

Home On The Range

B. Higley - D. Kelley

G A7 D A D D7 G em D em A7

Oh, give me a home where the buf-falo roam Where the deer and the an-telope play Where

D D7 G em D A D

sel-dom is heard a dis - cour-age - ing word And the skies are not cloud-y all day

A A7 D E7 A A7

Home, home on the range Where the deer and the an - te-lope play Where

D D7 G em D A7 D

sel-dom is heard a dis - cour-age - ing word And the skies are not cloud-y all day Where the

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