

# Oklahoma Hills

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie & Jack Guthrie

Many years have come and gone since I wandered from my  
But as I sit here to - day many miles I am a -  
Now as I turn life a page to a land of great o -

home In those Oklahoma hills where I was born. Tho' a  
way From the place I rode my pony thru the draw, Where the  
sage, In those Oklahoma hills where I was born. Where the

page of life has turned and a lesson I have learned, Yet I feel like in those  
oak and blackjack trees and a kiss the playful prairie breeze, In the Oklahoma  
black oil rolls and flows and the snowwhite cotton grows In those Oklahoma

hills I still be - long. 'Way down yonder in the Indian nation I  
hills where I was born. born.  
hills where I was born. born.

rode my pony on the reservation, in those Oklahoma hills where I was

born. 'Way down yonder in the Indian nation, a cowboy's life is my

occupation, in those Oklahoma hills where I was born.