













On a summer day in the month of May, a burly burn came hiking.
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane, he was looking for his liking.
As he roamed along he sang a song, of the land of milk and honey,
Where a burn can stay for many a day, and he won't need any money.

Chorus

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees, near the soda water fountain, At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings, on the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

- 2. There's a lake of gin we can both jump in, and the handouts grow on bushes. In the new-mown hay we can sleep all day, and the bars all have free lunches. Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops, and the folks are tender-hearted Where you never change your socks and you never throw rocks, and your hair is never parted.
- 3. Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run, to the hay field they were bounding. Said the burn to the son, "Why don't you come to the big rock candy mountain?" So the very next day they hiked away, the mileposts they were countin', But they never arrived at the lemonade tide, on the Big Rock Candy Mountain.