Big Rock Candy Mountain
by Unknown (bef. 1906) (as sung by Harry "Mac" McClintock - 1928)

Intro: C . . . . | . G C .

(sing g c)

One evenin’ as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burnin’

Down the track came a hobo hikin’ and he said, “Boys I’m not turnin’

I’m headed for a land that’s far away be-sides the crystal fountain

So come with me we’ll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there’s a land that’s fair and bright

The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night

Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day

On the birds and the bees, the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs

Where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains all the cops have wooden legs

And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs

The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay

Oh I’m bound to go where there ain’t no snow, where there ain’t no fall

And the winds don’t blow in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks

And the little streams of alco-hol come a tricklin' down the rocks

The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind

There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too. You can paddle all a-round

Them in a big ca—noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin

And you can walk right out again as soon as you are in

There ain't no short handle shovels no axes, saws or picks

I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day. Where they hung the jerk

That in-vented work, In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

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

I'll see you all this comin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains"

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1d - 9/8/20)