

HOME ON THE RANGE

C F
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.

CHORUS:

C G7 C
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 light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

When the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
And the breezes so balmy and light,
That I will not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.