

Jimmy Crack Corn

Dan Emmett

E A E B7

1. When I was young I us'd to wait On mast-er and hand him his plate; And
 (2.An') when he ride inde aft - er-noon, I foil - er wid a hick - ory broom; De
 (3.)One day he rode a - roun' de farm, De flies so nume - rous dey did swarm; One

5

E A B7 E

Pass down bot - tle when he got dry, And brush a - way the blue tail fly.
 pon - ey be - ing ber - ry shy, When bit - ten by de blue tail fly.
 chanced to bite 'im on the thigh. De deb - ble take dat blue tail fly.

9

E B7 E

Jim - my crack corn and I don't care, Jim - my crack corn and I don't care,

13

A B7 E

Jim - my crack corn and I don't care, My mast - er's gone a - way. 2.An'
 3.One

4. De pony run, he jump an' pitch,
 An' tumble massa in de ditch;
 He died, an' de jury wonder'd why;
 De verdic was de blue tail fly.
5. They buried him 'neath the sycamore tree
 His epitaph there for to see
 "Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
 The victim of a blue-tailed Fly."
6. Ol' massa's gone and I'll let him rest,
 They say all things are for the best,
 But I'll never forget 'til the day I die,
 Ol' massa and that blue-tailed fly.

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G C G D7

1. When I was young I us'd to wait On mast-er and hand him his plate; And
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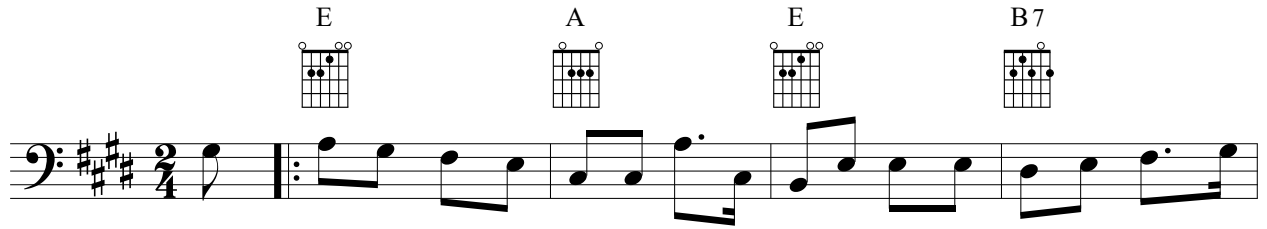
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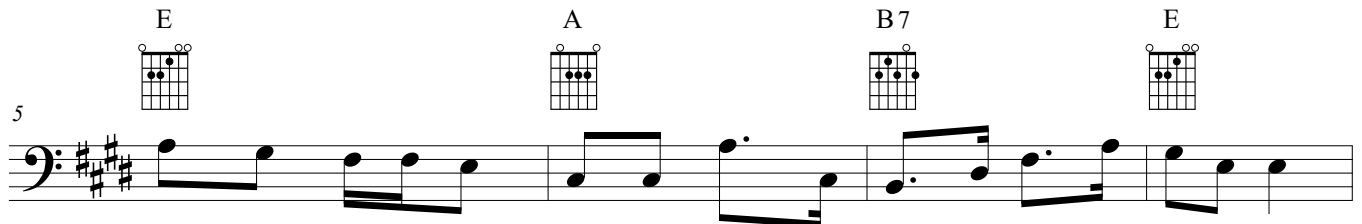
Dan Emmett

E A E B7



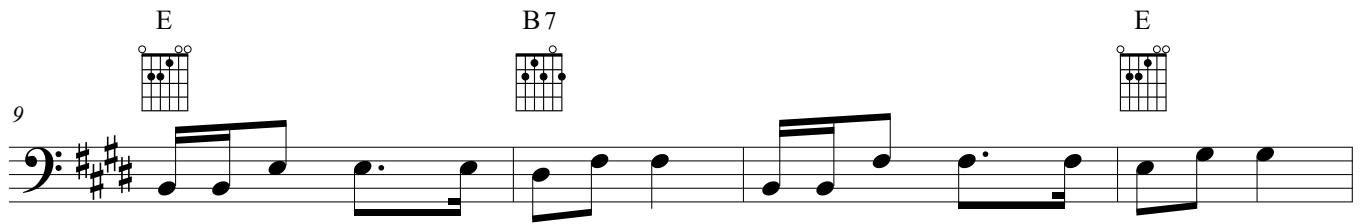
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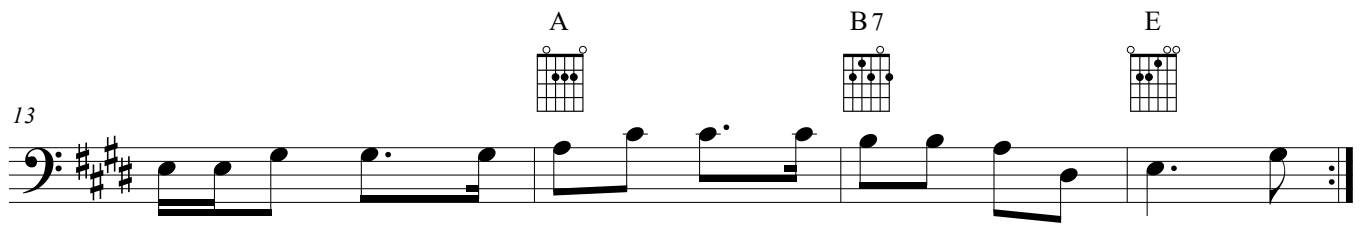
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A  D  A  E7 

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Jimmy Crack Corn

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Ukulele

F
Bb
F
C7

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F
Bb
C7
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F
C7
F

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Bb
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