That Big Rock-Candy Mountain

by Billy Mack

With Uke. Accomp

60 cts

DENTON & HASKINS MUSIC PUB CO. Inc
1595 BROADWAY NEW YORK

That Big Rock-Candy Mountain

EXTRA CHORUSES

1.
On that big rock candy mountain,
Where the 'hoosegow' is a club,
Ev'ry pris'ner has a valet,
Who must take his master's 'Tub'.
There you wear a striped Tuxedo,
Like a plutocratic dub.
Prohibition's shot to hell,
There are bars in all cells,
And nobody wants bail,
In that dead swell jail,
On that big rock candy mountain.

2.
On that big rock candy mountain,
There's a brook that's hot as steam,
And it's full of big stewed oysters,
Laying in a bed of cream.
There's a mine of toasted crackers,
Close beside this heated stream,
There's a well of pepper sauce,
If you want another course—
Pick a sandwich free,
From the old Ham Tree,
On that big rock candy mountain.

3.
On that big rock candy mountain,
There's a night club just for bums,
There you doze on nice soft cushions,
While some Hula babies strum.
With a swell "moll" at your elbow,
Lapping up a pail of Mumm's,
Piling hundred dollar bills,
Up in little green hills,
While your "poke" is a bin,
Full of diamond pins,
On that big rock candy mountain.

4.
On that big rock candy mountain,
There's gold on ev'ry side,
They have flivvers made of silver,
Just to give a bum a ride.
All the chaffeurs are young chickens,
Not too thin and not too wide,
And they know just where to park,
When it's quiet and dark,
All them frills is afraid,
That they'll die old maids,
On that big rock candy mountain.

5.
On that big rock candy mountain,
You can live right in a cave,
And it's fixed up like a mansion,
And you never wash or shave.
For the weather's always balmy,
Never have a real cold wave,
You can go without your clothes,
Where the wavy grass grows,
If there is any breeze,
Sport your B. V. D's,
On that big rock candy mountain.

6.
On that big rock candy mountain,
All the gals are corn fed pets,
Ev'ry one has lots of money,
And a wife's not hard to get.
You can live the life of Riley,
If you marry lots of jack,
When her bank account is done,
You can wed another one,
Have as many odd wives,
As a cat has lives,
On that big rock candy mountain.

7.
On that big rock candy mountain,
The only crime is work.
The stores won't take your money,
They haven't any clerks.
Take anything that's handy,
Except what looks like work.
Just be easy on your feet,
Find a padded big seat,
By the lemonade springs,
Where the bluebird sings,
On that big rock candy mountain.

8.
On that big rock candy mountain,
There's a big, tall "wishing tree,"
If you make a wish beneath it,
Right away your dream you'll see.
What a lot of juicy wishes,
Mister Tree will get from me.
If I ever shout 'em loud,
Man, I'll draw a big crowd,
If they heard what I said,
They'd all wish me dead,
On that big rock candy mountain.

9.
On that big rock candy mountain,
All the nights are six months long,
All the parks are full of sofas,
And you sleep in slumber strong.
All the folks wear rubber slippers,
And the birds all sing dumb songs,
Not a noise allowed by law,
But a happy bum's snore,
Or the bump of a head—
Someone falls out of bed,
On that big rock candy mountain.

10.
On that big rock candy mountain,
The railroad's free to bums,
And the "Bo's" all ride in Pullmans,
With a private car for "Rums."
Steaks and chops free in the diner,
Knives and forks are just your thumbs,
The conductor telling jokes,
As he hands you free smokes,
And he pays you four bits,
When you 'hit the grit',
On that big rock candy mountain.

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That Big Rock-Candy Mountain

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

By
BILLY MACK

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"slum" was gent - ly steam - ing, Soon a freight they would be grab - bing, They
told of all the towns they hoped to make; One old "Bo" said, I'm count - ing, The
days and weeks un - til I see, That big rock can - dy moun - tain. On that
CHORUS
Big rock can - dy moun - tain, Where the weath - er's al - ways clear, Where the
Big rock can - dy moun - tain, Where there ain't no work to do, You can

whis - key spouts in foun - tains, And the rain is ice cold beer, Where the
loaf and keep on loaf - in', Un - til you are black and blue, All the
free lunch grows on bush - es, With a sign "Bums wel - come
cops and "bulls" are ho - boes, Just the same as you and
here." Oh! the buzz - in' of the bees, In the cig - a - rette trees, And the
me. They won't ring the wa - gon bell, If you're kick - in' up hell, They won't
lem - on - ade springs, Where the blue - birds sing, On that Big Rock Can - dy Moun - tain.
spring the jail doors, For there ain't no laws, On that Big Rock Can - dy Moun - tain.

SING IT

Heart's Haven

(Souvenir)

FRANZ DRDLA

Get It On
PIANOSTYLE word rolls
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also RECORDS

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Heart's Haven

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Arranged by
BAYLEY JORDAN

Tranquillo

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Indian Love Moon

POPULAR EDITION

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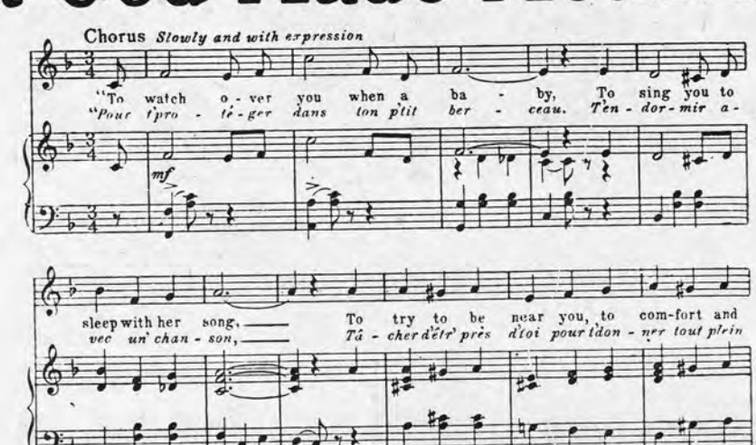
That's What God Made Mothers For