

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home Where the buffalo roam

Where the deer and the antelope play Where seldom is heard

A discour-aging word And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range Where the deer and the antelope play

Where seldom is heard A discour-aging word

And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night When the heavens are bright

With the light of the glittering stars Have I stood there amazed

And asked as I gazed If their glory exceeds that of ours

Home, home on the range Where the deer and the antelope play

Where seldom is heard a discour-aging word

And the skies are not cloudy all day