Hope this comes out the way it leaves me. If it does not, copy and paste into a document, put it in some NON proportional font like Courier. Then the text -- you see I have changed the words some -- and the lines that indicate chords, will line up the way I sing it.

OK, I decided to print it to a pdf file; that way you won't have any formatting gotchas.

Sorry for the very long delay!

This first stanza is kind of an intro, at least for me, so I sing it quite freely. Where a chord is indicated (A, E, and so on), that is exactly where I strum.So the opening of the song is done without any chord first; I just know where E (the first note) is, so that when I strum my first chord, at the beginning of the word "summer" it is in tune (necessary for the song to be enjoyable, ha ha ha!).

I liked the long glissando from low E to C# (assuming a key of A maj) that Burl Ives used on the word "buzzin'" in the chorus, the first and last time he sang it, so I keep that. After that, I sing the rest of the cho. somewhat rhythmically. You can of course do exactly as you please!

 Freely:

On a summer day, in the month of May, a burly bum come a-hikin'.
------A------------------------A--------------------A------E7-------------A--

Down a shady lane through the sugar cane he was lookin' for his likin'.
-----------A---------------------------A---------------------------E7-------------A--

As he strolled along, he sang a song, of a land of milk, and honey;
---------E--------------------A----------------------E-------------------A------

Where a bum can stay, for many a day, and he won't need any -- money!
------------A---------------------A------------------------E--------------------A---

CHORUS:

Oh..ho ho oh-oh-oh...
--------------E7-----------
the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees, near the sody water, fountain!
----A-----------------A--------------A-----------A------------------D--------------A------
And the limonade springs, where the bluebird sings, on that big rock candy mountain!
-----------E7---------------------------------A----------------------------E-----------------A-----------

more rhythmically:

At that Big Rock Candy, mountain,
------A------------------------A-----------

The cops have wooden legs!
A-------------------E7-------A----

The bulldogs all have, rubber teeth,
------A----------------------A---------------

And the hens lay softboiled eggs!
A--------------------E7----------A-----

The farmers' trees are full-a fruit,
---------E-------------------A------------

Their barns are full of hay,
-------E--------------------A---

I want t' go, where there ain't no snow,
---A----------------------------A---------------

where the rain don't fall an' the wind don't blow,...
--------------A-------------------------A---------------------

To that Big Rock Candy, mountain!
----------E----------------------A----------

Chorus

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.

> >> >CHORUS:
> >> >
> >> >
> >> >
> >> >Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run to the hay field they
> >> >were bounding
> >> >
> >> >Said the bum to the son, "Why don't you come to that big rock
> >>candy mountain?"
> >> >
> >> >So the very next day they hiked away, the mileposts they were counting.
> >> >
> >> >But they never arrived at the lemonade tide an the big rock candy
mountain.
> >> >
> >> >
> >> >
> >> >CHORUS: