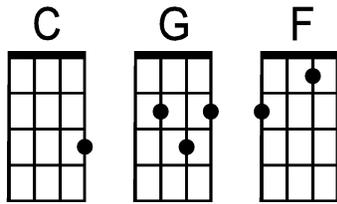


Big Rock Candy Mountain

by Unknown (bef. 1906) (as sung by Harry "Mac" McClintock - 1928)



2/14/25

Intro: C . . . | . G C .

(sing g c)

| C . . . | . G C .
One evenin' as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burnin'

| . . . | . G C .
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said, "Boys I'm not turnin'

| F\ C\ F\ C\ | F\ C\ G .
I'm headed for a land that's far a—way be—sides the crystal fountain

| C . . . | . G C .
So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains

| C . . . | F . . . C .
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there's a land that's fair and bright

| F . . . C . | F . . . G .
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night

| C . . . | F . . . C .
Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day

| F\ C\ F\ C\ | F\ C\
On the birds and the bees, the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs

F\ C\ | G . | C . . .
Where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

| C . . . | F . . . C .
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains all the cops have wooden legs

| F . . . C . | F . . . G .
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs

| C . . . | F . . . C .
The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay

| F\ C\ F\ C\ | C\ | F\ C\
Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, where there ain't no fall

| F\ C\ | G . | C . . .
And the winds don't blow in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C . . . |F . . . C . .
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks
 |F . . . C . . . |F . . . G . . .
 And the little streams of alco—hol come a tricklin' down the rocks
 |C |F . . . C . . .
 The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind
 |F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\
 There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too. You can paddle all a-round
 |F\ C\ |G . . . |C
 Them in a big ca—noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

|C |F . . . C . . .
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin
 |F C . . . |F . . . G . . .
 And you can walk right out a—gain as soon as you are in
 |C |F . . . C . . .
 There ain't no short handle shovels no axes, saws or picks
 |F\ C\ F\ C\ |F\ C\
 I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day. Where they hung the jerk
 F\ C\ |G . . . C . . . |
 That in-vented work, In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Whistle: C . . . |F . C . |F\ C\ F\ C\

|F\ C\ F\ C\ |G . . . C . . . C\
 I'll see you all this commin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains"