

Oleanna

(Traditional Norwegian folk song.)

(G) Oh, to be in Oleanna!
That's **(C)** where I'd like to **(G)** be,
Than **(D7)** be bound in **(G)** Norway,
And **(D7)** drag the chains of **(G)** slavery.

(G) Ole, Oleanna, **(C)** Ole, Ole**(G)**anna,
(D7) Ole, Ole, **(G)** Ole, Ole, **(D7)** Ole, Ole**(G)**anna.

(G) In Oleanna land is free,
The **(C)** wheat and corn just **(G)** plant themselves,
Then **(D7)** grow a good four **(G)** feet a day,
While **(D7)** on your bed you **(G)** rest yourself.

(chorus)

(G) Beer as sweet as Münchner
Springs **(C)** from the ground and **(G)** flows away,
The **(D7)** cows all like to **(G)** milk themselves
And **(D7)** hens lay eggs ten **(G)** times a day.

(chorus)

(G) Little roasted piggies
Just **(C)** rush about the **(G)** city streets,
In**(D7)**quiring so po**(G)**litely if
A **(D7)** slice of ham you'd **(G)** like to eat.

(chorus)

(G) Aye, if a wealthy man you'd be,
To O**(C)**leanna **(G)** you must go,
The **(D7)** poorest wretch in **(G)** Norway
Be**(D7)**comes a king in a **(G)** year or so

(chorus)

