## The Big Rock Candy Mountain

## Original Tune and Lyrics

Harry McClintock,, 1928 aka Haywire Mac Arr. MH. Samuels, 2024

Strum across all strings until next fret number change; some fret numbers are omitted for easier reading, Fill in strums at end of measures to maintain rhythm



## The Big Rock Candy Mountain



In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs,
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.
The farmers' trees are full of fruit,
The barns are full of hay.
Oh, I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains You never wash your socks, And the little streams of lemonade Come trickling down the rocks. The people there are friendly And their fires all burn bright, There's a lake of goo and honey too You paddle around in a big canoe In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.