

Home On The Range

D ²/₀ **G** ³/₁/₀

Oh, give me a home where the buf - fal - o roam, Where the

D ²/₀ **E** ¹/₁ **A** ¹/₀/₁ **D** ²/₀/₀

5 deer and the an - te - lope play; Where sel - dom is heard a dis -

G ³/₁/₀ **D** ²/₀/₀ **A** ¹/₀/₁ **D** ²/₀/₀

11 cour - ag - ing word And the skies are not cloud - y all day

A ¹/₀/₁ **D** ²/₀/₀ **Bm** ²/₁/₀ **E** ¹/₁/₁

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

A ¹/₀/₁ D ²/₀/₀ G ³/₁/₀

play Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word And the

D ²/₀/₀ A ¹/₀/₁ D ²/₀/₀

skies are not cloud - y 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.

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.

Oh, I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land or ours,
 The curlew, I love to hear scream,
 And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,
 That graze on the mountaintops green.