

## Big Rock Candy Mountain

authorship in dispute  
1<sup>st</sup> recorded by Harry (Haywire Mac) McClintock, 1928

**C C C - G<sup>7</sup> C**  
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**C G<sup>7</sup> C**  
One evening, as the sun went down, and the jungle fire was burning,

**G<sup>7</sup> C**  
Down the track came a hobo hiking, and he said, 'Boys, I'm not turning.

**F C F C F G<sup>7</sup>**  
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way, be-side the crystal fountains.

**C G<sup>7</sup> C**  
So come with me, we'll go and see, the big rock candy mountains.

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
In the big rock candy mountains, there's a land that's fair and bright,

**F C F G<sup>7</sup>**  
Where the handouts grow on bushes, and you sleep out ev'ry night,

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
Where the boxcars all are empty, and the sun shines ev'ry day

**F C F C**  
On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees,

**F C F C**  
The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings

**G<sup>7</sup> C**  
In the big rock candy mountains.

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
In the big rock candy mountains, all the cops have wooden legs,

**F C F G<sup>7</sup>**  
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth, and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
The farmer's trees are full of fruit, and the barns are full of hay.

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

**F C F C**  
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow

**G<sup>7</sup> C**  
In the big rock candy mountains.

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
In the big rock candy mountains, you never change your socks,

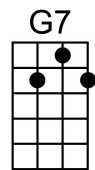
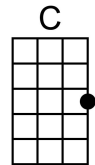
**F C F G<sup>7</sup>**  
And the little streams of alcohol come a- trickling down the rocks.

**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
The brakemen have to tip their hats, And the railroad bulls are blind,

**F C F C**  
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey, too,

**F C F C**  
You can paddle all a-round 'em in a big ca- noe

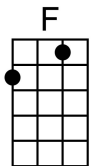
**G<sup>7</sup> C**  
In the big rock candy mountains.



**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
1) In the big rock candy mountains, the jails are made of tin,

**F C F G<sup>7</sup>**  
And you can walk right out again, as soon as you are in.

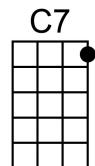
**C C<sup>7</sup> F C**  
There ain't no short-handled shovels. No axes, saws or picks.



**F C F C**  
4) I'm a- going to stay, where you sleep all day

**F C F C**  
Where they hung the jerk that in-vented work

**G<sup>7</sup> C**  
In the big rock candy mountains.



**Whistle lines 1 & 4 above:**

**F C F C G<sup>7</sup> C C G<sup>7</sup> C**  
I'll see you all this coming fall - In the big rock candy mountains. / / /