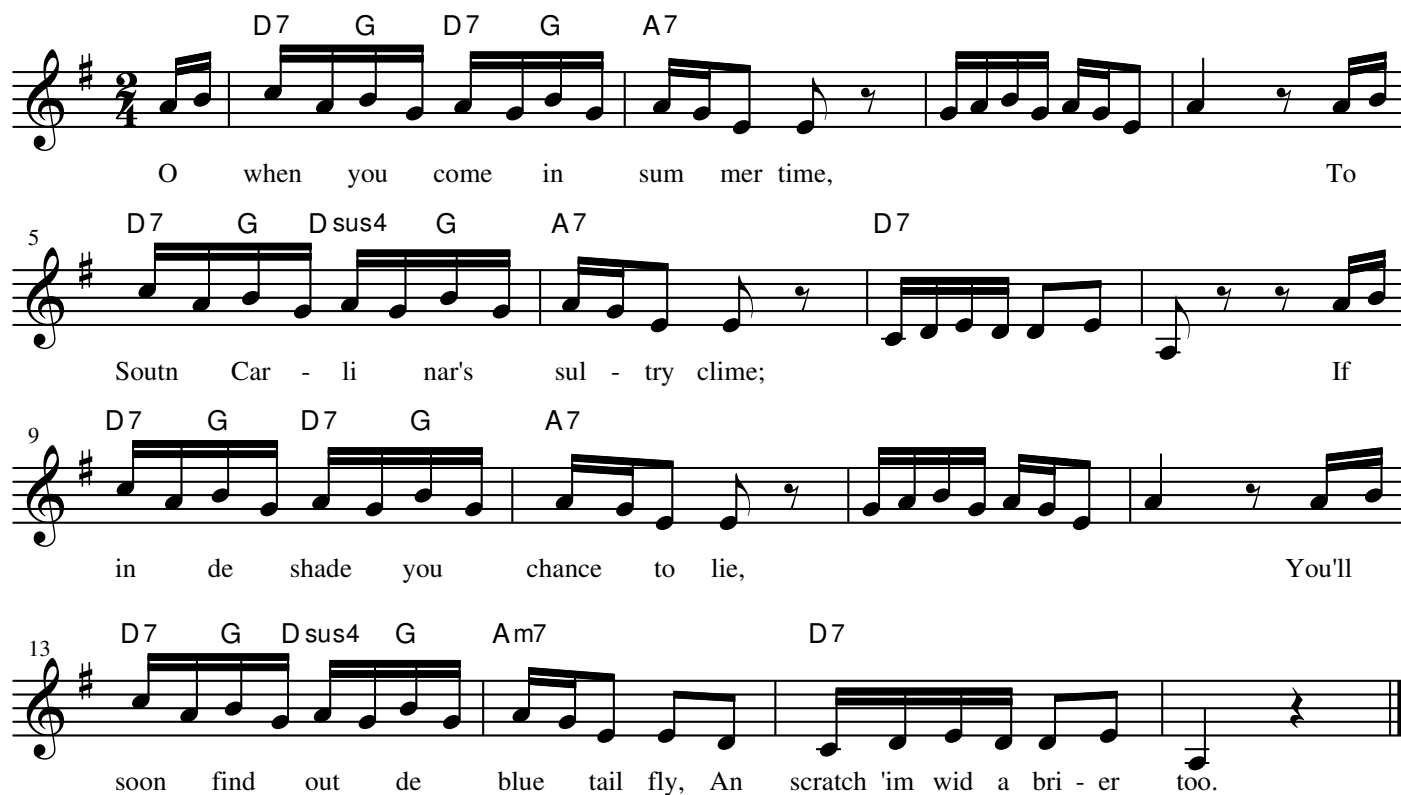


Blue Tail Fly



O when you come in summer time, To

5 Soutn Car - li nar's sul - try clime; If

9 in de shade you chance to lie, You'll

13 soon find out de blue tail fly, An scratch 'im wid a bri - er too.

Dar's many kind ob dese here tings,
From diffrent sort ob insects springs;
Some hatch in June, an some July,
But August fatches de blue tail fly,

When I was young, I used to wait
On Massa's table and hand de plate;
I'de pass de bottle when he was dry,
An brush away de blue tail fly,

Den arter dinner massa sleep,
He bid me vigilance to keep;
An when he gwine to shut he eye,
He tell me watch de blue tail fly,

When he ride in de artemoon,
I foller wid a hickory broom;
De poney being berry shy,
When bitten by de blue tail fly,

One day he rode aroun de farm,
De flies so numerous did swarm;
One chance to bite 'im on de thigh,
De debble take dat blue tail fly

De poney run, he jump, an pitch,
An tumble massa in de ditch;
He died, an de Jury wonder why,
De verdict was de "blue tail fly,"

Dey laid 'im under a simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see;
Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue tail fly,

Ole Massa's gone now let him rest,
De say all tings am for de best;
I neber shall forget till de day I die,
Ole Massa an de blue tail fly,

De hornet gets in your eyse an nose,
De 'skeeter bites y'e through your close,
De gallinipper sweeten high,
But wusser yet de blue tail fly,