## Jimmy Crack Corn

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Words and Music: Traditional
Key:
             Tempo:
VERSE 1
I[3]
                    IV
When I was young I used to wait
for my master, and hand him his plate.
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
and brush away the bluetail fly.
                       \mathbf{v}^7
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
   \mathbf{V}^7
                   Ι
my master's gone away.
VERSE 2
                           IV
When he would ride in the afternoon
I'd follow him with my hickory broom.
               IV
    I
The pony being rather shy
when bitten by the bluetail fly.
Jimmy crack corn ...
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VERSE 3
I[3]
                 IV
One day he rode around the farm,
                  \mathbf{V}^7
         I
flies so numerous that they did swarm.
                         IV
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
                    Ι
the devil take the bluetail fly.
Jimmy crack corn ...
VERSE 4
I[3]
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 bluetail fly.
Jimmy crack corn ...
VERSE 5
I[3]
                          IV
Now he lies beneath the 'simmon tree,
               \mathbf{v}^7
    I
his epitaph is there to see.
Beneath his stone I'm forced to lie
                  I
the victim of the bluetail fly.
Jimmy crack corn ...
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