

Oklahoma!

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, from Oklahoma!

All: O — — — klahoma,
Where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain
(And the wavin' wheat
Can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain)

All: O — — — klahoma!
Every night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk
And watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

All: We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand.
And when we say;
Ee-ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin',
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma, O.K.!

<REPEAT WHOLE SONG>