

Oklahoma Hills

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie & Jack Guthrie

1^D 2 3^G

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 -

4 5^{A7} 6 7^D 8

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

9 ^D 10 11^G 12 13^{A7}

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

14 15^D 16 17^D 18

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.

19 ^G 20 21 ^{A7} 22

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

23 ^D 24 25 26 27^G

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

28 29^{A7} 30 31^D 32

occupation, in those Oklahoma hills where I was born.