



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 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

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 (CHORUS)

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 beauty exceeds that of ours (CHORUS)