

## Oleanna

Words by Pete Seeger,  
Music Traditional Norwegian song  
(c) 1958 and 1960 Ludlow Music Inc  
, New York, NY

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

### CHORUS:

Ole, Oleanna, Ole, Oleanna,  
Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Oleanna.

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

Beer as sweet as Muchener  
Springs from the ground and flows away,  
The cows all like to milk themselves  
And hens lay eggs ten times a day.

Little roasted piggies  
Just rush about the city streets,  
Inquiring so politely if  
A slice of ham you'd like to eat.

Aye, if you'd begin to live,  
To Oleanna you must go,  
The poorest wretch in Norway  
Becomes a Duke in a year or so.