

# Home on the Range

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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**

*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.*

Oh! give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream,  
Where the graceful white swan goes sliding along  
Like the maid in a heavenly dreams.

## **Chorus**

*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.*

The air is so pure and 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**

*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.

## **Chorus**

*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.*