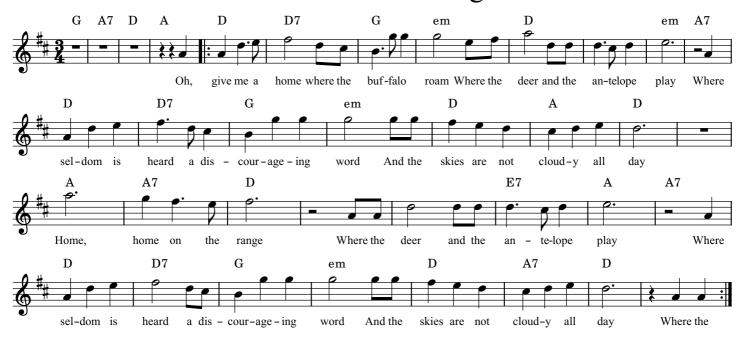
## Home On The Range

B. Higley - D. Kelley



Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright With the lights from the glittering stars Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed If their glory exceeds that of ours.

**CHORUS** 

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand Flows leisurely down the stream;
There the graceful, white swan goes gliding along Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

**CHORUS** 

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.
CHORUS

Oh, I love those wild flowers in this dear land of ours, The curlew I love to hear scream, And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks That graze on the mountain tops green.

CHORUS