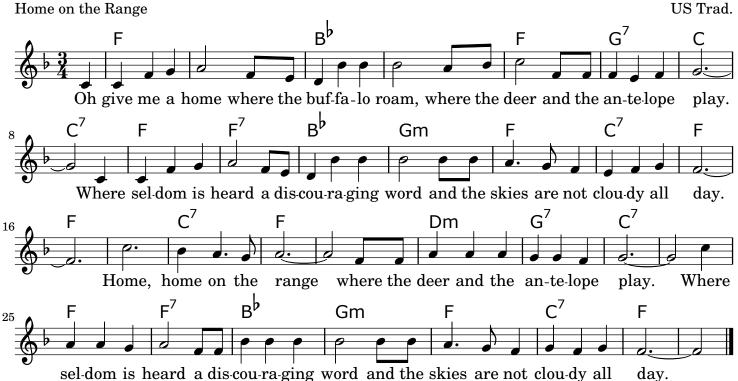
Home on the Range



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. 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.

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand Flows leisurely down the stream Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along Like a maid in a heavenly dream. Home, home on the range ...

Oh often at night, when the heavens are bright From 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 ...