Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, Where the
dear and the antelope play; Where seldom is heard a dis-
couraging word And the skies are not cloudy all day
Home, home on the range Where the deer and the antelope
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.