De Blue-tail Fly - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DE BLUE-TAIL FLY.

O, when you come in summer time to South Carolina's sultry clime,
If in de shade you chance to-lie, you will soon find out de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Dar's many kind ob dese here things from different sort ob insects springs;
Some hatch in June, an' some July, but August fotches de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

When I was young I used to wait on Massas table and hand de plate;
I'd pass de bottle when he's dry, an' brush away de blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

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-toil fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

When he ride in de artenoon, I foller w id a hickory broom;
De pony being bery shy when bitten by de blue-tail fly.
An scratch him wid a brier too.

One day he rode aronn' de farm, de flies so numerous did swarm;
One chance to bite him on de thigh, de debble take dat blue-tail fly,
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

De pony 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."
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Dey laid him 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.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

Ole Mama's gone, now let him rest, dey say all things am for de best;
I neber shall forget till de day I die, ole Massa an' de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.

De hornet gets in your eyes an' nose, de 'skeeters bites ye through your clothes,
De gallimper sweeten high, but wuser yet de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a Drier too.

Dar's many kind ob deee here tings from different sort ob insects springs,
Some hatch in June and some July, but August fotches de blue-tail fly.
An' scratch him wid a brier too.