

Oh give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, where the deer and the an-te-lope play.

Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cou-ra-ging word and the skies are not clou-dy all day.

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

sel-dom is heard a dis-cou-ra-ging word and the skies are not clou-dy all day.

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 ...