

Rogers and Hammerstein

"Oklahoma"

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Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweeping down the plain.

Where the waving wheat can sure smell sweet

when the wind comes right behind the rain.

Oklahoma, every night my honey-lamb and I

sit along and talk, and watch a hawk making lazy

circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land

And the land we belong to is grand

And when we say Ay yippy yi ki yea.

We're only saying You're doin' fine Oklahoma

Oklahoma your ok.

(repeat second verse)

...l-a-h-o-m-a. Oklahoma

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