONE DAY HE RODE AROUND THE FARM, THE FLIES SO NUMEROUS THEY DID SWARM
    A                   A                 B7             E
ONE CHANCED TO BITE HIM ON THE THIGH; THE DEVIL TAKE THE BLUE-TAIL FLY
     E                      B7
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     B7                     E
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     E7                     A
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
        B7             E
     MY MASTER'S GONE AWAY
    A                    A         E                B7
THE PONY RUN, HE JUMP, HE PITCH, HE THREW OLD MASTER IN A DITCH
   A                A                B7              E
HE DIED AND THE JURY WONDERED WHY THE VERDICT WAS THE BLUE-TAIL FLY
     E                      B7
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     B7                     E
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
     E7                     A
     JIMMIE CRACK CORN, AND I DON'T CARE
        B7             E
     MY MASTER'S GONE AWAY
     A                A                E          B7
THEY LAID HIM UNDER A 'SIMMON TREE; HIS EPITAPH IS THERE TO SEE:
   A                  A                B7             E
"BENEATH THE EARTH I'M FORCED TO LIE, A VICTIM OF THE BLUE-TAIL FLY.
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[repeat chorus]