

Home On The Range

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

D ²/_{0 0} **G** ³/_{1 0}

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

D ²/_{0 0} **E** ¹/_{1 1} **A** ¹/_{0 1} **D** ²/_{0 0}

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

G ³/_{1 0} **D** ²/_{0 0} **A** ¹/_{0 1} **D** ²/_{0 0}

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

A ¹/_{0 1} **D** ²/_{0 0} **Bm** ²/_{1 0} **E** ¹/_{1 1}

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.